

Maon: Marshal of Tallav

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Chapter One

Space travel held no appeal for Selina. The CEO of the sector's leading fashion house, she'd accepted it as the necessity it was, but she'd be glad to get her feet on solid ground again. Her nose alone told her she wasn't there yet. The air filtration system on the Beta Tau station did a better job than most at removing the metallic tang of C-trol, the fuel ships ran on in hyperspace that permeated all space stations. A harsh aftertaste still clung in silvered wisps to the more mundane odors of fried foods and roasting meats that tempted travelers to part with credits before heading down world or returning to space. No, she wasn't there yet.

The strap of the portfolio slung over her shoulder slipped. A nudge and it was back in place. A trio of vacationers passed her, their excitement palpable in the pitch and volume of their voices. They hadn't noticed Selina, but who would? Hidden inside the drab, shapeless dress that constituted her armor against amorous attentions, she was perfectly content to be overlooked. No one would credit the truth. She was on her way to the Whip Hand to meet the owner and notorious sadist Randolph Meryon. The drawings she carried in her portfolio were the first installment of a trade she'd made. He would become her mentor while she explored sexual domination, and she would design exclusive apparel for his staff.

The underlying frisson of unease that always attended her in space was sliding up and down her spine. But the churning in her stomach, while she walked along the companionway from the private ship docks, wasn't caused by her fear of space. Her father's death over a year ago had cemented a number of things in her mind. One was the need to acquire a husband. Knowledge that she was on the marriage market would

set in motion the machinations of the aristocratic mamas of Tallav – some because of her wealth and others for the connection. She wrinkled her nose. *Not going that route.*

Her Domme lessons with Randolph were the initial step in a concise plan to find her perfect husband. Emphasis on *her*. Implementing that plan was the root of her anxiety, akin to the strain of her first business negotiation for the House of Shirley.

A couple, the woman tipping along in platform heels, were cuddling and cooing while they walked toward Selina. She averted her face, seeing but not really taking in the concourse bar she was approaching. Then her gaze met a stranger's, and for an interminable moment, his eyes ensnared hers. She blinked, and the spell was broken. His lips moved in a smirk while he continued to stare at her.

Damn playboy.

When she yanked her head away, the oversize art case slipped down her arm, the strap tangling in her long dark hair. Rather than stop to fix the problem, she kept walking while struggling to release the strands that were pulling painfully on her scalp. Portfolio back in position, she sped up.

That man was the exact opposite of her ideal mate, although he was Tallavan. The string tie he wore made his Tallavan citizenship a possibility, but the badge clipped to his belt settled it. He was a Tallavan marshal. Despite his tousled sandy-brown locks that were made to comb through and pull, he wouldn't make the cut on her very exacting list of requirements. Even before he'd smirked at her, it was apparent he was a player. He'd been sitting still on a bar stool, but swagger oozed from his pores. His navy-blue eyes were full of a boldness that reached out to her and offered her more fun than she could imagine.

What the heck are you thinking, Selina? He's a snack and nothing more.

For her steady diet, she needed something less attractive, less powerful, and much more malleable. Truly malleable, not just a man who played the role to catch a Tallavan aristocrat and then left their children to nannies and tutors to raise while they flitted from event to event gambling and whoring.

The deal with Randolph couldn't have come at a better time. With his mentoring, she'd learn to recognize a submissive personality along with discovering where her preference for control would lead in the bedroom. Today was her first session. They'd had several long discussions via comm, focusing on the types of play she was interested in. Sensation play had been at the top of her to-do list. She wasn't attracted to bondage or the delivery of pain except where it enhanced the upward spiral of sexual need. Randolph had convinced her that a whip in clever hands was the perfect tool to heighten arousal.

She'd find out tonight. He required all dominants he mentored to assume the submissive role initially. To understand what you were dishing out, you had to experience it. The thought of his whip was adding its own provocation to her case of nerves. Allowing someone to use a whip on her wasn't her idea of pleasure. He'd said the effective use of a whip was more mental than physical. She could attest to that. Her mind was on full dread overload.

Steady on. You've input your destination. Now grab hold of the hyperstrand and don't let go.

Gods, she was exhorting herself with space metaphors. Maybe that was appropriate. She sure had her emotional teeth gritted like she did every time she stepped on a shuttle to head into space.

The shuttle docks were on the bottom level of the space station. Once she exited the lift and passed through entry control, she palmed the pass she'd been given. Berth 21 was to her left. Departure was close, so she hurried to the entry port. A quick scan showed three empty spots, all in the rear of the transport. With a nod to the passenger seated in the window seat, she slid into the aisle seat across from the other two vacant places. After receiving the assent of the gentleman next to her, she handed him her portfolio to slide against the shuttle wall. It fit below the large view window. Most travelers looked forward to the spectacular sight of Beta Tau while spiraling around the planet toward the spaceport. Funny how from such a great height the shifting reds,

pinks, browns, and oranges of the desert planet's sands were awe inspiring, while down planet they were a nuisance to overcome.

A quick mental check of shuttle departures on her Electronic Biological CoServer showed the shuttle should start disconnecting from dock in about a minute. Where were the last two passengers? She leaned out of her seat to try to see the entry port. *Good.* Someone else was making their way on board. She settled back, and as did every other passenger who was ready to get going, she watched the pair of men amble down the aisle. The man in the lead was tall and dark. And oh sweet petunias, he was a Tallavan marshal. When they drew closer, a second marshal appeared, and a cocky half smile flashed when his gaze met hers. Again. The playboy. Selina dropped her gaze to her lap and tried to ignore the banter between the men while they settled into the two seats across the narrow aisle from hers.

"Take the window," the darker headed of the two said.

"Sure." The playboy slid past the other marshal to sit in the window seat. "Are we going straight to the club?"

"No. You eager for Randolph's challenge?"

"Eager to collect the prize."

Selina resisted the urge to stare across the aisle. Had she really heard the name Randolph?

"I don't think I'll ever get why you accept his challenges."

The playboy responded, "That isn't dropping the subject, but I'll answer you. Why does Ray Nox climb the mountains on Tallav's moon? Because they, in all their airless, soaring height, are there, a challenge to conquer. Randolph challenges, and I conquer."

"I still don't get it. But I don't get Ray Nox either."

"And you never will," said the playboy. "Just as I'll never get why you spend so much time tying women up in intricate rope creations."

Selina straightened in her seat, realizing she'd been leaning toward the pair. They couldn't be going to the Whip Hand. Could they? Clubs abounded on Beta Tau, but then they'd mentioned the name Randolph.

The tall, dark marshal grunted. "Randolph said if I can work out my Ball of Beauties, he might use it as the Whip Hand's ball drop on New Year's Eve. Put up Earth's ball drop on live vid and drop our own at the same time."

"You should think of another name. Ball of Beauties sounds dumb."

"Yeah. I'll work on that. But can you imagine crystal-studded harnesses and lights..."

The playboy laughed. "I can see you're getting transported to your happy place. So why not go straight to the club?"

"I brought special equipment in my baggage. We'll have to stop at the hotel first and wait for it to be delivered. You can spend the time checking out the staff."

"Heh."

Selina turned her head to look out the shuttle window, one finger tapping on her leg. *Damn.* Just what she didn't need. Tallavan aristocrats catching sight of her at the Whip Hand. The gossip would rabbit through the upper echelons of society, contradicting the asexual persona she presented to the world. The men had said they weren't going straight to the club like she was. If they were meeting Randolph, it would be after her appointment with him. She ought to be gone before they arrived. Randolph would help. He knew her preference for absolute privacy. Besides, she'd be masked. Stepping outside her comfort zone was giving her a case of the jitters. She took a deep breath and released it. *You're Selina Shirley. You can handle anything.*

* * * *

Maon fiddled with the glass in his hand. From his perch at the end of the space-station bar where he sat waiting for Shane to meet him, he could observe everyone entering the companionway from the private ship docks on this side of the station. The

usual eye candy passed him, rushing to explore as much as they could of the pleasures that awaited them on Beta Tau. Shane was due in on the *Adrasteia*. Maon didn't envy Shane much, but the *Adrasteia* was one sweet little craft.

"Refill?" asked the bartender.

"Yeah. But no alcohol. Something fruity."

When the bartender returned with his drink, Maon noticed a Tallavan woman heading his way. He should know her name, but it wasn't coming to him. Definitely a prude. Wearing some misshapen, baggy sack of a dress. Nice legs, but they'd look better in heels rather than the flats she wore. Shirley. That's who she was. He'd heard something about her taking over her mother's fashion house. Fuck's sake. If that was her sense of style, they'd be out of business soon.

He eyed her when she passed him, and their gazes met for a moment. He acknowledged her with a smirk. The portfolio she carried slipped, and she struggled to keep it from falling, her long sable hair snagging in the strap. Her head remained down while she swept from view. Maon chuckled.

"Are you harassing passersby again?"

"Shane!" Maon stood and grasped his friend's outstretched hand. "I can't help being devastatingly good-looking. The bane of my existence. Females dropping at my feet."

"Some bane. You up for fun?" Shane focused on the people walking past the open bar. "Randolph told me he's got the subs I need and plans for you. You're not gonna let him stretch your balls again?" He centered his bright blue gaze on Maon, one eyebrow arched.

Maon grinned. "He tries. Never wins. I have balls of steel."

"Brains of mush."

"You're jealous." Maon winked at a pretty girl passing by, letting his tousled good looks and crooked smile work their magic. One thing Beta Tau had in abundance—

women, all shapes and sizes ready to have fun. And he was here to make their dreams come true.

Shane glanced at Maon and looked away in disdain. "What? Jealous! You get one girl as a prize. I've already got eight waiting on me."

"What do you do with them? Tie 'em up." Maon shook his head and paid the bartender. Both men headed toward the lift to take them to the shuttle docks. Shane seemed, as usual, oblivious to the undisguised interest the two handsome Tallavan marshals received while they strode down the companionway. Maon noticed, enjoying the attention, a slight exaggeration to his swagger while he winked and appreciated the varied reactions to his flirting. Yes, this trip was what he needed after a long stint of ferrying prisoners around the sector.

Having the owner of the top kink club on Beta Tau as one of your best friends was a definite benefit. The twins Randolph had offered as prizes on Maon's last vacation had fueled his fantasy life for months, fantasies Maon had amped up by adding in a hot Domme to put the girls through their paces. Randolph never set him up with a Domme. The prizes for winning Randolph's challenges were always subs. Not that many Dommies were willing to offer a session as a prize. Randolph said he'd never found the right one for Maon. Maybe this time.

Maon's one slim thread of hope for a long-term relationship was to find a Domme who could accept him as the switch he was and keep his cock in line. He didn't know which was harder, but combined, his requirements made that thread whisper thin. Which was why he'd stopped worrying about it. *If you can't have apple cobbler, eat the peach pie.* He was dedicated to peach pie.

Shane interrupted Maon's reverie. "You don't have to accept Randolph's challenges. They're only going to get worse. He's a sadist. He likes rigging you up and seeing you suffer. One of you has to say it's time to stop."

Maon pressed his lips together. "That won't be me. He knows I won't step back, so he'll have to be the one to call it quits. Talk to him. Not me."

"Fuck it. You —"

"No. He hasn't done me permanent damage, and he won't. Drop it. We're here to have fun, not fight."

Shane sighed, nodding. "I am going to talk to him."

"Good luck with that."

Both men showed their badges to bypass the entry control line and obtain shuttle passes. The attendant directed them to the last two open seats at the back of the shuttle. It wasn't until Maon neared the last row that he noticed the Tallavan frump he'd spotted from the bar. Up close she was quite pretty. Why the hell was she hiding in those awful clothes? He winked and flashed his panty-melting half smile and waited for her reaction. She focused her gaze on her lap, pretending to ignore him, but Maon could tell she was affected because of the muscle that twitched in her jaw. He annoyed her. Time to stop, then. He didn't like making women angry. He slid into the window seat and dropped her from his mind.

Chapter Two

The G-string Maon wore was riding up and annoying him. He squirmed, wishing he could reach back and scratch. Randolph liked a show, so Maon put the friggin' thing on as well as black leather pants. Face it. Shaking his booty for the ladies was fun. One little performance and women would chase him for days. They went for his choirboy good looks and his bad-boy smiles. He chuckled. The Whip Hand was a great place to find kinky women.

First he had to beat Randolph's challenge. He winced at the remembered ache in his nuts when he considered the possibilities that Randolph would employ in his latest predicament bondage scene. No doubt about it. Randolph always devised some new method of torture. Maon sneaked his hand down to cup his balls, giving them a little stroke of comfort. Someday he'd put Randolph in predicament bondage, and they'd see who the better man was.

Like that would ever happen. Despite his ordinary, nondescript looks, Randolph, owner of the Whip Hand, had a charisma that mesmerized even the most difficult people into doing exactly what he willed. Not that Maon needed mesmerizing to take up Randolph's gauntlet. They were friends, and when Randolph had needed someone to help in a predicament bondage scene, Maon had been hesitant to assist him. After all, what was in it for Maon? He wasn't into Randolph, and he didn't like pain. When Randolph turned it into a challenge with a hot female sub as a prize, Maon's reluctance had evaporated. Now it was a given that Randolph would offer Maon a new sadistic challenge whenever Maon made it to Beta Tau. The public play space was already crowded with tourists of every stripe, from lifestyle kinksters to the merely curious. The Whip Hand was a place to indulge your fantasies or explore new possibilities. Only the

serious-minded would complete the security registration that allowed them to enter the private play space and individual rooms beyond the public areas. Maon spotted Randolph heading toward him. A woman who looked familiar to Maon was following him, but she darted into the locker room before he could get a good look at her. He turned back to the scene he'd been watching.

"You ready?" Randolph asked when he strode up to where Maon was observing a younger man using a single tail to make a submissive shriek in fear. With each crack, she screamed even though the whip had yet to touch her.

"He's good," Maon said.

Randolph crossed his arms over his chest. "Trained him myself."

"What? Mind fucks or the whip?"

"Both actually." Randolph's face lit with a smirk. "We're over here." He pointed to another of the small stages around the edge of the room. "I gave Shane the main stage. He's got some plan to tie eight subs together in a ball."

As Maon approached, he noticed a woman some would call chubby, but he thought of as lush, sitting on the top step.

"Kaylee, this is Maon. Maon, Kaylee. She's generously agreed to be your prize if you win." Randolph gave Kaylee a heated look.

"Hello, Kaylee." Maon offered her his panty-melting grin. Her large brown eyes had met his when they were introduced, but the instant he smiled, they lowered.

"Hello, Sir." A smile tickled her lips.

"I look forward to spending time with you, Kaylee."

Long dark braids floated around her shoulders and brushed the tops of coffee-colored breasts held snug along with her generous curves in a midnight-blue corset. Her full plum-ripe mouth lifted in a brief curve.

Randolph gave him a tap on the arm. "Stop bragging and get onstage. Strip for the audience. Then stand over by the weights."

Maon ignored the wicked sneer on Randolph's face. "Hey, it's not my fault I cast a shadow across that Dom-master aura you lay on the ladies."

"In your dreams, prick. Now get moving."

Maon chuckled and took center stage to start his striptease. A small crowd soon built while he turned slowly, stripping off his leather pants and wagging his ass at them. He bent over at the waist and smoothed his hands along his legs, caressing his butt cheeks before peeling the sides of the thong down. With a twist, he winked over his shoulder and spun. His thumb held the G-string so his cock was pulled down but not showing. After a few more wiggles and thrusts of his hips, he whipped the scrap down and shimmied until it dropped to his ankles. His semierect cock hung long, as did his balls.

A group of lady tourists fought over the scrap of cloth when he kicked it to them. He stood, arms akimbo, shaking his head, waiting for the winner of the scramble to look his way. When she did, raising the G-string in triumph, Maon blew her a kiss with a wink and went to where Randolph had directed.

Randolph slapped him on the ass. "Time to suit up."

Maon stood stock-still when the cold chrome of a parachute collar touched his scrotum. He'd removed all his light brown pubic hair to avoid the extra discomfort of it being pulled. His balls bulged tight and heavy when Randolph locked the device around the top of his nut sac so they hung stretched below, keeping the collar from slipping off. Half-mast rose to full mast. He wasn't a pain slut. He didn't need pain as a release, but he'd discovered during these challenges, a certain amount, especially in front of a female audience, turned him on in ways he couldn't explain.

Randolph sneered at Maon's erection. "You haven't seen the weight I'm using."

Maon looked down and cringed inwardly at the four-pound parachute weight on the floor at his feet. Randolph was planning to attach it to the hook that united the three chains dangling from the collar. With it attached, Maon's balls alone would keep the parachute from falling to the ground. He'd never had his nuts stretched by something

that heavy. Doubt assailed him, but he'd still try. He'd yet to fail any challenge Randolph threw at him. With Kaylee looking on, Maon wouldn't lose this time.

"Hands behind your head. Hold on to the bar." Randolph's voice was terse and commanding.

Maon grasped the cold metal of the pull-down bar, shrugging his shoulders to ease any tension in his muscles. Randolph locked his wrists to the bar. At his feet, Randolph clipped the four-pound weight to a steel cable, which went through a pulley above Maon's head, to a ring on the bar along his shoulders. A gravity node was attached to the cable a foot from the pulley. His arms slipped up when Randolph initialized the node.

"I loaded fifty pounds. Keep the bar pulled down so the parachute weight stays up in the air, Maon. It's gonna hurt otherwise. There's only a few inches of slack in the cable before it comes into play."

"How long?" Maon asked.

"Fifteen minutes."

Maon smirked inwardly while Randolph attached the four-pound weight to the parachute chains. He could do this. *Fifty pounds for fifteen minutes? Big deal!* He'd held seven times that weight in a lat pull-down for a full minute. No way he'd ever feel the four pounds hung from the collar around his balls.

"Kaylee, set the timer. If it gets to be too much, Maon, your safe word is *red*. Say it and you lose."

Maon relaxed, let his gaze travel over his audience of concerned admirers, and shut his eyes to wait out the time limit. Burning arm and shoulder muscles were nothing. No way would that bar move up.

A finger wound its way along his spine, went away, and returned to trace more patterns across his back. He wasn't ticklish. Not gonna bother him at all. Then his skin prickled. He tried flexing his shoulder blades, but the prickling turned to an itch down the middle and then all over as though bugs scurried in meandering trails over him.

Kaylee moved in front of him, chagrin covering her face. She wiped her fingers off with a damp cloth and knelt at his feet. His back itching desperately, he didn't realize she'd lifted her hand to his balls until she traced lines on them with her fingernail. If she kept it up, they would start to ache, but he could take it. Sweat broke out on his forehead. A quick glance at the time brought a groan from his guts. Thirteen minutes left.

"Shit, Randolph. You're a sadistic bastard." The exclamation burst from Maon's lips while he fought to resist the dual sensations. Air whooshed out of his lungs. While he writhed from the insatiable itching, his arms drifted up. "Agggh!" Pain slammed into him. The parachute weight was pulling the collar down. The skin on his nut sac was so taut it seemed as though it would split open. "Shit. Shit. Shit." He snapped the bar back to his shoulders. If the load had been added slowly, he could have handled it easier, but four pounds at once was friggin' hard to take.

He heard Randolph laugh. "Just say *red*, Maon. It'll be all over."

Like hell. He wanted to curl up to ride out the pain. Instead he controlled his reaction. The endorphin release would help him manage the burn from what felt like a hot poker stabbing his balls. He focused on his groin. It was Kaylee's fingernail. With each jab, his hips jerked back, jostling the parachute collar and adding to the agony radiating from his crotch. Fire from lactic acid buildup lashed across his shoulders with each spasm of his body. Sweat dripped from his torso. *Just hold on. Just hold on.* His resistance was fading. Spots were forming in front of his eyes while Kaylee continued her ministrations. His arms screamed with fatigue, but at the first sensation of added heaviness in his nuts, he would tug the bar back. Only an idiot would think Randolph's challenge would be anything as easy as holding down a weighted bar. The man's mind was wickedly cunning.

Maon chose not to watch the timer. Doing so would make time stretch immeasurably longer, the reason Randolph had set it in Maon's line of sight. At the point he was close to caving, he finally looked. One minute left. He fixated on the clock

while the seconds ticked away. "Yeooow!" The scream strained his throat. Kaylee's hand was like a vise grip closed around his already throbbing balls. The dark was creeping in from the edges of his vision. *Don't pass out now. You cannot fail.*

The timer rang, his hearing faded, and everything went black.

Maon woke to find himself wrapped in a blanket, his head in Kaylee's soft lap. Across the room on the main stage, Shane was in the process of raising the women he'd tied up and formed into a sphere with gravity fields. At the moment, Maon's world was contained on this sofa and the warmth enfolding him from the woman whose fingers were threading through his hair and stroking his temple. He offered her a wan smile. "Randolph won."

"No, you won," Kaylee responded.

"Darlin', it's not a win if I can't use the prize."

Kaylee giggled. "Oh. That won't be a problem."

"No?" One eyebrow rose.

"No, Randolph gave you a dose of speedheal. You should feel fine in a few hours."

Maon gave her a mock disapproving look. "Really? A few hours? You'll be gone by then."

Kaylee smiled and stroked the curve of his ear. "You get me for three days."

A profuse grin split his face. "Well, then, we have plenty of time." He lifted his hand to her breast, scooping it up, fingers toying with her nipple. He ignored the ache in his shoulder and arm muscles. Some pain was worth it. He closed his eyes and drifted.

* * * *

"Hey, mush for brains!"

Maon woke with Shane looming over him. He shifted to sit up, pulling Kaylee onto his lap. "Brilliant. That was phenomenal. Orb of Delight. That's what you should call it. Look out New Year's Eve."

Shane sat on the couch next to him. "It went well."

"You're this genius rope guy. It could be a new career. Rope guru."

"Rope guru. As if. I just like to tie things up," Shane said. He frowned at Maon. The focus of his glare turned to Kaylee, who squirmed. Shane looked away from the pair, his lips pinched. "You planning to have your balls pulled off?"

With a sheepish expression, Maon rubbed his hand along Kaylee's thigh. "Four pounds was a lot of weight. Maybe it's time I took a break from Randolph's challenges."

"Especially if you ever want kids."

"Okay. Okay. I get it. But I won. I haven't failed one of his little predicament scenes." Maon looked at Kaylee and wagged his eyebrows.

"Retire the undefeated champ." The heat in Shane's stare emphatically punctuated his statement.

With an attempt at an earnest expression, Maon said, "I'll think about it." An instant later his natural exuberance returned, and he grinned broadly. "At least I get to keep my prize for three days."

Shane sighed. "Won't be seeing much of you then?"

"I'll be around – some."

"You traveling back to Tallav with me?"

"Yep. I have another accompanist job to do."

"All right, if I don't catch you before, be at *Adrasteia's* berth at nine in four days."

"Will do." He bent his head so his lips brushed Kaylee's. "Now where was I?"

* * * *

With a whole pleasure planet to explore, Maon decided after spending two days in bed with Kaylee, they should spend the last day in the water dome. They drifted on air pods in the lagoon, body surfed, and played beach volleyball. They spent a few early afternoon hours in their own secluded grotto. His time running out, he brought her back to the Whip Hand.

Before heading into the club, Maon snapped a leash to the collar Kaylee wore. While he sauntered through the public venue and then on into the private area, leading her, he checked in and then scanned the crowd for old friends. He caught a flash of color. *Shit*. He came to an abrupt halt, exploring the vision across the room. Burnt-orange corset, a tiny black skirt, full latex hood with a flame feathered mask, and black leather stiletto boots. Everything about her sizzled fiery hot. The flogger and whip hung at her hip and the riding crop in her hand screamed *Domme*. The sizzle didn't stop at her accoutrements. The sight of her seared Maon. It wasn't physically possible for a woman that small to have legs that long. Or was she just perfectly proportioned? Whatever. He would suffer burns to be near her.

Maon wasn't the only one to notice her. Unattached subs were drifting toward her, hoping she would choose to play with them. His groin tightening while he contemplated her, he made a quick decision to ensconce himself in one of the elevated chairs along the back wall. Each chair included controls for the spotlight that shone down on it. With Kaylee at his feet, he set the beam on full.

"Suck my cock, Kaylee." He looked at Kaylee while she opened his pants and pulled his cock out. When she began to lick and suck, he brought his gaze up and stared at the *Domme* who had caught his eye. At first he imagined her mouth surrounding him, her tongue smoothing up and down the bottom of his erection, flicking the tip, her fingers stroking his balls. That required more restraint than he had to keep from thrusting and finishing quickly. No. That little fire-breathing woman wouldn't suck him off. She'd have him strapped to a St. Andrews cross, lightly flogging his erection while she pinched his nipples.

He shut his eyes and groaned. "Fuck, that's good." He jerked his eyelids open. She wasn't watching him. *Shit.* He returned to boring his gaze into her. His imagination running rampant, he almost got a hint of the fierce taste he would discover when she brought her pussy down over his face and forced him to pleasure her. He would use his tongue to tease her soft folds, tapping her clit, sucking.

His breathing kicked up a notch. With a pant, he gasped, "Fuck, Kaylee. This is moving too fast."

Kaylee was an expert at blowjobs, but he intended to hold his orgasm in check until he was sure he had the Domme's full attention. With slow breaths in and out, he fought the tingling starting at the base of his spine.

Come on. Come on. Look at me.

The Domme's gaze brushed across him and then flicked back to stare. With a cocky little half smile, he winked at her. He had her. He shut his eyes and let Kaylee's magic mouth sweep him to stomach-clenching orgasm. His cock pushed to the back of her throat; Kaylee swallowed when he came. *Fuck.* The woman knew her way around a man's dick. He relaxed into the chair, bliss oozing from his pores and a sated grin smeared across his face.

While Kaylee cleaned him up with flicks from her tongue, Maon checked to see if he still had the fire Domme's attention. *Good.* Her topaz perusal was on him. Fuck's sake she was hot. Even after his orgasm, his blood heated. He held her stare, refusing to drop his gaze. After a moment, she snapped her riding crop against her boot and turned to the small blond male who was standing meekly near her. The blond nodded when she spoke to him and followed when she approached the private room desk.

Maon smirked. Uh-huh. He'd gotten to her. While she went through the process of acquiring a room, he studied her, wondering if she would look his way again. Finally, while she was walking toward the dimly lit hallway, she paused and looked over her shoulder straight at him. He winked and smiled again, amused when she turned and strutted away.

Kaylee had finished adjusting his clothes, so he stood. "Up, Kaylee. Time to go back to Randolph. I'm sure he's missed you. You're a perfect sub even if I'm a lousy Dom."

"Thank you, Sir. It was most enjoyable to serve you. I've never been body surfing."

"Would you like me to tell Randolph you enjoyed body surfing?"

"If it pleases you, yes, I would like that."

After dropping Kaylee off with Randolph, Maon returned to the private club to sit and wait for the fire Domme to give him an opportunity to approach her.

WHAT A PRICK! A gods-damned, delicious prick. He couldn't know who she was. Selina had made certain, down to a voice modifier, that no one would discover who she was. She was Lasair. Not Selina Shirley. Randolph had told her the man was Maon Keefe, Tallavan marshal. And a man who loved to play with women. Well, she wasn't someone he could toy with. He was an idiot if he thought watching another woman give him a blowjob would make her want him. If she had him under her power, he wouldn't get off that quickly. Or at all. How would he like a cock cage? Or a chastity belt?

Lord love a duck! Who was she fooling? Watching him come was hitting all her arousal buttons. And now he was staring at her as though he knew what he was making her feel. As though he knew her nipples were hard and her clit throbbing. *Damn him!*

With a snap of her crop, she looked around her for a sub. A blond male stood a few feet away, his gaze cast to the floor except for occasional sideways peeks at her. Subs had gradually shifted in her direction, hoping to play with her. Her outfit screamed *Domme* at them, but she wouldn't be assuming that designation until she'd completed mentoring with Randolph. For now she was Lasair. Her first assignment on her own was to practice the various techniques of orgasm denial Randolph had taught

her. The blond would do. He was smaller, less intimidating, and pretty, even with the scruff of a beard he sported and his crew cut.

A brief exchange led to the blond's agreement to the scene she'd planned. Without looking, she sensed Maon's gaze boring into her. It was a pressure in the center of her back, as though he'd placed his hand there to remind her. *I'm here. I'm watching you. I want you.* Too bad. She might lust after him, but she wasn't here for lust. When the attendant gave her the key code for a private room, she stepped toward the hall. *Don't look back. Don't look back.*

Urrggh! She checked behind her. He was staring at her, and damn it all to hell, he winked and smiled at her. A growl escaped her lips when she snapped her head around. She heard the sub behind her squeak. Her voice modifier had intensified the sound, so it came out with a snap and crackle. *Focus. Get your mind on the sub.* That inadvertent growl had messed with the blond's headspace. If he wasn't feeling her dominance before, he was now. Randolph had repeatedly told her dominance was as much mental as it was physical. Satisfaction flooded her. Mental domination was definitely something she liked and might even crave if she experienced more such control. Was it possible to dominate a man mentally to a degree that physical restraint was not necessary? This wouldn't be the scene to explore that possibility. Randolph's parameters for this assignment were clear. Bind the sub because she was too new at dominance and wouldn't know him well enough to predict his reactions.

When the door swung open after entering the key code, Selina pointed and said, "Kneel by the St. Andrew's cross." The image of Maon Keefe kneeling at that cross breezed through her mind. She brushed it aside. With a sharp smile, she closed the door.

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Want to know what happens next?

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