

ZANE PRESENTS

DECEPTION

THE KINK, P.I. SERIES: BOOK 2

A NOVEL

SHAKIR RASHAAN

Deception: The Kink, P.I. Series (Book Two)

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~ONE~

The guest list was compiled so that she could go out in a blaze of glory.

This would be her swan song, and she had every intention of making this count on several levels.

She had grown sick of the politics, the game-playing, and the messy break-ups that had put her in the awkward position of making friends choose sides over whom to show their loyalty.

Now, after all of that drama and wading through the muck, she'd finally found the Dominant of her dreams.

But before she rode off into the sunset with him, she wanted one last scene with all of her favorite public players, six in all, to put her in a subspace the likes of which she had never before experienced.

She knew she would probably never experience it again, either; her new Dominant had made it clear that those days were over.

Oh well, she figured, what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

She chose the dungeon of one of her former Dominants—the one she hadn't pissed off—and she'd definitely pissed off a lot of them in her search for her “One,” including three of the players that would be in attendance for her farewell scene.

Love is a battlefield, Pat Benatar once sang, and on that battlefield there are always casualties.

She just made damn sure she wasn't one.

That mentality came with a price, though.

The price came in the form of jilted lovers that really didn't take no for an answer, close

friends that couldn't stick by her when her name was being dragged through the mud after yet another Dominant "victimized" her and treated her wrong. The mess with Master Amenhotep was the coup de grace, complete with being relocated from Atlanta "for her own protection," as she was told.

She kept up with all of the people that she felt still wanted to know where she was and what she was up to, and she even found a way to sneak away from her "exile" from time to time to get her rocks off and do her own thing...until she got caught up in another fine mess that ended in a woman being murdered and a prostitution ring being busted up. That got her really put on lockdown.

Video and email surveillance, among other extreme measures, which meant that she couldn't so much as sneeze without someone over two thousand miles away knowing about it. If it wasn't for the fact that it was HIM, she would have disappeared a long time ago, where even HE wouldn't find her.

She had one friend that stuck by her; her bestie, Ayanna, who was always there to be a shoulder to lean on when she needed her, despite her boss's warnings that eventually Ayanna would eventually get caught up in something messing around with her that he wouldn't be able to get her out of.

She didn't care for her boss all that much; especially considering that the interrogation he put her through in order to find out where to find the people responsible for the woman's death was rife with bittersweet moments. While it was hot as hell, it ended with her being relocated to the desert with people that she barely even knew.

She had it all figured out...she would ask Ayanna to be with her, serving her Dominant together, like her boss's two girls were doing now, and doing so happily. She knew Ayanna

would do it; they'd been through a lot together and even kept in close touch while she was in Vegas for the past year.

They would be together, loving and serving a man who overlooked it all to have her at his feet. She would provide Ayanna as an added bonus, another willful submissive that would be at his beck and call.

It would be perfect.

But until then, she had bliss that awaited her.

One by one, they arrived and took their places in the chairs that she'd positioned in a circle in the middle of the dungeon floor, surrounding a mechanical lift, where she would be suspended from during the scene. It was almost ritualistic in nature, she thought, and she found herself turned on beyond words at the possibility of being suspended and whipped simultaneously by her guests.

After all, it was the least she could do before she gave herself completely and totally to her "One." After tonight, none of them would ever see her again.

Little did she know that someone had plans to make that happen...in ways that she never saw coming.



The stinging wisps of the single-tail whips against her skin combined with the rope burns she knew she would get from all of the writhing around in the air as each of the five tails struck would surely bring her to the ecstasy that she so longingly awaited for tonight.

In her head, she shouted, *faster...harder...more, please!* as her guests mercilessly continued their symphonious assault on her helplessly suspended body.

Four male Dominants and one female Dominant – an experiment with her sexuality that,

in truth, she knew she never should have done since she wasn't sincere about being in a relationship with her – were giving her trophies that she would cherish long after the marks faded away.

Her body jerked with each strike, taking her closer to the edge and into the abyss of subspace, feeling the familiar euphoria of flight. This time, the feeling was much more intense than she ever thought was possible, and she envisioned seeing the welts and scratches that would surely reveal themselves.

She couldn't wait to show Ayanna what she had endured tonight. *She would be so jealous!*

She was slightly disappointed that all of the players weren't able to make it; well, actually, only one of the six was unable, and she wanted him more than anything. She figured that his responsibilities in the community kept him from seeing about her one last time.

That, and the fact that she never got up enough nerve to send the email invitation to him, including a few words that she only meant for him to read.

She could always find him at NEBU if push came to shove and she needed to get a fix. He always looked out for her, even in the light of what she'd done – out of fear, not malice – to his mentor. He would hopefully understand why she needed to do this – he *had* to.

She felt her skin burning as the bindings around her wrists and ankles made their painful presence known to her, but she was too far gone to care. A few more kisses of the whips and she would be in the clouds, higher than any drug could ever take her.

So high, in fact, that she never noticed that she was being lowered from the suspension and her bindings skillfully removed.

Now came the fun part...

She wasn't sure if the glassy look in her eyes gave her away, but she barely made out the order to "bring her some water and some fruit" that came from the one that carried her over to the area in the dungeon where the aftercare and cool-down could be administered.

She'd gotten through the scene in one piece, and without using the agreed-upon safeword also. The pride that she felt that she'd taken all they could throw at her and she took it like a trooper.

If she could only tell her "One," though, it would have been perfect. She didn't want to keep any secrets from him, but there was not much choice in the matter.

She knew that he would never understand; he was old-school D/s and he didn't partake in a lot of the public play atmospheres that Atlanta had to offer, and usually when he did, it was only with his submissive. Rarely did he ever allow any others to touch what belonged to him, which was why she had to do this one last scene before she petitioned for acquisition.

Besides, she would heal up in time before he returned home from overseas on a business acquisition anyway, so she could get away with murder.

She felt safe in the arms of the Dominant that cared for her during the aftercare, and as her senses began to return to her, she heard the voices wishing everyone farewell for the evening, and the Dominant that she was still wrapped up with told the rest that they would lock up the place before heading home.

She smiled, thinking of the greed and hunger that suddenly came to the surface, leaving her horny and wanting to fuck. She always loved sex during subspace; it made her multi-orgasmic and put her body in slut mode. Having the Dominant she was with made the possibilities even stronger that she could cap this night off right, even though another Dominant threatened to ruin the moment with perverted fantasies of videotaping the event for "posterity."

Yeah, like there was a snowball's chance in hell of that ever happening.

The one she wanted to fuck cleverly told the other Dominant that what they were about to do was not for an audience, and bid them goodbye. Soon, it was only the two of them.

Her pussy was on fire and she needed desperately to have a long hose to put it out. Not to mention the sex was nasty and kinky as hell, so she couldn't wait to see what she would be made to do after all this time.

Imagine her delicious surprise to hear chains being pulled out of the corner near where they lay.

As the chains were being locked into place, her eyes focused on the menacing member that protruded out just inches away from her throbbing lips.

She purred as she lay splayed across the gynecological table with her legs in the stirrups, locked down by the chains wrapped around her already swollen ankles and wrists. She knew it would take her right back into subspace, and she was ready to take the express route.

"Damn, you're fucking me so good, get that pussy, baby!" she screamed with what little volume she had from the screaming she did during the earlier scene. The coldness of the steel against her flesh combined with the heat being generated between them became the recipe for a climax that could possibly render her unconscious.

If she only realized that someone was watching...

Sliding inside her while she was already slippery felt like heaven for her. This was what she had been waiting for all night; the only thing left was to get the wave of orgasms that was sure to come the moment that her throat was grabbed.

Her lover kept pumping in and out of her at a seemingly endless pace. Her breathing quickened, trying her best to brace for each down-stroke that seemed to push deeper and deeper

inside of her core.

She longed to touch, but the chains would not allow it, as she knew it couldn't be any other way, nor would she want it any other way. To be helpless and in the hands of a sadist and not know what would come next in this tryst was a dream come true.

She was so wet that she didn't notice that her lover had begun the assault on her tender asshole; the slickness of her juices all over that thick shaft made penetration a complete ease of motion.

"That's it, baby, fuck my ass!" she growled, realizing that her primal instincts made themselves known, smelling the pheromones emanating from the continued union of their sweat-drenched bodies.

If this pace kept up, she would surely pass out.

Hearing the tiger-like growling as her body endured the savage fucking that she begged to continue, her eyes widened with delight as she felt the right hand of her lover begin to close around her throat. Her climax would be imminent, and there would be nothing that she could do to stop it once it arrived.

Not that she would stop it, of course, unless she was commanded to do so until her lover reached the pinnacle first.

She gasped as her eyes rolled in the back of her head, feeling the pressure of the back of her head against the headrest. Her lover didn't miss a beat the entire time, which saddened her in a way; there would never be a repeat performance.

She wanted to delay the end, but her lover's grip around her throat made that nearly impossible. She wondered, even in her highly aroused state and while still getting her brains fucked out, how many women had that hand choked out before she happily succumbed to its

expertly tight grip.

The fact that that grip was adorned in a leather-clad glove only pushed her deeper into the abyss.

She'd experienced breath play before during sex, and with the one she was with now, she had no doubt that she would not be in harm's way because she'd done it before with blissful results.

Seeing such a beautiful face before blacking out wasn't so bad, she figured. She could always float in the fantasies that she would have while she was under.

She never even flinched when she began to see stars and felt that she was slipping into the darkness. She knew she would only be there for a few moments, only to be brought back into the light.

As she stared one last time at her lover before she closed her eyes to travel to that blissful space between pain and pleasure, she took comfort in knowing that it would be the first thing she saw the moment she returned from the abyss.

There was only one problem...

She never returned.

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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.