RETRIBUTION

SHARYN F. FERNS

RAGE

Retribution

Sharyn F. Ferns

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False words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. —Socrates

I want to make love, but my hair smells of war and running and running. —Warsan Shire

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About the Author

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CHAPTER 1

"Fuck this fucking fucked up bullshit, I'm doing it."

A soft laugh. "You won't."

Clair took a deep breath, curled her lip in distaste as if the very air into which the latest outrage had been thrown tasted like dirt and ash.

"You think I won't?"

"I think you can't. I mean..." he shrugged. They'd covered this ground before. Many times. It was her way of letting off steam.

"I'm serious, I'm doing it. I can't anymore with this..." She waved her hand vaguely at the news on TV, at the world. "With any of it..."

He nodded, shuffling closer to her from his position sitting at her feet. Wrapping his arms around her legs, he hugged them to his chest, stroking her calves gently with his fingertips in that way she liked, as if that might soothe her somehow. "You know I'm in, if you're serious, Ma'am. Anything you want."

Leaning down to run her fingers through his unruly hair, she nodded. "I do know, thank you, boy."

"I mean, I can get you in, you know that. I've been on the job long enough now, they trust me. It would be easy. I can flex some Secret Service muscle." He accentuated the words by playfully flexing his bicep against her leg. He was smiling, she could hear it in his voice.

This was how these conversations always went. She would be furious, he would gently nudge her out of it with lightness, they would devise more and more ridiculous plots together, spiralling into the ludicrous until they were both laughing about it.

She didn't feel like laughing about it tonight. Her jaw was clenched, that muscle in front of her ears bulged from the tension, her teeth started to ache. She stared silently down at the top of her boy's head, her mind churning.

Looking up at her face, he saw it then, not the vague expression of vengeful wishful thinking he'd seen many times before, but a hard steely look of resolve.

Oh shit, he thought.

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Their short conversation hung heavy in the room long after her boy had left. Usually she allowed the anger to dissipate. Let it settle into the carpet, into the walls, let it lie dormant deep in her body, in her mind. She locked it away and tried to pretend things were normal.

Nothing was normal. None of it was normal.

This time she let herself feel it, all of it. It was a lump of heavy grey lead sitting in the pit of her stomach, sickening, exhausting. She mentally warmed it up, let it spread until it started to feel like a living thing.

It got lighter as it heated, it radiated out from her core, her cunt first, heating from inside, then her breasts, her chest rising with it, across her shoulders and down her arms to her clenched fists, her muscles tensing as it spread down her legs, her glutes and quads contracting almost painfully with the stress of it.

She flexed her entire body, let the white-hot heat fill her up, felt strong with it. She was snarling, her teeth bared, every muscle in her face tensed. Small tight breaths fed it. It felt huge, too big for her body, too powerful to contain, like a force from outside of herself.

She was angry. So. Very. Angry.

Letting herself feel it all, every fibre, every cell, every synapse fired with it.

She opened her mouth and her rage poured out in an animal howl that filled the room, forced its way out of the closed windows, and lifted into the sky. It filled the night with the collective screams of fury from her and all of her sisters. She felt the echoes of it reverberate in her bones.

Enough was enough. More than enough.

The next morning, she started making plans.

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RAGE: RETRIBUTION

THE BUZZ

What people are saying about the book:

This is a very beautifully written and startlingly challenging piece of writing. The narrative is deft, effective and the story packs one hell of a punch.

I just inhaled the whole book. It was glorious!

Fast, violent venting, well-written, keeps you engaged.

Stephen King wrote that every so often we need to lift "a trap door in the civilized forebrain" and feed the "gators" lurking beneath. It's true this story features a dominant woman as the lead, but it's more about chucking bloody chunks of meat down to those gators.

Fantastic, engaging.

SHARYN F. FERNS

If you enjoyed Chapter 1 and want to see what happens next, you can buy Rage: Retribution at the online stores below

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