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# CLAIMING THEIR VILLAGE BRIDE

Claiming Their Bride, Book Two

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ABBY AARON



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.  
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*To Sandra, a dyslexic's saving grace.*

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## Prologue

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### Facing Her Penalty

**S**top delaying,” her husband, the serious one, demanded. “Explain why you chose to dishonor our family and dared to convince others to help you?”

A skilled warrior would cringe under the livid expression he was giving her. But she still did not fear whatever outcome awaited her. Jemina’s husbands would never truly harm her, not in a lasting manner. They had sworn to protect her, not once, but twice. Mere hours before, they accepted the cruel punishment meted out by the village elders for her sin of breaking their laws. They shielded her from hard, red-hot rod strikes across the back.

“I had to tell my brother. He needs to protect his wife.”

Her amber-haired mate challenged her feeble excuse. “Giannis is under no immediate danger, wife. If she is with child, it would take months for the real threat to come to pass. You are more intelligent than most. Do not try to claim you don’t understand as much.”

Both men circled around her, and shame coursed through Jemina. She

trusted her motives were pure. “I did not realize you three would pay the price for my actions. All I could think of when I left—”

“You agreed to let us handle the task,” her third husband interrupted her.

“Do you deny remembering our promise to return to your village and share the secret with Jael?”

“Bride, our family has protected the confidence we shared with you for many cycles. Our sister’s life depends on guarding it until she comes of age. After such a time, everyone will know of the city’s deceit. No one outside of our immediate family unit can know the full story. Not even Otto, who is trusted more than any other living being among us.

“Yet we did not hesitate to expose the details to you and, in consideration of your wishes as our wife, we promised to extend this knowledge to your brother. Do you comprehend the courage such a compromise cost my blood brother and me? Despite him living far away from our family unit, knowing one slip of his tongue could jeopardize all which we have worked so hard to protect, we agreed to your request to prepare Jael to protect his wife.”

“How can I make this right?” Jemina was desperate now. She longed to go back in time and undo the damage to her husbands’ trust and respect for her. Whatever they asked of her, she would do it to prove how repentant she was for disrespecting their faith.

“We have gifted you with all we have to offer, Jemina. Our protection. Our love. Our seed.” Her first husband’s voice sounded so dejected. “You will have to find a way to repair the harm done.”

“I cannot undo the damage. The wounds on your backs will remind me always of the day I dishonored our union and selfishly acted alone, instead of putting our family’s interest above all others. Jael and my family unit back in Urijah were my primary focus, but I forgot, as your wife, I have a new family unit that rightfully surpasses all others.”

She removed her shirt and pants, tossing them aside. Her undergarments followed. She needed to bare herself, body and soul now to prove her honest, pure shame. Her three husbands watched her closely, but she did not meet their eyes. Until she had regained their respect, proven her own, she would not do so. “You have gifted me with your protection. Each of your backs confirm

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*your devotion. The fact that you have not cast me off as a wife, even after I dishonored our family unit, proves your love knows no bounds.”*

*The village bride dropped to her knees and prepared to do the one thing she had managed to avoid during their many lovemaking sessions since the wedding ceremony.*

*Reaching up, she slowly unfastened her second husband's pants and reached inside. His male member was easy to free. It was already engorged. Shutting her eyes tightly, she promised herself she could find the courage to do this. “Until I earn the right to receive your seed in my womb, I will accept it this way as proof of my regret for leaving the safety of the village border.”*

*The smell was not unpleasant. It reminded her of his strength and devotion to her. Often this husband had explored her body with his mouth, especially her most intimate parts. He was skilled with flicking his hot tongue across her nub, making it swell and go damp. He was even teaching her other husbands about the ways to drive her wild with the same attention.*

*Could the tip of her tongue move as expertly as his did? She allowed herself to study the end. A small amount of liquid seeped from the slit there. She could not stop herself from gagging at the thought of something so unfamiliar going into her mouth.*

*Jemina refused to give up. Her husbands loved her above all others. The dew had a musty flavor, she noted as she ran her tongue over the tip. Her husband tensed and a moan tore from deep in his chest.*

*He was enjoying her efforts. Pride swelled within her heart. He pulled back, moaning about being too close to losing his seed.*

*She switched attention to her first husband. His member was even harder than the second's had been. With pride and determination, she repeated her earlier action. First, she licked the impressive length. He tasted a bit stronger than the other, but she found herself getting used to the strange sensation and wondered what her third mate would feel and taste like when she was ready to work on him.*

*Her tongue settled over the tip of her first mate's rod, but she opted to go slower this time. Rushing the act with her second husband had been a miscalculation. “Oh, dear Creator above, this cannot be right.” His words were*

husky, and her first husband held on tightly to her hair as she sucked on the moisture escaping from the tip.

“I have regained my control,” her auburn-haired mate announced, coming forward to try coaxing her attention back to him. She switched between both men, licking the very edge around the tips of their shafts before suckling the liquid that rewarded her efforts.

Her third husband pushed his way toward her suddenly. She witnessed him strong arm his triad aside as he freed his own penis. He guided it toward her face, the look of anticipation making Jemina’s own body grow damp. She reached down to start fondling herself, but he ordered her to stop.

“You do not come until each of us do,” he ordered. His bold words and stern expression almost made her explode. The pungent scent he produced thrilled her.

Fisting her hair, he waited until she parted her teeth more before pushing himself deeper inside. Was she meant to let him take her in the mouth as he did in her channel? Was such a thing even possible? Jemina did gag then, but only for a moment.

He gave her a chance to recover, before beginning to ease in and out of her mouth again, shallow at first, but gaining deeper and deeper access with each thrust. Her hands reached up to brace against his thighs, as if she could try gaining a bit of control over his relentless prodding.

Something wanton inside her took control. She reached up to pull his pants down completely, caressing his balls. Wild, exciting sounds erupted from husband number three. Jemina forced her mouth to go slack and grabbed onto his firm ass, digging her fingers in the taut muscles there. It was not long before he was tensing.

Jemina started using her tongue to playfully push his member out as he pulled back, before dutifully sucking it back inside. If her mouth was not full, she would no doubt be moaning with desire. Hot fluid shot in her throat, and for a moment she was unsure of how to proceed. Her mother had not given her any clues on what to do when pleasing a man this way. Was she meant to swallow as he spilled his seed or let it pool in the back of her mouth until he finished?

“Open your mouth,” her third husband commanded, as he pulled himself



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free. *"I want to see my seed filling your hot mouth before you accept every bit of it when you swallow."* At his nod of approval, Jemina sat on her haunches and allowed the seed to slide down her throat, even licking her lips as if appreciative of the gift he bestowed on her.

A huge smile returned to his lips. His anger and disappointment had vanished. *"Be warned. If you blatantly disobey us again, it won't be your mouth which claims our seed, but your beautiful, tight ass."*

*"You would beat me?"* she asked in a sassy tone, relieved at least this husband had forgiven her.

*"Not beat, little gem. Fuck. We will take turns pumping our cocks into your tight ass."*

*The image he planted in her mind both terrified and intrigued her.*

*She started concentrating on her first husband, bringing him close to spilling his seed, but stopped short of finishing him off. With a wicked grin, she turned to the second, taking him to the very edge again, only to pull away.*

*Then she pulled at each man's legs, drawing them to stand closer to her. Then Jemina guided both men inside her mouth. She could not take either in very deep. Jemina used the side of her mouth as a holding place for one member, as she accepted the other's hard, powerful thrust. Then her face shifted and the other member gained full access while she pocketed the other between her teeth and jaw.*

*Both came with a force that sent a shudder through all three of their bodies. The volume of seed was hard to contain, and some seeped between her lips as she was freed. She took a moment to regain her composure*

*They carried her to the bed. They used their mouths and fingers to bring her to completion. For a moment, Jemina actually feared she had accidentally relieved herself as her body shuddered out of control. Liquid came shooting out of her frame. Would her husbands notice? She clamped her legs together tightly, only to have them forced apart by strong hands.*

*To her horror, her auburn hair husband used his mouth to accept the fluid. Then the other two reached over to pry her legs open wider so they could lick away any remaining specks. Her first husband sat beside her, pulling her head to rest on his lap. "Later tonight, we will pour our seed inside your perfect body again. Only this time, we will have two entrances to fill, wife."*

*DAYBREAK ON NEW EARTH, Village of Urijah*

“WAKE UP, girl. The sun is rising. If we hope to complete our journey, we must make haste. It will take two days to travel to both villages and the two sections of the city wall not protected by Urijah warriors.

Jemina’s eyes blinked open. Why had he interrupted her wonderful dream? “I will be up in a moment, Papa.” Pulling her bed sheets over her chin, she prayed he would leave quickly. She did not know which to be more embarrassed about – having one of her fathers wake her from one of her many wanton dreams or knowing a large pool of her release no doubt spotted her sheets. Would she be able to change the bed before it was time to depart?

Jemina was puzzled about her sleeping thoughts. How could a virgin have such vivid dreams of things she knew nothing about? Only fleeting memories of the actual events in the fantasy lingered as she allowed her fleeting climax to wane. No matter, soon she would learn how accurate her unconscious notions about what it would be like to make love were true. Today she started her journey into a new, exciting life.

Her fathers were finally ready to announce her coming of age. They had put off the task well beyond the general milestone of seventeen cycles. She was nineteen cycles now, soon to be twenty. Jemina would not be held back any longer. She threatened to travel alone and make the announcement herself if her fathers did not do their duty by the end of the official village cycle. With their approval or not, triads of fit warriors would soon compete for the right to wed her. Life as a village born woman was blessed, indeed.

Wild and Free

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**A**s the heavily cloaked, slender figure rushed ahead of the group yet again, Leodon exhaled with frustration; the profound lines across his weathered brow deepened. “I knew it was a mistake to bring her. We will be lucky to return to our village alive.” The dense foliage made it challenging to keep track of the impulsive youth up ahead.

Ellias clapped his heavy palm against his fellow triad member’s back. No lines marred his attractive face, and only a touch of gray hinted to his middle age. “Calm yourself, friend. She is safe. Between the three of us, we can handle any mischief which comes our way.”

“Mischief?” grunted the final man among them in their traveling group. “The evildoers are a bit more dangerous than such a word implies.” Darnish gave a humorless smile. “At least we will have the element of surprise on our side if an attack occurs. Few men would assume someone as small as our daughter could fight better than many warriors.”

“It would not matter if they suspected she was female; Creator spare us. She might be dressed the part, but she is certainly not acting like a trained warrior at the moment,”

Leodon asserted. “The girl lacks discipline and wisdom; I pity the grooms who win her hand.”

Ellias sighed. “You speak the truth, but let us enjoy the thrill of watching her get into a few last bouts of trouble while we can. Soon she will be wed and move away. Life will be boring in the Village of Urijah then.”

“I wager the village which gains her will offer to send her and it’s warriors to live among our people once they realize what a disruptive, though beautiful, troublemaker we have raised.” Darnish brushed a long, gray lock of hair off his square forehead before doubling his pace to catch up with their daughter.

All three men kept a watchful eye on the path around them, ready to respond to any threat that might arrive. The grounds outside the villages and around the city were lawless territory. Those banished from civilized settlements roamed these regions, preying on anyone passing by. To be captured by these evildoers meant certain death to any males and worse for any females.

Women were a rare, sought after commodity since war demolished most of humanity countless cycles before. Finding one outside the walls of the city or away from the protection of the village settlements was sporadic indeed. While male children were plentiful, treaties had to be brokered with the City of Women in order to win brides from within to help keep various lineages alive.

Stumbling upon a village born female was unheard of. Laws were strict about such matters. But Jemina often managed to find a way around any barriers attempting to limit her. When her twin brother Jael went off to train as a warrior, the imp managed to convince the elders of Urijah into allowing her to watch the preparation from afar. Separate from the boys training, she mimicked their every move. Then she practiced what she learned in the wee hours of the night until she could prove her worth to the council and seek approval to join the training.

Leodon grunted with frustration, recalling how he had put

his foot down when Jemina first sought permission to train alongside her twin. He argued a village born female was too valuable to risk possible injury during such vigorous training practices. But Jemina had been ready for such a hurdle. She was always prepared with a quick response to argue her point.

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### *MANY CYCLES BEFORE*

JEMINA PROUDLY STOOD before the elders, her radiant freckles dazzling her audience. Her windswept hair floated around her oval face as she spoke. Leodon could easily see there was no doubt lingering in her mind. She was convinced she would succeed in her latest, ridiculous quest. He saw the way Alistrair, the head Elder, was smiling down at her. Wise, he might be, but his wild hair and unkempt beard were better reflections of his true eccentric manner. The leader enjoyed Jemina's wild streak and was prone to humoring the girl.

“As a village daughter, I have more to fear than most.” Her pale, steel blue eyes lowered a bit, as if in submission. When she lifted them again, they were full of fire. “Such is the reason I implore you to allow me a chance to learn the skills necessary to protect myself. The brave warriors who patrol our village boundaries are powerful and capable indeed, but breaches are not unheard of.

“Aye, I understand all too well the peril I face if evildoers manage to capture me. All I ask is an opportunity to learn the necessary means to protect myself until our brave warriors can come to my rescue.” Her tone was silvery and demure. Her father had little doubt the elders found themselves ready to amend the rules for her, yet again.

Leodon stood up then, his triad at his sides. He remained

silent as Ellias spoke, but kept a wary eye on their daughter. He noticed Ellena, their wife, holding counsel with Jemina. It was an ominous sign. Though he loved the stunning woman he and his triad had claimed from the city, he was not blind to the sly manner in which she conducted herself, especially where their only daughter was concerned. Born in the city, Ellena felt restricted with life in the village.

Ellena was loyal to each of her three husbands and would never consider returning to the city; Leodon was sure of it. But their wife understood the thirst for adventure their only daughter had. Ellena had nurtured it from infancy. With a sly nod, he watched her signal for Jemina to keep her lips closed and not argue as her eldest father spoke to the council.

Leodon could almost hear his wife's warning. *"Blatantly challenging your fathers, especially in public, will not improve your chances to succeed."* Walking away, Jemina must have decided it was indeed wise to allow her mother to help her win favor with the council instead of arguing further.

Leodon watched as his wife signaled her desire to be recognized by the elders. Once given leave to speak, Ellena begged the council to allow her to conference in private with her husbands. "Pray, give me but a few moments to explain my thoughts on this matter to my mates. Before we explain our family unit's thinking on this matter, it is wise for us to come to a consensus. Don't you agree, Alistrair?"

Her husbands groaned, knowing they now faced a battle of wits more formidable than dealing with the village elders. But Alistrair had already called a recess of the meeting, leaving the family unit alone to battle it out.

Once she had them in private, Leodon watched as their beautiful wife began working to soothe the protective rage coursing through her mates' bodies. "My dear husbands, before you try to sway the council into rejecting our daughter's request,

allow me a few moments to explain why I think supporting Jemina is a better decision.

Jael will protect his twin sister if any trouble should befall her during training sessions. Aside from his watchful eye, she will be safe because none of the other fledglings would do anything to chance hurting the only surviving village born daughter of Urijah for ten cycles. Our mischievous offspring has a wild side that puts her in danger inside the safety of our protective village. One day she will move away from us. I would feel more at ease knowing she could protect herself if trouble arises and her loving fathers are no longer available to save her.”

“If?” Darnish quipped. “Ellena, surely you mean when? Trouble always follows our daughter. She thrives on it. Only the Creator could fathom why, but you encourage it.”

“All the more reason to allow her to train.” Ellena ran her hand under Darnish’s silver beard, her fingers circling a patch of sensitive skin she assumed only she knew existed. His eyes widened and she did not have to reach down to check if his body had responded to her coaxing. Leodon scoffed at how easily his friend had been won over.

Jemina had inherited her mother’s red hair, but while the younger female’s was untamed, Ellena’s was smooth and silky to the touch. Her mates had often said her beautiful hair had been one of the very things that made them select her when they had claimed their bride. One of the three was especially fond of her tresses. He liked to tug on them as he surged into her body. Leodon saw her brush the length against Ellias’ bare shoulder as she turned her charm on him next.

As the oldest and leader of the family, it was Ellias’ duty to be the voice of reason. Leodon silently bid his fellow husband to stay strong. It was a wasted plea. Once their wife pushed her hair back and exposed her neck, the leader of their family unit could not take his eyes off the delicate, pale skin. “Aye, Jemina’s twin and the other fledglings will protect her with their lives. We

cannot watch over her day and night. As a fledgling, she would be too busy training to run us haggard.”

Leodon threw up his hands, determined to stay impassive until the matter was resolved and Jemina’s welfare guaranteed. He crossed his thick arms across his massive chest and mocked his triad with a raised, bushy eyebrow. They had no inkling they had been manipulated. He swore to himself that he would remain focused on their daughter’s fate and not his hard cock.

As if she could read his expression, Ellena addressed his fears. “What if someone did manage to breach the protection of our village? Wouldn’t you feel better knowing our daughter could protect me and our younger children when you rushed off to fight our enemies?”

Ellena turned to face the others after gauging his reaction. She accidentally backed into him, and Leodon groaned loudly. The soft globes of her backside rubbed against his hard thighs. Stiffening his stance, he vowed to stay his set course. Her long hair swept across his bare chest as she turned her head to apologize for backing into him. But damn if she didn’t lift her backside higher until it rubbed against his swollen erection. She flexed the muscles in her ass and his manhood swelled eagerly.

Though middle aged, his lovely wife could arouse him with a mere glance. Getting her back to their home and undressed soon pushed any thought about protesting Jemina’s training away. Ellias was right. With Jemina training as a fledgling, the husbands and wife could catch up on more intimate pursuits. Besides, what harm could come of letting her train. Village born females were confined to the boundaries of the village of Urijah. Not until potential mates came here, to compete for the gift of claiming her as their village bride, would she be in any real danger.

“Ellias, as leader, it is your responsibility to share our family unit’s desires, I mean thinking on the matter of Jemina training. Take your time explaining. Darnish and I will be with our dear wife in her center room. Join us when you can.”



JEMINA'S blue eyes darted about, trying to drink in everything around her. The whole lot was so green and free. Branches sprouted off of trees, no meaningful order to their direction. The sounds of wild creatures in the distance had her wondering what kind of animals she might finally get to see. Oh, the warriors who hunted for the village often brought in various beasts, but they were limp and cold when she finally got to examine them. What would it be like to touch a warm, wild, living creature?

Wild cats roamed this area, if her brother Jael was to be believed. They flashed sharp teeth and thrived on ripping flesh from the body of anyone crazy enough to stumble within reach. Jemina did not bother to fret on the matter. Jael also thought the healer Dalia's dogs were dangerous beings. So did many of the other fledglings and even a fair number of warriors back in their village.

It was pure nonsense, she knew. With a little meat and patience, Jemina had managed to win over the healer's alpha male hound. The others followed his lead, accepting her and allowing her to pet them and lead them around. Why the image of the Elder Alistrair suddenly popped in her head, she knew not. Probably because the dominant dog was furious looking too, but once won over, a loveable creature at heart.

Giggling, she remembered the time she had led a large pack of the dogs into the barracks where the fledglings lived. She had tried to convince the elders into allowing her to live among the others who trained beside her. Until that moment, she had assumed the others were her friends and allies, but they proved they were traitorous beasts at the meeting. As a united group, with Jael of all people as their spokesperson, the men she trained alongside demanded Jemina be banned from even entering the area where they rested at night.

The elders had sided with the boys, no doubt, Jemina real-

ized, because she had forgotten to act demure and obedient while in their presence. In her disgust with the other fledglings' betrayal, she had started chasing after various young men, threatening to use her sword to unman them for their mean words. The elders had laughed at the sight of a wee girl raging at young men who were supposed to be future warriors.

It had been Alistrair, the leader of the elders, who raised his hand to end the chase. "There are some places daughters cannot go, sweet Jemina. It is time you learn this hard fact." Though he had weather-beaten skin and a penetrating voice, she did not flinch at his words. Rarely did Alistrair deny her wishes, and it hurt her pride to have him side with the others now.

"Just as there are places where men are not accepted?" she asked boldly, when Jael started to sanction her, Alistrair raised a hand to halt him. "How often have you warned the villagers about the wrongness of the city dwellers who separate themselves from others merely by gender, sir? If their action is wrong, wouldn't stopping me from living with the fledglings be just as wrong?"

She had not been trying to shame him, as some of the other elders were quick to assume. She truly sought to understand the leader's reasoning, for she valued his opinion above all others, save for her mother. Alistrair knew this and walked over to stand before her. "No men are allowed inside the city's inner wall. Ever. This is not true of women entering the fledglings' barracks."

"So I may move there?" She knew his answer before he spoke. His warm, wide set eyes were easy to read. "If women are allowed to enter, why not me?"

"Unlike you, the women who go to the fledglings' beds are there to do an important task. They help train our future warriors for a job you will never have to concern yourself about. Has your mother or fathers not yet explained the purpose of the cast-offs who service our village?"

Jemina was confused by his words. She reflected on what little

she did know about the cast-offs. There was a group of women who lived off on their own, without a triad of fathers to boss them around. The men in the village often smiled at these ladies, though never if a wife was around to witness such affection to someone not of their family unit. Alistrair seemed to ponder if he should provide more information or send her back to her parents for them to do so.

“Please explain their duty, sir. I am not a small child anymore. In a few years, warriors will come here hoping to claim me as a bride. I do not wish to be ignorant of important matters involving our customs.”

Her words touched him. “They show the fledglings how to please a bride, Jemina. Your future husbands are no doubt being trained by their village’s version of this system. It is a very private and complex ritual, one that an innocent, village daughter, soon to be a village bride, need not witness.”

It was futile to continue arguing, but Jemina often dared to question matters on the off-chance things might change. “Don’t I need to learn how to please my future mates? Maybe I can watch from afar, as I did when I first observed the training sessions for battle?” A collected gasp of outrage filled the meeting area, both from her fellow fledglings and the council elders.

Alistrair turned to stare the others into silence. Then he grasped Jemina’s hand and offered some words of wisdom she would remember forever. “It is not your job to please your husbands, my sweet Jemina. As their bride, your mates are responsible for making you happy, not the other way around. It is one of the few powers a woman holds in the villages. The other women will not thank you for challenging it. This matter is closed. You don’t have to like the outcome, but I expect you to respect it and drop all talk on moving into the fledgling’s barracks.”

Jemina had conceded then, not wanting to turn the women against her, nor chance having Alistrair harden his heart on any

future pleas she might make. But she was determined to prove herself equal to the others who trained alongside her. She was just as brave and skilled as they were. Their small victory might make them think she was weaker, she reasoned. Jemina used bits of meat to lead the healer's most threatening looking hounds toward their barracks where the fledglings slept. Then she coaxed them inside, being careful not to cross the threshold herself. Aye, she respected Alistrair's decision, even if she did not like it one bit.

She sat back on the green grass surrounding the fields where they trained for battle. She waited patiently, sure Jael and the others would notice their new visitors soon enough. They would have to admit she was braver than they when it came to dealing with the hounds.

Within minutes, loud shouts of alarm filled the air. But it wasn't her fellow fledglings running from the building, but several cast-off women. Jemina's small mouth popped open as she realized they were in various stages of undress. The dogs, thinking the runners were playing a game with them, gave chase.

Soon her fellow fledglings emerged, many with exposed portions of their bodies that Jemina had never seen before. While she had helped to care for her baby brothers, it had not prepared her for the sight of a grown-up version of what hung below the pants men wore.

Jemina had planned to run toward the fray, sword raised to drive off the dogs with her friends, but it was out of the question now. Closing her eyes, she prayed none of the dogs got hurt because of her poorly planned plot. She was sure she never wanted to see another grown man naked again.

---

THREE YEARS HAD PASSED since that time. Jemina had not hit puberty when it had transpired, but within a few months, she

discovered her interest in the opposite sex was healthy, though sorely challenged. It was impossible to look upon the boys she grew up with as anything but brothers. The full-grown warriors were all matched up with city brides. Besides, people within the village were related through the common ancestor of Urijah. She was not meant to mate with any of them. She dreamed of mysterious men, from far off settlements, who were trained to please a woman. In her dreams, she had strong opinions about what they would look like and how they would act. One must have sky blue eyes. Auburn-hair, pulled tight with a leather strap at the base of a thick neck. The leader would be a gentle lover, one who learned about making love alongside her instead of finding his way with a slew of cast-off women.

Soon she would have men competing for the honor of claiming her as a bride. Jemina was eager to wield the power her mother and the other village wives already held. She would have three husbands whose duty it was to please her. Parts of her body tingled eagerly at the mere idea. If her fathers were not mere feet away, she would dare to stroke herself as she fantasized of the pleasure awaiting her.