

Bonus Epilogue
Tears of Tess
Monsters in the Dark #1

by

New York Times Bestseller
Pepper Winters

Bonus Epilogue (Tears of Tess)
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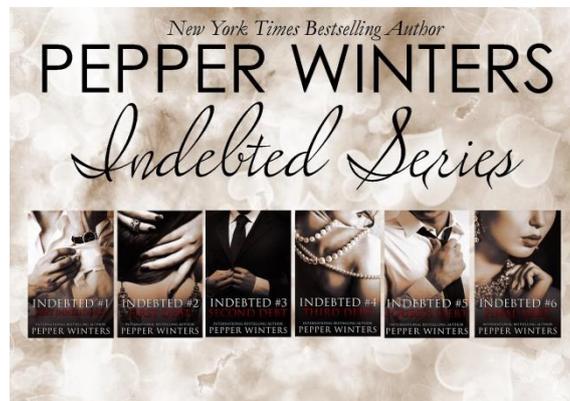
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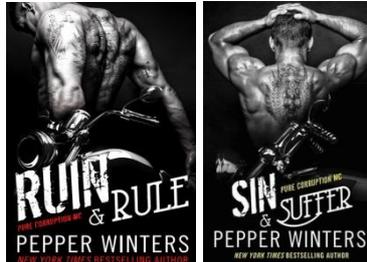
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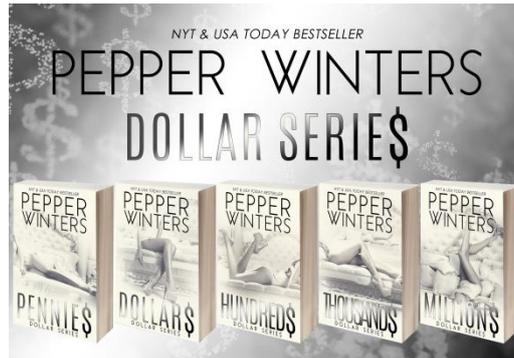
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Pepper Winters

*Thank you.
Words will never express how grateful I am for what words and readers have given
me.*

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Bonus Epilogue takes place after Q decides to welcome Tess back into his life at the end of Tears of Tess. Here is a quick snippet of Q's epilogue to re-jig your memory.

“You’re the one who wanted dark. I’ll give you dark.”

And I did.

Thirty pieces of dark.

Thirty strikes of delicious temptation that made my life seem cosmically bright compared to the black I lived in.

Tess screamed and sobbed, but beneath it all was an undercurrent of sexual need. Her wetness trickled down her thigh, thicker, creamier than the champagne. She may hate it, but she loved it.

Once the last kiss smacked her perfect ass, I dropped the belt and in the same second, undid my fly, pushed my pants down, and pulled out my throbbing cock.

“Spread,” I ordered, pushing her lower back, bending her to my will.

She obeyed, whimpering as my cashmere blazer rubbed against sore skin.

Then she wasn’t crying anymore.

I plunged so deep, so fast, her feet left the floor and she slid on the champagne wet counter. “Oh fuck, yes,” I grunted.

Her back arched as a delighted scream erupted from her. I wrapped an arm around naked breasts, holding her upright. My hips dug into hers, trying to possess every inch. My cock was hungry, desperate, already rippling with the urge to fill.

She's so tight, so wet.

I slid in and out, thrusting deep until my balls slapped against her.

“Oh, God I’ve missed this,” she cried. “Missed you. Missed the pain.”

“Shut up and take it, *esclave*.” I thrust, twisting her nipple, biting her neck. My jaw trembled with the urge to draw blood again. I went wild for her blood. It was the best drug. The elixir of the beast inside.

Her hot, whipped flesh burned my lower belly; I couldn’t think of anything else but fucking her. I lost control. Spreading my stance, wrapping fingers around her hips, I gave myself over to darkness.

“Take me, Tess.”

“I’ve already taken you, *maître*.”

I pounded into her, beyond caring her hipbones collided with hard granite, or knees bruised against cabinets. All I focused on was pleasure.

She cried out, thrusting back, urging me to go harder, *harder*.

I couldn’t breathe as a sharp band of release throttled my cock, demanding to spurt into this amazing slave. This woman who turned my world upside down. This woman... the key to my undoing.

I growled like a feral beast as I gave myself over to pleasure. Sensation exploded from my thighs, up my balls, and into my cock. I thrust like a monster with only seconds left to live, filling her with come, marking her, making sure she knew who her master was.

The moment I spurted, she clenched around me. “Fuck, yes, Q. Oh, God. Give it to me. I want you. I want all of you.” She came and came, fisting, milking, tearing every drop of come I had to give.

I spasmed and twitched as overbearing intensity replaced hot-arching pleasure, but I couldn’t bring myself to stop rocking inside her. I never wanted to leave her hot, dark wetness. It was where I belonged.

She went floppy, breathing like tormented blackbird. My legs grew weak and wobbly. I pulled her into my arms, heading to the floor in one jumble of sweaty, champagne sticky bodies.

She laughed as I laid her on my belly, protecting her nakedness from the cool tiles. Even though depleted, my cock never softened and every wriggle fired new life into it.

Would I ever get enough of her? Would I ever show her how dark I could go?

She went to pull away, but I lassoed my arms tighter. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“I thought I was crushing you.” She wiggled her ass, sending sparks into my balls. After a month of not having her, she wouldn’t get away that easily.

I gently smacked her belly, aware her ass was beyond punishment after the belt. “You think I’m done with you, *esclave*?” I nuzzled her ear, licking softly. “I’ve only just begun.”

Continue reading for the BONUS EPILOGUE IN TESS’S POINT OF VIEW



TESS

HE'S MINE.

Or was I his?

The past few hours had been a blur.

I couldn't separate the past few months with the past few minutes. The years of confusion and loneliness. The loss and heartache. All of that had vanished the moment I'd bowed at Q's feet and he'd finally, finally, *finally* accepted me into his dark, delicious world.

"Come. We need to talk." Q took my hand.

We'd eaten—thanks to a feast cooked by Suzette and Mrs. Sucre. They couldn't hide their smug faces over my reunion with Q. And we'd showered away the stickiness of champagne from our indulgent sex in the gaming room.

As hot water rained over us, in the same shower where Q put me back together again after the worst incident of my life, I expected him to touch me, stroke me, demand to take me again.

Yet he didn't.

He stayed away, his eyes glowing with feral mischief and his hands twitching to reach for me. We washed while never looking away from each other, drinking in the nakedness of a person who'd suddenly transformed from a stranger to a lover.

No.

More than just a lover...a soul mate.

“Where are we going?” I asked, allowing Q to take my hand and guide me from the chateau. The sun had set and the gravel driveway crunched beneath our boots.

After our shower, I’d raided the wardrobe that Q had restocked after my episode with the scissors and dressed in soft trousers with a comfortable large knit jumper. I was toasty even as our breath curled in the grey night.

“You came back, Tess. I think it’s fair you understand a little more about the man you came back for.” His eyes met mine, liquid love and harsh control equal measures. “Don’t you agree?”

I nodded, squeezing his fingers. It didn’t escape my notice that this was the first time he’d held me as an equal rather than a master. My heart fluttered.

“I’d love to get to know you, Q. However, I don’t want you to be afraid.”

“Afraid?” His nostrils flared. “Why would you say such a thing?”

“Because I know you.”

He snorted. “No, you don’t.”

“I know enough that you curse yourself and suffer guilt for who you are. I know that you don’t think you deserve me.”

He stiffened, his strides increasing and his fingers doing their best to loosen around mine.

I held him tight, keeping his pace. “Whatever you want to share, I’ll treasure. Anything you aren’t ready for, I respect. Q...I know enough to fully commit to this and wholeheartedly say I’m in love with you.”

He slammed to a halt.

Yanking me close, his hand untangled from mine to loop into my hair. His gaze burned with jade fire. “*Je t’aime, esclave.*” I love you. “I’ve never said such words before. Never fully understood the meaning. You’re so fucking selfless. You’re like a sacrifice, just begging me to destroy you.”

“You won’t destroy me. You can’t when you heal me.”

His lips smashed against mine. His tongue pried my mouth open and a simple kiss became war upon the front lawn. His hands swept down my body, clutching my ass and jerking me against his hard erection.

Pain and pleasure mixed beneath his touch.

His belt lashes from a few hours ago hadn’t stopped smarting.

But Q hadn’t forgotten.

If I had any doubt that he’d grabbed me and dug his fingers into my flesh without thinking they were dispelled as he breathed, “Does it hurt? Kissing me? Letting me touch you like this?”

I panted against his mouth, submitting to another furious kiss. “Yes, but you know I love it. I get off on it, and I’m not afraid to admit it anymore.”

The kiss ended.

Q took a step back, raking his hands through his hair. “What am I going to do with you?”

I grinned coyly. “Oh, I can think of a lot of things.”

Snatching my hand, he yanked me into a walk, muttering a French curse under his breath.

We moved slowly but peacefully down the driveway to the ridgeline of manicured trees acting as sentries to his estate. When we were far enough away, he pulled me closer and turned to face his pastel mansion.

In the darkness, the façade glittered with strategically placed lights while the adornment of plasterwork garnished a home of a monster with beautiful innocence.

“This is yours now,” he murmured. “Every room, every wing. I don’t want any secrets between us anymore.”

My body stilled. “Secrets? You’ll tell me everything?”

“Okay...maybe not everything.” His face darkened in the night. “I’ll find a way to reveal everything, eventually, *esclave*. I just need...time. This is all so fucking new.”

“What’s new? Sharing your life? Because you’ve done that for years with the slaves you’ve saved.”

“No, that’s different. I have to be strong for them. I have to be ruthless but kind. A figurehead of protection and nothing more.” He glanced at me. “With you...I don’t feel strong. I feel fucking weak and I don’t like it. I don’t like feeling as if I have no control over the way you make me feel because you own me body and fucking soul.”

I sucked in a breath as he cupped my cheek. “I have to get used to that. Have to get used to sharing, not just my home, but my heart.”

My gaze jumped from his lips to his eyes. “And if you can’t?”

“Can’t what?”

“Get used to it?”

He smiled softly. “I wouldn’t worry about that. Already, I feel softer than I have in years. Whatever lives inside me, whatever bloodlust I suffer and madness I might entertain, is collared whenever I’m around you.”

Wrapping his arm around my waist, he tugged me toward the chateau. “Come. I think our walk can wait for another time. There’s something I want to do.”

* * *

“Wait here.”

Q vanished from the room as quickly as he'd placed me into it.

The door clicked behind him, and I didn't have any choice but to obey. Drifting forward, I inhaled the pristine scent of foliage and feathers.

The aviary.

Q brought me to the aviary.

My heart squeezed.

This place held good and bad memories. Good because Q had finally cracked a little, revealing pieces of himself and his company. Bad because I'd been on my knees with Q in my mouth when the police arrived to take me away.

Why did he bring me here?

The question repeated as I kicked off my boots and padded toward the large gilded cage. Tweets and murmurs of sparrows and finches were few and muffled.

They'd roosted for the night and their tiny forms huddled together in branches of trees and imported palms.

I did my best to count the feathered friends in the low illumination. However, I didn't get past nineteen when the door opened and closed—hidden by dense jungle—and the tell-tale footfalls of my master echoed in the conservatory. "Q?"

"No...not right now." The French millionaire who I'd fallen in love with appeared. In his hands rested a bottle of amber liquor and two crystals shot glasses. "Right now...I'm your *maître* and you'll obey me as such."

A full shiver stole me.

My ass twinged in fear of what other punishment I'd be required to endure, but my core grew wet at the mere thought of Q losing a smidgen of control as he did this afternoon.

Lowering my gaze, I smiled. "As you wish, *maître*. What would you have me do?"

His finger pressed on my lower jaw, pushing my gaze to meet his. “First, never look away from me. Your submission comes in other ways. I don’t need you subservient.”

I bit my bottom lip as his touch slipped around my throat and squeezed. “This isn’t just about my pleasure.” His lips grazed mine. “This is about mutual bliss, and I have full intentions of enjoying every second.”

A gentle trill of bird song shattered the sudden tension.

I sucked in a breath, remembering my question. “Why did you bring me here? Last time, it didn’t end—”

“End well? That’s exactly *why* I brought you here.” Q strode away, motioning for me to follow. Leading me past the rattan furniture where I’d massaged his headache away, he guided me into a darker, damper part of the conservatory.

Here, a sturdy wooden table with pruning shears and bird seed rested under the moon-spangled sky.

“I want to replace memories of you leaving me with memories of you returning.”

Placing the shot glasses on the table, he scooped up the bird seed and placed it on the ground, followed by the other debris. Once the table was clean, he snapped his fingers. “Undress.”

The command didn’t just sound in my ears, it echoed in my nipples and pussy. My fingers trembled as I tore off the jumper and slipped my trousers off. My simple white bra and knickers were shed just as quickly.

Nudity wasn’t something I feared anymore.

I didn’t flinch hating a certain stretchmark or stressing about a stupid flaw. Q looked at me as if I was his perfection. His queen.

He wanted me.

That was all that mattered.

The air temperature was tropical and muggy, so different to the icy outside world.

Standing naked, I waited for the next order.

Q didn't disappoint. Pointing at the table, he growled, "Up."

I hopped onto the warm wood immediately.

The second I sat, Q unstopped the liquor and filled up both glasses. Passing one to me, we clinked and I followed as he threw the alcohol down his throat.

His delicious, powerful throat.

The throat I had a terrible desire to bite and lick and mark.

I cringed as the fiery liquid blazed its punishment into my belly. There, a bonfire ignited, spreading warming, relaxing tendrils through my blood. "What is that?" I wheezed against the unforgiving sharpness.

"Cognac."

"And we're having shots of cognac, why?"

"Because inhibitions have a way of dying when a little persuasion is used."

I blinked. Inhibitions? I had none. Not with Q. With Brax, I did. I couldn't admit what I truly wanted and became tongue-tied whenever we were intimate.

But with Q?

I didn't recognise this minx inside me. This temptress who relished in her master's undoing because it meant she didn't need to think or pretend or beg.

She just had to accept.

Because everything he gave was perfect.

My chest rose and fell as I bared my soul. "I don't need alcohol to be myself with you, Q. I can admit what I want, what I like...what I need...because you make me powerful."

He dropped his gaze, throwing back another shot without filling my glass. "Who said it was for you?" His narrowed eyes sent a clench through my system. "The night I strung you

up in my bedroom—I would never have been able to do that without being drunk. That night was the first honest fucking thing I’ve done in decades.”

Placing the crystal on the table, he wrenched off his black t-shirt and unbuckled his jeans. Pulling the belt through the loops, he slapped the leather against his palm. “And you accepted everything with so much strength and desire that you fucking wounded me. You ruined me because I knew I was letting you go the next morning and you’d given me happiness for the first time in so many, many years.”

His face turned sharp and dangerous. “Hands.”

Instantly, I placed my wrists together and shot them in front of me.

I didn’t speak as he lassoed my wrists with his belt and buckled tight. The minute I was imprisoned, he poured another shot...this time into both glasses.

“You might not need liquid courage, but I sure do.” Holding the crystal to my lips, he didn’t look away until I’d swallowed every harsh drop.

Swallowing his own, he grabbed my nape and kissed me.

I sank into the kiss, never wanting it to end. His citrus taste was masked by the sharp liquor and the belt around my wrists meant I could only accept what he gave.

Never breaking the kiss, Q lifted my arms above my head and pushed. My tummy muscles engaged as he forced me from sitting to lying.

The hard wood bit into my shoulder blades, but I trembled with desire as Q shed his final piece of clothing and climbed on top of me, utterly deliciously naked.

I gasped as his heavy weight pinned me better than any handcuffs or restraints. His hard erection seared into my thigh, so close yet so far.

I was his prisoner. His slave. His returned bird who hadn’t left him.

His hips thrust, driving his cock into my leg. “Christ, I want you.”

My back arched as I rubbed my hardened nipples on his chest. “Take me then. You have me.”

His body tensed as he fought whatever beast he lived with. Curtailing a growl, he snarled, “Not yet. First, I want to finish what you started before Suzette walked in on us.”

My eyes flared.

A blowjob?

My mouth instantly watered.

But I was on my back. How...

He understood my confusion and smirked. “Leave the logistics to me.” Sliding off, I whimpered as his warmth and sexual intensity disappeared. Moving flawlessly, he stood and drifted toward my head. With powerful hands, he rolled my tethered form to face him.

My lips parted.

I was the perfect height to accept the dark veiny hardness between his legs.

I squirmed as a shot of insane need rippled through my pussy.

“Ah, *esclave*...” Q’s fingers teased my nipple before he pinched harshly. “You have no idea how much this turns me the fuck on.”

I couldn’t breathe let alone talk.

I was obsessed with his cock only a few centimetres from my mouth.

I wanted to lick him, suck him, and make him as desperate for me as I was for him.

“Do you want it?” he murmured.

I nodded. My fingers locked together, bound by his belt. I wanted to touch and stroke but that was denied.

“Suck me.” Q pressed forward, his cock bumping my lips.

The second his masculine heat was in licking distance, I opened my mouth and welcomed him.

He hissed as my tongue circled and lapped.

His fingers dug into the wood beside my face as his hips rocked in time with my sucking.

I wouldn't let him forget me. Never. Ever, ever, *ever*. I was his. I'd returned and he'd accepted me, and it was time he truly believed that this wasn't fleeting between us. It was for eternity.

I lost track of time. I didn't know how long I sucked him. I did my best to sheathe my teeth and give him a willing vessel to thrust into. However, saliva dribbled and my breathing became noisy the harder he became.

Lightheadedness made the aviary swim and I worried I wouldn't be able to finish.

But then he was gone.

I was rocked back onto my shoulder blades and the most exquisite, divine, world-shifting sensation erupted in my pussy.

I screamed as Q's tongue dived inside me, licking up every drop of desire I had for him and turning my need into something resembling insanity.

"There's nothing between us anymore, *esclave*." His words disappeared inside me. His teeth bit and threatened. His hot tongue invoked an orgasm, warning it would shred me into pieces. "Try and leave me after I've had you like this. We'll see how far you can run."

"Never!" My spine arched as he bit me. "I'll never run."

"What if I *want* you to run? What if you *should* run?"

"I won't. I'm never running. I'm never leaving you."

His licking stopped.

Our breathing rattled in the damp conservatory.

I waited for a switch, a whip, a spank, but Q's face was tight and dark. His eyes glazed with lust. His mind no longer here but with his monsters.

He wanted my pain. Needed it. But he was the one in pain this time. Pain with accepting that I'd given myself completely to him and he could kill me so easily. It was all about control. Love.

Could he love me enough to protect me from himself?

His anger faded just a little, revealing a softer side I'd only rarely glimpsed. "I want you so fucking much, Tess. I'm fucking petrified that this is all a dream. That I'll go to sleep tonight and you'll be gone. That everything that happened today, all the promises we made, all the happiness you've given me, will be gone."

"No, Q...don't think that." I struggled to sit up. "This isn't a dream. This is real. *I'm* real."

He looked away, tortured and distrusting. He broke my heart.

"Q... *maitre*. Listen. I love you."

He flinched. "I know you do. That's what's so fucking terrifying."

I expected to fight and force him to stop shattering my soul, but he climbed onto the table and captured my throat. Both hands trembled as his thumbs traced over my chin to my mouth.

I opened, sucking both, tasting myself on his touch and his singular scent. "If it ever gets too much..."

I shook my head—or as much as I could in his hold. "It won't. But if it does. I've already promised not to let you break me."

His eyes turned unreadable and the aura of self-denial permeated our sexual haze.

He's going to stop this.

He was going to put an end to whatever passion we would have.

I won't let that happen.

With bound wrists, I fumbled between us and found his cock.

I stroked him hard, rolling my thumb over his crown. "Give me another drink."

His eyebrows knitted together, but he let me pump him as his shaky hand splashed cognac into two glasses. Swallowing his portion, he held mine to my lips.

I swallowed.

Droplets cascaded on either side of my mouth as I jerked while stroking him.

His erection grew thicker and harder, his eyes glowed darker and harsher. He growled, his hips pistoning into my grip. “Fuck, Tess. . .”

“You won’t hurt me, Q,” I whispered, guiding him back to me, recognising the spark that never left us. “You won’t screw this up. I won’t let you.”

His eyes turned to emerald flints. “If I ever hurt you...*truly* hurt you...”

“*Maitre*.... Stop.” I reached to kiss him.

He was too high over me.

He could deny my kiss.

But he didn’t.

Taking a deep breath, he bowed, giving me, not just a kiss, but also power over him as he sank into my touch. His tongue caressed mine and his hips continued to thrust.

I squirmed beneath him, my body obsessed with what I held and how much I wanted him inside me.

I ached.

I burned.

I couldn’t take much more of this without joining with him. Without eradicating whatever darkness he lived in and reminding him that together we were light. It didn’t matter that we were slightly twisted and wrong.

That was what made us so right.

Our kiss switched from warm heat into a blazing fire.

“I’m going to fuck you, *esclave*.” His voice was a decadent purr as he swatted at my hands and shoved them above my head. “I’m going to take everything you’ve given me. Not because I want to, but because *you* want me to.”

My heart smarted. “Wait...you don’t want me?”

He chuckled as the tip of him entered me. “You truly have to ask that, Tess?”

We moaned long and low as his cock slid deep inside.

It was exquisite.

It was divine.

No, I didn’t need to ask that. I knew. He wanted me so much. Too much. He wanted me more than he would ever admit or show.

The dark fronds of palm trees imprisoned him in silhouettes as he thrust deeper.

We never looked away. His tongue licked his lips, tasting me from earlier.

His tentative thrust turned harder, faster. My body trembled around him, submitting to the heavy length as he forced me to surrender.

“Feel that?” Q’s teeth sank into my throat as he fucked harder. “You’ve got me so fucking obsessed with you; I’ll never let you go.”

I felt his every vow right between my legs.

The way he watched me...it came with furious promises and threats. He watched me with adoration and sex.

Mind-blowing, soul-confirming sex.

I moaned as his lower belly brushed my clit.

My thighs opened wider as my ankles locked over his back.

His spine flexed beneath my heels, rhythmically driving into me with short, possessive strokes.

I'd never known something could be as beautiful as a man in love. So boldly sexual or unapologetically monstrous.

A surge of emotion unravelled me. Tears came to my eyes with utter devastation. "I love you, Q."

He sucked in a breath, his eyes blazing. The power linking us only grew deeper and more poignant the longer we made love.

Made love.

This wasn't sex.

This had gone far beyond sex.

This was a forever kind of love.

His voice was a rasp as he growled, "Come for me, *esclave*. I need you to come."

The wideness of his cock demanded I do exactly what he'd commanded. His free hand swooped to my breast, pinching my nipple and kneading the heavy weight.

I groaned as his harsh breathing and possessing touch pushed me closer to the edge.

The ache inside turned into a throb, building and building and *building*.

"Yes, you're close." His teeth nipped my ear. "I feel you."

His left hand slammed by my head, his fingernails scraping against the table as he fucked me faster. "I won't come without you."

My heels dug harder into the globes of his ass. I gave in.

I didn't care about the noises I made.

I didn't care how shamefully wet I was.

All I cared about was coming for my master.

"Oh, oh...*oh*..." The orgasm detonated, and I had no way of stopping it.

Q grunted as I came apart, milking his cock, leaving my body for a split second as I hovered in utopian bliss.

“Look at me.”

The growled command wrenched my glassy eyes open, and I locked onto his handsome face. His features were frozen in sexual rage as he followed me into heaven.

“Fuck, fuck...*fuck.*”

The hot release of him entered me, and I shivered as he collapsed on top, breathing hard. I expected him to relax and come down from our high. But he surprised me as his shoulders bunched and his mouth suddenly captured mine.

The kiss was dangerous.

Ravenous.

Forcing tired bodies to shed their release and clamber for more.

He tasted so wonderful.

His cock inside me felt so sensual.

His teeth nipped and dared to draw a droplet of blood.

I moaned, wrapping myself tighter around him. “Never stop, Q.”

He kissed me again. “I told you before, Tess. What we have...it will never go away. And now that I have you all to myself? I truly have just begun.”

Hope you liked this bonus scene!!

Don't forget to read the #dollarseries for another Dark Romance roller coaster!

Pennies releases on the 20th July xx

Elder Prest will steal your heart from Q, I guarantee it.

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