

INSTANT GRATIFICATION BONUS SCENES!

These scenes feature all the couples and are told in text message style!

Jason: That's the end of our story...

Truly: But is it really the end of all the stories? Because I'm kind of wondering how all those other couples are doing.

Jason: I've been wondering the same thing, though I suspect they're fabulous.

Truly: Of course they are . . .

Jason: But let's find out, maybe give a little sneak peek into all those other couples, yeah?

Truly: Brilliant idea. Let's see. We've got Chip and Ashley, Gavin and Savannah, Enzo and Valerie, even Amelia and that guy she was telling me about at the wedding.

Jason: And don't forget my former nemesis, Marcus.

Truly: Who's now with Coco.

Jason: And they're all perfect for each other. Here you go.

Chip: Pugalove! You look adorable in that little Christmas sweater.

Ashley: But wouldn't she look so dang sweet with reindeer ears?

Chip: Gah! The cuteness. I'm suffering from an overload!

Ashley: Me too, me too. I'm going to faint from the high levels of adorable.

Chip: Wait. Wait. What about a matching pair for Pugalicious?

Ashley: Stop. Just stop. You're too perfect for me.

Chip: Nope. You're wrong. We're perfect for each other.

Ashley: Fine, fine. I'll admit it. We're perfect and you make me ridiculously happy. Now, let's take these two cuties to the dog park. And maybe later we can . . . **(Whispers)** you know what.

Chip: I do know what. I definitely do know what. And I'm going to do you know what to you tonight.

Gavin: Hey Savannah! Look what Aunt Ellen sent us.

Savannah: Is that a . . . wait . . . that is perfect!

Gavin: I know, right? It's dope. I love it. A goose and a gander on a tiny little blanket. Just like we joked about during the best man speech.

Savannah: I bet she was crocheting that blanket that night. Manifesting positive thoughts. Thinking ahead already.

Gavin: Good thing she was. We're going to need lots of baby blankets, and lots of T-shirts.

Savannah: T-shirts? Babies don't usually wear T-shirts, hon.

Gavin: But T-shirts with random sayings are cool. And our baby is going to be badass. So our baby would rock a cool tee.

Savannah: Well, obviously our baby is going to be awesome. We made him. Hey, do you ever hear from your best man? I thought you were going to try to get together with him?

Gavin: Nah. No need to. I'm too damn happy with you, that I barely even had time to catch up with him at Eddie and Randy's wedding.

Savannah: We so get credit for that match.

Valerie: Darling, have you seen the problem with my phone?

Enzo: No, my love. Is your book-a-private-jet app not working properly again?

Valerie: Oh, aren't you the funny one.

Enzo: You know what they say. Looks fade, but humor lasts forever. Just making sure I can keep you forever.

Valerie: Oh please. As if you have a thing to worry about. Do you really think I married you for your gorgeous, stunning, one-in-a-trillion face?

Enzo: I feel like I shouldn't answer that.

Valerie: Your heart, darling. Your heart. But, admittedly, I do have a thing for your face and your fabulous physique . . . which brings me back to the big problem.

Enzo: I didn't think a large size was a problem for you.

Valerie: You are firing on all cylinders tonight. And of course it's not a problem. It's a

gift, and one that keeps on giving every single night.

Enzo: Then it seems life is problem-free.

Valerie: It absolutely is. Except, I'm fresh out of selfies of you on my phone. That's the problem.

Enzo: That does sound like a big problem. But why don't you take a look at the secret folder I set up for you. I sent you some from my Gigante shot earlier in the week.

Valerie: You didn't! Oh my. Oh yes. Oh yes you did. You do know the way to my heart.

Enzo: Admittedly, it wasn't your heart I was trying to get into with that shot. It was your pants.

Valerie: And I'm going to steal you away to the bedroom right now so you can get into them.

Amelia: Sooooo . . . this almost seems too good to be true. You like Ariana Grande, you're into Instagram, you like to go shopping with me . . . I just . . . this is . . . are you saying all this just to impress me?

Amelia's BF: I swear, Amelia, this is the real me. The legit real me. I'll even prove it to you.

Amelia: How? I'm dying to know. Totally dying.

Amelia's BF: I'm 100% for real. One hundred percent. Here's how I can prove it.

Amelia: Prove it.

Amelia's BF: This is how legit I am. I won't even pretend to like Ed Sheeran. See?

Amelia: Ed is the best! How can you not like him? I would be way more impressed if you liked Ed.

Amelia's BF: Don't you get it? I'm showing you my true self. Take me as I am, Amelia. Will you?

Amelia: Of course I will . . . But I bet I can get you to like Ed . . . would you listen to him while we . . . you know?

Amelia's BF: Now that, that I can do.

Marcus: I've never been to this restaurant before, but I bet you can tell me what you'd recommend.

Coco: What are you in the mood for?

Marcus: Something delicious. Something that teases my taste buds.

Coco: I can definitely give you suggestions for something tantalizing. My top two choices would be the prosciutto-and-melon-wrapped scallops, or the figs covered in a soft, creamy goat cheese. Which of those turns you on more?

Marcus: They're both kind of doing it for me. But do they excite you?

Coco: Of course. The prosciutto is wrapped ever so tenderly around the scallops, creating the most succulent delicacy. But then, the figs are so sweet when you bite into them; it's like a burst of flavors on your lips.

Marcus: And are they juicy too, I imagine? The kind where they drip on your fingers?

Coco: So very juicy. I'd say only order the figs if you want your fingers coated.

Marcus: I can't say I'd mind that.

Coco: Is that so?

Marcus: Especially since it sounds like either appetizer would be quite a foodgasm.

Coco: And they're only appetizers. Imagine the main course and what that would do to your tongue.

Marcus: Or what my tongue would do to the main course.

Coco: Well, I can only imagine your tongue and mouth would be oh-so-satisfied with the offerings.

Marcus: So much I suspect I'd require a dessert. Or two.

Coco: I'd insist you have dessert. You should have several helpings of dessert.

Marcus: And you should have multiples, Coco.

Coco: I haven't found that on a menu though. Do you think it might be on *tonight's* menu?

Marcus: I think you can consider that a guarantee.

Coco: I'm honestly not sure I'll be able to focus enough to eat right now. I'm already adrift, imagining other things I want to get my mouth on.

Marcus: Oh sweetheart, I've been imagining that for weeks.

Coco: Weeks, you say?

Marcus: Let's put it this way—as soon as I heard you talk about bed, I knew I'd have to get you in bed and have my way with you. I hope you don't mind my forwardness.

Coco: And I hope you don't mind when I say, we should order all this food to go and have a *ménage à trois*—you, me, and the food.

Marcus: Check, please!

Later that night . . .

Coco: That was an incredibly fulfilling meal.

Marcus: It was, but I already want seconds.

Coco: Why am I not surprised?

Marcus: I have a very healthy appetite. But I was also hoping to interest you in a particular pale ale I have right here in my apartment. It's the kind that will coat your palate in its flavors as it's going down your throat.

Coco: Oh yes, coat my palate right now.