



The Warriors of Ar'mora  
Book #3

Claiming  
A  
Queen

Frank Carlyle

CLAIMING

A

QUEEN

Book 3

of

The Warriors of Ar'mora

Frank Carlyle

Christian Erotica Press

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## **The Warriors of Ar'mora**

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Book 2: *To be announced*  
Book 3: *To be announced*  
Book 4: *To be announced*  
Book 5: *To be announced*  
Book 6: *To be announced*  
Book 7: *To be announced*

## Table of Contents

[Responsibility Taken](#)

[A Call To Battle](#)

[Thankful](#)

[Mastered](#)

[The Judgement](#)

[New Life](#)

## Again and Again

*“My beloved is mine, and I am his:  
he feedeth among the lilies.”*

*Song of Solomon 2:16 KJV*

## Chapter One

# Responsibility Taken

Torin looked up from the glow of the cast-off candlelight at the sudden disruption he felt in the night. He had been here at Arn for only three days and yet he had the sense that something was different about tonight, even though the noisy ruckus of the jungle at full swing all around the city was undiminished in volume.

Rubbing at his eyes Torin straightened up in his chair and then quickly rose to walk towards his outside balcony making sure to blow the candle out along the way. In the moonlit darkness he made his way through the rest of his darkened palatial quarters to softly step out into the cool moist air of the night.

There was a sense of vibrating energy in the air and the feel of it caused Torin to silently break out in prayer to his Creator for both help and discernment. An answer came then as suddenly the dark spirit that had infiltrated the compound was exposed as if lit up from within until it fairly glowed in the darkness.

With a hiss of awareness it glanced about quickly and then unerringly its glowing gaze rose in the darkness to

stare up at Torin. Nothing was said between the man and the invading spirit, but then suddenly the dark visage of the spirit smiled showing all of its pointy teeth and on a throaty chuckle it bowed low as if in attendance at a high society ballroom event and began to make its way back the way it had come, until it disappeared into the shadows.

Torin watched several long moments more before turning to leave the balcony. He couldn't avert from being slightly startled at the presence of a man standing just within the room.

Recovering his momentum upon recognizing his brother Mahlon, Torin moved on by him into the room. His fingers found the matches on the table and striking one he relit the candle on the table as Mahlon turned away from the

balcony to advance upon the table as well.

Mahlon leaned over the table to study what Torin had embroiled himself for hours on end at gazing upon. “Learning the lay of the land I see.” Mahlon commented, as he took in the old maps and tattered remnants of parchment that lay about the table.

Torin wasn't misdirected that easily, but got to the point of the matter, “When I got here three days ago you said you were having problems. Is that thing outside what you meant?”

Mahlon didn't look up, but noncommittally said, “Not sure. It certainly has to be a part of some problem though. I've tried to set a trap for it, but that's been a useless endeavor. I..... I don't know what the problem is

Torin. I thought I knew what control was, but I feel like it is slipping away somehow. Things just aren't right. Something's off. Never in the previous 11 ½ years that I've been here in our ancestral homeland have I felt as vulnerable as I do now and I don't even know why."

"Some threats go largely unseen until it's too late to do anything about it." Torin commented softly.

Mahlon looked up and Torin read the passion to be seen in his big brother's face as he said forcefully, "I don't want that! I don't like surprises. I'm putting you in charge of this Torin. I want you to find out what's going on. It feels as if our kingdom is about to be swept away by a dark tide of force I can only get glimpses at here and there and yet you've been

here just three days and through your prayers I watch that dark shadow of a thing get lit up like a candelabra.”

Torin shook his head as he said, “I just prayed Mahlon. I don’t have superpowers or anything of the sort.”

Mahlon leaving his spot came around the table and put his arm across his brother’s shoulders and pulling into him slightly he said into Torin’s ear, “How do you know? God made you different Torin.”

Letting go Mahlon turned and began to leave the room as silently as he had come. He called out as if in afterthought, “I certainly think so anyway. You have a way of seeing things that others don’t.”

Feeling the burden of something needing to be said Torin called out as Mahlon reached the door, “It’s been here

before. I don't mean recently either. It knows its way around. Actually I think it's relearning its way around the city, because not everything is the same as it once was since you rebuilt it."

Mahlon had stopped and turning back he asked, "How would you know that?"

"I sensed it." Torin responded back with.

Mahlon blinked before asking, "Anything else?"

"It won't be back."

"You sensed that too?"

"No, it told me so." Torin responded back with evenly as he scanned his brother's eyes for any sign of disbelief.

He found none even as Mahlon said with a nod, "Father was right about you."

A moment passed by before Mahlon

asked, “Tell me then Torin what do you think is going to happen?”

Torin looked away from his brothers probing gaze to the table strewn all over with maps and assorted fragments of Ar'morian history. “I'm not sure.” He admitted before then adding, “But I know it's not good. Ar'mora fell once and we yet to this day have no clear understanding as to why that was other than that it had to do with something of a loss of faith on our forefather's part. A judgment of sorts was enacted against us it would seem. Tell me have you found any place in the ruins with more history of our past than I have gathered here before me?”

“No, I haven't. I can tell you though that whatever happened in the past was a sudden event. All three cities along with

the villages were wiped out virtually within a few days of each other and I'm certain that such a thing couldn't have been pulled off by headhunters. As for Lycana it seems it persisted for some time past that, but succumbed to different factors of evil in the end. You've read Tyree's report on it haven't you?"

"I have." Torin commented.

Both men stood there then as if at a loss for what to say until Mahlon finally managed to force out, "Well, I'm sure you'll figure it out." That said he left the room leaving Torin alone with his thoughts.

Torin stood there a moment in contemplative silence before leaning forward to slam his fist down on the table making the whole thing jump. It was the only outward expression of the

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