

ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO

Inside  
*Sanctuary*  
CYNA KADE

ELLORA'S CAVE  
*Quickies*®

## **Inside Sanctuary**

Cyna Kade

*Book 3 in the Power and Pain series.*

Stephen has decided to return to Sanctuary before his libido rages out of control and somebody gets hurt. Then he sees Mary and they share a vision, which means she could be his mate. He's delighted. She's not. Mary just wants a ride to Sanctuary, not a ride on Stephen.

Once there, he is determined to find out what she's hiding. Why insist on visiting the most dominant sex enclave in the world if you're not ready to submit? Stephen pushes until Mary finally admits why she's denying her true nature — she is so powerful she burned out her last lover. She's fearful Stephen isn't strong enough to control her.

But Stephen was born for this...and for this woman. He's ready to show her just how far a truly dominant man can take her.

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Inside Sanctuary

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# *INSIDE SANCTUARY*

Cyna Kade

*Author Note*

This book is a work of fiction. It does not accurately portray BDSM or true Dom/sub relationships. Please practice safe, sane and consensual sex.

## **Chapter One**

Stephen pulled on his jeans. He'd spent the night in a dive of a motel because he couldn't prevent the itch that had plagued him during the last month. It was time to return to Sanctuary. He faced the decision with mixed feelings. He hadn't finished exploring the outside world but his libido had increased to a dangerous point. It was time to go home. Time to go back to Sanctuary. Time to find a willing clan woman before he exploded and used a human to slake his needs. He'd tried that once. Luckily, he'd gotten control just before he'd crossed the line into true danger and harm to the woman.

He remembered Darla—his first and only human. He had pushed beyond her limits during their encounter. Just as she'd commanded, he hadn't forgotten her or the promise he'd made. He hadn't touched another woman since. He simply couldn't guarantee the safety of a human. Darla had survived the encounter. He'd come to his senses and restrained himself before permanently hurting her. She had been able to walk away from their brief joining.

He sighed. Despite his reluctance to return to Sanctuary he knew he had satisfied his curiosity. Humans were isolated within their own minds, compared to his clan. Humans had no way of connecting their minds. Oh yes, a few were sensitive but that was far removed from the hive mind his people could form. While his people—the Abaeterno—couldn't read minds, they could share emotions. They could feel what others felt and that sharing was incredibly satisfying.

Located on a remote mountaintop, the clan property was beautiful and breathtaking. Nothing he'd seen outside compared to the long vista on a summer evening. He'd run away from the lack of privacy and now he was lonely. He missed the easy connection with others. Until he'd left Sanctuary he hadn't appreciated how the

hive mind helped him untangle his emotions. The bouncing echoes in his mind fine-tuned his feelings and he never had to work to understand another's intentions. Trying to read body language just wasn't as reliable. He'd been wrong too many times and not being able to feel how far he'd gone—not having anyone to help, no one to spread the pain—just made things downright dangerous for a human, as Darla had taught him. He wouldn't ever make that mistake again. Time to go home.

He picked up his pack, took a last look around the motel room and then walked toward his truck. He was ten feet away when he realized there was a woman standing next to it. He stopped and cocked his head.

He saw a vision of her naked under him. He stilled and expanded his mind. He could see his hand holding her wrists over her head. The other stroked her face before slipping a finger into her mouth. She sucked on it, trying to keep it inside. He smiled and denied her. He planted a quick kiss on her pouting lips before trailing his tongue down her neck to her breasts. She squirmed beneath his weight. He licked one nipple and then the other. She tasted like mangoes—sweet with a tangy undertone. He knew he'd never get enough of this woman.

The vision disintegrated into kaleidoscopic images. Naked, writhing flashes of him pounding into her. Explosive sex so graphic his cock hardened and he nearly went to his knees. He shook off the fantasy and concentrated on reality.

He'd heard of this kind of connection with a clan woman but he'd never experienced it and had underestimated the intensity of it. He took a deep breath and focused.

When the woman turned her head, her hair flowed like a black river. He wanted to lose himself in her dark-chocolate eyes. She was clan. He didn't recognize her but there was no mistaking the flavor of the mind that met his. He was sure his happiness reached her.

He smiled and walked toward her. He'd had to practice restraint far too long. Dropping his pack on the ground, he moved close and grabbed her head. Pulling her

close, he held her still for a searing kiss. His mind reached for hers. He sent her a vision of their joining. This time he had more control over the vision. She was on her hands and knees and her bent head caused her back to arch. His cock was at her vagina, poised to ram into her.

Stephen was ready to engage a full mind join when she abruptly terminated their shared vision. Stephen's mental reach snapped back to his own head, stunning him. Suddenly cut off from the vision, Stephen's mind stumbled, startled as if she had thrown a bucket of cold water in his face.

He quickly regained control and slammed against her mental barrier as his tongue plunged deeper into her moist heat. He wasn't done yet. He continued the kiss for another long moment before breaking the physical connection. "That was rude!" Stephen said when he finally disengaged.

"And kissing me without permission wasn't?"

"But you're clan and we're sharing visions."

"You aren't my mate!"

"And the visions are what? Just shared delusions?"

"They're a product of your desperation and they don't mean I want to be grabbed and assaulted!"

Stephen frowned. The visions were intense. He'd been taught that the visions meant they were mates. He'd never heard of a pair ignoring that reality. Could his desperation be fueling the visions? He didn't think so but as long as they were in the mundane world, he would respect her wishes. Struggling with his anger, he pulled back a little more and whispered, "Fine. I won't grab again but I do want you. I know a place in the forest."

"No. Just take me to Sanctuary."

Why was this woman denying him? He'd had many females pretended to fight but this woman was serious. She didn't want to be touched. So why did she want to visit



his clan? Everyone of the race knew what his clan liked. If she didn't like his attentions, she certainly wouldn't be happy when she felt the rest of the clan men. She wouldn't be able to fight them all.

"We're four hours away. What's wrong with a quickie before we hit the road?"

"I'm not looking for a quick roll. I'm looking for a full blending that can only occur in an enclave."

Stephen shook his head. "I really don't want to go back just yet and since you're clan you can satisfy my needs. I don't need to go back now that I've found you."

"Satisfy your needs? And what about my needs? Besides, you didn't find me. It was me who found you and I'm beginning to regret that since you seem to be a jerk," she said. She turned to walk away.

"Wait," Stephen said, grabbing her arm. "Wait. I'm sorry but it's been six months since I left Sanctuary and I've had sex with only one human in that time."

"You mean you're not responsible for being a jerk because you're horny?" the woman asked with a raised eyebrow. "You might be satisfied by having sex with me but I don't think you'd do much for me. I can feel the shadow of Sanctuary. I'll make my own way there. Thanks for nothing." She walked away.

Stephen threw his pack in the truck and followed the woman. When he was close enough, he grabbed her arm. He immediately felt her annoyance. He smiled. Six months was a long time to go without the touch of another's mind. He didn't care that she was annoyed. He was horny and he would have his way with her. He opened his mind and projected his need.

She stumbled and gasped at his intensity.

Stephen pulled her close and supported her while she adjusted to his need. He expected her to submit now that she knew the extent of his suffering. Instead she slammed her mind shut again and slapped him. Startled, he let her go.

She stepped a few paces away. "The elders warned me of your enclave." She tossed her head and took a few quick deep breaths. Stephen could see the tension leaving her shoulders as she regained her balance.

"Will you take me to your home or not? You obviously need a fix and that's the best place to get it. Despite the fact I'm clan, I'm not anxious to handle your needs, especially not handle them alone. Let's go to Sanctuary."

Stephen's eyes narrowed as his mind began to work again. "Why? Why do you want to go there if you don't like my domination? You know if I don't claim you now, you'll be meat for any or all the men in the enclave."

"They won't rape me."

"No, it won't be rape but the difference may be so subtle you'll miss it. We breed dominants. You must know that."

"I broke your hold," she said, tossing her head.

"My hold wasn't very strong and I didn't push it. Would you like to see if you can break my hold when I'm actively trying to stop you?"

She frowned.

He continued, "Besides, in Sanctuary it won't be just my hold. It will be the hold of many men. You won't break their grip. Come with me to the forest. We'll have a quickie to take the edge off. Then if you still want to go there I'll drive you to Sanctuary."

She shook her head. "No. Just take me to Sanctuary."

"You don't know what you're getting into."

"Oh I think I do. Besides, how do you know that's not what I want? Maybe I want to be held by many men because no one man can control me." Her level gaze met his and she said, "Please just take me to the enclave."

He felt despair wash over the woman. He instinctively reached out to her. She stepped back and the connection between them abruptly ended again. She was

struggling to keep him out. He could feel her determination. What was she hiding? Why did she want to go to Sanctuary?

Stephen stood trying to understand, watching her all the time. Five ten or eleven, her height made her lithe and willowy. Her breasts were hidden beneath an oversized shirt but he knew they were not too large, not too small—just perfect to fill his hands. Her jeans curved over a tight butt. He wanted this woman and the visions indicated that their mating would be intensely satisfying. Too bad she didn't feel the same. Maybe if he talked to her she'd open up.

"How did you find me?"

She frowned at him. "Are you that dense? You know we're all linked. I felt you. It wasn't that hard."

"If you felt me it was because I'm getting desperate. Why did you find me only to deny me?"

"I want you to take me to Sanctuary. I didn't realize you think you can have the best of both worlds—live outside Sanctuary and have a clan woman to simulate being in the enclave. You're a selfish boy. I want the full support of the others. I don't want to meet your needs while remaining alone out here. I don't know why you left but I'm not your answer."

"Honey, if we go to Sanctuary you won't be able to keep me out of your head. If the visions are this strong here imagine what they'll be on my home turf. Besides, you haven't answered my questions and I'm not taking you anywhere until you do. What are you doing out here alone?"

"That's none of your business."

"We're sharing visions and you want my help. That makes it my business."

She turned and started walking down the road.

Stephen sighed. The woman's annoyance was spiced with a hint of defiance but it was the thread of fear that tipped his decision. He wasn't sure what was going on in her

head but her fear was real. She was right. She needed to be in Sanctuary. He needed to be there to understand and he'd already decided it was time to return to the enclave.

Stephen wouldn't force the woman—not yet. Besides, he was within four hours of satisfaction. Satisfaction with women who'd welcome him home. He shook his head and walked back to his truck. He got in and started it then he drove up next to her and said, "Get in. I'll take you to Sanctuary."

She gave him a searching look before she climbed into the truck. He shifted into gear and headed home.

The drive passed in silence. Occasionally Stephen caught the flavor of her mind but for most of the drive she blocked him. He'd tried to start a conversation. "My name is Stephen. What's yours?"

"I'm Mary."

"What enclave?"

She waved a hand. "I've visited most of them."

"But where's home?"

"Wherever I am," she replied and turned her head to look out the window. Stephen wanted her to keep talking but it was clear she wasn't interested. He was relieved that he'd soon be rid of this troublesome woman. If she was right, the visions only showed potential. He was free to ignore her even as she ignored him. He knew a few clan women who would welcome him back.

It was late afternoon by the time Stephen drove up the winding road to Sanctuary. He took a deep breath and half closed his eyes as he started catching the flavor of familiar minds and familiar views. The enclave had blocked him from feeling the clan to grant his request for privacy. Now that he'd decided to return, the hive mind was opening. He was nearly home.

Home where tall trees surrounded a small mountain lake and cabins nestled in the woods. By the time he drove through the large gates everyone knew he was returning

and that he was bringing a clan woman with him. Guests were rare and he wasn't surprised that everyone turned out to meet the woman. He drove up to the clan's gathering cabin, feeling the full welcoming life force of the clan.

He thought Mary would relax once they arrived but her mind was as closed as it had been since he'd met her. He couldn't wait to see some of his old girlfriends. He'd find satisfaction with women who would be glad to welcome him home.

Mary sat in the truck, stunned by the beauty that surrounded her and the jumble of feelings that washed over her. She'd forgotten how intense an enclave could be. Even with her mind barriers firmly in place, emotions seeped through. There was no privacy in an enclave. How could she have forgotten that simple fact?

She watched Stephen hug people and felt his joy as well as his need. She'd nearly succumbed to his entreaties earlier. If he'd pushed a little harder she'd have agreed to a quick romp in the forest despite the danger. Maybe she should have agreed. Now that she was at her destination she hesitated. Had she made a mistake?

No. This was the only enclave where she might find satisfaction with a man strong enough to protect himself. She longed to surrender to a strong man—if only she could find one. The men in her enclave were too polite, too gentle. She'd made a terrible mistake and hurt one of them. She still didn't understand what had happened. She only knew she couldn't let it happen again. She'd explored all the enclaves around the world, seeking an answer to her problem. If she didn't find help at Sanctuary she was doomed.

Tucked away and hidden from humans, each enclave had a specialty. Each tended toward male dominance but everyone she'd met agreed that Sanctuary—this place high in the mountains—held the most dominant men of the strongest clan.

Unfortunately, if Stephen was an example, she was doomed to fail. He'd backed down from her and done as she commanded. He hadn't pressed his advantage and forced her to satisfy his needs. If all the men here were the same, she wouldn't find

satisfaction here either. She knew she should get out of the truck but as long as she stayed inside her dreams wouldn't vanish in a blaze of disappointment.

Stephen glanced toward Mary and noticed she still sat in the truck. He reached out and caught a tendril of fear from her. The fear was stronger now and harder for her to hide. He wanted to grab one of his old girlfriends and walk away from Mary. He needed satisfaction and he needed it now. But he felt responsible for the prickly woman. He couldn't just walk away from her. He went back to the truck, opened the passenger door and held out his hand.

Mary slowly unbuckled her seat belt. She ignored the hand Stephen held out to her and started to get out of the truck. His anger hit her a split second before he placed both his hands on her waist, lifted her down and slid her so her back was against the truck. He moved forward and used his body to hold her tightly against the truck.

One of his legs slid between hers. He raised a hand and threaded his fingers into her hair, forcing her head back so his lips could claim hers. He held nothing back and Mary lost herself in the waves of lust pouring through her. He raised his head just long enough to say, "You owe me for the ride," before continuing the searing kiss. Mary's knees buckled under his onslaught. He held her up for a moment before swinging her into his arms and striding away from the public areas.

## Chapter Two

Mary buried her head in his chest. What had just happened? Her lips felt bruised as did her mind. If Stephen had so much power why hadn't he used it earlier? He'd warned her but she hadn't believed him. In her experience men always thought they were better than they actually were. Maybe Stephen hadn't been exaggerating.

Mary raised her head as Stephen entered a small cabin. He kicked shut the door. She squirmed and Stephen set her on her feet. She headed for the door. Just as she opened it Stephen came up from behind. He slapped a hand against the door, closing it again. Mary turned and faced him. "Let me go!"

Stephen frowned and leaned closer. "I let you deny me earlier but here I can feel your need. You want me so why are you still fighting? What are you afraid of?"

Mary hesitated. Should she tell him? She *should* tell him. She didn't want to hurt him accidentally. Once was enough. He wouldn't understand though. She stiffened and said, "Let me go."

"I warned you about Sanctuary. Why did you insist on coming here if you just want to deny me?"

"I've changed my mind. I've made a mistake. I should go."

"Oh darling, I respected your wishes when we were outside Sanctuary but here I can feel the wants you keep secret. Saying no is not the same as meaning no and you don't mean no. You want my domination. Why does that fact frighten you? Why are you afraid of your desires?"

Mary tossed her head, tilted her chin and said, "Maybe I'm afraid you're too weak."

"Well, let's test that. You're at Sanctuary now and I won't let you refuse me. I told you before and I'll tell you again—you broke my hold because I let you. You won't

break my hold here, especially since I'll have the help of all the other clan men if necessary."

"You'll rape me?"

"I don't know where you've been living but there is no rape in this enclave. Besides, you just told me you want a strong man. How can it be rape if I give you what you want? You need to get your desires straight. You want to fight, then fight, but don't call it rape." Stephen tilted his head and stared intently.

Mary was suddenly in a darkened room. A thick rope circled her wrists and her arms were pulled high over her head. She stood on tiptoe. The muscles of her calves and shoulders were tight. She looked around but didn't see anyone. It took her a moment to remember that this was just a vision. She stilled, focusing her energies for one blast to gain her freedom. Before she could complete her preparations she heard a whistling sound and her butt burned with the sting of a lash. The unexpected pain broke her concentration.

Another sting and then another followed. Mary struggled to turn away from the lash. She failed. Her mobility was handicapped by her position. Two more stinging blows landed on her unprotected butt. Her bottom felt like it was on fire. The stings blended into one large ache. Then Stephen moved close behind her. He spread her legs and with a swift movement sank his cock into her vagina. His fingers pinched her clit. His pelvis rubbed against her bruised butt while his cock pistoned in and out, slamming deep within.

Mary almost sank into the pain before remembering that this was simply a vision. It wasn't real, no matter how real it seemed. She pulled her mind from her body's sensations and prepared to fight.

Before Mary could struggle free Stephen released her.

"I'm in charge, not you. You know the visions only occur between mates. We belong together."



"No! The visions mean we have the potential to be mates. They're not a guarantee and I don't want to be your mate. You're not strong enough!"

"Your desires have no bearing and you know it. We are fated to be mates. I am stronger than you. Go ahead and fight, Mary. Your struggles will simply add to the chase."

"I'll hurt you!"

"No, darling, you won't. You can't. You aren't that strong and I'll prove it to you."

Mary stared at Stephen, her eyes wide. She'd been disappointed by his earlier surrender. If he really was strong enough to hold her it wouldn't make her unhappy. Stephen was gorgeous—a hunk in every sense of the word.

Short, curly dark hair framed a strong face. His eyes flashed whenever he had a strong emotion. She knew how his hard lips could soften to a blazing smile. Over six feet tall with a physique to match. He made Mary feel petite. At her height, not many men could do that. Part of her wanted to surrender. Part of her wanted to fight. Part of her was terrified she'd hurt him. Her emotions roiled in a tangled web. She remained silent.

Stephen placed his hands on her shoulders. He pressed down. Mary stood still. He increased the pressure. She tried to twist away but he held her tightly and continued the downward pressure until she went to her knees.

"Mary, I'm a Dominant. I won't let you emasculate me. I don't submit to you. You submit to me." His voice dropped an octave. "Let's play," he whispered.

Mary's head was suddenly filled with a vision. The knowledge that the vision wasn't real didn't blunt the fact that it felt real. She hadn't expected to find a mate at Sanctuary and she wasn't prepared for the intensity of the visions. Stephen was in her mind and stronger than she'd ever imagined a man could be. Maybe he was the one she'd been seeking. She was tied spread-eagle to Stephen's bed...

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Stephen loomed over her with a large butt plug in his hand. He smiled as he coated the plug with jelly. She knew it would hurt. It was too large to enter easily. She struggled against the ropes as he moved closer. Lifting her butt, he placed a pillow under her hips.

"That's the way I like you," he murmured. "Open and helpless, just waiting for me." He dropped a light kiss on her clit before placing the plug at her anus. "Are you ready?"

"No! No! I don't want this. You won't keep me helpless." Mary struggled but she couldn't move him. It didn't matter how much she fought. She was trapped.

Stephen pushed the plug forward, just barely parting her opening. She could feel the width of the plug just outside her body. She couldn't stop. She tensed.

"No," Stephen murmured. "Take deep breaths and relax."

"I don't want to," Mary spit out as she tried to push him out of her mind again. But he was immovable.

He pushed the plug forward a millimeter. Mary felt like she'd split apart. Her back channel was virgin. She was unprepared for the intensity as he continued pushing forward and pulling back. He never completely removed the plug, just kept working it back and forth, in and out. Mary fought to assimilate the sensations assaulting her. Pain when he moved in, relief as he backed off. She knew the largest part of the plug was yet to come. How could she take it?

Stephen suddenly stood, leaving the plug half in and dangling. Mary tried to expel it but he'd propped it somehow and she couldn't get it out. It was annoying and tantalizing. She watched Stephen go to a far cabinet. He pulled something out and hid it behind his back as he walked toward her.

"Honey, I don't think you're needy enough yet. Maybe this will help," he said, holding up something round and shiny.

Mary frowned. She didn't recognize the item. "What is that?"

Stephen grinned and flicked a switch.

Mary heard a vibrating hum.

"It's a magic egg. It vibrates. I don't want your vagina feeling neglected while I play with your rectum. I think you'll enjoy this."

The cold metal went deep into her vagina. She tried to squirm away from it but Stephen placed a hand on her belly, holding her still. He loomed over her and she felt rather than heard the hum from the device. Cold air hit her clit and she clenched her thigh muscles but the ropes held tight. She couldn't escape Stephen's toys.

Mary explored the sensations coursing through her. She was open, vulnerable and so needy. Moisture dripped down her thighs. She couldn't hide her arousal.

Stephen smiled. "That's better. There's no need to fight me. Just relax and enjoy the ride."

The vibrations increased a little. Mary squirmed. The sensation wasn't enough for an orgasm but it was impossible to ignore.

Stephen moved back to the butt plug and played with it again. Mary clenched her muscles against the egg, trying to get some friction, some satisfaction, as Stephen slowly widened her bottom.

The hum in her cunt, contrasted with the fullness in her rectum, was intoxicating. She moaned and forgot about fighting. She wanted this. Helpless under Stephen's control, she nearly forgot the danger. She longed for an orgasm...

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She had forgotten that Stephen was in her mind, reading her emotions.

"Oh no, darling, not yet," Stephen said. "We have hours of fun ahead of us." He pulled back to reality. Slowly, so as not to shock her too much.

Mary roused. She was free and on the floor. Sometime during Stephen's assault, she'd collapsed. It had been so intense, so vivid, it took her a long moment to realize it had all been in her mind. Eyes wide, she stared up at Stephen.

He held out a hand to help her up. "That's only a small taste. I didn't want to give you too much at once."

Mary stared at his hand. What had she gotten into? She'd heard the stories about this clan but she hadn't believed them. He'd taken ruthless control of her mind to the point where she'd lost track of the fact it was only in her head. Stunned by the implications of his power, she began to hope. Maybe Stephen would be strong enough to keep himself safe.

Stephen felt Mary's shock and he realized she wasn't quite as confident as she seemed. He couldn't wait for the games to continue. She wouldn't admit it yet but she belonged to him. They were mates after all. No one other than a mate could respond so strongly to his visions. He'd never found a woman who matched him so well. This would be fun.

As Stephen helped her stand he whispered, "You need to bend, Mary, otherwise I'll break you and I don't want to do that." He gave her a quick hug then he showed her to a bedroom and the bath.

"Relax. Take a bath and change. I'll bring some food back for us," Stephen said before leaving the cabin.

Once outside, Stephen walked into the forest. He found a secluded area and allowed his control to relax. Six months of celibacy—other than the episode with the human female—and his sessions with Mary combined to eat at his restraint. He had to take the edge off his lust. He expanded his mind until he touched the others. He hesitated before plunging into the hive mind. He'd raged against the lack of privacy but after six months of isolation he appreciated the feel of being connected. He sat with his back against a tree and let his mind roam free.

Stephen skimmed through the hive as if he were swimming. Near the surface were the positive emotions—pleasure, happiness and joy. He reveled in them for a time before plunging deeper. He sought out the emotions of pain and dominance, where fear

and excitement rode together. He needed to unleash his dark desires. He needed to take the edge off his lust. Stephen wanted to find a couple on the edge of breaking and it didn't take long to find them. Someone in Sanctuary was always in the throes of passion.

Unlike his visions with Mary, Stephen couldn't see the couple. He didn't know who they were and he didn't know what they were doing. He felt them though. He felt the woman's cunt as if she were clenching his cock. He felt the man's cock pumping in and out as if Stephen were physically doing the act. The woman's cunt was soft, warm and moist. Stephen surrendered to the sensation. He pounded with all his strength, confident that the woman could and would send her pain out to the hive. Stephen lost himself in their passion.

He rode with them until the act was complete, including the deep release of semen from the man's cock, as if it were his own. Their satisfaction took the edge off his need. His mental release was nearly as intense as a physical explosion. He'd forgotten that being with the hive mind was nearly as good as the act itself. How could he have forgotten that fact? Privacy was overrated. Sanctuary was special. He shook his head. He wouldn't leave again.

Now that his lust was under control he took a mental step back and opened his eyes. He had questions his parents might be able to answer. He needed the answers before he took Mary any further but now he was even more determined to take her. She'd distracted him from his old girlfriends. She'd pushed him to find a mental release as she'd denied him a physical release. Mary was his mate and he'd make sure she came to understand that simple fact.

Stephen walked into his parents' cabin.

His father, Jarrod, looked up from the stove. Vanilla scented the air and Stephen smiled. His father loved vanilla pudding. He'd eat it every day of the week if he could. It had gotten to be such an obsession that his mother had long ago taught him to make it so she wouldn't have to.

"She's fighting you, isn't she?"

"Yes. Why? I know she's attracted to me so why is she still fighting?" Stephen asked as he sat at the kitchen table.

"Remember, she didn't grow up here. Not all clans are as open about sex as we are. Not all enclaves work together quite the way this one does. Oh yes, the others share emotions but most of them shield when it comes to sex. They're more open than humans but not as explicit as we are."

"But sex engenders the strongest emotions."

"Exactly why some clans resist the notion. Maybe you should move her to the guest house until she adjusts."

"Dad..."

Jarrold put the pudding on the table. "What is it, son?"

Stephen sat across from his father. "I'm having visions with her."

A big smile broke across Jarrod's face. "Congratulations!"

"But she's fighting me, and why is there an underlying thread of fear? She says the visions are only potential, not a guarantee."

"Well, she's right but I can't remember the last time a couple ignored that potential."

"She's fighting you because she's terrified," Stephen's mother said as she walked into the room. "It's not two separate emotions. The fear and the fight are intertwined in her. Some women love to fight. It's in their nature. The fight increases her emotions but for some reason she's afraid to let go. She's hiding something from us."

"Hiding what?"

"Stephen, if I knew that it wouldn't be hidden, now would it?"

Stephen grinned ruefully and nodded.

His parents exchanged a glance. Stephen was used to their silent communication. The ability to communicate without words was one of the perks shared by mates. His mother nodded and left the room.

"Stephen, there's something you should remember."

"Yes?"

"The visions go both ways. Mary can send to you too."

"What?" Stephen asked, stunned by the implication of his father's statement. "I've never heard about that."

"That's because you don't like to listen. Sanctuary is full of Dominant men. We don't openly acknowledge that our women are powerful too, but neither do we hide the fact. You'd know that if you paid attention."

Stephen mulled the information silently for a moment before saying, "So she can fight in many ways..."

"Yes, she can and probably will. It's up to you to use the visions to keep her off balance until you finally mate. Stephen, you know you can't mate with her until she's adjusted."

"Adjusted? What does that mean?"

"Mating is intense and dangerous. She needs to be ready and from what you say, she's not even close."

Stephen sighed.

"Son, every male in the clan will help you if necessary. The females too. No one wants Mary hurt. You'll get through this."

Stephen and his father spent an hour developing a strategy. Then Stephen grabbed some food and went back to his cabin.

Stephen returned to find Mary asleep on the bed. He watched her for a few moments. Her fatigue was visible in the shadows under her eyes. He wanted to

continue exploring the sensations they generated but there was no rush. He let her sleep because she was going to have a busy day tomorrow.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning Stephen waited until he heard Mary in the shower then he walked into the bathroom.

She stared at him as she finished wrapping a towel around her damp body.

"One last time, Mary. Will you open your mind to me? Will you stop denying me and accept our bond?"

"No," Mary said. "You aren't strong enough to take me."

"I was hoping you'd say that." Stephen smiled and held up a hand. He dangled the chains in front of her face. "You can deny our mental connection all you want but I don't think you'll find it as easy to ignore physical sensations. It's time for clamps. I want you wearing them to breakfast. They'll provide a constant, low-level pinch on your nipples and your clit. I won't clamp them tightly enough to hurt you too much but you won't be able to ignore the sensation. You'll squirm trying to escape them but you won't be able to. By the time breakfast is over you'll be desperate and that's just the way I want you. Desperate and begging for satisfaction that I may or may not give you. I may just leave you needy. You'll go through the meal not knowing. By the end of breakfast you'll realize that I'm in charge, not you. Then we'll come back to the cabin and play for the rest of the day."

Mary ignored him and tried to brush past Stephen. He reached out and snagged her towel. He pulled and she had no choice but to move closer to him. He smiled down at her as he removed her towel. Mary wanted to cringe. Instead she tilted her chin and said, "You have no right to do this to me. I don't give you permission."

"You gave me permission when you ordered me to bring you to Sanctuary. You can't back off now. I won't let you. But let's make sure you know you've given me



permission for anything I choose to do. Okay?" Stephen asked. His eyebrow quirked upward.

A vision instantly seized her. Mary was on her knees. Her cunt ached with emptiness while her mouth was full. Stephen's cock thrust deep into her throat, choking off her air. She struggled for control and lost. He forced her head to stay still. His rough treatment caused her throat to ache. Despite the abuse, her breasts tingled with need. When he pulled out, she begged, "Please satisfy me. I need an orgasm!"

"Give me permission," he said.

"Yes, anything!"

Mary's eyes widened. She was back in the bathroom. "No, that was you – not me!"

Stephen took a step back and tilted his head. "Again? You're denying me again? After what I just did to you? Why? I can feel your need for a Dominant. I know you want me. Why are you so afraid of following your desires? Mary, don't you want to see where this leads?"

Mary paused. She hadn't expected Stephen to suddenly ask a reasonable question. She did want to pursue her dream. She was beginning to think Stephen was strong enough. Did she dare take the chance? She remained silent.

"You ordered me to bring you here. I warned you about our clan and you chose to ignore me. You've chosen your fate. It's too late to play coy. You will wear the clamps," Stephen said.

## **Chapter Three**

Mary closed her eyes. Stephen was right. She had demanded whatever he chose for her. She'd known Sanctuary's reputation. That's why she'd come. This was her last opportunity. If she didn't take a chance now, she might just as well leave Sanctuary and condemn herself to a lonely life. She swallowed hard. The thought of wearing clamps in a public place excited her. She didn't want Stephen to know that so she nodded and said, "I can't stop you. Go ahead."

Stephen stepped close and gave her a hard, quick kiss before he fingered a nipple. He bent his head and licked it then used his teeth to pull it out even farther. His fingers pinched the base of her nipple. Holding it extended, he attached one clamp. He'd wanted to use his favorite alligator clips but he wasn't ready to escalate to that level yet. Instead he used simple tweezers-style clamps. The rubberized tip lightly gripped Mary's nipple. Stephen held it in place. "Tight enough so the weight of the chain won't pull them off," he said as he held the clamp in place and slid the ring up the metallic bars to tighten the clamp.

Mary inhaled sharply. The clamp pinched and the swaying chain wouldn't let her forget that fact.

He gave her other breast the same treatment. Mary half closed her eyes and sank into the sensations coursing through her body—the pinch, the weight of the chain pulling at her nipples was maddening. She knew that in a short period of time their grip would feel painful and she wanted to yank them off.

Stephen knelt in front of her and gently spread her legs. She wasn't really going to let him do this, was she? His tongue lapped at her clit. Yes, she was going to see where this led. Stephen placed the last clamp.

Mary struggled to breathe through the sensory overload coursing through her body. Her nipples ached. The pain was still minor, more like a quick pinch. But the pinch didn't stop. The clamp on her clit was worse than the nipple clamps. Every time she moved her pelvic muscles the clamp pulled, forcing her clit to stay engorged.

Trying to distract herself, she reached for a shirt.

Stephen slapped the shirt out of her hand. "No, you're going to the dining room naked so everyone can enjoy your state. I will let you wear your sandals though," he said.

Mary eyed the sandals. With the clamps on, bending to affix the ankle clasp on the sandal would be challenging.

Stephen smiled. "I should make you do it but I'll be merciful for now." He bent down and lifted an ankle so her foot was off the floor. She put her hand on his shoulder for balance. He tightened the clasp then lifted her other foot and did the same.

Gravity and the natural motion of her body as Stephen moved her about caused the clamps to pull. She gritted her teeth. The pain was intense. When she walked, it would be worse.

"Wait." Stephen walked over to a cabinet and pulled out a collar.

Mary thought it looked like a dog collar. "Stephen—"

"Let's just make sure everyone knows you are mine," he said. He circled her throat with his hands as if measuring its size. Smiling, he slid the collar around her neck.

He tightened it enough so that every time she swallowed her throat pressed against the rough leather. She wouldn't be able to forget she wore it.

Mary wanted to protest but she closed her mouth. She felt the stirrings of fear and hope. Maybe Stephen wasn't as harmless as she'd thought.

The meal was both a nightmare and a thrill. No one in her clan would ever go out naked. Such an act would merit severe punishment. It wasn't that members of her clan denied their sexual needs—they just didn't flaunt those needs.

Sanctuary was very different. About half the people in the dining room were naked and no one seemed surprised by her nudity. Instead a warm cloud of interest and support filtered into her mind. Mary found the freedom intoxicating. Rather than slouching and trying to hide as she would have at home in the Coreus enclave, she sat straight with her breasts thrust out.

She wasn't prepared for Stephen to pepper her with visions. She saw herself on her knees with his cock in her mouth. This time he let her lick it. She was able to suck hard before he drove to the back of her throat. Just as she thought she'd faint from lack of air she snapped back to the dining room, her hand poised in the air with a forkful of egg. Stephen smiled at her as she finished the bite.

In the next vision, she hung from chains. Her arms ached. Some kind of binding wrapped her breasts so tightly that she could barely breathe. Her nipples peeked out between the bindings. The cold air in the dungeon room made them hard. In the dim light she could just barely make out the bondage devices filling the room. She recognized a St. Andrew's Cross on the far wall. Chairs with leather straps were scattered around the room. Stephen approached from the dark with alligator clamps unlike any she'd seen before. They weren't rubber coated. They were harsh metal with vicious-looking teeth and she could see the spring. These clamps would cut her. Panic rose into her throat. She screamed when she felt the metal bite into her soft flesh, then once more, she found herself back in the dining hall.

Stephen smiled at her. "Finish your breakfast," he said.

"Stop doing that! Stop sending me visions and let me eat."

"Honey, I'm just getting started. You don't tell me what to do."

Mary snapped into another vision. She was bent over a dining-room table. Numerous men lined up and she knew they were waiting their turn at her. Stephen stood behind her, and without any foreplay, he rammed his cock into her. She threw back her head and screamed at the sudden assault. He placed a hand on her back and

held her tightly against the table. Its wooden surface ground against the clamps. Before she could fight free though, she was back in reality, in the dining hall.

Her breathing was ragged as she stared down at her breakfast. She'd lost her appetite for food. Stephen was driving her crazy, just as he'd promised. He continued sending her visions. Quick, intense visions that disappeared before she could adjust or assimilate them. Mary struggled to filter all the confusing emotions of support, pain and arousal but he was too quick for her. Breakfast was a nightmare and a tantalizing promise of things to come. By the time breakfast was over Mary had a heavy ache in her empty cunt.

After breakfast Stephen led Mary back to the cabin. She wondered what he'd do next. She'd never imagined the conflicting sensations he generated would arouse her to such a frenzied level. She was crazed with need. She wanted to satisfy Stephen's demand from yesterday and give him a quickie but did she dare let go? The memory of what she'd done wouldn't leave despite Stephen's masterful command of her body and mind.

"How are you feeling?" Stephen asked as they walked into his cabin.

"Desperate," she replied but she held her mind tightly closed. If Stephen knew how desperate she was he wouldn't hesitate to press her.

"Mary, Mary, Mary," Stephen said while shaking his head. "You can't win and it's time you learned that."

Stephen's father had told him to use the visions to keep Mary off balance. In the visions he could go much further than he could in reality and if he alternated intense visions with mundane reality she'd soon lose track of the world around her. Stephen could feel the other men of the enclave. Their strength became his and he sent Mary into another vision.

This time she was free of all clamps, chains and ropes. She stood in the middle of his cabin and he pointed to the door. "You're free to leave."

Mary hesitated. She was sure this was a vision but why wasn't it about sex? Why was he offering her freedom? Before she could move, she was spread-eagled, still clamped and now tied to Stephen's bed.

"Too slow, darling," Stephen said. "When I give you a choice, you need to take it immediately. You hesitated."

Mary shook her head. How had he controlled a vision and physically maneuvered her into the bed? Or was this the vision? Somehow he'd clouded her senses and she wasn't sure.

Stephen sat on the bed and fingered a nipple clamp. He pulled a little. Mary couldn't stop the moan that broke from her throat. She arched her back, trying to lessen the pull. She clenched her vaginal muscles. The clit clamp gripped tightly. Stephen smiled and let go. Mary bit her lip to hold back her scream of frustration. The low-level pain just accentuated her need.

Mary squirmed. The clamps on her nipples and clit seemed to tighten with every passing moment. The sensation meant her arousal was growing. The pinch was inescapable and relentless. Stephen was demonstrating that he could create any number of sensations.

Mary was used to men who treated sex as an act to be completed as soon as possible. A ten-minute coupling was quite different from the many levels of arousal Stephen was teaching her.

"Accept the link, Mary."

Eyes wide, she stared at him. He didn't understand the danger of his suggestion. How could she explain without betraying her past?

Stephen stood and stripped off his shirt. He pulled down his pants next and Mary couldn't take her eyes off his erect penis. His very hard and large penis. She wanted his cock shoved deep inside. It didn't matter whether it was her mouth or her cunt, she wanted him inside her body.

A quick flick of his fingers removed one nipple clamp then the other. He knelt between her legs and bent his head. His hot tongue licked her clit, moving the clamp back and forth before he sucked hard, pulling her clit and the clamp into his mouth. Mary moaned and squirmed. Stephen moved two fingers into her cunt. He widened her. She was empty and desperate. She tried to arch her pelvis to increase the friction but Stephen held her still. He pulled back, flicked off the clit clamp and lay down beside her.

Mary struggled to control her breathing.

“Why are your mental barriers still up? What are you afraid of? I can feel and see your arousal. You want me so what’s the problem? Why are you denying us?”

Mary closed her eyes. What could she say?

Stephen brushed a hand against her forehead, smoothing back her hair as he looked down at her. He could feel the females of the enclave. While their primary support was for Mary, their emotions echoed in his head, letting him know Mary’s condition. They echoed Mary’s internal battle so Stephen could feel it. They let him know Mary was near the edge. They still didn’t know why.

Stephen felt their concern as if it was his own. Mary was too conflicted to continue. He understood that she was reaching her limits and something still held her back from a full surrender. He had to be patient, no matter how difficult. The women helped him soothe her. Stephen watched Mary sigh and relax.

Stephen rolled to his side and exhaled. The visions were heady. He had to stop from just diving deeply into them. He’d been reminded that though the visions were mental, the sensations engendered could be echoed physically. The visions allowed him to go further than he ever had but even the visions had limits. Mary was strong and her struggles aroused Stephen in ways he hadn’t thought possible. He was more excited than he’d been in a long time but he had to be patient.

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Mary woke in a forest surrounded by tall fragrant pines. The clearing was small and she was alone. She turned and looked all around and when she didn't see anyone she relaxed her mind and sent it seeking outward. She couldn't sense anyone. For the past two days she'd been surrounded by the sensation of other minds. She hadn't been alone and to be alone now was disconcerting and disorienting. What should she do?

She had no idea of the direction of Sanctuary. And how could that be? She'd felt Sanctuary when it was more than a four-hour drive away and now she couldn't feel it? That didn't make sense unless this was another vision. She swallowed hard. Nothing in her upbringing had prepared her for the intensity of the visions she shared with Stephen. Her enclave tended to ignore sex and mating. They tried to pretend it was a private thing. The Abaeterno people in the Coreus enclave now seemed childish compared to the people of Sanctuary. Mary was beginning to realize just how sheltered her upbringing had been and how her powers and abilities had been crippled by the narrow-minded culture she'd grown up in.

Stephen had certainly kept her off balance and confused since they'd arrived at Sanctuary. She knew the other men were helping him and she felt concern and caring from the women. She wasn't alone in this enclave, not as she'd been when disaster had struck. She couldn't exorcise the memory of the mind she'd wiped. She hadn't meant to hurt him. Nothing in her upbringing had led her to believe she could hurt a man. Mary sank to her knees. Maybe she should have ended her life then rather than running. Maybe what she sought didn't exist.

*Mary, what is wrong?*

The sound echoed through her mind and she relaxed into the support of the hive mind for just an instant before pulling free. She couldn't afford to give in. None of them realized the danger. Stephen's anger penetrated her barriers and the forest disappeared...

~ ~ ~ ~ ~



She was on the bed again.

"Enough games," Stephen said. He grabbed her arms and wrapped a thick rope around her wrists. He flipped her over onto her stomach and stretched her arms over her head. He fastened them to the clamp on the headboard. He pulled her pelvis up so she was on her knees. He spread her legs with his, leaving her vagina open and exposed. One quick stroke and he buried himself deeply inside. He stroked once, twice, then he pulled out, leaving her empty and needy.

Mary forgot her fear and screamed her frustration. "Finish it!"

Stephen wrapped his arms around her. His chest heaved as he struggled to control his lust. His cock pressed against Mary's buttocks. He wanted nothing more than to complete what he'd started but if he did Mary would always control their relationship and he wasn't going to let that happen. He drew on the clan's strength and said, "No. Not until you let me into your head."

"I can't do that! You don't understand the danger you're in," Mary blurted out. "It's not safe to be in my head."

"What danger? Mary, we're destined to be mates. We'll be fine. Just let me in."

Mary buried her face in the pillow. "No. The last man I was with didn't take my power seriously. Like you, he thought he was strong enough to take me. But I'm not a passive submissive. I like to fight. I fought and I won." She gulped and said, "I burned out the last man who tried to take me."

Stephen pulled back. Burnout! He'd heard of it—every clansman had heard the rumors and the myths about it. It was a hazard early in their ancestral history. As they'd gained more control the possibility of burnout had decreased until it never happened now. To his knowledge, burnout had never happened in modern times. "Burnout is just a legend! It doesn't happen anymore."

"It did happen," a voice said.

Stephen turned. Through his bedroom door he saw his father and a group of other men and women enter the cabin. His father said, "Stephen, you need to come with me." He nodded to the women. "They'll watch Mary."

"Dad?"

"Please. It is important. Come with me."

Stephen looked at Mary, still tied to the bed, her tear-stained face watching. He couldn't leave her like that.

His mother touched his arm. "Stephen, we'll take care of her. Just go with your father."

Stephen had never seen his parents so solemn. He reluctantly nodded, pulled on some clothes and left with his father.

Stephen wanted to protest but with so many other clan members around, he knew something serious was occurring. The enclave rarely gathered this way. In fact Stephen couldn't remember the clan ever gathering like this. His stomach roiled. Whatever was going on probably wasn't good.

Jarrold silently led Stephen into the forest. His breath hitched when he realized where they were going. The only time Stephen had been to the Chamber of the Elders was to celebrate sacred rituals. Set off from the residential area, the cave led into the mountainside. They walked for ten minutes before they arrived.

Inside, torches flickered, casting an eerie light over the faces of the men at the large, curved table that served as a dais.

Stephen looked at the Elders. Fear rose in his throat. He wanted to shout at them and berate them for interrupting his time with Mary but their glum expressions stopped his protest.

The Council of Elders protected Sanctuary. Every enclave had a council and that council ruled with absolute authority. The council ensured their continued survival.

A thousand years ago the Abaeterno had been persecuted by humans. Humans far outnumbered their species. It was the guidance of the Elders that had split the people into eight remote enclaves. Their isolation and remote locations allowed the knowledge of their existence to fade from human memory. Humans no longer remembered that another race shared the planet with them. Even when told of their existence, humans didn't believe.

Humans might believe if any clan member was ever genetically tested by them. The clan scientists had found the gene that made the people different from humans. No one wanted that knowledge made public. Despite being lost in the shadow of their ancestry, everyone knew persecution was still a possibility. Humans didn't deal well with differences. An entire race dedicated to the pursuit of sensation might be tolerated but their telepathic powers would create panic. So the Abaeterno survived in isolation. The last time they'd been persecuted many of their people had been lost to intolerance, fear and superstition. The Abaeterno as a race couldn't survive another mass slaughter—there just weren't enough of them.

Even now the clan scientists had a full research program. They were trying to determine how to keep their race alive. They were also researching the extent of their powers. Yes, everyone knew about the hive mind and sharing emotions. Most knew of the visions shared only by mates. Was there more? Legend said they'd once been more powerful. There were legends that new powers appeared when they needed them. But no one had heard of a new power in a millennium. Just as the legends talked about burnout, they talked about the power once shared by the hive mind. According to myth, the hive mind of Sanctuary was a poor reflection of the early powers of the race. Some said they'd traded their powers for safety and isolation from humans—a decision of the early Elders.

Despite the relative safety of the modern enclaves, the Elders still ruled with an iron hand. All their actions were to protect the individual, the enclave and the tribe. Stephen's stomach sank as he entered the interior chamber. Only a dire emergency

could have caused this summons and interrupted a mating ritual. His stomach sank even further as he realized all seven chairs were filled. The seriousness of any discussion could be measured by the number of Elders. Three was the typical number. Seven was the full council.

Stephen moved to the advocate's stand—the area used by those seeking an audience with the Council.

Zorus the High Elder nodded at Stephen. He said, "The Coreus Enclave is seeking the woman you know as Mary. They say she did burn out a man. He has recovered some of his ability but the doctors don't think he'll ever make a full recovery. They insist she be returned to them to pay for what she did."

## **Chapter Four**

"But burnout is just a legend!"

"Apparently not."

"So she needs to pay for something she didn't even know she could do and that none of us thought was possible?"

"They're of the opinion that if she'd submitted as a good woman should then the man wouldn't have been hurt."

Stephen was speechless for a moment before he recovered. "That's barbaric. We don't believe women should just submit. Besides, it's inherent in her nature to fight. She likes to fight. She's not lying about that. So she should be punished because he was too weak? No! I won't let you take her! She's my mate!"

"You'll find another mate."

"No I won't. I'll keep Mary."

"It's too dangerous. She hasn't opened a channel for the mating, has she? She knows it is too dangerous. She is resisting you and she doesn't want the mating. Would you force her?"

"You know I wouldn't! She hasn't opened a channel because she's afraid of hurting me. She wants to but her fear is stopping her."

"Do you want to risk burnout?" Timor, one of the other Elders, asked.

"She won't burn me out."

"That's simply your arrogance talking. You can't know that!" Zorus said.

Jarrold moved to stand next to Stephen and touched his arm to silence his son. Jarrold said, "We're the most dominant clan of our race. Are you telling me that you don't think Stephen can control her with all the clansmen here helping? You must think

she's unbelievably powerful and if she is that powerful, we need her blood. You know we face the danger of inbreeding. We need outside blood. My son needs her. If he's brave enough to face the risk, please give him a chance. Don't send her back."

Stephen stood quietly. He held his fear deep, away from the hive mind, as he stared at the Council of Elders, awaiting their response to his father's plea.

The Elders conferred before Zorus glared at Stephen. "And what if we help you and she burns us all?"

Stephen took a deep breath and said, "We're a clan of Dominants. We are stronger than anyone in Coreus. You know the other clans have moved further and further from their ancestry. They no longer dominate the way we do. It is no wonder one of them got burned. Their psychology has been corrupted by human elements. We're the last mentally pure enclave of the Abaeterno. Besides, even in olden times there were no tales of any individual powerful enough to take out more than one person. I'll take the risk. If you feel me starting to burn out you can shut down the connection."

"Then you wouldn't survive."

"I'll take that risk. Mary is my mate. I won't abandon her."

Stephen exited the cave. With a start he realized the sun was low on the western horizon and as he entered the forest the light was dim. The journey back to his cabin was silent. No one was entirely happy with the decision of the Elders. How they managed to give everyone what they asked for, while at the same time denying everyone what they wanted, was a marvel of politics. Stephen wished Mary had listened to his first suggestion of a quickie in the forest. It was too late now.

At the door to his cabin Stephen turned to his father and said, "Dad, I appreciate your support in the Council. No matter what happens, know that I'm doing this for my mate."

His mother came out of the cabin and hugged Stephen. "I'm proud of you. I like her. She's worth fighting for and know that you'll have the help of every female in this enclave."

Stephen gave his parents hugs and went inside.

Mary sat at the table, dressed in a flowing gown, her eyes wide. She was obviously frightened and Stephen's heart went out to her. She'd carried this burden alone far too long.

Stephen sat down at the table across from Mary. He reached out and placed his hands over hers. "Mary, I understand now why you are so frightened. The Elders wanted to send you back to Coreus. They think you are too dangerous to keep here."

Mary closed her eyes. Her shoulders sagged.

"The Elders gave us one chance to prove you can't burn me out."

"No, I won't take that risk. Send me back."

"I've made my decision. I want you. Go ahead and fight. I won't let you win. Fight all you want. I am stronger than you. You will open your mind and mate with me. You can do it willingly or I'll force my way in. That choice is yours. The choice of whether or not to mate is not."

"Stephen..."

"Trust me, Mary. Trust Sanctuary," Stephen said. He stood and pulled her up.

Stephen led Mary to the bedroom. He pulled her gown over her head. "Lie down," he said.

Mary crawled onto the bed and lay on her side. She watched as Stephen undressed, and despite her fear, she itched to feel Stephen's body on top of her own. He clearly felt the same.

His cock was engorged and he hadn't taken his eyes off her. He smiled when he crawled into bed next to her. He wrapped his arms around her shoulders and waist, pulling her close enough to press her breasts against his chest. One of his legs moved between hers and he raised it to press against her cunt. "Now relax," he said.

"You must be joking. You've tormented me since we got here. I'm going crazy. Satisfy me!"

"Sorry, you can't have me yet. I refuse to have a quick, physical coupling without your mind actively engaged," he said.

Mary tried to twist away from him.

Stephen tightened his grip, holding her still. "Empty your mind and relax your barriers. Let me in."

"No! It's too dangerous."

"Honey, you are not stronger than me and I'm going to prove it to you. It's too bad you weren't raised here. Our women know that there is nothing more intoxicating than being seduced into surrender to a strong male. A male who isn't afraid of his masculinity. Surrender sends the message that you trust me to protect you and take care of you. I will teach you that."

"I surrender physically. Just take me."

"Not good enough."

Mary felt Stephen's mind press against her mental barriers. He wasn't really going to go through with this, was he? She stiffened.

"I've let you keep me out. Time has run out. The situation has changed and I don't have time for the long seduction I'd planned. I need to show the Elders that I can control you or you're doomed. If you won't help me, I'll push my way in."

Mary swallowed. Her eyes filled. "I couldn't bear it if I hurt you."

"Honey, we are out of time. Let me in."

Mary's heart went out to Stephen. His earnest plea moved her as no amount of force could. Her mental control slipped—just a little hitch but enough for Stephen.

Stephen was ready when he felt Mary's barrier shimmer. He inserted his mind into the weakness he spotted and flexed it as if flexing a muscle. He widened the gap. Mary struggled to keep him out. She failed. Stephen's mind flooded her with loving thoughts and visions of him making love to her.



Mary's sight turned inward. She gasped at the intensity of Stephen's lust and need for her. She'd known he was horny but his need was specific now. No other woman would do—only she could satisfy him. She struggled to find reality as he continued to blast her with visions. Her fear made control difficult. She raged stronger than she'd intended. She gasped, afraid she'd gone too far but Stephen's mind still filled hers. She hadn't moved him at all. She pushed again. His mind felt like a rock—implacable and immovable.

What could she do? He seemed oblivious to the danger. She had to get him out of her mind. Her panic focused on one last attempt to free herself. Her mind cracked a little and she imagined his cock buried deep in her vagina. She raised her pelvis to clench him in a tight grip.

The vision startled Stephen. She was sending to him now. It was a thrilling and intense image. It distracted him from his purpose. Mary pushed. Stephen felt his mental grip slip. He fought against her vision and concentrated on staying in her mind. Just as Stephen thought he'd lose his hold on Mary's mind he felt the other clansmen behind him. He smiled. Mary might be strong but she wasn't strong enough to fight everyone. She hadn't pushed him out though it had been a close thing.

Stephen threaded his fingers through Mary's hair and held her head while his tongue delved deeply into her mouth. He pulled back enough to murmur, "The door is open. Walk through it, Mary."

"I'll hurt you."

"No you won't." Stephen's mind was buried so deeply in Mary's head that he could feel the females of his clan. He felt their concern and support for Mary. At his back, the males of the clan formed an indomitable wall of strength. He drew it in and pushed hard.

He went deep into her mind. He felt the well of her power. It bathed him in energy. Blinded by its glare, Stephen lost all sense of himself as he stared into the radiant

energy. Mary's horrified gasp called him back. They both stilled and the weight of the clan mind hesitated.

No one in memory had seen this kind of power. It shimmered in the front of Stephen's mind and he knew if he didn't control it, he'd be burned. The clan members took a mental step back. Doing as he'd told them. They'd cut him off soon and once they did, he wouldn't stand a chance.

If Mary hurt him, she wouldn't survive either. That thought gave him the strength to continue. Stephen willed his mind to take a mental step forward, toward the light. As if from a distance, he was aware of Mary's fear and panic. He had to protect her and there was only one way to do that.

Stephen sipped a tendril of the power into his mind. The sheer power of the energy nearly stunned him. He sipped another thread. He wasn't sure how much power he could hold but no one woman should have to bear this amount of power. No wonder Mary had been so guarded. As his mate he had to share her burden.

Stephen sipped another thread then another and another. Then he stopped, stunned by the implication of what he'd discovered. There was a reason for the light.

Stephen laughed. The power in Mary's mind energized him. It wasn't malevolent. It was just strength, deep in Mary's core. More power than he'd ever imagined existed. Stephen continued sampling the power until it filled him. Then he stepped back again and processed his new knowledge.

There was a reason for the power that fueled the burnout. How could they have missed this? Why hadn't anyone else realized it? Even as he asked the questions he realized their fear had made them blind. Blind no more, Stephen moved forward again. He sensed the collective gasp of the hive. They didn't understand yet but they soon would.

Stephen seized and wielded Mary's power – the power he now commanded.

He physically rolled Mary onto her back and held her wrists in one of his hands. He raised her arms above her head so her nipples rose toward him. Lowering his head, he

gently bit one then the other. She squirmed. He threw a leg over her pelvis, holding her still while he continued tormenting her nipples. Her breathing increased. She was ready for him but he was just starting. By the time he was done there would be no question about his domination or his ability to control her.

He opened a small channel to the hive mind and invited everyone back. They edged a little closer. Not as close as they had been but that was okay. He no longer needed their strength. He just wanted them as witnesses.

Stephen wrapped Mary's wrists in an imaginary rope. She wouldn't know it wasn't real. She was afraid of the power and hadn't explored it. She didn't realize the power wasn't malevolent. It was simply the next step on their evolutionary path. One day he'd explain it to her. But not today.

Today he wanted her subservient to his wishes. He trailed kisses down her belly until he came to the vee between her legs. He used two fingers to spread her open and licked her clit. She tried to send him a vision to hurry him along. He easily blocked it. Soon they'd be able to indulge as mates but not today. Today had only one purpose. He would demonstrate to everyone that he could control her power. He sent her a vision of her dangling from a tree limb while he flicked a switch against her butt. The pain distracted her so he could retain control. Today was about his power.

He felt a shock run through the hive mind. They expected to feel sensations and emotions. They hadn't expected to see the vision as if in a motion picture. Even for an enclave that celebrated sexuality, the strength of the visions Stephen now controlled was startling. One of the Elders shushed the group. Stephen continued.

Stephen cut the rope and Mary fell to her knees.

"Beg me to take you," he demanded.

Mary looked up. He could see the confusion on her face. He'd been sending her visions since they'd met but now he was sending visions within visions and Mary had no idea which vision represented reality. She was lost. He'd lead her back but not until she surrendered. She shuddered.

"Beg me to take you," he repeated. "Beg me."

"Stephen..."

Stephen stood in front of her, waiting for the words.

Mary closed her eyes. "Stephen, I surrender. Please take me."

"Do you acknowledge me as your mate?"

Her eyes flew open.

"Only one answer is acceptable," he warned her. "Do you acknowledge me as your mate?"

Mary could feel the entire hive mind hold its collective breath, waiting for her answer. Stephen had gazed upon the full glare of her power and he seemed energized by the experience. It hadn't burned him. She was nervous but no longer afraid for his safety. She'd initially misread him. His kindness didn't indicate a lack of strength. He could handle her. He could handle her power. She sighed in relief and smiled up at him. "I acknowledge you as my mate. Please take me. Make me yours."

Mary was back in the bed. Her hands free and Stephen on top of her. He held her gaze as his cock slowly parted the walls of her slick cunt. He filled her and pulled back. He filled her again. He was being too gentle. "Harder," Mary said.

"My pace," he replied.

Mary wanted to scream. He was in her head, stroking her pleasure centers then causing pain. The blending of the two became inseparable. She no longer knew whether she felt hurt or pleasure. His power kept her off balance and confused. Mary began to fight, to struggle to increase the intensity of their joining, but Stephen wouldn't let her have control. He continued to torment her until she screamed, "Stephen please...please...please."

As if that was the trigger he'd been waiting for, he increased his pace until he was pounding in and out of her slick cunt. They both sensed the hands and lips from the hive mind. Caressing them, pinching her nipples and stroking his balls. The intensity

climbed. Mary lost all sense of place. She simply rode out the storm while Stephen wrapped all of their combined power into his mind.

Sensation overwhelmed her and Mary exploded. Her pelvis clenched, holding him until he came. And when he finally released his semen, he aimed the power he'd gathered. The hive mind shuddered as everyone linked to Stephen and Mary felt the deep explosion of their pleasure. They shuddered when they realized Stephen had tied their satisfaction and pleasure to the seed of a new life. Already they could feel the strength of the child.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten months later Stephen walked into his cabin to find Mary feeding their son. He paused in the doorway. Would he ever get enough of her? Her breasts filled with milk were the sexiest thing he'd ever seen. He sent her a thought. She laughed and looked up at him, sending the thought back with a twist.

He smiled. The scientists were ecstatic. They had Mary and the baby to study. No one understood how she'd come by her power but Stephen's actions meant the power had passed to their son. All the clans wanted Mary and Stephen to visit—to teach others what they'd done and how. Stephen thought it was magic, not science. Besides, after the way Mary's clan had treated her there was no way Stephen would help them. Narrow-minded thinking carried its own punishment. Let the Coreus clan die out. Sanctuary was strong and would stay that way.

## 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 the north, east, south and west. She's been married and liberated and deeply loves her children. She's worked as an x-ray tech, computer programmer, systems analyst, university instructor and has earned a multidisciplinary Ph.D. Hobbies are equally varied, including stained glass and tai chi.

Cyna welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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