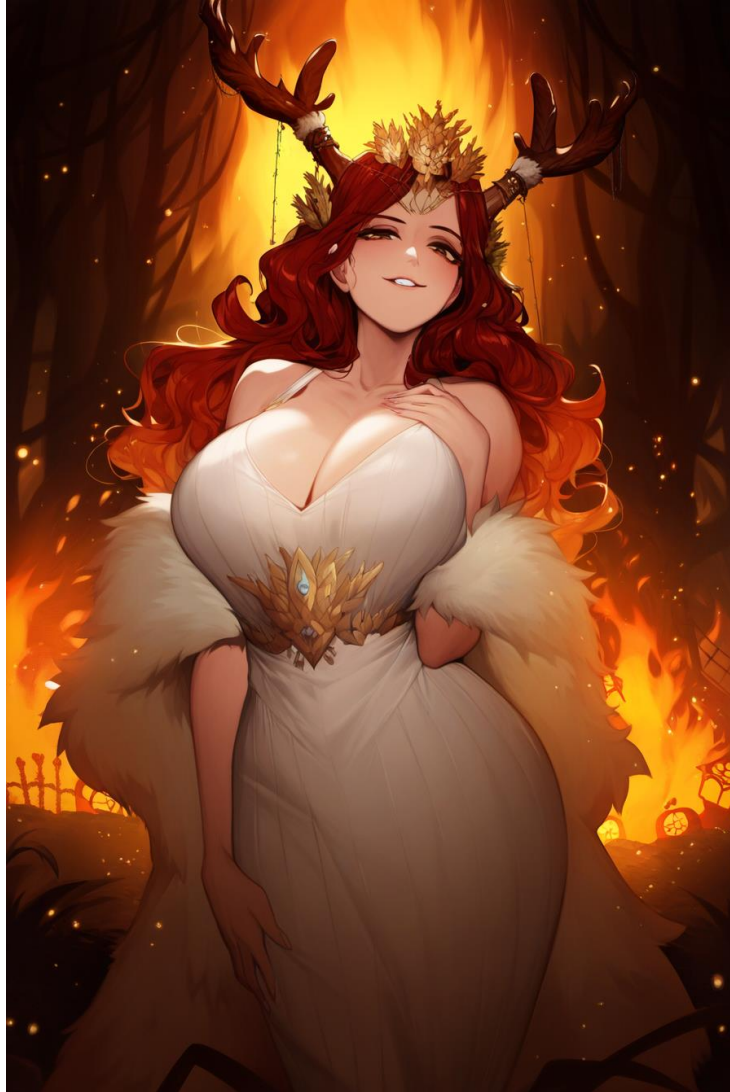




“The Festival of Maidenly Bounty?” Fendin Auster said curiously.

“You’ve never heard of it?” Lady Jazira Fembrook asked.

Fendin shook his head. He’d come from the capital a few months ago, arriving in the Amberra province by coach. A remote valley region, surrounded by mountains and dotted by small villages, he’d come to work on putting in a new rail line, and had been staying with Lady Fembrook, who was financing much of the project.

It had, he’d admit, been a somewhat distracting arrangement. The woman sitting with him in the drafting room was a stunning creature. Buxom, beautiful, with curls of fiery red hair always carefully coifed, she exuded a matronly loveliness and always seemed to wear gowns that were just a little too tight around the chest, and always with necklines that sank a little lower than might be considered decent. Not that he was complaining. Apparently, they were the style in Amberra, and he’d seen a number of women about town wearing it. But none could hold a candle to his host. Though older than

him, she hardly lacked for beauty, and in fact her age had given her a worldliness that surprised him, considering she'd apparently never left the province in which she'd been born and bred.

"Never," he admitted, picking up a teacup and taking a sip. "Is it a regional ritual?"

"Said to be passed down from ancient times," Jazira said. "A folk tradition very popular among the peasants. We've kept it alive up here. Of course, it's probably of little interest to such an experienced man from the capital."

"Hmm... Well, I never said that," Fendin said, putting down his tea cup. "In fact, I did some of my work at the university in anthropological folk religions. But I've never heard of this one."

"Then I must insist you attend," Jazira said with an indulgent smile. "Especially since you seem so dead set on leaving once the rail line is finished."

Fendin chuckled. "My apologies, my lady. But there's much work waiting for me in the capital. I'm still a young man to many, and I must establish myself quickly."

"And no thought to settling down? My my," she said, shaking her head, sending the curls of her red hair bouncing around her face. "So industrious! We tend to take things slower out in the provinces."

"And a delight it has been to see," Fendin said. "But we all have our place in the world."

"How very true," Jazira said, lazily rising from her seat. "Then, I shall send a maid to fetch you tonight. Wear something comfortable, sir. I think you will greatly enjoy the evening."

Fendin contentedly watched the lady of the land depart. He chuckled to himself, going back to his drafts. The project was nearly finished, after all. And soon, Amberra would be connected to the greater world.

And what a splendid thing that would be?

#

By the tolling of evening's bells, Fendin had almost forgotten about the agreement when a maid came to his room to fetch him.

"Ah! Of course, just a moment," Fendin said, throwing on his jacket. A heavy piece of fabric, but comfortable. The event didn't sound terribly formal, but he'd hate to embarrass his host. Such a wonderful woman, he mused. Apparently she'd never married, which surprised him. Then again, he'd noticed there always seemed to be more women around in Amberra than men.

He joined the maid, who dutifully started off down the midnight halls of the estate. Fendin had to fight not to glance at the woman's chest. That was another thing he'd noticed since coming to Amberra, all the women were quite... endowed. And most men were rather large and heavily built. Hardly surprising for an agricultural community, he mused. But interesting nonetheless.

To his surprise, their journey did not take them towards the ballroom, nor any other room in the manor itself. Instead, the maid opened the door to the gardens, where a nighttime breeze carried the faint scent of ginger and smoke.

He squinted, and deeper in the gardens he could make out the glow of lanterns like eyes winking in the night. The grass stirred around his feet as he followed the maid towards the lights, and the sound of voices rose in volume.

Soon, he made out shadows in a large cleared area in the middle of the gardens and before the hedge maze. Torches fluttered, burning with a sweet-smelling smoke that he found unusually enticing. A great bonfire had been kindled in the middle of the lawn, the glare of its glow sending shadows dancing and gamboling about. Men and women moved about, but he couldn't make out many details.

"There you are."

Fendin turned to find Jazira approaching. She looked shockingly beautiful in the dim lighting, her figure outlined in a faintly translucent white gown, her hair bound up and a crown of what looked like antlers atop her head.

"Jazira!" Fendin gaped at the costume. "You look..."

"Do you like it?" she said, swishing her skirt teasingly, her long lashes low and a smile hovering on her lips. "Every year one woman is crowned the Queen of Bounty. I haven't lost in the last decade."

"You certainly deserve it," Fendin said, though he wasn't sure if that was even the right thing to say.

"Charmer," she said, laughing, her breasts bouncing in the tightness of her white gown. "But don't let me keep you. Please, explore the festival. There's so very much to see. And," she added, her voice dropping lower, "if you can find time later, I'll be in the center of the maze. And would love to have you visit."

"Visit?"

Jazira's smile betrayed nothing as she slipped away, her skirts rustling in the grass, her figure faintly outlined within the white fabric as the light of the bonfire glowed against it.

Fendin watched her until she vanished into the entrance of the maze. Only then did he realize his mouth was hanging open, and he quickly shut it, clearing his throat. Heavens. Such a strange people.

Yet the ritual itself was quite interesting. He hung near the edges, watching as the men and women gathered about the bonfire. He noticed, in particular, that the women were all dressed in clothes similar to Jazira's. Though they lacked the horned crowns, instead wearing flowers woven in their hair, it was still a quite fetching sight. And of course, none were as lovely as Jazira either.

He shook his head. No, no. He shouldn't think like that. He mustn't. Soon, he'd have to head back down to the capital and back to his life. The time spent in Amberra was a lovely distraction, but wasn't really for him.

As he mused on this, he noticed that something was happening around the bonfire. The men had stripped off their shirts and were lounging around the flames on cushions and chairs, seemingly anywhere they wanted to get comfortable. And as they did, the women moved among them, bearing amphoras from which came a rich, heady scent. The men cheered the winsome beauties, raising glasses

in salute, which were swiftly filled by the giggling girls, the drink almost at once downed, then refilled instantly.

“Wine?”

“Hm?” Fendin turned to see one of the women beside him, holding a glass made of horn and an amphora. “Oh, well. I’m not much of a drinker...”

“It’s very good,” she said, pouring some wine into the horn and passing it to him.

Fendin shrugged and took it. The girl smiled when he did and drifted away to attend to one of the other men about the gardens. Fendin found himself watching her go, and in particular the way her bottom swayed beneath the filmy fabric. He could almost make out the crease of her ass.

Fendin shook his head, blushing. That was... was unfair of him to think. He took a quick drink to calm himself.

Goodness. That was good!

He stared at the wine in amazement, marveling at the sweetness of its flavour. Fruity yet potent, he felt the warmth of it fill him like the stoking of flames, as if the bonfire in the middle of the garden had been kindled in his chest as well. He took another sip, humming happily as he did so.

Damn good stuff.

Before he knew it another giggling maiden had refilled his drink. He tipped his horn to her and she blew a kiss before dancing back to another group of men. Fendin smiled and strolled about the gardens, taking in the sights. Somewhere, someone had begun playing flutes, and the piping music tingled in his body with its jaunty tune.

He wasn’t sure when the music changed. It seemed to slip into his consciousness, as if it had always been that way, and he’d merely never noticed it. But something about the music became... wilder. Stronger. Drums joined with a thumping roll. A song that vibrated in his chest and made him aware of how hot his clothes were. His muscles flexing, tightening.

And... and those weren’t the only changes.

No.

He noticed that the women no longer wandered about the grounds with amphoras. Instead, most seemed to be sitting with groups of men, trilling with laughter or snuggling against the powerful males. He’d been thinking about it, but now that he was looking, he noticed that the women easily outnumbered the men at least two to one. Every man about the gardens had at least two buxom beauties in their filmy garments at hand, sometimes quite literally, the gorgeous maidens pressing against the sons of the valley, one passionately kissing a brown haired farmboy while another licked the wine off his naked chest. He caught one woman having peeled her gown down to her hips, and was pouring wine down the valley of her breasts and into the mouth of a man resting his head on her lap.

Fendin swallowed, loosening his collar as the heat grew in him. Gods but it was warm. Did they throw another tree onto the bonfire? He glanced that way.

And froze.

As if their nearness to the fire heated their blood faster, those before the bonfire weren't content to merely play with one another. Several of the women were being pawed by the men. Two he spotted bent over their lover's lap, bathing his cock in adoring laps of their delicate tongues. Another he spotted sitting in the lap of her man, his hands on her hips as he drove her up and down upon his cock like the piston of a steam engine.

He watched, gobsmacked as what seemed to be an orgy took place before his very eyes. Men and women fairly rutting with each other like beasts, as if there were none to behold the sight. He felt the heat and blood rush to his head, but far more, to his groin. And... and were... were his eyes... his eyes playing tricks on him? Or was the young man he was looking at... was he getting bigger?

Larger?

Growing with every grunting thrust into the gorgeous maiden beneath him. Her hands clinging to his back, pulling him down into her, his groans of pleasure growing louder. Hotter. Faster!

"Yes! Yesss! Fuck me! Fuck me stud! Ohhhhh!" cried his lover.

Fendin staggered back. Changes... changes were happening all around him. All of the men were... were getting bigger. And the women...

Gods, the women!

All of them had been lovely, yes, and he'd have to admit that he'd been staring, but all of the women in the party seemed... seemed bustier than before. Many of them giggling as they tugged their beaus by the hand to the fountains, others leaning against trees or sitting on chairs as the young men licked and kissed their pussies, the women's moans rising in keening gasps of pleasure, their legs wrapping around heads of tousled hair.

Fendin stared, too shocked to respond. What... what was...

The wine.

It was the wine!

He looked at the horn he had been handed and dropped it in shock, but even as it tumbled to the grass he realized it was empty.

Oh.

Oh no.

He staggered back. A hand stroked his arm.

"Want to play?" whispered a soft, alluring voice.

He whirled and saw Jazira's maid standing behind him, now dressed in a nearly transparent gown, a dreamy smile on her lips, eyes lidded but shining with lust. Fendin couldn't stop his eyes from running up and down her. Looking at the heavy globes of her breasts and wide silhouettes of her hips. He felt his pulse thump. Race. Beat a staccato of desire. His cock throbbed in his pants.

"I uh... I..."

"So sexy," she cooed, swaying nearer. "Don't you wanna fuck me?"

Gods he did.

He wanted to so badly.

But... but he couldn't. He had... he had to...

"I... I... B-bye!" he gasped, whirled around and ran.

He ignored the whine of protest from the lovely woman behind him. He denied the urging of his body to turn back around and embrace the curvy beauty. To bend her over and rut her. Fuck her! No. No! He had to... had to clear his head. Had to... Had to find some space.

But there wasn't any. Everywhere he looked bodies moved and gasped and moaned. His head throbbed as he reeled, beckoning hands inviting him to join. Had to... had to get away! An opening seemed to gape before him. The entrance to the hedge maze. He fell into it and staggered down the path, the leaves stirring around him with a hissing rustle. The grass brushing and stroking his legs like winsome fingers.

Gods.

Oh gods.

Fendin panted as he ran through the maze, his head spinning, his heart pounding, his cock... oh fuck, his cock was so hard. He ran on, not knowing where he was going. Only that he had to keep moving. If he stopped, he didn't dare think what would happen. So he ran. On he ran. Stumbling. Staggering. Panting.

The hedge maze suddenly opened, dumping him into an open space. Statues of cow horned women stood on plinths, their breasts bare, their ivory figures seeming to dance in the flicker of the firelight. A bed of cushions sprawled not far under the shadows of a small gazebo.

And the scent...

Dear gods, the scent of perfume was even stronger here.

Fendin stared blankly at the scene he'd stumbled on. What... what was happening? Where was he? Why... what...

"Hello, Fendin."

The voice thrummed through him like a bolt of electricity. He turned his head in shock to find Jazira standing at the entrance. Her smile was gentle and indulgent, her eyes lidded. The crown of horns grew from her head like she was some goddess of the wilds come to earth, the gossamer fabric of her gown sparkling like stars all over her figure.

"J-Jazira?" he gasped.

"Something the matter?" she said, moving towards him, her hips swaying side to side like a metronome. And her... her breasts were... were swaying too.

Fendin sucked in a breath, trying to tear his eyes from that sight and failing miserably. "J-Jazira. I... the women... I saw... saw them with the men. They... they were doing something... Something with the wine..."

"Were they?" Jazira said as she drew nearer. "What were they doing?"

"I... I don't know. They... they..."

Fendin trailed off, the words slipping from his mind as Jazira came closer, the sway of her breasts and figure capturing his attention utterly. Scattering his thoughts. Sinking them in the heat of arousal that threatened to burn him alive. So much so he didn't realize she was right in front of him until her hands were on his chest.

And gently pushed him back.

The world seemed to swim and swallow Fendin as he toppled. It seemed to take an eternity to land in the soft embrace of the cushions, but the wait wasn't so bad. It gave him such a wonderful opportunity to look at Jazira looming above him in her gossamer gown and horns, like some wild queen of beauty and desire.

"Fendin," she said. "Let me tell you what's happening here."

"Wh-what?" he gasped, staring, enthralled by the sight of her.

"It's so hard finding a good man, you know? A good, loving man. Especially in the valley. No one knows why, but there's always more women than men born here. Sometimes three times too many. And that many girls, competing for boys? Why, it might give those boys some... ideas."

"I-ideas?" Fending gasped, swallowing hard.

"Yes," Jazira breathed as she touched the collar of her gossamer gown and slid her finger down, her shoulders lifting, shrugging off the starry fabric to slide over her curves, down her arms, over her breasts and pooling on the ground, leaving her utterly naked.

Fendin gaped, freezing like a deer before headlights. Jazira giggled.

"Yes," she said again, leaning over him. "Like that they're too good for just one girl. That they deserve to make all the decisions. And we can't lose our men to such silly thoughts of swagger and machismo. So, we have our little festival. A night of happiness. Of joy. A night for women to meet the men of their dreams and make them perfect. Make them good. Make them... obedient."

"O-obedient?" Fendin whimpered as Jazira's breasts bounced so close, her skin luminous, cast in sharp shadows and light by the torches. Full. Heavy.

"So obedient," she breathed, her fingers on his belt, undoing it, easing off his pants and more. Fendin gasped as he felt the cool air of the night kiss his cock and hot flesh. "Because a good husband obeys, not because of the whip. Oh no. Although there is fun in that too. But because it feels good to obey. To be a good boy for his wife. His lover. And it's so easy to be good once he's... shown how."

"I... I don't..." Fendin stammered, his words ending in a gasp as Jazira settled herself atop him, her thighs straddling his lap, his cock pressed down between them, feeling the slick heat radiating from her pussy.

"Yes, it can be hard for those poor boys to accept. To be big and strong and yet so happily obedient to their lovely wives. But they learn. They all learn. And the rewards are so... goood..."

Fendin groaned as her hips rocked, rubbing herself against his length, his hands clutching the blankets as sensations surged through him like fire. "J... Jazira, I... this is..."

"Ever since you came here, I knew you'd make an excellent husband," Jazira crooned as she planted her hands beside his head, leaning over him, her eyes lidded, smoky, heavy with lust and power. "So clever. So smart. So... perfect. But you were so busy with your project, it was like you didn't see me. But we're changing that, aren't we? Because I want you, Fendin. I want you as my husband. My stud. My loving slave. I want you and I know you want me. I've felt your eyes on my body. Felt how much you desired to touch me. Adore me. Well?" she laughed, another sway of her hips sending her breasts bouncing. "Is it all you imagined?"

"More," Fendin breathed, the words escaping him before he could catch them, like smoke on the wind.

A smile of pure bliss softened Jazira's face. A look of love and happiness and something almost like pity. "I know. And yet you were thinking of leaving all the same. Leaving on that train that would bring so many good men to Amberra. The train that will ensure no maiden of the valley will ever lack her own, personal stud again. You wanted me, but convinced yourself you mustn't. That you had to leave. Marrying a valley girl? A woman older than you? How tongues would wag.

"But you don't need to worry anymore," Jazira said, easing down, her breasts pressing against his chest, her nipples stiff and rubbing him as her hips rose, his cock springing up and to attention. "No need for doubt. No need for hesitation. I'm going to make you mine, Fendin. My husband. My lover. And you'll never need to worry again. Never need to think. Because I'll have all the answers you need. I'll make every decision that needs making. All you need to do... is love me. Love me... and... obey..."

Fendin stared, unable to look away as Jazira leaned down, her crown shadowing her face, her soft lips descending on his. Fendin groaned, his eyes rolling up as her lips met his, melding to his, her breasts squishing atop his chest as she deepened the kiss with a heat that threatened to consume him.

And yet, he wanted it to.

Her every word seemed to shoot through him. Awaken him. Thrill him. He felt the excited hammering, thudding of his pulse. The rushing heat in his face and the throbbing need of his cock as it rubbed against her thigh and mons. Gods but he wanted this gorgeous woman. Gods but he needed her!

His future. Propriety. His life in the capital.

Words which sought to remonstrate him. Beat him. But logic and prudence withered before the heat of his lust. The urge of his need. The desire to make the gorgeous beauty above him his. To be hers. To join in that strange shadowy realm of the night where the drums beat in the dark and the air was scented of smoke and sweetness.

His hands seemed to move without thought. Wrapping around her waist. Pulling her towards him. Jazira moaned, sensing his response to her. Feeling his instinct and desire take control.

Her hips sank.

Sheathed him in her.

And he was hers.

Fendin moaned into her lips as Jazira groaned in pleasure, her hips beginning to bounce, fucking herself atop him. Pounding him beneath her with her lust. Her breasts bounced against him as she took him with greater earnestness. With greater eagerness.

“Yes!” she gasped, her lips breaking from his, panting in pleasure. “Oh yessss! Fuck me! Take me! Oh goddess, Fendin, yes! Mate me my bull! Fuck me! Claim me! Make me yours! More! More!”

“Jazira,” Fendin gasped under her, his eyes dim, smoky, enthralled by the bounce of her breasts as she rode his cock. Fucking him into the softness of the bed beneath them. “So... so good! You’re so... ah... b-beautiful!”

“Then mate me! Make me your wife! Fill me with your cum!” Jazira gasped, her voice seeming to thunder with divine command, the bells threaded in her horns jangling musically. “Mate me! Cum in me! Cum your silly brains out! Cum those useless thoughts away! Good husbands cum. Good husbands cum in their wives. Good studs obey! Obey me, my love. Obey your goddess!”

Storms of sensations assaulted him. Beat down on him. Consumed him. He couldn’t think. Couldn’t reason. The thudding of the drums vibrated through him. The slap of flesh on flesh deafened him. His need for this goddess made flesh consumed him. He had to cum. He had to. No matter the cost, he had to have her. Had to claim her! Had to obey her.

Obey her. And...

And...

“Cum!” Jazira cried as she hilted atop him again.

“Y-yesssss!” Fendin cried as he gripped her thighs tight, slamming her down atop him, cock thrusting up into her as he felt his balls tighten, churning, his cock pulsing as he unloaded the heat of his seed into the gorgeous beauty astride him. Surrendering in that moment of perfect bliss.

Jazira cried out as she felt the sudden surge of his seed within her. She trembled, consumed in the ecstasy of their joining, her own orgasm rippling through her, her breasts shuddering with her breath, her inner walls squeezing and massaging him in unutterable ecstasy.

Fendin sagged among the blankets and cushion on the ground. He stared upwards, mind swimming in the euphoria of that release, his body tingling pleasantly and thoughts swirling like a canvas smeared.

Jazira lazily arched over him, filling his view once more with the soft wobble of her breasts, her eyes lidded teasingly as she sighed breathily. “Wonderful,” she breathed, leaning down, burying Fendin’s face in her breasts, her arms looping around his head and tugging him in deep. “Simply wonderful.”

Fendin moaned in happiness, breathing in deeply, scenting the sharpness of her sweat and the cloying aroma of the smoke and spices that burned on the torches. He felt his cock twitch anew, thickening within the gorgeous woman atop him. His hands snaked around her, grasping her rear and lovingly molding her ass.

Jazira groaned with pleasure, rocking forward, bouncing her breasts around his head as his hands squeezed and adored her soft bottom. "Oh Fendin... ah... That's good. So good. A good husband... mm... adores his wife's... ah... body. Can't get enough of it. Always wants more. Is addicted to her."

Fendin believed it. Knew it. The feel of Jazira against him was so wonderful, he couldn't dream of being apart from her for even a day. He began to kiss her breasts, tasting her skin and making the goddess atop him gasp and croon in pleasure.

"Oh! Oh yes. So eager, my... ah... my good stud. But... but mistress is... is a bit tired from that. So... so it's time for her stud to... to do what he does best..."

Fendin briefly wondered what that could be, but the understanding seemed to slot seamlessly into his brain, as if it had always been there, and he'd just misplaced it.

A good stud was best at loving his wife.

With a grunt, Fendin felt strength vibrate in his limbs. With ease he rolled them over, Jazira gasping as she found herself on her back, her legs wrapping around Fendin's waist, his head still buried in her breasts as his hips began to slowly rock, thrusting into the warm tightness of the gorgeous queen of the night.

"Ah!" Jazira panted, her head falling back, eyes lidding as Fendin's cock pumped in and out of her. She moaned, her breasts bouncing around Fendin's head as he fucked her faster. Stronger. With greater power and urgency.

"Yes!" Jazira moaned. "Yes! Fuck me! Fuck! Oh goddess... yes. Yes! Fendin! Fuck me. Fuck me hard! Don't mnnn! Stop! Take me! Make me yours! Make me your wife! Fuck your wife! Fuck me stud! Fuck me with your big, dumb cock!"

Fendin obeyed.

He wanted to obey.

He had to obey.

He loved to obey.

Every fiber of his being demanded he do it.

Demanded he take her.

And he wanted to.

He wanted to so badly.

He wanted to be a good husband and fill her and fuck her and love her.

Love her.

Love her forever and ever and fuck her and mate her and give her everything she needed!

Jazira gasped as she felt Fendin's thrusts grow faster. Heavier. Her heart leapt with delight as she felt his back expand beneath her hands. His waist widen around her legs. His muscles bulge with new strength and urgency as he mated her with growing force.

"Yes!" she cried as his cock thickened further within her. The heat of his body like a furnace burning against her as he mated her. "Yes! Oh Fendin! Yes! Harder! Fuck me! Breed me! Take me my stud! Take me! Take me... take me... n-nooooooow!"

Jazira's voice rose again, a howl of pleasure to the moon as felt her orgasm sear through her like holy flame. Her legs tightened around Fendin's waist, pulling him into her a final time, feeling his balls slap her, his cock throb, and then the wonderful heat of his seed flood her once again.

Jazira moaned, sinking into the pillows and blankets as if into a cloud, Fendin groaning as he sagged atop her, nestling his face in the pillows of her breasts.

Smiling, flushed, Jazira gently lifted his chin so he was looking at her with his dazed eyes. "My dear," she cooed.

Fendin gazed at her, eyes melted with adoration for the beauty before him. "My love," he breathed.

Jazira giggled softly, then eased his head forward, and gave her new husband a nice, long kiss.

#

With a thunderous bellow the first train of the new track slid into the station, pistons hissing and smokestack belching great plumes of darkness as the brakes squealed, dragging the vast engine to a halt.

Fendin admired the device. The sheer power of it. The size! Flags waved amid the cheering crowds lined up to welcome the first train to Amberra, but surely not the last. Not if Fendin had anything to say about it.

"A remarkable machine," Jazira said from his side, leaning against him.

Fendin's head swam as he inhaled her wonderful perfume. He felt his chest deepen, and a rumble rise from it. "Very," he agreed. "It will bring tremendous opportunity to the region."

"Very true. And many more men," she added with a knowing look at the women in the crowd, who were brazenly flirting with the engineers and a number of passengers as they disembarked. "Such wonderful prospects, don't you agree, love?"

"Of course," he said, and there wasn't any question of that. He'd agree with anything Jazira said. Just looking at her made him feel so light and warm and happy to have such a gorgeous, brilliant woman at his side.

"I thought you might," Jazira said as she tilted her head up.

Instantly, Fendin bent down, kissing her adoringly, her soft red lips working against his own. He felt a familiar thrill course through him, and how he longed to simply pick Jazira up, carry her back to the carriage, and show her how much he adored her all the way back to the manor, and then a few more times once more comfortably ensconced in their bedroom.

Jazira hummed lovingly as she felt a subtle tightening of the fabric of Fendin's suit. She pulled away, before he grew too big for his clothes and smiled lovingly at the man beside her, then plucked at the tight cloth of his jacket. "And once the tailors get some of that new fabric from the south, we will need to get you a new wardrobe," she added. "Your old clothes just can't seem to keep up with your... physique."

"I do get a work out these days," Fendin said happily.

Jazira chuckled and leaned against him, nuzzling his cheek fondly. "That you do, stud. That you do."

Fendin blushed, smiling happily as his beautiful, brilliant, beloved wife pressed against his side. Great hurrahs went up from the crowd as the train pulled out of the station, heading back down the mountains and south once more. Fendin chuckled and shook his head. And imagine! Once, he had been looking forward to heading back to the capital. Before he realized how wonderful it was to be married to the most beautiful woman in the world, in the valley he now lovingly called home...