

## Once Upon A Real Good Time

### Bonus scene

*Mackenzie*

I study the collection of Nippers.

Yup, the Victrola Museum in Dover, Delaware is an homage to this dog—there are tons of Nipper statues here—as well as the phonograph.

“He is definitely a mixed terrier,” I say.

Campbell considers the myriad of statues too. “But the question remains—what is he mixed with?”

I stare at the dog statue more, trying to figure out what else he might be. “It’s not like we can test his dog DNA.”

“I don’t even think those dog DNA tests are accurate. Cade has a hot dog mix and when he sent the DNA in for testing, he was told his dog was a corgie-husky mix.”

I laugh. “Maybe Nipper is mixed with a Rottweiler then.”

“Or an Afghan hound.”

“Better yet, perhaps a fox.”

“We know this much, Nipper’s dad had commitment issues.”

I nudge him. “I’m pretty sure all dogs have commitment issues in that regard.”

Campbell laughs as we stroll through the museum to check out the collection of phonographs. Campbell loves all things musical and I wanted to take him here as part of our kid-free trip.

“You do realize that coming here makes us complete dorks?” I posit.

“Complete? It was actually taking this trip or stepping into this museum that made complete dorkhood official?”

“This museum. That’s where the official dork certification kicked in.”

Campbell nods thoughtfully, his green eyes flickering with a mix of delight and mischief that I know so well. “Sunshine, I hate to break it to you,

but our official dork certification came when you said, ‘What if we take a trip to visit destinations from the Discovery Prism show?’”

I scoff. “That did it? When I made the offer?”

“Absolutely.”

“Huh.” I pretend to be surprised. “I’d have thought the official certification came when *you* said, ‘That sounds like the best trip in the world.’”

He laughs, wraps an arm around me and plants a kiss on my lips right in the middle of the museum. His kiss makes my knees wobble and my belly swoop.

How is it this man can elicit this reaction months after our epic first kiss at the Grouchy Owl? Oh yeah, it’s because I’m madly in love with him and madly in lust with him, and none of that has changed.

In fact, the way I feel for him has only intensified.

That’s why my stomach flips as he deepens the kiss, his tongue exploring my mouth, his lips pressed firmly against mine. He has the best lips in the universe and I love that he wants them all over me.

We break the kiss, lest we wind up mating in the middle of all these vintage record players. “We better be careful or someone will say put a sock on it,” I whisper.

He raises an eyebrow. “Hopefully tonight.”

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We make our way to Virginia, descending into the Luray Caverns, where we listen to ancient stalactites play the Moonlight Sonata. As the gorgeous music echoes underground, Campbell and I go quiet, listening reverently as the notes reverberate, enjoying one of the quirky little discoveries that delight us so much. We fell in love for so many reasons, but one of those was our affection for unearthing the interesting, bizarre, and unique places that make our world tick.

When Beethoven ends, I turn to leave, then blink when I find him down on one knee. I gasp as he flips open a velvet box.

“Mackenzie, I love you, and I love exploring this great world with you. I want to keep exploring everything from New York to stalactite organs and phonograph museums and music and movies and milkshakes and raising two amazing teens together. Will you be my wife?”

Happiness floods me, as I throw my arms around him, and say yes to marrying this most incredible man.

Later that night at the hotel, someone definitely tells us to put a sock on it.

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