

Wanderlust Bonus Scene

Joy

It's Griffin's idea to go back to the chocolate shop. Well, technically, I devised the idea for him to take his tours to several of the chocolate shops that we love around Paris. But it's definitely Griffin's idea to return to our original chocolate shop in celebration of the start of my perfume line. When I asked him why that shop in particular, he shot me a devilish grin.

"It's the place where you started to fall in love with me," he teased this morning after revealing his itinerary for the day.

I laughed. "How can you be so sure it was that one?"

He smirked. "I'll never forget the way you looked me up and down. You wanted me, maybe even more than you wanted those chocolates."

"Oh," I mused. "That would be a very hard contest. Griffin or chocolate. Hmm . . ."

And, honestly, now that I'm standing here in this oasis of chocolates, I decide that it is a next-to-impossible decision. How can I choose between Griffin and pistachio cream chocolates?

Fortunately, I can have both.

"I think you might just betray me for the desserts," Griffin says, teasing and reading my mind all at the same time. He catches me staring down a tray full of cherry-filled truffles, and I shiver as I remember the memory of our first time here.

It feels like both yesterday and a lifetime ago, standing here. I blush a little at the memory of how I butchered all those beautiful French phrases back then. But I'm not a novice any more, and as I glance at my former-translator-turned-friend-turned-husband, I decide it's time for a little showing off.

"Mm, *ça dépend*," I say, running my finger along the tags in front of the trays.

Then, in French, I ask, "What will you give me that the chocolates won't?"

Griffin grins at the question, his love for a challenge immediately ignited. He moves closer to me in the small shop, waggling his eyebrows.

"I think the question is what *won't* I give you."

I resist the urge to melt against him at the promise laced in those words.

“Do you think I’m so easily won over?” I ask, then sashay away from his arms.

Behind me, he laughs. “I see that I’m going to need to start *using* the chocolates if I plan to *beat* the chocolates. Now, what should I get for the world’s greatest perfume chemist, soon-to-be the head of the most celebrated and sensational line of perfume in all of Paris?”

I’m about to offer a number of suggestions—the pistachio cream still calls to me—but Griffin darts over to the glass display and quickly orders a dark chocolate ganache from the salesperson. I think it’s the same perky blonde from before. She catches my eye and winks before handing the ganache over to Griffin. When he turns away from her, she smiles at me and mouths in French: “Lucky girl.”

Griffin dangles the chocolate in front of me. “Do you remember?”

Do I remember? How could I forget?

Those memories are bright and brilliant.

Griffin holding the chocolate hostage, enclosing it in my hands.

Griffin demanding that I describe the smell of the chocolate to him.

Me joking about how “well-exercised” his mouth might be.

I smile, since I now know *exactly* what that mouth of his can do. Just having him stand here, holding out that chocolate, makes my mind race to last night and what his mouth was doing to me.

Le sigh. How does this man always manage to undo me?

“I knew you had a special gift for smell,” Griffin says, “because of this chocolate right here.”

I roll my eyes. “You were just flirting.”

But I can’t help but puff up a little at his compliment.

Griffin laughs. “Well, obviously. But I was also paying attention to you and how good of a nose you had. *And* to how well you fit into this city.” He leans forward to whisper. “How well you could fit in with me.”

Another shiver spreads over me, this one moving from where his lips brush my ear lobe all the way down past my toes. It’s everything about him, from how close he’s standing to me to

that beautiful accent of his.

In fact, I've completely forgotten my short-lived plan to prove to him that I can handle myself now. I'm no longer the woman he met who stumbled over simple phrases. I'm a master of the French language and of my own domain. I won't let him and his tempting chocolate distract me.

I arch a brow. "Mr. Thomas, is this an attempt to position yourself over the chocolate?"

He winks. "Is it working?"

I pretend to consider him. "Let me see that chocolate." I try to pluck it from his hand, but he shakes his head.

"Oh, but allow me," he says, and then he holds it out for me, letting his fingers brush my lips as he slips the delectable chocolate into my mouth.

Last time, Griffin was the one to relay the tastes of the chocolate to me. But this time, I'm awash in both the smell and taste of lime and berry and chocolate. Of course, there's also the smell of the cologne that I whipped up for Griffin—warm cinnamon and mint citrus with just a touch of French apple—that mixes perfectly with the silky richness of the chocolate.

All of it envelops me, and I forget where I am for a moment.

I even let out a tiny moan.

"I can see this is going to be a tight race," Griffin says, smoky and husky. "I can see I'm going to have to be especially convincing tonight."

When my eyes flutter open, I see that his are darkened with lust.

With a flip of my red hair over my shoulder, I look back to the salesperson who watches us with wide but mischievous eyes.

"We'll take six of these, please," I say to her in perfect French.

Then, with a pointed look at my perfectly roguish husband, I add, "To go."

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