

# Green Valley Brides

*Love Multiplied Books 1 & 2*

By

Rayanna Jamison

©2016 by Blushing Books® and Rayanna Jamison

All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Blushing Books®,  
a subsidiary of

ABCD Graphics and Design  
977 Seminole Trail #233  
Charlottesville, VA 22901

The trademark Blushing Books®  
is registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Jamison, Rayanna  
Green Valley Brides

eBook ISBN: 978-1-68259-411-7  
Cover Design by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the Author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

**Table of Contents:**

Bride Two Soon, Book One ..... 5  
The Prodigal Bride, Book Two .....88  
About Rayanna Jamison.....168  
Ebook Offer .....169  
Blushing Books Newsletter .....171  
About Blushing Books .....172

# Bride Two Soon

*Love Multiplied, Book One*

By

Rayanna Jamison

©2014 by Blushing Books® and Rayanna Jamison

All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Blushing Books®,

a subsidiary of

ABCD Graphics and Design

977 Seminole Trail #233

Charlottesville, VA 22901

The trademark Blushing Books®

is registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Jamison, Rayanna

Bride Two Soon

This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

# Chapter 1

Ben Randall left the Bishop's office with a knot forming in the pit of his stomach. It wasn't that he was displeased with the new wife that had been chosen for him—it wasn't that at all.

He knew Beth Anne fairly well. He was comfortable with her, and she with him, and he knew she would make an excellent wife. It wasn't that he wasn't attracted to her, because to be perfectly honest, he had found himself drawn to her from the moment that Mollie had introduced them.

He groaned. With that last thought, he knew he had found the root of the problem. Mollie was going to be beyond furious. He knew for a fact that she was not ready to add to the family yet. While she fully embraced the polygamist lifestyle they had both grown up in, she had expected it would be a year or more before they added any more wives. Heck, they both had! They had only been married a few short months. And, that was only half of the problem.

Ben sat down on the bench outside the church with his head in his hands. He thought about Mollie, his beloved first wife. Mollie with her gorgeous red curls and fiery temper. No, Mollie was not going to take this sitting down.

Going over scenarios in his head trying to figure out how he would break the news, Ben sighed. Deep in his heart, he knew this could only end one way—with his beloved on the wrong end of his paddle.

He didn't know exactly how it would happen, but he knew it would happen, because Beth Anne, his soon to be second wife, was Mollie's best friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ben ducked as the second glass candlestick flew across the room and winced as Mollie let loose a vicious string of obscenities. She would surely pay for this later, but pointing that out to her now would only serve to infuriate her further. If that was even possible, he thought wryly as the candlestick hit the door and shattered at his feet.

This had gone on quite long enough. He needed to end it now. The problem was—he had no idea how. He couldn't possibly spank her while she was in this state, but he had been trying to

calm her for well over an hour. The list of offenses she had managed to accrue during that time period was staggering, and he was dreading dishing out the punishment that would eventually come.

It was time to take action. He crossed the room in two long strides and grabbed his wife by the shoulders. “Now Mollie, I know you are upset but—”

“Get Bent!” she screamed, shaking him off. “What do you know of how I feel, Ben? I know that you have been secretly lusting after that—that hoochie for months.”

Okay, now, this was getting ridiculous. “Enough,” he roared. “I have been listening to you insult me, Beth Anne, Bishop Miller, and everyone else you can think of for over an hour! I expected you to be angry, and I fully intended to cut you some slack here, but you have disrespected me, our beliefs, my future wife, and yourself. You have cursed, screamed, and thrown things. You have acted with behaviors completely unbecoming of a lady, going against everything we believe, and I suggest young lady that you stop right now because you have one hell of a spanking coming!”

He never raised his voice to her and the shock of it had been enough to cut off her rant long enough to have his say. He saw in her eyes the exact moment she realized exactly how much trouble she was in. Regret flickered in her eyes quickly, but just as quickly, rage replaced it.

She screeched and fled to the bedroom, locking the door behind her. Ben turned and headed to the kitchen to fetch the broom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mollie paced around the bedroom with big tears coursing down her cheeks. There was no way she was going to accept a punishment over this. It was just not fair at all! She had been betrayed by everyone she trusted, so why should she be in trouble?

How could Ben be so calm about this? They had barely been married three months! They were just settling in and getting used to each other. What could he be thinking, agreeing to add another wife so soon? He could have said no! He just didn’t want to, she decided angrily.

She had always been happy to see him and Beth Anne getting along. What was she thinking? Everyone always liked sweet, demure Beth Anne better than wild outspoken impetuous Mollie. Beth Anne was smarter. Beth Anne tried harder, she was sweeter, and she was prettier. Mollie was always being compared to Beth Anne and coming up short. It was practically

the story of her life. Why had she thought Ben was any different? She obviously wasn't enough for him. He had probably begged poor Bishop Miller to find him a new wife soon. She couldn't do anything right!

Mollie rubbed at her eyes. She knew her thoughts were silly. She was over tired and emotional, hurt and angry. And now she was in trouble with Ben to boot.

She couldn't even think about that right now. She curled up on their bed and fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

It took Ben over an hour to finish cleaning up the mess Mollie had made during her temper tantrum. He hadn't the slightest clue as to how to begin to punish her. He had expected a fight, but never had he dreamed his sweet Mollie girl was capable of such nastiness.

He would have to punish her severely and he was not looking forward to it one bit. So far, in their short marriage he had only had to spank her a handful of times and for minor offenses. This was going to be tough on both of them.

He climbed the stairs to their room slowly, resigned to his role as the leader of their home. However, when he got to the door, he found it locked, and he could hear his sweet wife snoring softly. Glad to be granted a reprieve for the night, Ben glanced at his watch. It was only seven o'clock. There was only one thing to do. He was going to see Beth Anne.

\* \* \* \* \*

Beth Anne saw Ben's truck as it pulled into the driveway of the home she still shared with her parents. She knew Bishop Miller had intended to talk to Ben today and expected him. And, she observed with a sigh, he was here without Mollie, which meant Mollie had taken it about as well as Beth Anne had expected her to. She wrung her hands and waited for her father to call her downstairs.

When he finally did, she flew down the stairs, pausing only a few feet away from Ben. "How is she?"

Ben ran his hand through his hair. "Beth Anne, you know her better than anyone on this earth. How do you think she is?"

She closed her eyes and sank into her father's easy chair. "She's furious with me."



“And me, and Bishop Miller, and just about everyone right now. Hell, Beth Anne, you couldn’t have given me a heads up? You have obviously known for a bit that you were about to turn my world upside down! A little advance notice would have been nice!” he said.

It was custom in their church for a woman to receive a name in a vision or dream, the name of her future husband. Believing it to be from God, she then took the name to the Bishop. He then prayed about it, sometimes for weeks, before confirming it to be the Lord’s will. If he felt the vision was true, it was his job to inform the intended husband. A wedding would generally take place only a few weeks later.

“Ben, please understand,” she pleaded. “I thought for sure I had gotten it wrong! I never thought Bishop Miller would agree with me. It feels like someone is playing a cruel joke on all of us!”

Ben chuckled to himself, thinking that he ought to be offended by his future wife referring to their upcoming marriage as a cruel joke. But the truth was, he knew exactly what she meant. “Beth Anne,” Ben searched his heart for the right words. “I know we will all move forward and eventually become the family we are intended to be. It is His will. It will probably take a little longer for us to get there, and be a little harder than it should be, but I know we will all come through and be better for it in the end. I will be in touch with you early next week regarding wedding plans. In the meantime, Mollie and I have some things we need to attend to.”

Beth Anne gasped and her hands flew to her mouth, her eyes widening. Growing up in the community as she had, she knew that was code for ‘somebody’s getting a spanking.’ “Oh, Ben, please don’t punish her! This is all my fault. I can’t stomach the thought of her being in trouble because of me.”

“Beth Anne,” Ben leveled a look at her, his eyes twinkling. “I’ve heard all the stories. This wouldn’t be the first time, however,” he raised his voice slightly as he saw Beth Anne open her mouth to object. “This is not in any way, shape, or form your fault. Mollie’s misdeeds were her own doing, and she will be punished for them. You are not to place any blame upon yourself, young lady, and if I hear another word about it your first night as my wife will not be a pleasant one.” With those last words, a wink and a nod, Ben left, closing the door firmly behind him.

Beth Anne’s breath caught in her throat as she stared at the empty space where Ben had just been standing. Had he just threatened to spank her?