

A close-up profile of a woman with dark hair and large gold hoop earrings. A bright pink banner is overlaid across the middle of the image.

EXTENDED EPILOGUE

**THE
PLAY**

B R I A R U

ELLE KENNEDY

NEW YORK TIMES & INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR

THE PLAY EXTENDED EPILOGUE

ELLE KENNEDY

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READ ON

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EPILOGUE

DEMI

It's eleven p.m. on Sunday and we're on Hunter's couch watching my favorite show. Tonight's episode: *Magicians Who Kill*. Summer is fast asleep on the other end of the couch from us. Brenna's curled up in one armchair, watching the screen in fascination, while Fitz takes up residence in the other armchair, still on the fence about the episode. We're only ten minutes in and he's already said the words "this is fucked up" half a dozen times.

"Swear to God, if her severed head appears in his magician's hat, I'm getting up and leaving," Fitz warns.

Hunter leans forward when his phone buzzes on the coffee table. "Hey, it's Hollis."

"Answer it," Brenna orders. "Find out when they're coming home."

"But it's a FaceTime call," Hunter complains.

"So? What, you need to touch up your makeup?" she mocks.

I giggle.

"Whatever." He presses a button, and a moment later an explosion of noise rocks the living room.

"AHHHHHHHHH! YOU GUYS!"

Summer shoots up into a sitting position, wide awake in a heartbeat. "What the fuck? What's wrong?" she demands, rubbing her eyes in alarm.

“Guys! Can you hear us?!” It’s Rupī, shrill and worried. “Mike! I don’t know if they can hear us!”

“They can hear us, babe!”

“We can hear you!” Hunter says in exasperation. “What the hell? Where *are* you? Why is it so bright?”

I peer at his phone, but I can’t figure out where they are either. It’s daylight, that’s for sure. What time zone are they in?

Brenna hops up and settles on the arm of the sofa to get a better look, while Summer peeks over my shoulder. Fitz doesn’t leave his chair, although I can tell his interest is focused solidly on the conversation.

“We’re in Nepal,” Hollis reveals.

We all freeze.

“What do you mean, you’re in Nepal?” Brenna demands.

“I mean we’re in Nepal. Dude, we’re staying in the coolest place ever! It’s like on top of a mountain and there’s a Buddhist monastery right *there*, and, oh, Davenport! There’s actual monks here, and these dudes don’t have sex at all! A lot of them took a vow of silence, so I can’t really get any deets for you, but—”

“Hollis,” Summer interrupts. “Why are you guys in Nepal?”

Rupī re-enters the frame, her perfect white teeth sparkling in the sunshine of the Nepalese mountains, or wherever the heck they are.

“We’re on our honeymoon!” she shrieks.

Summer gasps. The rest of us gawk at the phone.

“Is this a joke?” Brenna asks, her dark eyes narrowing.

“Nope!” Hollis replies. His and Rupī’s faces fill up the whole screen, and I can’t deny I’ve never seen two people look happier. “We got married on Friday! I’m sorry, I know you guys would’ve wanted to come. And Fitz—I know, I know, you’ve always dreamed of being my best man—”

“Always,” Fitz says dryly.

“I’m sorry, man, I’ll make it up to you. We’re having a real wedding this summer. It’s in India, and you’re all invited.”

“What is happening?” Summer sounds utterly baffled.

“You seriously got married?” Hunter asks incredulously.

“Yeah, we did it in a courthouse in Boston. Our witness was a dude trying to get out of a traffic ticket.”

I tamp down a laugh.

“And now you’re on your honeymoon in Nepal,” Brenna says, each word coming out slowly and lined with bewilderment. “But you’re having an official wedding this summer. In India.”

“Yes!” Rupri says proudly. “Isn’t this *amazing*?”

Nobody answers.

The brief silence summons a shriek from her throat. “Are none of you going to say congratulations?” she demands, her eyes on fire.

That snaps us into action, and soon we’re all blurting out our congratulations.

“We’re so happy for you! I promise!” Summer assures them, and there’s nothing insincere about it. “We’re just stunned. We didn’t expect you to elope.”

“That’s why people elope, because nobody expects it!” Rupri chirps happily.

“So how long are you in Nepal?” Fitz calls toward the phone. “When are you home?”

“We’ll be back in a year,” Hollis says.

“A year?” Summer echoes in amazement. “But...”

“What about your job?” Hunter asks Hollis.

“Rupri, what about school?” I pipe up.

“I quit.” Hollis.

“I dropped out.” Rupri.

I gape at both of them.

“I haven’t even picked a major,” Rupī says, waving an indifferent hand. “I don’t care about college.”

“And I don’t care about my job,” Hollis chimes in. “Davenport said we should travel, so that’s what we’re doing.”

I glance at Hunter as if to say *what the fuck?*

“I advised him to take Rupī on a weekend getaway or a summer trip,” Hunter retorts. “Not to elope and run off to India!”

“Nepal,” Hollis corrects. “Jeez, pay attention, dude.”

“Well.” Summer clears her throat. “We’re all thrilled for you. I can’t believe you’re married.”

I can’t either, but Rupī and Hollis seem over the moon about it, and who am I to judge?

“Okay, you guys, it’s like eight in the morning here and we have a big day planned,” Rupī announces in her shrill, bossy voice.

“We’ll call back in a few days,” Hollis assures us. “Or a month. Whatever. Love you guys! Be back in a year!”

The call disconnects.

And we all exchange mystified looks.

“She dropped out of college,” Brenna says, sounding impressed

“They got married,” Fitz says, sounding horrified.

“She’s only nineteen,” I realize.

“Yeah, but in Rupī’s defense, she knew she was going to marry Michael Hollis the second she met him,” Summer points out.

“True,” Brenna agrees.

“They’ll either be divorced in a week, or they’ll be together forever,” Hunter predicts with a sigh. “There’s no in between with those two.”

Summer tucks her golden hair behind her ears. “I’m happy for them, I really am. But holy shit, that came out of left field.”

Hunter shakes his head a few times, as if trying to come out of a daze. “Okay, then. That was...fascinating.” He picks up the remote control.

“Should we keep watching? We were about to find out if the dismembered head winds up in the magic guy’s hat.”

“I’m going upstairs to play Fortnite,” Fitz grumbles.

“I’m going to sleep,” Summer says.

Brenna stands up. “I’m going to see if Jake’s still awake so I can tell him about this latest development.”

“Party poopers,” I accuse.

As Hunter’s roommates scatter and disappear, he tugs me closer to his warm, muscular body. “What do you say, babe? Shall we?”

I slant my head and grin up at him. “Yup yup.”

Hunter glares at me. “You’re mocking me.”

“Well, yeah. I wasn’t trying to hide it.”

The next thing I know, I’m on my back and his muscular arms are pinning me to the couch. “How would you like it if I mocked *you*,” he growls.

I roll my eyes. “You mock me all the time, Monk.”

“*Ex-monk*,” he corrects, and a devilish twinkle lights his eyes at the same time I become aware of the erection pressing against my thigh.

“Talking to Hollis gets you hard, huh?” I tsk sympathetically. “Don’t worry, baby, he’ll be back in a year.”

Hunter’s answering chuckle tickles my face. He lowers his mouth to mine and kisses me, a fleeting tease of a kiss. “We both know who gets me hard, and it ain’t Mike Hollis.”

I blink up at him innocently. “Oh. Who is it, then?”

“Brenna.”

My jaw drops open. “Oh, you fucking asshole—”

Laughing hysterically, Hunter rolls onto his side, while I bat a fist against his broad chest.

“I cannot believe you said that,” I accuse.

He's still twitching with laughter. "So it's okay for Hollis to get me hard, but not Bee? Is that it?"

"Exactly! Because she's the hottest chick ever and you're not allowed to fantasize about her. You're only allowed to fantasize about *me*." I glare at him, but he just flashes a cute grin.

"Trust me, you're the only one I think about," he assures me.

"Good." I roll over too so we're lying down facing each other. "And I'm the only one who's allowed to make you hard." To punctuate that, I slide my hand beneath the waistband of his sweats. "This is mine."

"Yours," he agrees as I curl my fist around the hot, hard length of him. He wheezes out a breath when I give a slow pump. "Babe. Anyone could walk in right now..."

I ignore the warning and keep stroking him. "Then hopefully they're polite enough to turn around and walk right out."

"Nobody in this house is polite," Hunter replies, but he's also not pushing my hand away. Nor does he try to stop me when I tug his pants down to reveal his dick. It springs up toward me, long and thick, and my mouth actually waters.

I slide off the couch and settle on my knees in front of him. "Gimme," I order.

His eyes sizzle, heavy-lidded with lust. "You really gonna do this, right here?"

Rather than answer with words, I use my tongue.

"Oh *fuck*," he groans.

As I lick the tip of his cock, I peer up at him and wink.

His sexy face is awash with desire. "You're the best girlfriend in the world."

"I know." Then I draw him into my mouth and suck happily.

Hunter's hands cup the back of my head. He doesn't try to guide me—he just plays with my hair, threading it around his long fingers as he rocks

gently into my mouth. I love the noises he makes, quiet and husky. I love the taste of him, the heat of him. I love this feminine power of figuratively bringing him to his knees while literally being on mine.

“Hey guys, are you—oh my God, oops!” Brenna’s voice and footsteps approach and retreat almost simultaneously. “For fuck’s sake,” comes her muffled shout as her footsteps thump back toward the stairs.

“See,” I mumble, taking my mouth off of Hunter. “The roomies are polite.”

He starts laughing again. He doesn’t seem at all concerned about the fact that Brenna just witnessed our sexy-times. I’m not bothered, either. Nothing and nobody else exist when I’m with this guy. My world is reduced to his husky laughter, his hard dick, the love shining in his gorgeous eyes.

“Mine,” I whisper again, before wrapping my lips around him.

Hunter strokes my hair and gazes down at me. “Yours,” he whispers back.

Hollis

Nepal

“CALL ME CRAZY, but I don’t think they were happy for us,” I announce after ending the FaceTime call.

“I know, right?” My girl stomps her foot in outrage.

Some people call her overdramatic. I personally think she sometimes underplays shit. I mean, what’s the point of living if you don’t throw yourself headfirst into life? And how do you do that? Well, it means feeling all the feelings when they arise. It means yelling when you’re mad and

dancing naked in the fucking rain when you're happy. It's really not that hard.

"They just don't get it," Rupī adds with a loud sigh. "But that's okay. Most people don't get it."

"Nope," I agree. "You wanna know why?"

Her brown eyes glint with fortitude. "Because most people are stupid."

"Exactly."

"*Exactly.*"

I nod fervently. "They don't know how to live right."

"Exactly."

"*Exactly.*" I groan happily. "Fuck, I love you."

"Don't swear," Rupī orders. "But I love you too." Then she launches herself into my arms.

I catch her easily, because she's like five feet tall and barely a hundred pounds. She loops her arms around my neck, wraps her legs around my hips, and clings to me like a monkey, and some happy part of my brain does flips and jumping jacks and fucking triple axels because this is my *wife*.

We're married now, and I don't have a single, solitary regret about it. Rupī Miller-Hollis flew into my life like a tornado and she destroyed me. Like, in a good way. She's the only woman in the world who gets me. She *gets* me, dude. She understands that life is about going after what you want and not giving a shit what other people think of you.

She knows people think she's nuts. She doesn't care.

And I know people think *I'm* nuts. And guess what—don't care, either.

"This year is going to be *magical!*" Rupī declares as she buries her face in the crook of my neck.

It is. It totally is. I mean, I'm looking out at the fucking Himalayas right now. This mountainous landscape is bonkers and beautiful and unlike anything I'd ever seen before. Forget New England. *This* is where I need to

be. Hell, maybe we'll climb Everest while we're here. I mean, it can't be that hard, right? Might need to buy Rupes different shoes, though.

I'm excited to explore the world with her. Don't get me wrong—I know we're going to argue like cats and dogs and scream at each other all the livelong day. But I also know we're going to fuck each other's brains out and hold hands and snuggle all the livelong night. That's just what we do.

“Are you hungry?” I ask my wife.

“I'm STARVING!” she says passionately.

“Samesies. Let's go find that monk dude so I can feed you.” And then I head toward our little hut without setting her down on her feet. She's still wrapped around me like ivy, happy and cozy and warm in my arms.

Just where she belongs.

The End

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A New York Times, USA Today and Wall Street Journal bestselling author, Elle Kennedy grew up in the suburbs of Toronto, Ontario, and holds a BA in English from York University. From an early age, she knew she wanted to be a writer and actively began pursuing that dream when she was a teenager. She loves strong heroines and sexy alpha heroes, and just enough heat and danger to keep things interesting!

Elle loves to hear from her readers. Visit her website www.ellekennedy.com or sign up for her [newsletter](#) to receive updates about upcoming books and exclusive excerpts. You can also find her on [Facebook](#) (ElleKennedyAuthor), [Twitter](#) (@ElleKennedy), or [Instagram](#) (@ElleKennedy33).

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The Play Extended Epilogue

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