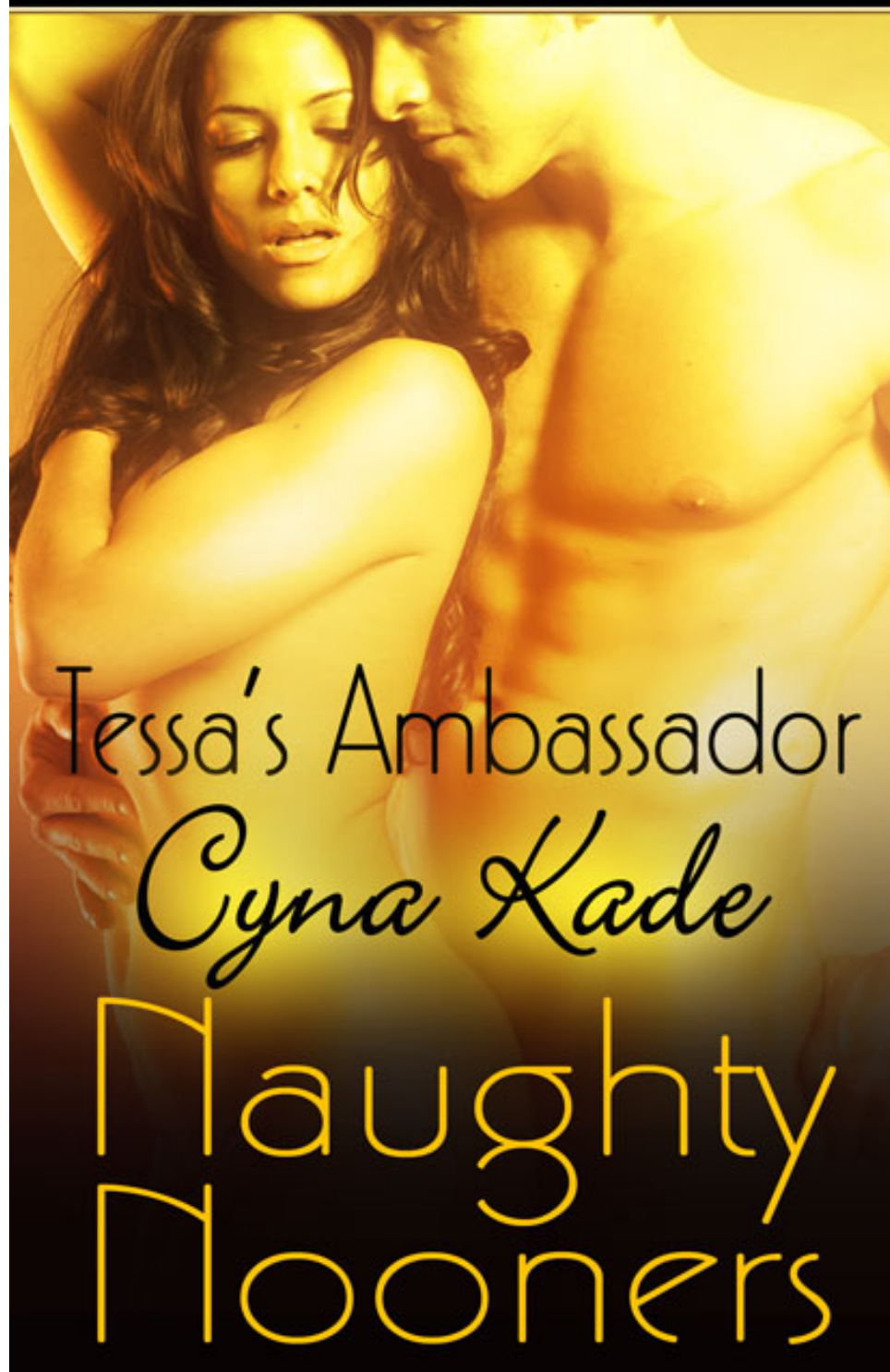


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



Tessa's Ambassador

Cyna Kade

Naughty
Nooners

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Tessa's Ambassador

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TESSA'S AMBASSADOR

Cyna Kade

Chapter One

Kortal, the Darinthian Ambassador to Earth, flicked off the comm and sat back in his chair. Brow furrowed, he processed the unexpected news. Off-worlders could feel and succumb to Darinthian magic. Three humans – two women and a man – had been linked as companions. Kortal had spent the greater part of his life hiding Darinthian customs and now the elders said there might not be a need for subterfuge. The news was unprecedented, unexpected and a little disconcerting.

Should the citizens of the galaxy be told the truth about Darinth or should he allow the misinformation that had developed over the past generations to continue? The elders wanted Kortal to decide. They claimed the ambassador knew more than any other Darinthian about off-worlders and their possible response to the news. He did know how off-worlders thought but this was a delicate problem.

Before he could delve deeper into the pros and cons of possible actions, his secretary interrupted.

“There’s a woman here demanding to see you.”

“What does she want?”

His secretary shrugged. “She wouldn’t tell me but she looks a lot like that woman who was here last week.”

The ambassador sighed. He really didn’t need another problem and he longed to tell his secretary to take care of the woman. Instead he said, “Send her in.”

Two minutes later a small woman exploded into his office, skidding to a halt in front of his desk. Hands on her hips, her words washed into a meaningless blur of sound as Darinthian magic slammed into him.

The link between them was strong and just waiting—no demanding—to be activated. This strange woman was fated to be his companion! All he had to do was start the process.

“Are you listening to me?”

Her words cleared his head and the ambassador focused on the redheaded spitfire standing before him. A tiny frown line appeared between her brows and her curls trembled as she repeated, “Are you listening to me?”

Ignoring her questions, the ambassador asked, “What is your name?”

“I’m Tessa. My younger sister, Shelley, and her friend Jared have disappeared on Darinth. You need to help me find them.”

Déjà vu. Not even two weeks earlier, Shelley had stood before him claiming her friend Marissa had disappeared on Darinth. This could become a difficult chain reaction, with one person’s disappearance leading another to search and disappear too. He needed to end it now. Prior to the recent news of off-worlders being linked, he would have restrained himself. Now he didn’t see the need.

The embassy was Darinthian territory. Darinthian rules. Darinthian beliefs. Darinthian magic. He wouldn’t resist the rules of his world. By entering this compound, the woman had surrendered to his will.

“Do you seek my protection?” he asked.

“I seek my sister and her friend.”

“To find them you’ll need my protection. Do you ask for my protection?”

She sighed. “I suppose.”

He smiled. “No, you need to formally request my protection for me to help you.”

“All right, all right. I seek your protection. Is that what you want to hear? Now help me find my sister and her friend.”

The ambassador stood. He held her gaze as he moved around his desk.

Tessa forgot her purpose. The man was stunning. Gray threaded his black hair but only smile lines wrinkled his face. His brown eyes were nearly black—deep pools that pulled at Tessa. His sleeveless tunic revealed massive shoulders and muscular, sculpted arms. Her breath hitched as he moved toward her, then behind her.

She started to turn, but before she could complete the movement he stepped close and snaked an arm around her waist. He pulled her against his chest and pelvis. His very large, fully aroused cock pressed hard into her back.

She twisted her head and frowned up at him, sputtering, “What are you doing? Let me go!” She struggled to pull free but he held her tightly.

“I claim you as mine. You are my companion. I own your body. I own your mind. I own your spirit. I claim you as mine.”

As he said the words, a blazing wave of sexual lust washed from Tessa’s cunt to her throat and back again, ricocheting, echoing and strengthening until her entire body shook with need and she remained standing only with the help of the ambassador. If not for his strong arm holding her tight and his rock-hard body cushioning her thrashing, she’d have ended up on the floor.

She screamed as the river of arousal took over every thought and just as she was sure she’d explode, the ambassador moved a hand to the side of her head. He whispered into her ear, “Breathe through the binding. Breathe. Don’t let it go out of control. Focus on your breath.”

The wave receded just a little. She gasped in one breath then another. Her body slowly relaxed. She nearly sobbed. Whether at the relief of the pressure or her lack of orgasm, she wasn’t sure. All she knew was that she was desperately horny. She needed a man now.

Kortal chuckled. “Soon we’ll satisfy your need. For now, you must come back to me.”

Tessa shuddered, unable to control her shivering. “What...” Her throat dry, she struggled to force the words out. “What happened?”

"I have bound you in the first stage of companionship."

"What?"

"You are mine," he whispered as he bent his head and licked her ear.

Shivery pleasure washed down her back. Tessa fought to ignore the clawing need raging inside. She'd never been so aroused and desperate for an orgasm. What the hell had he done to her, and even scarier, how had he done it?

She'd walked into the office as a rational woman, now she was a sex-starved wanton. She wanted this man—no she needed him desperately. No question. No hesitation. She wanted to fuck him!

The ambassador licked her ear again before moving his hand down to her cunt. He slid his hand beneath her skirt.

Tessa told herself to fight when his fingers reached her clit but she couldn't translate the thought into action, especially when he started a light, tapping motion. His soft touch drove her crazy with need. Yet the touch wasn't hard enough to fuel her orgasm. She ached for more.

Tessa clenched her cunt and squirmed against him, trying to increase the pressure. Her ass rubbed his cock. Her head fell back against his hard chest as she sank into the delightful sensations coursing through her body.

Kortal fought his desire. It took every ounce of his self-control not to throw her on the carpet and fuck her senseless. Her orgasm built and just before she came, he stopped touching her clit.

He sensed her confusion. She didn't want him to stop but she warred with embarrassment. Her actions were out of control. Shame flooded her as she moaned and said, "Don't stop!"

"Will you accept my collar?"

"Yes...anything...just please don't stop!"

"Say it! Say you accept my collar," he demanded, moving a hand to massage her breast, circling her rapidly growing nub without touching it.

"Oh yes...yes...I'll accept your collar. Please touch me harder!"

"Soon," he reassured her while sweeping her off her feet. He placed her on the couch and went to his desk.

He opened a secret drawer and looked at the gleaming gold collar resting in a velvet case. He'd begun to doubt he'd ever find the woman to wear it. He hadn't expected her to come strolling in so brazenly and he certainly hadn't expected her to be an off-worlder with no knowledge of Darinthian customs. It didn't matter though. He'd finally found his companion and he wasn't going to let her escape. He smiled as he picked up the collar and turned back to her.

Given the few moments without his touch, Tessa started to regain her capacity for rational thought. What was happening? Had she really agreed to wear a collar? That wasn't right. She fought her weakness to gain a sitting position but before she could fight her way to her feet, the ambassador was back with a gold collar in his hand.

"No," she whispered. "This is a mistake."

"There's no mistake, my darling. You agreed to accept my collar. We are bound and you will wear it," he said. Reaching out, he threaded his fingers through her hair and held her still. He placed the collar around her neck. Before she could protest, he fastened it with a clear, crisp snick.

"I claim you as mine. You are my companion. I own your body. I own your mind. I own your spirit. I claim you as mine."

She screamed as her body clenched in one tight cramp. No pleasure, no lust, no longing—just pain.

The ambassador tightened his grip on her head and entered her mind. *Breathe through the binding*, he commanded her silently.

A cool wash of relief flooded deep inside Tessa. Kortal's thoughts filled her mind and stilled her body, bringing blessed relief from the cramps the collaring had caused.

"That's it," he murmured. "Let me help you through this stage. This is the worst part of the binding. Everything from now on will be better. There won't be any more pain," he said. His soft whispers filled her mind until there was no room left for struggle.

Her body gradually relaxed and he guided her back onto the couch.

You should sleep now, he whispered in her head. *Sleep.*

Kortal stood looking down at his new companion. Her beauty awed him and he couldn't wait to finalize their companionship bonds but she'd had enough for today.

Typically, the linking stages were separated by time so the companion could recover from the binding and the collaring. The ambassador had waited too long to find his mate. He'd rushed the process. Luckily, they'd both survived.

The final act of consummation would have to wait until tomorrow. He'd done enough to guarantee that she couldn't escape him. No matter what their physical distance, he'd linked their minds and he'd always know where she was and what she was doing.

He sighed. There might be ramifications from his actions today but any Darinthian male would know what he'd done and why. Unfortunately, the inhabitants of this planet had no clue about Darinthian customs. If she protested, how could he explain his actions? He could flee now, taking her with him to Darinth or he could convince her she was where she wanted to be, then his actions would be acceptable.

He sighed again and picked her up. For now, she needed rest and he knew exactly where he wanted her to rest, and even more importantly, he knew where and how he wanted her to wake.

* * * * *

Tessa woke feeling groggy and sluggish. What had happened? Where was she? She tried to move and realized she was bound.

Thick, heavy ropes encircled her wrists and ankles. She gasped as she realized she was spread-eagle and naked under the coverlet. She couldn't tell anything else about her location. Darkness in every direction, with not a stray beam of light meant she couldn't see. She almost screamed but then stopped. She didn't know where she was or what had happened. It might be safer to try to figure that out before she started screaming.

She slowly tracked back through her memory. She remembered she'd left her house to go to the Darinthian embassy. Shelley and Jared had traveled to Darinth a few weeks ago. They hadn't been heard from since.

Tessa had gone to the embassy to seek help finding them. She frowned. She'd arrived at the embassy and entered the building. All she'd seen were large, intimidating men. She'd worked her way up the chain of command. She mentally traced the route leading to the ambassador's office.

In her mind, Tessa saw him behind a desk before he stood in front of a window. She squirmed as she remembered her first impression of him. Tall and well built. She'd momentarily forgotten about Shelley and gotten lost in his dark eyes. Recalling her purpose in coming to the embassy, she remembered shoving aside the thought that he was very handsome.

The ambassador was the last person she remembered. So how had she ended up bound to a bed?

She knew she'd had a strange dream about a collar. She moved her head around and realized it wasn't a dream, she actually wore a collar. She fought the rising panic and struggled not to scream.

Chapter Two

The door opened and someone flicked a switch, bathing the room in a soft glow. The ambassador. "Don't get upset," he said, walking over to the bed and sitting on the edge. His hand trailed along her body, removing the coverlet that had shielded her.

"Stop!" she demanded in a voice barely above a whisper.

He smiled. "There's no need to panic. We are fated to be together. The magic has blessed us with a very strong link. I know you don't understand what's happened. Trust me. Everything will be okay."

"You put a collar on me, as if I were a dog you own. How can that ever be okay?"

"Better men than I have tried to explain Darinthian magic to their off-world companions. I'm not going to waste our time. We'll finish the binding now and then we'll discuss it."

Kortal stood. With a swift move he pulled his shirt over his head and dropped it on the floor.

Tessa's breath hitched remembering the feel of his chest, now bare, every muscle perfectly defined. She ached to touch him and circle his dark nipples with her fingertips. She forgot her captivity as Kortal's hand moved to loosen his pants. Exposing his fully erect cock, he stood posed before her. Instantly aroused by the view of his naked body, she struggled to bring her gaze back to his face. Silently screaming that she couldn't possibly want this man...could she?

He bent and softly kissed her lips. When she tried to turn away from him, he grasped her chin and held her still. His kiss deepened and deepened until she sensed him in her mind and in her body, pulsing with life and joy.

He held her moan in his mouth, tasting her fear and the arousal taking possession of her.

"Tell me, what kind of sex do you like? Fast, hard, soft, slow, with or without pain? What kind of sex do you want for our first union?"

Her breath hitched and the ambassador saw random scenes—scenes of old, unsatisfactory lovers—flitting through her mind.

He raised his head and met her eyes. "You've never been satisfied?"

He knew she wanted to deny it but how could she? Their link meant he could see and feel her thoughts. She couldn't hide from him. None of her previous lovers had been particularly satisfying.

He smiled. "That's about to change," he said, answering her unspoken thoughts. "We have all the time we wish and I will take as long as necessary to demonstrate that we are fated to be together."

"Untie me," Tessa demanded.

"I feel your thoughts and read your desires. You don't want to be untied," he replied before trailing his mouth down to her breasts. He sucked one nipple into his mouth while his hand played with the other.

Tessa could not stop her moan and her back arched as the ambassador slowly fed her arousal. Taunting and tormenting her, his other hand moved to her clit. He alternated between soft tapping and firm pinches, holding her just on the edge of an orgasm until she screamed with need. "Please, please take me!"

"Are you mine?" he asked.

"Yes," she hissed. "Please...please let me come!"

The ambassador moved on top of Tessa. He held her head between his hands, his chest flattening her breasts as he moved his pelvis. She knew his arousal as he knew hers. Their emotions bounced back and forth until neither was sure which sensations were their own and which belonged to the other.

She heard him in her mind. *Say the following aloud. I am Kortal's companion and we are bound forever – physically, mentally and spiritually.*

"I..." She started to say but her voice broke. Swallowing past the lump in her throat, she tried again, "I am Kortal's companion and we are bound forever—physically, mentally and spiritually."

Kortal's voice rang out as he said, "We are bonded companions. We are one body, one mind, one spirit."

Tessa should have been frightened by their link and the fact that he was in her head but the sensations were too strong. Besides, she instinctively knew he could be trusted with her thoughts. He'd never betray her. He'd always protect and cherish her.

As his cock parted her labia, she realized she'd have trouble taking all of it. He knew the same and took his time, slowly forcing her wider and wider. Slowly pushing her open.

"Nearly there," he said. He stopped his forward motion, bent his head and filled his mouth with her breast. He held it with his lips while his warm, moist tongue circled her nipple. Even as Tessa ached for a harder touch, he captured the tip and pressed it hard against the roof of his mouth. A shaft of pain and pleasure rippled through her belly, straight to her cunt.

As Tessa gasped at the sensation, he pushed his cock a little deeper.

Her cunt clenched. It burned and ached with need—a need he refused to satisfy as he continued to take his time. He licked the sweat that beaded on her forehead. He kissed her eyelids. He nibbled on her lips, teasing and tormenting her.

"Please, please," she begged, trying to capture his mouth or his tongue—trying to touch him. She struggled against the ropes, desperate to touch him, to trail her hand along his hard muscles.

He ignored her exhortations and continued his relentless teasing. His finger pressed at her anus and she squirmed. He wiggled his fingertip, slowly forcing entrance.

Tessa stilled at the feeling as he pushed a little more. She wanted to force him out. At the same time, she wanted to clench and hold him there. The competing needs paralyzed her. She nearly forgot to breathe as he continued his onslaught.

Tight with need, her voice barely above a whisper, she moaned, "Please...please...I can't take much more. Please finish. Let me come!"

Kortal moved his hands to still her thrashing head. "Look at me," he demanded.

His dark gaze captured her bright green one and she lost all focus as a push planted his cock almost fully inside her cunt.

He wrapped his arms underneath her shoulders and pushed the last millimeter. His pelvis ground against her clitoris. Then he stopped.

Pressed tight from shoulder to pelvis, her breasts flattened against his broad chest, Kortal's musky scent filled Tessa with longing. She clenched her muscles, trying to bring his cock deeper, though she knew she couldn't stretch further. It felt as if he filled her all the way to her throat.

Kortal's weight made squirming impossible. Unable to move and only able to take shallow breaths Tessa felt dizzy with need. Held on the edge of orgasm, Tessa moaned her need into his neck.

He chuckled before slowly withdrawing from her cunt. Tessa tried to follow. She needed him but the ropes held her tightly, frustrating her action.

"Finish! Please!" she cried, thrashing against his hold.

"Soon."

Kortal slammed deep inside again, filling her physically. At the same time she felt him penetrate her thoughts. He stroked the pleasure center in her mind and moved his pelvis against her clitoris. Physically and mentally, he filled every niche. She felt his need as well as her own taking them higher until she wasn't sure where she ended and he began. They were one being, enmeshed in need and the joy of *feeling* each other.

Lost in sensation, she was barely aware when he paused to whisper, "We are bonded companions. We are one body, one mind, one spirit." Before she could process the words, he erupted and she exploded with pleasure.

* * * * *

Tessa spent the next few days wrapped in a haze of sexual pleasure. During their few moments of sanity, the ambassador explained Darinthian magic and the nature of their bond.

Being linked during sex meant she could feel his orgasm. She experienced his pleasure. She could read Kortal's sexual satisfaction and his emotions. She knew his deep commitment to her. They were linked on every level, creating a relationship beyond anything she'd ever dreamt possible.

Kortal also explained that the galaxy viewed Darinth as a world filled with perversion and violence yet accepted it as a necessary evil because the amoulian the planet produced was a vitally important component for space travel. The people of Darinth had never felt the need to explain themselves or their customs to anyone. The Darinthians allowed inhabitants throughout the galaxy to believe whatever they wished regarding their planet, knowing that off-worlders would not understand or accept their lifestyle. The binding process was a sacred ritual that could never become public knowledge.

Tessa, having experienced the binding, had to agree. She knew she'd never have consented to such an arrangement beforehand. She would never have believed such a binding was possible. Thankfully, the ambassador's firm actions had made the wrong decision impossible. She'd never leave him now and the thought sent her heart soaring as did the knowledge that Shelley had linked to a Darinthian man too.

Only gradually did Tessa realize other women might enjoy the binding as much as she did. Darinth's image was a problem though. Darinthian practices were viewed as harsh.

Luckily, Tessa's job was in public relations. "Maybe you should hire me," she said one night. "I think, between the two of us, we can solve the problem of Darinth's reputation."

Kortal smiled at her and said, "We'll discuss that tomorrow. We have more pressing concerns right now." He reached out and pulled her into a tight hug before spiraling them both into a blinding cauldron of need and satisfaction.

About the Author

Cyna Kade started reading science fiction and fantasy when she was ten. By age fifteen she added romance to her reading list. Erotica followed much later. Cyna believes the best books mix genres and she's followed that belief in her life. She's lived in north, east, south and west. She's been married and liberated and deeply loves her children. She's worked as an x-ray tech, a computer programmer, a systems analyst, a university instructor and has earned a multidisciplinary Ph.D. Hobbies are equally varied, including stained glass and tai chi. Cyna is now newly single and rediscovering herself, exploring pathways long thought lost.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and e-mail address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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