



The Warriors of Ar'mora
Book #2

Taming A Warriorress

Frank Carlyle

TAMING
A
WARRIORESS

Book 2

of

The Warriors of Ar'mora

Frank Carlyle

Christian Erotica Press

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Frank's Books

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Book 2: *Taming a Warriress*

Book 3: *Claiming a Queen, 2016*

Book 4: *Possessing all of a Lady,
2016*

Book 5: *The Unexpected Pleasure of
a Slave, 2016*

Agents of the Watch

Book 1: *To be announced*

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*“A bundle of myrrh is my
wellbeloved unto me; he shall lie
all night betwixt my breasts.”*

Song of Solomon 1:13 KJV

Chapter One

Harsh Release

Sweat dribbled off of me in a steady stream of perspiration. The forest understory was an oven and in general the atmosphere was oppressive and the incessant bugs only made everything worse.

I regretted to some degree on even coming on this mission, but it had been important and it was time that I did more on behalf of Ar'mora and my two older brothers. They'd done the lion share of the work and only until recently had I

really stepped more into their responsibility laden footsteps.

It had been last year when the attack had come upon the city that things had really changed. From that moment onward I'd felt a difference about myself and indeed everyone had seemed to treat me different even my brothers.

I was no longer just their kid brother that had to be looked out for. I could hold my own.

I relished this newfound respect and it was only fitting that I take some responsibility to go along with it. That was chiefly why I was here on this mission.

Besides Mahlon couldn't easily step away from the affairs of the city or his newborn child and wife for that matter. Sean, well..... beating about in the

jungle and suffering what to him would be unnecessary discomfort wasn't exactly his style.

Not that Sean had much of a style other than for being dispassionately silent and moody. All that said he would probably have come if I hadn't made it clear that I would take part in the expedition.

He had seemed almost relieved, then his usual serious self had returned to the forefront as he cautioned me, "You make sure to keep your wits about you kid. There may not be many headhunters about these days, but the deep jungle is full enough of other nasty surprises to see you dead in a heartbeat."

At the time I'd rolled my eyes as I hadn't liked him referring to me as the 'kid', but he was right about the jungle

and I was cautious of my environment. The others along with me, however, were not so much.

They had one thing on their minds, treasure. The Kingdom of Ar'mora, as it had once been, had been a kingdom consisting of several cities that lay farther inland from the river port city of Arn. There had also been numerous villages scattered out in between the cities within the old kingdom.

Over the years we had discovered remnants of three of the other cities and a few of the villages. There hadn't been much left to pick through much less build upon.

Arn had weathered the millennia much better than her sister cities had for sure. There weren't even any outer perimeter walls still standing at the other ancient

sites.

Both Mahlon and Sean had seen little point in trying to restore them so they hadn't, although soon something would need to be done. Arn was filling up.

Every day more sojourners from all over the world it seemed were finally coming back to their original home that their ancestors had fled from so many years before. It was an exciting occurrence, but also one that created a few headaches. Namely where to house all of them.

There was one city left yet to have been rediscovered and there was little surviving record of it at all other than that it had been greater in size than Arn and that it had been in existence before even the Ar'morians had come to these lands long ago. It had been a vacant city

that Ar'mora had taken over and made their own and what few records existed had said it was the fairest of all the cities on the face of the earth with abundant riches untold.

A great wall had surrounded it. A wall that had reportedly held out monsters of ferocious and terrifying ability. The city had been named Lycana and it was to this city we had been traveling nonstop through some of the worst jungle that I had ever encountered for over two weeks now.

I seriously doubted that even headhunters would live in these parts and most interestingly none of the native warriors who lived among us at Arn would come with us on this journey into the interior. When asked why they had simply shook their heads and said, "Too

dark! Not good! Not good place at all!
No go there!”

At their refusal to go along on the expedition Mahlon had almost called the expedition off, but the greed of the other colonists, and my own natural curiosity had eventually convinced Mahlon to do otherwise. In fact I'd say it was my insistence to come that had swayed Mahlon the most, as he wasn't overly interested in acquiring wealth as he had once been and so the desire of others for it was largely an annoyance to him.

My brothers had discovered Arn and its surroundings, and now it had fallen to me to unveil even more of the past and make some discoveries of my own. That said I looked about in despair. How on earth would we ever be able to clear a road through this inhospitable jungle to

reconnect Arn with a forgotten jungle city?

I'd stopped in my pondering of that very thing and the others all breathing quite heavily came to a stop around me and collapsed against tree trunks and mossy rocks. One man let out a scream at the sight of a snake about to strike at him, as he had foolishly sat down upon its tail.

The man's impending death was arrested though as the snake struggled in vain to move away from the underhanded thrown knife that held it transfixed to the ground just behind its head. Its coils writhed bloodily about the blade of the knife in its desperation to be free.

One of the others quickly whacked off its venomous head and kicked its

twisting body away into the undergrowth. The man's life that I had saved was holding his hand over his heart and with a relief tinged voice he said, "Thank you Tyree! I was almost a goner there."

I nodded, but said nothing. I didn't really care for the man.

That went for the other seven that had accompanied me on this journey as well. Even being long-lost kin didn't necessarily make somebody into a better person. I would much rather have made this journey with some of my native warrior friends, but they had heeded the council of their fathers and had not come with us.

For the most part I was alone in this group of treasure adventure seekers. One of the others handed me back my blade

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