



ZANE PRESENTS

# RECKONING

THE KINK, P.I. SERIES: BOOK 3

A NOVEL

SHAKIR RASHAAN

Reckoning: The Kink, P.I. Series (Book Three)

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# PROLOGUE

“I didn’t do it! I swear it wasn’t me!!!”

He pleaded for his life in that moment, but mere moments ago, he shouted to the deity he prayed to as his pain-pleasure threshold was being pushed to levels never before realized. His play-partner-turned-captor waited patiently to flip the switch, realizing the time drew near to close the curtains on the scene...permanently.

Being a masochist, he didn’t process the extreme pain and bloodletting as anything more than the orgasm-inducing experience he’d been looking forward to for the past month. His endorphins spiked to euphoric levels, providing the out-of-body experience he would brag about to the other masochists in the submissive male group he belonged to for at least the next upcoming months. He would be the envy of his peers, wearing more than a few badges of honor as vestiges of time well earned.

The last thing he suspected was the scene of his dreams turning into a nightmare of epic proportions.

“You’re going to pay for the decision you made.” The scowl on the face of his tormentor should have been enough to instill the genuine fear that washed over him, and it was in that moment that he realized the fantasy was over, but the reality was beyond any conscionable comprehension. “You took someone I loved more than anyone on this planet. I’m going to make you all pay.”

The gravity of the situation weighed more than the chains that were originally used to tie and bind the so-called helpless victim. The fear of the unknown was palpable, but what had him paralyzed more than anything else was the lack of an answer to the scariest question of all: *am I*

*going to die tonight?*

Abraham Lincoln once said, “We all owe God a debt, and the debt that all men pay is death.” He stared into the eyes of the debt collector, the person who would be the one who ensured he would never see another day of his life, to never see the next sunrise.

“I didn’t do anything, all I did was what I am supposed to do. I’m an assistant district attorney, dammit! She broke the law!” If he was going to go, he wasn’t about to go out like a scared little bitch, pleading for his life. As much as he tried, his mind was too far gone to process the wounds on his body as a credible threat to his life. It didn’t stop him from voicing his anger over the cryptic turn of events. “I made the decision based on the evidence, motherfucker! I’ll be damned if I let someone tell me I did differently!”

“You made your decision when you breached protocol to have my Domina incarcerated, and all over bullshit.” The icy stare coming from his captor turned more menacing by the second. “She didn’t do anything that bitch boi didn’t ask for, and you know it!”

“She raped me, too!” He blurted out the information he swore he would never tell another soul once Mistress Edge was sentenced and sent to prison. “I was not about to let her get away with it! Fuck you!”

The intensity increased once finely sharpened steel plunged into pliable flesh, leaving the victim in the position of not knowing whether to scream out in pain or ecstasy as his brain found it increasingly difficult to decipher between the two. His rational brain should have recognized the imminent threat, but the pleasure centers clouded that deduction. Even the sight of more blood than usual wasn’t enough to activate the fight-or-flight mechanism.

Despite his cries, his tormentor treated them as nothing more than a dead man’s final requests before he ended his life.

“Please don’t kill me...please don’t stop...I don’t want to die!” The conflict flashed across his face as the words descended into unintelligible slurs, soon to be replaced by gurgles and the coughing of blood. His eyes conveyed the fear and confusion in his mind as he recognized the finality of his life being extinguished. He wasn’t ready to go, but that choice was no longer his to make.

His killer took one look into the eyes of one of the people who had taken his Domina away from him. He remembered the frantic phone call he’d received while tending to business overseas. He remembered the fear in her tone as she’d told him she had been sentenced. Those sounds would haunt him the rest of his life.

“You’re going to die, of that you can be sure.” Tears flowed from his eyes as his thoughts moved to the phone call he received months later from the women’s prison. The warden expressed her regrets as she informed him that his precious Domina had been killed in a cafeteria riot. He looked down at his helpless victim as he took stock of the life flowing out of the body he’d been torturing for hours. “An eye for an eye: isn’t that what the ‘good book’ says?”

He didn’t realize while he reminisced that the victim had already departed from this realm and journeyed to the next. Once aware of the expulsion, he shouted skyward in a symbolic gesture to his Domina. *He’s on his way for You to torture, my Domina. More will be on the way soon.*

He stood there for a few moments as he contemplated his next move. Although they weren’t far from where he wanted to stage the final scene, time worked against him. It wouldn’t be perfect, but it would be enough. It was the first in a series of unfortunate events that would conclude with his final objective: taking everything from Dominic Law, including his very life.

He wouldn't rest until he dispatched everyone who had a hand in her death, but he would save Dominic for last. He wanted his new nemesis to feel what he felt when she was taken from him. Before it would be said and done, he would derive the ultimate pleasure in watching the hope drain from his eyes before he put him out of his misery.

It wouldn't bring her back to him, but it was one helluva start.

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Shakir Rashaan is the bestselling author of the *Nubian Underworld* series and the *Kink, P.I.* series. His other projects include upcoming releases *Unthinkable*, *The Devil's All-American* and *SAMOIS: Book Four/Chronicles of the Nubian Underworld*. Other projects are in development for later publication under P.K. Rashaan. If you want to read more, visit [www.ShakirRashaan.com](http://www.ShakirRashaan.com).