
RECLAIMING THEIR STOLEN BRIDE

Claiming Their Bride - Book Three

ABBY AARON



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Finnton's Desires

New Earth, Present time

Of the four people occupying the center room in the healer's compound, three were not pleased. The fourth, their generally agreeable wife, had done everything in her power to bring them all to this point. Her antics only promised to accelerate if they didn't take action now. The rights and traditions known to the Village of Finn were about to be challenged. Since New Earth had been established, after war nearly annihilated the human race, leaders had sought to create a better way of life. Women, their numbers dwindling fast, were the only hope of securing a continued race. As such, they were treasured and protected. No respectful, Creator fearing husband would dare to consider what she was suggesting.

Waylon reluctantly secured the entrance, ensuring no one would disturb them. Finnton led her to the center of the room. Neima had been expecting to be placed on the huge bed in the corner of the center level of their family unit. Instead she found herself positioned in the middle of three chairs, standing dead center. Someone had taken the time to arrange the room, pushing all obstacles aside. She should be pleased with this for it

meant they put a lot of thought into what was to come. But the unknown was frightening, and Neima dreaded giving up all control. Strange, she mused. She had pushed for this very moment, but her pure intentions did not quell her body's natural protest. Bode's voice sounded to her left, and she turned to face him.

"Last opportunity to halt this," he warned. His piercing eyes locked on her face. He was the youngest of her mates, the one who generally voiced the group's concerns. Bode and she spent many hours debating her reasoning for insisting on this very event. Before their marriage, she had a habit of blabbing whatever thoughts crossed her mind. It had been a nervous habit picked up from her time in the City of Women. There, citizens were expected to blend in and avoid drawing attention to themselves. She had never fit in there, nor did she truly belong in the world of the villages either. She was an odd creation from both worlds. Born of one, raised by another, thus forever destined to never escape either.

Attention was something Neima naturally thirsted for, desperate to be noticed and loved. Only now, after finding complete acceptance and love from the three men who claimed her as wife, did she learn to select her words more cautiously. Life outside the city had been vastly different from her time as a youth. Secrets flourished here, even after the recent restructuring of society. Those changes had come about because of her very birth and existence. Such knowledge was a heavy burden to carry. It weighed on her very soul.

It was exhausting trying to be the person everyone outside the walls of her home expected Neima to be. The city dwellers needed her to keep their plight foremost in the minds of the new rulers of the region. Villagers, especially wives, needed her to balance their power against the now overwhelming number of women available as mates. Even her birth family pressed into her private time with her husband and children. The sheer responsibility drained her.

Her primary duty was to her husbands and children. So was her heart and soul, her first duty. But they had been forced to put aside their own traditions and plans. From the very moment her husbands claimed her as wife, they had been forced to compromise. She feared it would jeopardize their union and prayed to the Creator for a way to reestablish their connection as a family, to prove their central place in her day to day life.

The answer was clear. Within their home, especially this very room, she was determined to show they were foremost in her life. Their wants and needs surpassed all others, as it should in a true union. She would repay their devotion with that of her own. Today might help ease her feelings of desperation to prove her devotion. Neima longed to be free to feel and powerless, if only for a moment. She trusted these three men above all others. Submitting to them now would help ease some of the pressures surrounding her. It would also provide them with a small measure of the pleasure they had gifted her with since their union.

Bode was giving her one last chance to reject what was coming. Every inch of her body was on full alert, but her mind was set. Words failed her, so she settled on shaking her head in response. There was no turning back. Neima did her best to hide the turmoil racing through her frame. Her own actions had led her to this point. No matter what followed, she would comply without protest.

Her three, large husbands took their time joining her, each taking a seat crowding her small space in the middle. The role she cast them to play had replaced her devoted, attentive, selfless lovers with three cold, seemingly indifferent men. It thrilled and scared her at the same time.

“We each will instruct you on how to proceed. Finnton will go first. Turn your body so you are facing him,” Bode ordered. “If at any time you feel you cannot comply with a command, you will announce your decision clearly. Everything will stop completely.”

“But what if I panic?” she stammered, her voice trailing off at the end. “Sometimes a person says one thing but means another.”

“Once you express a desire to stop, there is no turning back.” Bode told her, and Neima started to turn around so she could read his expression. “Face Finnton,” he demanded in a curt tone. “Until another order has been given, you will continue holding whatever position or action you have been given. Understood?”

Neima lowered her head in submission. Waylon spoke from behind her, startling her for a moment. He was giving her another chance to stop, but she couldn't do so. “It won't do you any good to try manipulating us with your innocent expressions. This isn't about your wants and needs, remember. Before tonight, you made it clear you understood what would happen if we arrived at this point. We provided you with many opportunities to change course, but you selected this path. Are you still sure you want to continue?”

She had. Neima nodded her understanding. Once the notion took hold in her imagination, she had been obsessed with it, pleading with them to comply.

“She demanded we follow through,” Finnton roared.

Her eyes dropped to the floor. The oldest of her mates had been the most reluctant to accept this course. Finnton prided himself on upholding tradition. Everything about this game went against the beliefs of the original founders of Finn, he had argued. In a village where men outnumbered women five to one, men were trained, from an early age, in the art of pleasing a future wife. Men did not play out their own, personal fantasies. They certainly did not seek their own pleasure without thought of the woman they loved. To do so was selfish and harmful to the success of a family unit.

But Neima had grown up far from his village. Before their marriage, she lived in a city of women who hated men and shunned everything to do with them. It had been exhilarating to leave behind such false assumptions. Her three husbands had

spent years teaching her a new way of life, introducing her to passion and showing her devotion. All she wanted to do was explore pleasing them, as individuals and together.

All three had brushed off her concerns. Sharing her, making her scream with pleasure, gifting her with their seed gave them fulfillment, they insisted, generally with Bode as their spokesman. But Neima knew better. Her desires had evolved through the years. Certain positions or actions provided her with more intense pleasure than others. She wanted her husbands to explore the individual passions and desires they harbored. Instead of them working together to please her, she insisted they needed to teach her how to satisfy each of them separately.

The more they fought against the notion; the harder Neima pushed back. She had begun challenging their authority, pitting them against one another and making them think of their individual needs and desires instead of what was best for the whole family unit.

“Inside the city, passion did not exist.” She reminded them yet again about why she wanted to follow through with her plan. “We were not allowed to be individuals, and it drove me crazy. I finally escaped that hold, but men in the village still cling to their form of isolation. A family unit can remain bonded and strong, even if the different members sometimes have different desires. For years now, I have allowed you three to show me what brings me release. Now allow me to do the same with each of you.”

Bode voiced the group’s mentality yet again. “A warrior of honor and respect learns to master his own dark desires, to suppress selfish thoughts of treating a wife as his personal lover and working with his fellow triad members to please and care for his mate.”

“On Old Earth, couples were the norm. There, a warrior staked claim over his desired mate and fought against any who tried to weaken their union.” She tried to explain yet again.

“Do you wish us to fight against one another now?” Bode demanded. “Will tearing down our triad please you?”

“Never!” Her head turned his way, but he demanded she face forward again. “I love each of you, none over the other, but as individuals. I would rather die than give any of you up. I only seek to learn how to please your individual, hidden desires, the ones you have been forced to deny your entire lives. Did you know in the Konrad village, wives share their beds with individual husbands on various days of the week? Only on Sunday and bonding days do they share their wives as a triad.”

“We do not live in Konrad,” Finnton growled, his face indicating he found comparisons to another settlement insulting. Neima started to clarify her meaning but was interrupted by another of her mates.

“If we do not honor your request, will you continue bringing shame to our family unit by acting childish in public?” Waylon groused. Blushing, she knew he was referring to her bringing up Konrad traditions in front of other family units. Villages, while supportive of one another, held their own traditions and beliefs as more noble than others. To suggest another group’s ways were better made Finnton, Waylon and Bode feel as if they failed as husbands.

Neima had taken heart when her public words had garnered approving nods from other Finn wives. She did not see her actions as a means to humiliate her husbands, but a means to help them accept a necessary change. They deserved to have their individual passions explored. “If needed,” she replied, her eyes still locked on the floor. Was she crazy for putting herself in such a helpless position? All three of her lovers were furious with her actions, but at least they stopped ignoring her pleas. None of them appeared inclined to worry about her own pleasure at the moment, something she had hoped to achieve. She had not considered their frustration could push them to punish her while giving in to her suggestion.

And so it began.

“Take off your clothes, wife.” The first order came with a low growl. Finnton was not one to waste words.

They had seen her naked countless times. So why did she feel so exposed and vulnerable now as her hands began pulling at her garments and tossing them aside? Neima found herself completely bare in a remarkably short time frame. Her embarrassment made her rush her actions; if she didn't work to control her breathing, she worried she might pass out. A full blush covered her slender frame, and she felt as if every imperfection proved how undesirable she could be. Worry nagged at her. Maybe they worked together to please her because she could not hold the attention and devotion necessary to please one man.

"Clasp your hands behind your back," her oldest mate snapped, and she jumped to comply. Her breasts lifted and the patch of dark hair hiding her channel was left unprotected. Finnton let his eyes run across her frame, drinking in every inch, and her face grew hot. His hand lifted and he gestured for her to twirl around. "Slowly," he ordered when she rushed the task. Was he noticing her many flaws? Neima fretted. Stretch marks marred her breasts, stomach and thighs now. She was no longer the unblemished bride he first bedded years ago.

For a moment she wanted to defend herself, reminding him that she had borne this family union two fine sons. If warriors could claim scars from past battles as marks of honor, her imperfections should warrant such praise, too.

Neima had almost forgotten her other two husbands were there, watching her follow Finnton's directions. Bode shifted in his chair, and she wondered if he was still annoyed or beginning to get aroused. He didn't say a word, so she was left unsure.

Waylon made no attempt to hide the telling action when he adjusted his crotch. He might not like sitting back and letting someone take pleasure in what Neima did or felt, but he did not try to deny his own reaction. Maybe there was hope.

Neither man spoke, though. Each accepted the terms of the agreement. This wasn't their chance to teach Neima the ways of pleasing their secret desires. Their lessons would come in time. This was Finnton's fantasy.

She was driving him crazy. Finnton wanted nothing more than to stop this foolish game, toss his wife on the comfortable bed and bury himself deep inside her hot core. He would have to make sure she was prepared for his claiming, of course. He knew just where to touch to gauge her response. If she weren't wet enough, he would snake his finger deep inside. It would not take him long to find the hidden sweet spot. The area would need only a few, careful strokes to make her damp. Hell, he could make her juices pour with more demanding, less gentle lashes.

She wanted him to show her his personal, sexual desires. But hadn't he done just that every time they made love? Hell, what more did Neima want from him? He had spent countless cycles learning how to bring a woman's body to completion. The cast-off women who trained him seemed to appreciate his efforts. He recalled a time in his youth when he had let such knowledge blur his devotion to being an honorable warrior. He had started accepting offers of gratitude from the women he satisfied, allowing them to take his cock in their mouths, and spilling his seed deep in their throats. His own mother had learned of his behavior and had steered him back onto the proper path. Damn if he was going to let Neima make him lose his focus now.

He knew how to please a woman. Hell, there was nothing more seductive than watching the face of a woman reacting to pleasure. Sitting in a chair and barking out orders made his task impossible. How was he supposed to ensure her pleasure so he could find his own? A smile slowly crept across his face as inspiration struck. He noticed Neima tense at his expression but forced himself not to remain silent. He could quickly ease her mind, but she was the one who insisted this was his fantasy. He called the shots without regard for her feelings.

"Touch your breasts." He leaned back and waited. If he was smart about his orders, not only would he be better able to gauge her level of arousal, he could make her ready herself for his

claiming. Wouldn't that be a nice change? Finnton's chin tilted slightly as he started to see the merits of this little game, she insisted on playing. For as long as New Earth villages had existed, men were burdened with holding off their passion until their mate was ready. It was time for his wife to take a more active role in their love making.

"Pinch the nipples," he demanded, his voice deep and foreboding. "Not caress! Squeeze. Hard. Harder!" He sighed when the peaks turned a deep shade of red. He noticed her lids were lowering, and he nodded with satisfaction. His cock throbbed, but he fought to control his own reaction for now.

"Part your lips." Finnton leaned forward, his elbows resting on his legs. Neima's mouth popped open, but he shook his head at her with a mocking grin. "Not those lips." She froze, and he had to stop himself from getting up to go to her. "Now!" he barked. One hand slowly dropped down her flat stomach, past the thick patch of hair, to settle on her most intimate parts. He did not rush her, letting her find the courage to heed his order.

Her tiny fingers pushed against her lower lips, and the red flesh of her clit hood slowly came into view. Finnton stiffened, fighting to maintain control. He had never been so hard in his entire life. Keeping his thoughts together was challenging as all of the blood from his body seemed to flow toward his erection.

She was wet. He could see her juices coating the area around her cunt. The lips were already plump and begging for attention. "Show me your clit." He dared not stroke his cock, no matter how much it demanded for release. Not an inch of her body was spared the blush of embarrassment she felt as his beautiful, passionate wife forced herself to expose the last bit of her privacy. He could almost see the tiny bud react to the cool air when it was uncovered. How he longed to use his mouth to warm it for her. His tongue would have her gasping with pleasure before his cock ever escaped his pants.

"Suck on your index finger." Ripping open his pants, he fought to free his cock without standing up. "Good girl. Now use

that finger to tease your clit.” Suddenly, the man who found it hard to express himself aloud was barking orders, his cock slipping against his palm as he pumped it. “Gentle pets like that won’t do anything. Suck on the finger again. Now use that moisture to help guide your pace. Harder, Neima. Use two fingers. That’s better. I bet you wish my cock was buried inside you right now. You always come harder when I match my attention to your clit with my thrusting.”

“Please,” she moaned, not daring to stop stroking herself, but clearly needing something more to help push her over the edge.

“Please what? Talk to me, baby. Communication is critical to a successful marriage. At least that’s what you always tell me.”

“I am so close,” Neima gasped.

“But I’m not,” Finnton lied. The flush of her skin deepened, and he swore her clit got fatter. “Slip a finger inside and see if it helps,” he suggested, chuckling at the pout she gave him. She was close to exploding and none of them had even laid a finger on her. Damn, if he didn’t end this soon, his lusty wife might realize she didn’t need husbands to bring her pleasure. He wanted her mind to associate cocks with release, especially his.

“Come over here, wife. I have decided to take mercy on you.” He smiled when she almost ran to his arms. “Lay across my lap,” he ordered. “Face down.” He positioned her so his cock rubbed between their bodies. Her skin had lost some of its glow, so he rectified the situation with a few sharp slaps. Then he spread her legs and slid his hand into position. Two fingers stroked her clit while the others eased in and out of her cunt. They both climaxed quickly, but the power of the reaction coursed through them for several moments, making them tense and moan.

The game the lovers played had to be halted momentarily to give Neima’s body time to recover. Finnton saw to cleaning her up himself, gently bathing her with warm water. He whispered words of praise for the perfect gift she had blessed him with. Until he had given himself permission to embrace his own

passions, he had never fully found the level of passion she had afforded him.

“As leader, I didn’t even realize the amount of pressure I put on myself to make sure everything is perfect for all involved.” Finding the proper words wasn’t such a struggle when it was just the two of them. It was one of the many things that proved how perfect Neima was for their family unit, but especially for him. “You have no idea how erotic it was to make you weak with only my commands. The Konrad tradition for special bonding as a couple has more merit than I initially considered. We shall begin employing it immediately. On the nights set aside for our bonding as a couple, I plan to explore this new avenue.”

He sent her off to eat the meal Waylon and Bode prepared. Both men waited until she was far enough away not to hear them before voicing their opinions of what had transpired. “Maybe we should have taken the time to make a plan of action before starting this little game,” Bode announced. “How are we supposed to top your ideas of domination without coming off as selfish animals?”

Waylon studied their wife’s content expression as she nibbled on her food. “You could have warned us you were going to make her come without burying your cock deep inside her. You came off as selfless. She will hate us if we follow through with our plans. We would have made you wait to go last. The little fantasy I had hoped to play out will only shock her now.”

Bode pushed him for details, but Waylon refused to share more information. Finnton grinned at both men’s frustration. “Tell me you at least plan to have her ride your cock,” the youngest of their triad insisted. “You know what, brothers. I am tired of having to adjust my desires to jell better with your own. Finnton got his private masturbation show. You have Neima act out any odd notion you have about wild, unscripted sex. I have had it with trying to conform my love making with both of you. By the time I am finished with our little wife, she will know every dark, dirty little detail that stirs my cock. I may never get to enjoy

such actions afterwards, but she will learn I don't back down from a challenge. Maybe it will make her respect the control I give up when ensuring her happiness."

Was he trying to convince his brothers or himself? He had been hard wired to devote his life to their wife. Tradition demanded he love and protect Neima. Bode's mind reflected on cycles past, to the first time they set eyes on the woman they claimed as bride. Even then, she had proved to be a paradox to unravel.