



The Warriors of Ar'mora
Book #1

A Lady's Submission

Frank Carlyle

A
LADY'S
SUBMISSION

Book 1

of

The Warriors of Ar'mora

Frank Carlyle

Christian Erotica Press

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Book 4: *Possessing all of a Lady,*
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Book 2: *To be announced*

Book 3: *To be announced*

Book 4: *To be announced*

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*“Let him kiss me with the kisses of
his mouth: for thy love is better
than wine.”*

Song of Solomon 1:2 KJV

Chapter One

A Father's Legacy

Ireland 1687

The wind whipped viciously back and forth across the land ever strengthened by the rising tempest of the ocean and beat against the rocks of the foundation of the last of the Sea People's fortresses. A fortress that now lay shattered even as fires consumed the rest of what had once been a proud people's heritage.

They had been a free people until

this day that had seen them brought low by the greater empire of the day. England would have no other power present within her borders to claim the authority that she viewed solely as her own.

She'd come to this last holdout among the rocks along the far seacoast of Ireland to destroy the pride of a people that surrendered to no one. A people who refused to be slaves.

A people who would serve the God of their forefathers and not accept the meddling or oversight of anyone else in matters of either the heart or soul. Their pride had taken them far in the ages of antiquities past, but it had also been there undoing.

Too little and too late they had learned the art of humility. Now they

were few left to carry on the names and legacies of those who had once ruled over nations and governed the trade of the entire world over 2000 years before.

The People from the Sea, for that was what they were called by the inhabitants of the land they had come to live in along this remote island off the coast of Ireland, now numbered only six and one was dying.



I held father up as more bloody bubbles came up to froth about his mouth and get stuck in his beard. It was a struggle for me to listen to every labored breath, as much as it was for him to keep breathing.

I thought him beyond speech as he lay staring up into my eyes with all the love of a father that I had yearned to watch grow old and enjoy playing with the offspring of my loins. It would not happen now though and the moment was pressed so the much more full of bitterness because of it that I despaired of the depression of it ever managing to be lifted from off my life.

His voice rough and slurred with the effort of speaking, even as his lungs lay half full of blood jarred me, "You must be strong son! We yet have a destiny as a people, and it falls to you to see that it's accomplished. You are the oldest, you know what must be done! Go from this place of solitude and storms. It was never our home and yet it has been a good resting place for us, but no longer.

You must..... go..... go back. You know of what I speak of.”

I did, but as if I didn't he went on to say, “Ar'mora. It was our home. We lost it, when we lost our souls to darkness and how we have paid dearly for that! Never again! You must keep your faith son or all is lost and Ar'mora will never be reclaimed. It is only by faith in the Creator that you will manage to succeed where our fathers of old failed. You must promise me, son!”

“I promise father!” I said passionately, even as I lacked the faith to know how I could manage to promise that, when I myself was angry with the God in heaven that could allow this day of horrors to unfold as it had, and yet I gave my word and I would do my best to honor it.

My father must've seen that as he lay gasping for continued life for I saw the intense passion of his gaze upon me relax and with that I saw a measure of peace come over him.

“Look to your brothers and sister now. Lay me to rest with your mother on the hill over where she liked best to watch the sun rise.”

I nodded, clutching tightly to his hand, as tears fell from off my face to splat onto the torn and bloody remnants of armor still hanging in place across my father's ruptured chest. His eyes had wandered from me, but then they swung back to me and with earnestness he said, “This has been a good land to us and even as my flesh and that of my fathers before me lay buried in it see that you take a bride of the people of this land.

They are a fierce and noble people and such a woman's blood will only go to strengthen our own. Subdue her in gentleness, possess her in kindness, and love her beyond limitations and it will go well with you. May you sire many children with her and let them all be blessed even as I pray that she will be a fitting match for the passion that burns within you. Promise me that you will do this!"

"I promise father."

"That is good, as I have taught you to be a man of your word. Now not much time before I go. You know where the gold is kept. They did not find it. Almost, but your uncles killed them all before they died of their own injuries. In truth, I die with pride in knowing how many of the enemy that you my young son

have in truth killed for yourself! You are a man of war, but in truth my blessing for you is that when your last day comes that it will be a day of peace and not of loss such as this day has held for all those I love most. Now let my children come to me. I wish to pray over them one last time.”

I looked up past the tears in my gaze over to where Sean stood with bloody sword hanging down. Tears fell from off my brother's face in a steady dribble that reflected the cold rain that had already begun to fall and hiss loudly as it splatted into the flames consuming what had once been our home.

I gestured and he nodded silently before turning to a stone wall beside him and engaging a series of stones that pivoted inward until with a rolling click

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