



The Huntsman

Aedan Sayla

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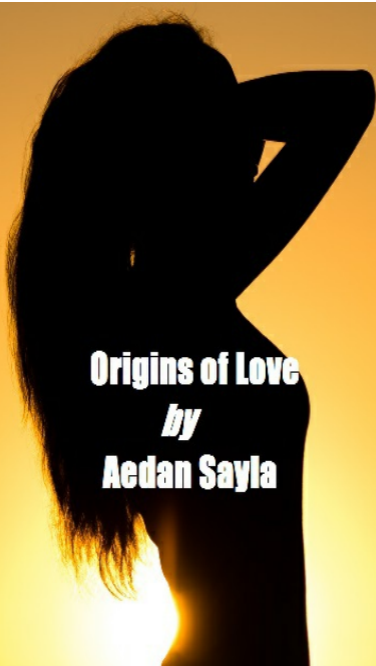
A Tale of Christian Erotic Fiction

Aedan Sayla

Origins of Love Company

Publisher

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Sincerely, Aedan Sayla

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Cover Art by Aedan Sayla

Book	Layout	©	2017
BookDesignTemplates.com			

The Huntsman / Aedan Sayla. – First Edition
ID # 751-8-9532173-1-7

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Sincerely, Aedan Sayla

I Corinthians 9:19 – 23

19 - Although I am a free man and not anyone's slave, I have made myself a slave to everyone, in order to win more people.

20 - To the Jews I became like a Jew, to win Jews; to those under the law, like

one under the law — though I myself am not under the law — to win those under the law.

21 - To those who are without that law, like one without the law — not being without God's law but within Christ's law — to win those without the law.

22 - To the weak I became weak, in order to win the weak. I have become all things to all people, so that I may by every possible means save some.

23 - Now I do all this because of the Gospel, so I may become a partner in its benefits.

— Source: HOLMAN BIBLE
TRANSLATION

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Hard Days

‘Keep your head down, don’t make eye contact, and above all don’t do anything to look pretty.’

It was a daily litany of routine that I could barely stand anymore that was rivaled only by having to deal with how bad I smelled. Even the slop in the battered tin that my hands were wrapped around was almost beyond my ability to

cope with in terms of smell or taste.

I wasn't entirely positive as to what it was that I was eating, but I had prayed over it and I hadn't been told by my God not to eat it so I ate it. Every cursed hack worthy bite of it each day I was blessed to even be fed.

I found my secret spot in the barracks where for a few moments each day I was fortunate to be out of sight of anyone. So far I had never been bothered here yet, but things could change. So far today the record seemed to be in no threat of being broken.

Shivering, I dipped the battered spoon I kept hidden in a pocket into the runny broth and brought a bite up to my

lips. It was at least warm, that much I could say about it, but otherwise having to daily consume it was like being in some proverbial dimension of hell. Being imprisoned, as I was, only made the aspect of being in hell more so in terms of appearance.

We were told though that the conditions outside were even worse. I'm not sure I believed the guards on that one entirely, but before being rounded up I had seen unspeakable things take place. Things I would never have believed possible. Things that no matter as bad as this forced incarceration had been could not equal.

Still, I wanted to be free of this place, with its tall barbed wire walls

and guards that would grab a hold of a boy or girl and haul them off to be raped by the whole squad watch as a sort of payment for protection services. No this place was hell and however bad as it had become on the outside in the last 2 ½ years I didn't care so long as I managed to at least die or live with dignity free from this daily torment of fear and expectation of pain.

The meager portion in the bowl was gone and I tucked it and the spoon away within my tattered cloak for tomorrow providing if whether we would be fed or not. As of late that wasn't always the case. In fact the days of missed feedings were getting more and more frequent. The population of three thousand or so

refugees only grew sicker and more malnourished because of the missed feedings.

I was the healthiest person I knew and yet in order to survive I had learned the wisdom of acting like I was sick and partially out of my mind in order to fit in with the rest of my inmates that I would barely classify as being human anymore. Precious were the moments of the day when I could be alone and not having to pull off an act of half addled craziness. In these few blessed moments I often took the opportunity to speak to God, who in effect was my only surviving companion in this place of hell on earth. He was the only one keeping me sane. Truly, without Him I would be as lost as

the rest of these poor souls.

Closing my eyes, I clasped my hands together and said, “Lord, you got me through another day. I..... I’m grateful for the food I’ve been given.” A single tear streaked down my face, it was hard to choose to be real and not someone embittered by life’s circumstances.

“I hope for something a lot better soon, but if that’s not the plan then so be it. I’m still your girl. The people here are getting sicker and sicker and I fear where this is going. I’ve tried to speak to some of them of You, but nobody wants to listen. They’re all so bitter and full of hate because of how they’ve been treated. Please keep me from becoming like them. I don’t want to give up on my

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