



***PUCKING UNHINGED***  
***BONUS CHAPTER***



**LONDON SNOW**



# PUCKING UNHINGED BONUS SCENE



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*OceanofPDF.com*

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Chapter 1

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# CHAPTER 1



AUTHOR'S NOTE - THIS SCENE TAKES PLACE AFTER THE LAST CHAPTER OF PUCKING POSSESSIVE, BUT BEFORE THE EPILOGUE.

“*I* swear if he didn’t have a huge dick I would have killed him by now,” Bianca grumbles and stomps over to the door as I stand in the middle of our room. I’m not sure how to respond to her because we’ve only just met a few hours ago when Tristan and I arrived at the cabin Tristan’s dad rented for this little forced vacation.

In the span of forty-eight hours, we found out that not only is Tristan’s dad getting remarried, but also that his fiancée has a son and a foster daughter as well. I guess they’re choosing to bond over that fact, and Tristan nearly combusted at dinner every time the woman referred to us as siblings. Bianca is Tristan’s dad’s new fiancée’s foster daughter, and from what I gather, she’s anything but shy.

She was right in her assumption that it’s her foster brother, Josh, knocking on our door. “Please tell me you are not waking us up at 3AM because you’re horny,” she accuses him, and while I wouldn’t doubt that Josh would do something like that, he looks extremely upset.

Josh ignores her, shaking his head in annoyance as he looks at me pointedly. “It’s your uh...brother.” Before the words are out of his mouth, I’m crossing the room and heading for the door. I don’t need any other information, and I’m not going to take the time to reiterate that Tristan is *not* my brother. Things have been confusing with Tristan since we met. He’s been my protector since day one, and since the attack that killed his mother, things between us have been even more confusing. But that’s the thing about Tristan and me...anything that happens is *just* between us. I suppose it’s probably because there’s not another soul on this planet that I think Tristan actually likes, but I like to pretend it’s because I’m special to him.

I’m two steps into the hall when I realize that Josh and Bianca are following me. “He’s freaking out in his sleep, and I didn’t know what to do. I went and woke up your dad, but—” He’s not my dad, but I don’t have the energy for that conversation either.

I stop short and look up at Josh. “But what?” *What did the bastard say?*

“He told me to let him fight through it, but I was afraid he was going to hurt himself or me. He was throwing shit and—” Josh pulls his key card out of his pocket and holds it up as if to indicate to follow him.

“Yeah, that sounds like him.” I say, and I try to keep the anger in my voice crammed down in my chest because isn’t that what I do? Tristan is the crash out, the one who doesn’t let anything slide, and I’m the one who smooths things over to keep him out of trouble. I’m so mad right now, I feel like I could kick in my foster father’s door and beat him to a pulp.

“Thanks,” I blurt out, pushing past Josh when the key card beeps in the slot. I swing the door open and see him there. Tristan is shirtless, thrashing around in the twin sized bed that makes him look even bigger than he already does. His muscles flex under golden skin as he grips the sheets, his eyes pinching tight like he’s in pain.

I move toward him, but Bianca grabs me by the wrist like she’s known me forever or has the right to intervene. “What if he hurts you? He’s twice your fucking size,” she exaggerates... kind of. He’s six-foot-five, and he could absolutely hurt me if he wanted to, but he’d never. Not even in his sleep. “We could throw some water on him,” she suggests.

I glare at her and rip my arm out of her hold. She looks stunned and I’m probably being too harsh because I think she really does mean well. But I’m fucking sensitive over the boy in that bed and I will literally fight anyone right now.

“Don’t fucking touch her,” Tristan’s sleep-strained voice is low, deadly, and full of the anguish we both carry every single day. I know exactly what he’s reliving, because I’m there every time I close my eyes too. I don’t think twice because I don’t care about anything other than comforting him. I lean over him, placing my hands on his chest and spreading my fingers, trying to soothe him. Quicker than I could have imagined, he’s gripping me by the arms with such force, I hear Bianca squeal like she’s the one he’s grabbing.

“Fuck,” Bianca curses when Tristan pulls me into the bed and flips me under his large frame. One of his hands moves to my throat. “Josh, do something!” Bianca’s voice is a few octaves higher than usual.

“What am I supposed to do?” Josh sounds like he’s going to have a breakdown because he thinks he’s about to witness my murder.

Tristan’s hand is so tight around my throat that my airway is cut off. Still, I feel nothing but concern for him. He’s reliving that night, hurting me, and I can’t bear seeing him like this.

“Tristan,” I whisper as loud as I can with the restriction, and then I do the only thing I can think of to get him to wake up. I slide my hands down his back, letting my nails dig into the bunched muscle. “You’re hurting me,” I say, and I’m shaking because being pinned under him like this, feeling the raw force of his anger brings me back to the night he was forced to hurt me so that someone else didn’t. I’ll forever be grateful to him for that because it could have been a much worse fate for me. I know he carries the guilt of what they made him do to me, but he saved me in more ways than he probably realizes.

I suck in a sharp breath when Tristan loosens his hold on my neck, and I feel his shoulders slump. He’s awake.

“What happened?” He whispers, and I can see those dark green eyes boring into mine. He makes no move to get off of me, and I don’t push to roll out from under him. He’s coming down from something awful, and I have the distinct feeling that he needs me to be right where I am.

“You almost killed her, that’s what happened,” Bianca says, flipping on the light, and Tristan lifts one hand to shield his eyes and uses the other to brace himself above me. I’m acutely aware that he’s in nothing but black sweatpants, and I can feel the heat of his chest radiating off of him and onto me. I shouldn’t let my mind wander, or wish that he would lower himself fully and press me into this mattress. That’s exactly what I want, what I crave from him.

Tristan ignores Bianca and rolls to the side of me. I can see the way his body sags as he takes long, deep breaths. I move to get up, thinking maybe he wants some space, but he reaches over and grabs my hand, threading his fingers through mine. He continues to stare at the ceiling, flexing his fingers against mine as his chest rises and falls.

“Josh came and got us because he couldn’t get you to wake up,” I tell my brother, leaving out the part about Dad telling him to let Tristan fight through a night terror like that will make them go away.

“Don’t fucking do that again,” Tristan snaps and at first I think he’s mad at me, but he pushes up on one elbow so he can look at Josh who is looking from Bianca to me wide eyed, flabbergasted that he’s the one Tristan is mad at. “She doesn’t need to be around me when I’m like that.”

“I’m not sure she should be around you at all. You’re a fucking dick no matter what time of day it is,” Bianca says, huffing and dimming the light, which I’m thankful for. She looks at me, “Are you okay?”



“I’m fine. Tristan would never hurt me,” I say it with such conviction, no hesitation.

“You can leave now,” Tristan says dryly, and I can tell by his tone that he’s not far from losing his cool if one more thing agitates him. I think he’s kicking Bianca and me out so he can go back to bed, so I start to untangle our fingers and swing my legs over the bed but meet nothing but resistance from Tristan. I see Josh’s eyes trail up my bare thighs and I’m suddenly regretting running out of my room in sleep shorts and a tank top.

Tristan must notice it too because he lets go of my hand and jerks his shoulders. I know that if I don’t intervene, he’s fully prepared to snatch Josh up by the neck and rattle his eyes around in his head just for looking at me.

I reach out, wrapping my hand around Tristan’s bare bicep and say, “Smotri na menya.” *Look at me.* Tristan’s big green eyes bore into mine, and I swear my whole body tingles. The rage that was just directed at Josh has simmered into something that is only meant for me. We communicate with our eyes, something I know I’ll never be able to do with anyone else. He lets me know he’s calm by reaching over to pull the blanket up and over my legs. A win is a win, it’s better than him lunging over to wring Josh’s neck.

“You’re staying in here tonight,” Tristan says to me in English, which means he wants everyone in the room to hear what he’s saying. He looks at Josh and only tips his head toward Bianca before demanding, “Get the fuck out.”

Bianca rolls her eyes at Tristan, huffing as she flops down on the bed Josh must have been sleeping in. “Don’t you think our parents will hassle us less if they find all four of us in the same room?” A funny look crosses her face, and I suspect she’s trying to figure out what exactly goes on between my foster brother and me. She’ll never know. No one will, because that’s just for us.

“I don’t give a shit. Turn the light off on your way out,” Tristan says definitively, waving them off and then getting up off the bed. I think he’s going to turn off the T.V. that’s been nothing more than a low hum of voices, but he’s just pacing. I realize then that he’s still in his head over the night terror I pulled him out of. I push myself up to a sitting position so my back is flush against the headboard. As soon as I move, Tristan’s head snaps to the side, his heated gaze pinning me in place.

“I’m not getting caught in Bianca’s room again. I’m staying here,” Josh says, his voice rippling with what sounds like anxiety. I don’t know if it’s because he’s worried Tristan is going to beat him up for not jumping immediately to his demands or if he’s remembering a bad experience being caught with Bianca before. I’m suddenly reminded of the comment she made about him waking her up because he was horny. I suspect whatever has happened between the two of them isn’t sacred, and I’ll hear about it eventually.

Tristan paces a few steps away and then back toward me. His entire body looks rigid like he’s carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders. I almost feel guilty when my eyes sweep from his full lips, down his neck and finally to his defined chest and engaged abdomen. If he doesn’t calm down soon, he’s going to implode. I can sense it.

“Jeeze, you’re wound tight.” Bianca says, “What could have happened that you’re this traumatized and Winter seems fine?” Bianca blurts out, and I cringe, pulling my knees up to my chest. I wish I could melt into the headboard and avoid whatever comes after this. He’s worked up because he saw his mom get killed and his father injured. He had to hurt me over and over until he could finally get the opportunity to take a man’s life. It’s something I don’t think I’ll ever forget, but I can’t imagine what he’s going through. The guilt he carries is horrible, and I wouldn’t wish that on anyone.

Tristan’s eyes meet mine, but he’s speaking to Bianca, “You have no fucking clue what we went through, and I wouldn’t water it down enough to try and make you understand.” He sits down on the bed in front of me, but he’s not touching me. Bianca is flipping through channels like she’s completely unbothered by anything that Tristan slings at her.

“I heard your dad say that you killed one of the guys that carjacked your parents,” Bianca says, finally choosing a movie that I don’t recognize and then looking over at us. My eyes migrate to Tristan, and I see his eyes blinking tiredly. He hasn’t been sleeping, and I think it’s really starting to get to him.

“I did,” he clips out. “And I’m going to find that motherfucker who got away and crush his fucking skull in.” His voice sounds tired, but his words drip with truth.

“Wouldn’t turning him in be the worst fate? Instead of putting him out of his misery?” Josh chimes in, sitting down on the bed next to Bianca.

“Nothing will ever be worse than what I inflict on him,” Tristan says, and I watch as Bianca pops up off the bed and heads over to flick the light switch all the way off.

The room is dark other than the faint glow coming from the TV, and I hear Josh and Bianca rustling around. They’re bickering about pillows and who’s elbow is in the way. I feel Tristan shift in the bed, his hand brushes against my leg, but just as quickly as he’s touching me, he stops.

“Do you want me to sleep on the couch?” I ask as quietly as I can muster, unsure of what he wants from me right now. I don’t know if he needs me in the room so he doesn’t have to worry about someone hurting me.

Instead of answering me, his long fingers wrap around my thigh and yank me to lie down in the bed. The back of my head hits the pillow at the same time I feel his lightly stubbled cheek scrape against my inner thigh. I let out a gasp when I feel his mouth press on the scar there, the one he gave me the night our family was attacked.

I don’t know how he found it so easily in the dark, but the feeling of his lips pressing against it sends shivers down my entire body. He’s so close to the juncture of my thighs that I’m worried he might realize how turned on I am from his touch. I don’t know how I would even explain that away. He’s carrying the guilt of taking my virginity and mutilating my body, and here I am shifting my hips, wishing he’d sink his fingers inside me.

“Don’t leave, okay?” He says against my skin. “Even if I fall asleep.” He sounds more like the Tristan I first met and less like the hardened shell he’s become since the attack.

I reach down and run my fingers through his hair and I feel him relax. He presses a kiss to the scar one more time before he pushes up on his hands. He’s hovering over my spread thighs and he hesitates. For a moment, I think he’s going to move off of me and take the spot between me and the wall. Instead, he nudges my legs apart even further and settles between them. His abdomen is pressed flush against my pussy, with only my shorts and panties between our skin. He buries his face in the crux of my neck and one of his hands come down to grip my outer thigh. He raises it up to wrap over his hip. I want to know so badly if he’s hard, and I chastise myself for it. He doesn’t want that. If he did, he’d tell me. He doesn’t think of me that way. Things are just confusing because of the trauma we share.

“I fucking hate sleeping without you,” he mumbles, and I know he’s in a half sleep state by the way he slurs some of his words and the way his hand slides up my ribcage to cup my breast over my tank top. I shake the thought away, but I know it’s true...it’s like I was made to fit in his big hands.

I can hear Bianca reprimanding Josh for asking questions about the movie. She calls him a moron and tells him she hasn’t seen it either. It’s probably better that Tristan is starting to fall asleep because he’d throw them both out into the hallway.

His breathing evens out ,and I think he’s finally sleeping, but then he pulls hard enough on my top that the thin strap snaps. His warm, rough palm covers my bare breast, and he pinches my nipple gently before settling his hand back to cover it. I tell myself that it means nothing to him, and that having some part of me in his hand is calming him in his sleep. When I shift under his weight, wriggling as I try to alleviate the pent up pressure building low in my hips, he flexes his fingers on my breast and brushes his lips against my neck.

I still my hips, and he lets out a quiet groan against my neck. We’re both fighting this demon that has us in a choke hold, and we need to destroy it before we end up hurting each other. I turn my head, kissing the side of his head just like I’ve done a million times before.

“Sweet dreams, dushen’ka,” he mumbles against my neck before sleep overtakes him.

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