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INTENSITY



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DEDICATION

“Intensity” is dedicated to awesome erotic romance author, Amarinda Jones, without whose advice and encouragement this book would never have been written.

INTENSITY

BERENGARIA BROWN

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Chapter One

“Now see here, Uncle John. You are not, *absolutely not*, to frighten Keziah. It’s taken me almost a month to get her to agree to move in with us, and if she had anywhere else to go, she wouldn’t be coming here. In fact, I still half expect her to carry out her crazy idea of riding the trains all night or something. She will be arriving this afternoon, and I want you to promise me you will not materialize or do anything, *anything at all*, to scare her away. Now promise me you will behave,” Amos asked sternly.

The white-haired old man, his twinkling blue eyes identical to those of his great-nephew, pulled himself up to his full height and straightened his mouth into a solemn line.

“My dear Amos, I wouldn’t dream of upsetting sweet little Keziah. She is a darling girl and absolutely perfect for you and Wesley.”

The ghost’s response may have been more believable if he hadn’t taken that moment to drift his body through the couch before sitting on it and meticulously resting his right ankle on his left knee.

“Dammit, that’s exactly what I am talking about. If you do that when she’s around you’ll scare her off for good. You are to stay upstairs in the office and not come down here at all until she is happily settled, and I can explain all about you to her.”

“But my dear boy, you know I am only hanging around to help you take over the business. Your father is an incompetent idiot, and I couldn’t bear to see him ruin my company, which is why I am still here.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. But I lost an excellent secretary after you appeared in the bathroom when she was here that time. We damn near had to call the paramedics she was so hysterical. And I will not risk losing Keziah. So stay upstairs until further notice. Understand?”

The old man sighed and nodded and wafted silently through the ceiling.

Amos Smith-Johnstone’s grandma Jane was his great-uncle John Smith’s sister and only relative. And since John had never married, Jane had kept her last name and hyphenated it to that of her husband. Jane’s only child, Andrew, was Amos’s father, but as John had so pithily commented, he did not have a head for business so all John’s hopes for the company rested on Amos’s shoulders. Fortunately for them all, Amos loved the business and was now confidently in charge of it and had smoothly repaired most of the damage his father had done between John’s death and his taking over at the age of twenty-five, three years ago.

And who in their right mind, with the last name Smith, would call his kids John and Jane, Amos mused for the millionth time, glancing ceiling-ward to check whether or not John had really left.

He turned his mind to Keziah. Delicious Keziah with her glossy brown hair and intelligent gray eyes. And her luscious curves in all the right places. God, his cock hardened just thinking about her. Thinking about those full, ripe breasts in his hands, her dark brownish-pink nipples in his mouth, his cock deep in her cunt, and Wesley in her ass, their cocks rubbing each other through her thin tissues. Or his cock in her ass, his hands on her generous hips, his head on her soft shoulder and Wesley in his ass and—

Shit! He’d be fucking her against the door the minute she arrived if he didn’t get his mind under control fast.

Wesley had gone to help her pack up her tiny apartment and bring her stuff here. Well, what little stuff she had. It was a one-room apartment, and she'd sold the few pieces of nice furniture she'd owned after she lost her job six weeks ago.

She'd lost her job because she'd been brave enough to call her slimy pervert of a boss an asshole in public. Unfortunately, that had meant she did not have a reference. And no references made it very hard to get a job in this poor economic climate.

Not that he couldn't have found her a job somewhere in the company. She was a bright, intelligent woman. But she'd refused his "charity" and insisted on being independent.

He and Wesley had been urging her to move in with them for months. Only now, when she was obliged to give up her apartment due to lack of rent and utility money, had he persuaded her. Her damn pride hadn't let her agree until now, despite the fact that she was happy to fuck them and go out with them. And no way was he going to let Uncle John endanger his and Wesley's plans for her now. They were going to fuck her brains out so hard and so often, she wouldn't be able to get out of their bed ever again.

Shit, my cock wants inside her right now so bad.

* * * *

Keziah leaned against the side of the company truck Wesley had borrowed to help her move her stuff into their apartment.

It's lucky I sold my TV and my sofa. Although their apartment is a lot bigger than mine, it's really just two big rooms, and with three of us living there, it might be a bit crowded. And it's good I don't have a car anymore because I bet I couldn't afford the parking fees here, either.

She glanced around at the parking garage. The city tower building owned by Smith Incorporated was huge with several floors of shops, then maybe ten more of offices before the floors of apartments

started. And there were a couple of restaurants and a gym and swimming pool the guys had taken her to a few times.

The first two levels of the basement parking garage were for the shops, then the next few for the offices, so they were parked on level six which had its own elevator direct to the apartments.

And I bet all this security costs big money, too. She sighed as she saw Wesley returning with a security guard pushing a trolley for her luggage.

The two men made short work of unloading her boxes from the van and wheeling the trolley to the elevator. The guard swiped his keycard to open the elevator doors. Then Wesley inserted his own keycard and pressed the button for their floor.

Keziah watched Wesley maneuver the trolley, his broad shoulders and muscled arms moving the equipment as if it wasn't laden with a dozen boxes containing all her possessions. His chocolate-brown eyes and chestnut-brown hair provided an excellent contrast to Amos's golden hair and blue eyes and made her coloring look mousey and boring by contrast.

I don't know why two such gorgeous hunks are interested in an overweight, unemployed nobody like me. But I'm not sorry I told that slimy sleaze ball to take his hands off Jenny. He terrifies her, and she hates him, but she's too young and innocent to know how to deal with him.

For a moment, Keziah smiled blissfully, remembering the moment she'd said, very loudly, in a company meeting, "Get your filthy hands out of her pants you pervert." Her boss had turned bright red and called her a liar and troublemaker before demanding Jenny tell everyone he hadn't touched her. Jenny had been too embarrassed and scared to say anything, and within a week, Keziah had been sacked for "incompetence." But everyone knew what the sleaze ball had done, including his wife, so he was no longer a danger to anyone, and Keziah was happy with the outcome, even though finding a job had proven a lot harder than she'd expected.

Her smile faded, and she sighed deeply.

“Hey, sweetness, everything will work out. You’ll see,” said Wesley, pulling her against his side for a brief hug just as the elevator doors pinged open.

“Yeah, I owe you guys big time. And as soon as I’ve settled in, I will give my résumé to every company in this building. I can door-knock them all and make sure I speak to the right person without having to take public transport to get there,” she joked.

“You could have fought him in the courts. You’d have won, you know,” offered Wesley.

“Nah, Jenny would never testify, and I hated the company so I was happy to go. I just didn’t realize how hard it would be to get another job without a reference. And don’t tell me Amos would give me a reference. I have not and will not work for him,” she added.

Wesley sighed.

Keziah knew both the men would cheerfully have found her a job with one of their colleagues, but she refused to be even more of a burden on them.

If I could have found anywhere else to live, I wouldn’t be here. It was really sweet of Jenny to offer me a bed on her couch, but Jenny’s apartment is even smaller than mine so that’s not an option. And I am sleeping with them both, although it’s not exactly a relationship yet. Well, I don’t think it is.

At least in staying with them she would be able to decide if it was going to develop into a relationship or if it was more of a fling.

Shit, they’re hot. Six months ago, I would never have dreamed of fucking two men at once. And watching the two of them together. There is nothing hotter than watching two men kiss and fuck. And having four hands on me at once, and two mouths, one on each breast. God, that’s hot.

Keziah dragged her mind back to the present as Wesley swiped his keycard in the door to the apartment, and she rushed ahead to hold it open as he pushed the trolley inside.

* * * *

An hour later, Keziah was mostly unpacked. Stacked in the corner of the room were her few boxes of dishes and kitchenware.

“That’s enough unpacking for now. Everything else can wait. I’m starving. Let’s have some dinner,” suggested Amos.

“There is plenty of salad in the refrigerator, or would you rather go downstairs for pizza or burgers or Chinese?” asked Wesley.

“Salad is fine,” said Keziah, conscious of how little money was left in her bank account.

“Come on then,” urged Amos almost pushing the other two out the door toward the kitchen, which was open-plan attached to the large living area on the other side of the hallway. The tiny second bedroom they were in was beside the main bedroom. Opening off the bedroom, level with the kitchen, was the en suite bathroom. And that was the entire apartment, except for a balcony, accessed by sliding glass doors on the other side of the living room.

Keziah washed the lettuce and tore it into pieces while Amos chopped tomatoes, cucumber, and green peppers. Wesley grabbed Ziploc bags of carrot sticks, celery sticks, and a tub of cream cheese.

“Coke as usual?” he asked, and she nodded as he pulled a couple of cans from the refrigerator and grabbed a beer for himself.

“The second bedroom or little office or whatever you want to call it, is all yours, Keziah. Neither Wes nor I ever use it because we have all the office gear we need upstairs. Actually, would you like to come upstairs and see the office this weekend? I just realized you’ve never been there.”

“Yeah, sure, that would be great. Why is your office up among the apartments? All the other offices are down on the lower floors,” she asked.

“Originally, these two floors were one big apartment, but Great-Uncle John never married and Grandma Jane wanted to live in a

house out in the suburbs, so it was way too much space. Uncle John divided this level into four apartments, just keeping this one for himself and using the next floor for the company offices. The staff have a keycard that only lets them out at the fifteenth floor, not at any of the other levels with apartments, so it all works out fine,” answered Amos.

“But we have first option on the other apartments on this floor, so we can always knock out a few walls and have a bigger home if we want to,” added Wesley.

Keziah was interested in the explanation but was finding it harder and harder to concentrate on conversation and eating when she had two such yummy men sitting at a table with her. Men with long, thick cocks she wanted inside her.

And I would rather suck their cocks and lick Wes’s tribal tattoo on his shoulder blade than eat salad. She cast hot, hungry looks at the men.

She saw Wesley’s gaze fixed on her breasts. Then she looked across at Amos and saw him staring at her as if he, too, wanted to eat her up.

Keziah gulped and was sure her thoughts were written in neon lights across her face.

Amos pushed back his chair, stood, and said, “I need to fuck you, right now.”

Keziah stood up and nodded, licking her lips as she looked at the huge bulge in the front of his suit pants.

I don’t know why he wants me, but God I want him—them—so much.

“Me too,” gasped Wesley in a strangled tone, kicking his chair back and unzipping his jeans.

The air sizzled with sexual tension as eyes glazed with lust and hands ripped clothes off, dropping them carelessly on the floor.

Amos swept his arm across the table, pushing all the dishes to one end, while Wesley pulled Keziah’s jeans and panties off with one

swift move and sat her on the table. Amos jogged into the bedroom and came back with a box of condoms and a tube of lube while Wesley removed the last few items of clothing from himself and Keziah.

Stretching out her arms, Keziah whispered, "Come to me. Take me, both of you. I want you both so much."

The men looked at each other and seemed to be communicating without words. Then Amos rolled on a condom and lifted her legs up onto his shoulders then slid into the wet heat of her channel. He pushed in slowly, letting her get used to his girth as he stretched her tissues to their maximum with his cock. When he was seated to the hilt inside her, he gently pushed her flat on the table and leaned forward. Wesley moved behind him to lube his ass. Each time Wes's finger pushed into Amos's hole, Amos thrust a little deeper into Keziah, dragging his cock along her walls and heightening her pleasure.

"Oh, yeah. That feels so good, the way you scissor your fingers inside me," gasped Amos.

"Ready?" asked Wesley, and Amos nodded. As Wes pushed inside Amos's rectum, Amos pushed deep inside Keziah. Then as Wes withdrew Amos withdrew.

In. Then out. Then in again, cranking the tension up higher and higher, increasing the speed slowly but steadily.

Wesley's hands gripped Amos's hips, and Amos had a firm grip on Keziah's. She reached out and laid her hands on top of Wes's, uniting the three of them as the men stroked in and out in a steady, synchronized beat.

"Feels so good," she whispered, the dual thrusting sending desire burning through her.

Keziah lifted her legs off Amos's shoulder and rested her heels on Wes's back, linking the three of them even more closely. "You're both so hot, so good."

The two men pushed in and out harder and faster now, their breath coming in deep pants, their bodies slickening with sweat. Keziah could feel the orgasm starting deep in her core. She dug her heels into Wesley's back hard, raising her hips just a fraction to give Amos a little more thrust. Her fingers curled over Wesley's, gripping him as her body rose into the orgasm.

"Yes, yes, more. Just a little more," she begged.

Once again, seeming to communicate without speaking, the men rose on their toes and thrust deep. The tension in Keziah's belly curled tighter and tighter. She was so close, so close to coming.

Amos twisted his hips, his cock hitting her in exactly the right spot, and the orgasm burst over Keziah.

"Yes!" she screamed and her channel rippled, her muscles milking Amos's cock, and her whole body shaking with release. It was enough to send both the men into climax with her, their last few thrusts ragged with need as their cocks exploded simultaneously.

* * * *

It was quite a few minutes later that they all untangled themselves and lifted Keziah off the table. She sagged into her chair, breathing heavily while the men disposed of the condoms, and Amos wiped the table clean before moving the food back in to the center.

"Hungry now, sweetness?" asked Wesley. "Have you worked up a good appetite? I sure have."

"I feel more like taking a nap," she replied, looking around for her underwear.

"Hmm. Maybe we can do both together. Aren't women always urging men to multitask more often?"

For the second time in an hour, Amos swept all the food to one end of the table with his forearm and picked Keziah up, this time laying her on the tabletop.

Wesley walked into the kitchen and came back with an armload of bottles of ketchup and chocolate sauce and other things a dazed Keziah was beyond recognizing.

“Wha—” she began as Amos picked up the ketchup and squirted it in circles around her breasts, then in a wiggly line from her breasts to her navel.

“Gimme that bottle,” she demanded, grabbing for it.

But Amos moved it out of her reach and Wesley grabbed both her hands in one of his and held them above her head.

He dipped a celery stick in the tub of cream cheese and popped it in her mouth when she went to argue.

By the time she had chewed and swallowed, a hot mouth was on her breast, licking around the underside, the warm, wet tongue laving the globe in the most enticing way.

Meanwhile, on her rounded belly, fingers painted ketchup into pretty patterns of circles and spirals.

“I loved finger painting in kindergarten,” said Amos. “And your skin is the best canvas.”

Something stickier than ketchup was being painted onto her thighs, with swirls being traced around the sensitive skin of her inner thighs.

“Hmm, yum,” whispered Amos. “Cream cheese tastes much better on you than on celery.”

Wesley’s mouth was still laving and circling her breasts. Keziah’s nipples had hardened into points and ached with the need to feel a mouth on them. She pulled at her hands, wanting to reach out and move Wesley’s head, but he gripped her wrists firmly and murmured, “No, wait. The longer you wait, the better your orgasm will be.”

“I just had a very good orgasm. Surely it’s too soon for me to come again?”

“Oh, you will be coming again, sweetness. We can guarantee that!” said Wesley. Then his mouth descended on her aching nipple,

and he sucked it deep inside, rolling his tongue around it and making her gasp with excitement.

Amos had put the tub of cream cheese down and was back to finger painting her belly with the ketchup. His fingers trailed up her sides, along her ribs, back down to circle her bellybutton, and then lower. Everywhere they went, trails of fire followed them, lighting every nerve ending they touched.

He sucked the last of the cream cheese off her inner thighs, then used a celery stick to trace lightly down her leg to her foot, running it up under the arch and making her squirm with desire.

Wesley transferred his attention to her other breast, and Amos his to her other foot.

Keziah wiggled frantically. "I need...I want..."

"This?" asked Amos, leaning forward to lick her slit.

"Or this?" added Wesley, scraping his teeth across her nipple. "We want you to stay with us. To let us love you the way you deserve."

Wesley thrust his tongue deep into her mouth as Amos thrust his into her cunt. With matching movements, they began to tongue-fuck her in earnest, Wesley's spare hand tweaking a nipple and Amos using both of his hands to hold her thighs apart and tilt her hips for maximum penetration.

Amos slid one hand around to play with the rim of her ass while the other toyed with her clit.

Wesley finally let go of her wrists and used both hands to roll and pinch her nipples while he kissed her passionately, his tongue deep inside her mouth, then running around her teeth and the inside of her cheeks, before thrusting deep again or sucking her tongue.

Keziah grabbed hold of his shoulders, digging her fingernails into them as she reached for the orgasm that was so close.

And then she exploded, her cream pouring from her onto Amos's waiting tongue, her whole body shaking with release, as the guys licked and kissed and patted her through the aftershocks.

* * * *

Sitting cross-legged on the refrigerator in the corner of the room, Great-Uncle John smiled and muttered very softly, “Well done, nevvie. That should keep her here for a while,” before uncrossing his legs and wafting through the refrigerator, through the wall, and into the bathroom.

Chapter Two

The first few hours of the morning passed in a blur for Keziah as the alarm clock galvanized the two men out of bed and into their workday routine of showers and shaving, breakfast, and collecting the gear they needed for the day's work. Even with a two-minute commute and the freedom to come home during the day and collect anything they'd forgotten, they still seemed to rush around madly, looking for missing socks or their favorite necktie. She decided the best place for her was in bed, out of their way until they were actually dressed and ready to leave.

Then she stood at the door in her robe to kiss them good-bye, and Amos said, "Now remember, Garry is the security guard who will be bringing you your keycard. It will let you into this apartment, all the office floors, the basement parking garage, and the gym and pool. The keycard for our office is a separate one, and I will bring one of those home for you tonight."

"Will you be okay alone all day?" asked Wesley, concern in his voice.

"As soon as the keycard is here, I want to wander around the building and check out the companies based here so I can target them with detailed résumés, so that will keep me busy for the next few days," she reassured them.

And then they were gone, and she was alone in the silence.

"First a shower, so I am dressed before Garry arrives," she told herself.

* * * *

Garry was a short, tubby older man. The buttons of his uniform shirt stretched to capacity to cover his belly. But his eyes shone with intelligence, and he insisted she write down his cell phone number in case she ever needed his help.

Keziah had spent the half hour between when she got out of the shower and Garry's arrival planning her morning. She'd decided to dress professionally, as if she worked in the building, and carry a notepad and pen to write down anything that might be helpful to her. She planned to google the companies in the building so she could write individual letters to each of them and hand deliver them, hopeful that this would increase her chances of getting that elusive job.

So she hung her keycard around her neck and dropped a notepad and pen in the left pocket of her blazer and her cell phone in the right pocket. She slipped on comfortable but dressy pumps and took the apartment-dwellers' elevator to the lowest level of the basement parking garage. That turned out to be level eight. Wesley had parked the company van he had used to help her move on level six, so she had a quick look around level eight and a longer look around level six, recognizing several Smith Inc. vehicles and writing in her notebook that Amos's car was parked in bay 625 and Wesley's in 624. There were several empty parking bays on this level, but that might have been because people were out on company business.

Levels four and two had identical layouts but were for office workers and shoppers, therefore having separate elevators that anyone could use, so she changed elevators and rode up to street level to look at the shops.

Wow, this is like a complete town. I may never need to leave the building again, she thought as she wandered around the second floor.

She passed a noodle bar, pizza parlor, post office, drug store, two grocery stores, half a dozen clothing boutiques, two shoe shops, a handbag store, a hardware store, a coffee shop, a gift store, a juice

bar. Then there was a men's wear store, a bookstore, even an optometrist and a nail salon, as well as a hairdresser, a jewelry store, and a couple of shops that seemed to stock a wide range of miscellany. *Pretty much anything I might ever need*, the thought.

She took the public elevator up another level to the concourse where the directory of companies sat in a foyer with several comfy sofas, a fountain made of metal pipes, and the receptionist and security guards who assisted visitors.

The security guard on duty was Garry, who beckoned her over to the desk.

"Keziah, meet Tia. Tia is the senior receptionist here, and she can help you find out which of the companies in the building are hiring. What kind of work are you looking for?"

Keziah was stunned at Garry's openness and stammered, "That's the whole point. I hold a Bachelor of Arts and have done admin type work, but I am not really qualified for anything much. Dad always wanted me to do something like accountancy or teaching, but I am useless at math and don't really like kids, so that was why I stuck with subjects like History and Philosophy of Science. Lots of fun to do but not really the stuff from which you get a job." She sighed.

"Hi, Keziah," butted in Tia. "Quite a few of the smaller companies in the building need temps for their peak times. I can phone you first if they ask me to find them a temp, which they often do. And if you're a quick study, Susan, who comes in to mind the desk for my lunch break each day, has gotten a better job and will be leaving in two weeks, so that's an hour of work every day if you want it. You'll need to have memorized the companies and a bit about them first though," she warned.

"In two weeks, I can memorize anything you need," Keziah replied.

The two women chatted for a bit longer. Then Tia handed Keziah a copy of the company's list with contact names so she could start

memorizing. Grateful, Keziah tucked it into her blazer pocket, then headed to the elevators to look at the various floors.

It was only as she entered the elevator she realized Tia hadn't said anything about interviews or asking her boss about giving her the lunch break shift.

Shit! Shouldn't she have said I'd need to present for an interview or something? Give someone my references? Or does everyone know I'm fucking Amos and Wesley? Am I being offered a job because of them? But don't they even care we are a threesome, not a traditional couple? And do they think I'm going to be around for a long time? I know the guys have been wanting me to move in with them for a while, but it's not like marriage or anything traditional is going to happen here. It's just as well my dad lives five hundred miles away because I'm pretty sure he couldn't cope with the whole ménage thing.

The elevator door pinged, and Keziah got out, straightened her shoulders, took a deep breath, and began her task for the day—getting to know the building and its people.

* * * *

By one p.m. she was back in the apartment, making copious notes on her laptop about everything she had seen and heard while nibbling on a sandwich.

The smaller companies had offices on the lower floors—three, four, and five. Then bigger companies had more luxurious offices on floors six through twelve.

The thirteenth floor had the gym, pool, hot tub, and sauna area and was called the Recreation Level. People who worked in the building could take out memberships there, as well as those who lived in the apartments.

The fourteenth floor held the four apartments that included Amos and Wesley's, and level fifteen was the Smith Inc. offices. Sixteen

through twenty were more apartments, four per floor, and twenty-one had two larger family apartments. Twenty-two, the top floor, was a restaurant and rooftop garden that was said to offer exquisite cuisine. There was a special express elevator from the ground floor to the restaurant, but she hadn't been up there to look at it yet.

"First I need to concentrate on getting a job," she encouraged herself, taking a bite of the sandwich and typing faster.

Wherever possible, Keziah had introduced herself to the receptionist at each company, saying she lived in the building and was looking for work, adding—thanks to Tia's comment—that she was happy to temp. A rather harried-looking manager on the fifth floor, minus his coat and tie and sweating at ten a.m., had handed her his business card and told her to send in her résumé as soon as possible. She planned to do that and be back there before close of business today.

"Mahoney and Richardson," she muttered, flipping through the pages of the booklet Tia had given her. "Uh-huh, tax accountants, scheduling client appointments, uploading data files, uh-huh, uh-huh. Nothing here I can't do."

* * * *

After dining at the noodle bar that evening, Amos handed Keziah her office keycard and the threesome went up to the fifteenth floor, stopping at the concourse so the men could introduce Keziah to the night security supervisor, Atal.

Atal solemnly shook her hand, wished her success with her job search, and stepped back behind the desk, his eyes constantly scanning the security cameras for the various levels.

The offices for Smith Inc. took the entire fifteenth floor, with large, open-plan spaces for most of the staff, a nice corner office with its own executive bathroom for Amos, and a row of smaller offices along the external wall for the managers, which included Wesley,

whose official title was Vice President for Communications but whose actual role was being second in command to Amos.

The men showed her the break room and the board room, then returned to Amos's office where he looked at his desk and said wistfully, "We've never fucked you on my desk."

"Or on mine," added Wesley.

"Yeah, but we fucked on the kitchen table yesterday, and we haven't had sex in your bed yet, either," Keziah responded.

"Okay, how about a compromise," suggested Amos, pointing to his large, soft executive chair.

"Oh, yeah, that has potential," replied Wesley. "Come here, sweetness, and let us undress you."

Keziah was about to continue arguing, but just then, both men dropped their pants, and two huge, hot cocks jumped out and stood to attention. Her breath hitched, her belly clenched, and her pussy released its cream as she gazed at those gorgeous cocks.

Oh, hell yeah. They are purely delicious-looking cocks, so hot and hard and thick. These guys sure know how to send my engines from zero to sixty in one second flat.

"Fair enough, but I get to lick your tat," she said to Wesley.

"You can go on the top, then, instead of in the middle," suggested Amos, kicking off his shoes and dress pants, almost ripping his shirt off in his haste to get ready.

Wesley peeled her out of her blazer, shirt, and skirt, and she toed off her pumps while unbuttoning his shirt.

Amos grabbed lube and condoms out of his desk drawer—*jeez, does the Board know about that*, wondered Keziah—and Wesley bent over the desk so Amos could lube his ass. Keziah stood as close as possible to both of them so she could lick the tribal tattoo on Wesley's shoulder blade before she gently rolled a condom onto Amos's cock.

"Enough, enough, I'm ready," gasped Wesley, ripping Keziah's panties off, and drawing her with him over to the chair. Amos sat and spread his legs, and Wes stood facing him, one leg on each side of the

chair. Then Amos guided the other man down onto his cock, and Keziah rolled a condom onto Wesley.

“Climb aboard, sweetness,” ordered Wesley, and Keziah stood with her back to Amos, stretched her right leg across both men, and settled herself on their laps.

Amos lifted her up by the hips, and Wesley slid his cock into her hot core.

“God, that feels good,” she whispered. “You’re both so good at turning me on, and you never leave me unsatisfied.”

“*You* feel good,” corrected Amos, holding her breasts in his hands and pulling her hard against his chest until she could feel his nipples rubbing against her back.

“Very good,” added Wesley, thrusting his cock deep inside her. “And you feel mighty good, too,” he added to Amos, wiggling his butt on the other man’s cock and grasping his shoulders, pulling the three of them tightly together.

“Yeah, this is heaven. This is the way we are meant to be. The three of us belong together,” said Amos, kissing Wesley, then Keziah.

We are meant to be? We belong together? Are you sure this isn’t just a short-term thing that will burn itself out?

But then she couldn’t think any more as both men began thrusting in tandem, their strong hands holding her firmly between them as they pushed deep and hard, Amos into Wesley and Wesley into her.

She leaned her head on Wesley’s chest, sucking his nipples and licking the tattoo.

Those curvy lines and swirls are so fascinating.

Then she stretched her arms behind her to grab on to Amos. *He’s so thoughtful. He’s obviously told people about me because everyone has been so helpful. And he must be a good boss or they would ignore me to spite him.*

She could almost feel her brain cells melting as the men’s movements sped up, harder and deeper inside her, and her position meant that every thrust from Wesley went right up high inside her,

scraping her walls and hitting her G-spot and winding the coiling tension in her center higher and higher.

Keziah dug her nails into Amos and her teeth into Wesley's shoulder.

The men's chests were sweating now with the power and force of their movements. Amos was panting with the exertion of pushing the two of them up with each thrust.

"I can't hold on much longer. Having my cock in Keziah and you in my ass is so fucking good," Wesley whimpered.

Amos pinched and tweaked Keziah's nipples, and she came with a scream. Gratefully, Wesley let go, exploding inside her,

"Fucking good indeed." Amos hurtled over the edge into climax as well.

The three stayed in the chair, holding on to each other for long moments as they recovered from the force of their joining.

"Hell, that was hot," gasped Wesley.

"Oh, yeah," said Amos. "We must remember to do it again some time."

Chapter Three

The next morning, Keziah once again stayed in bed until the men were ready to leave, then rushed through her shower to settle at her laptop and personalize her résumés to leave at the various offices she had noted on her sheet.

“I *can* do this. I am *not* going to just live off Wesley and Amos. I *will* get a job,” she muttered to herself.

That took most of the day, but she was able to dress in a business suit and hand deliver them all by four p.m.

“Hey, Keziah,” Tia called as she exited the elevator at the concourse level.

“Hi, Tia, are you having a good day?” she responded.

“So-so, but your day may be about to get better. Mahoney and Richardson are going to ask you to work three mornings a week, and Susan is leaving at the end of next week, not in a fortnight, so you’ll be taking over her job, as well, soon.”

“Oh! Wow!” stammered Keziah. “That’s awesome. Mahoney and Richardson, that’s the worried guy on the fifth floor?”

“Yeah, his wife is expecting twins any minute now, and she used to do a lot of his paperwork for him. She has been too tired to do much for the last month, and she wants to stay home with the babies for their first year, so that job will last for a while, I reckon,” added Tia.

“Twins! Wow, poor thing.”

“Oh, yeah. Talk about an instant family! Glad it’s them, not me.”

“Tomorrow I’ll work on memorizing that list. I’m getting quite a good understanding of the building just from wandering around it, so hopefully I shouldn’t let you down.”

“Well worst-case scenario, just take a message, and I’ll call them back after my lunch. That should hold them,” replied Tia.

“Thanks,” said Keziah as the elevator disgorged a group of people heading for Tia.

Keziah took the stairs down to the shops, wanting to buy some things for dinner. She’d promised the men she’d cook for them and wanted something simple but yummy.

And not salad. The next time we fuck, I want it to be in a bed, not on a table or even a chair! Besides, it’s been a while since I have had them both in me together, and I need to set that up, too. Oh, God yeah. I want them both in me again together, so much.

She giggled to herself, hatching plans.

* * * *

The men arrived together promptly at six p.m. Keziah’s tuna and corn pasta bake was pronounced delicious and quickly consumed. Amos and Wesley were thrilled that Keziah would probably have a job in the next few days.

“See, sweetness, I told you so,” said Wesley.

“You need to believe in yourself as a talented, intelligent woman. We know what an asset you’d be to any company,” added Amos.

“Come into the bedroom now,” she said, ignoring their comments but still warmed inside by their endless kindness to her.

The guys exchanged looks, then followed her in.

Fresh sheets were on the bed, and the quilt was turned down invitingly. A row of tiny tea candles had been placed along the windowsill, and they flickered charmingly, leaving a light pine scent on the air.

Keziah turned her back to the men and pulled her dress over her head.

“Holy shit,” gasped Amos as she bent over, showing that although she had no underwear on, she was wearing a bright pink butt plug.

“Fucking A,” added Wesley as she turned around to show her freshly bare mons.

“I wanted to thank you for looking after me,” she said, moving to the bed and lying flat in the center of it.

“No, thank *you*,” said Amos, ripping hastily at his clothes.

“We’ve wanted you to move in with us for ages,” added Wesley, almost falling as he tried to pull his dress pants off while still wearing his lace-up shoes.

Keziah had thoughtfully laid out the lube and a pack of bright pink, flavored condoms on the nightstand.

Both men quickly rolled on condoms, then flipped her over, and Amos pulled out the butt plug while Wesley grabbed the lube and massaged it into her ass.

“We need to slow down,” said Amos. “Foreplay and all that.”

“Stuff foreplay,” said Keziah. “I want you to fuck me.”

“Ahh, well slide on here then,” he said, rolling onto his back and pulling her over him.

Keziah did just that, then lay flat on his chest as Wesley inched his way into her rectum. Her dark channel was hot and ready, and soon, both men were sheathed deep inside her.

“Feels so good,” she whispered.

The three of them lay still for a moment, savoring the feeling of being united. The men leaned across her shoulder and kissed each other, a harsh, passionate clashing of teeth and thrusting of tongues, then each one kissed her, more gently but still full of passion.

Keziah’s hands roamed over two hot, hard bodies, broad shoulders, muscled arms, and taut muscled asses.

Finally her finger slid into Amos’s ass, and she twirled it inside his puckered hole.

“Shit!” he gasped and thrust up inside her.

As if she had pressed an ignition switch, both men began thrusting into her, one pushing in as the other withdrew, then reversing, their cocks dragging along her walls and almost touching through the filmy barrier between her cunt and her ass.

Gradually, they sped up, and the men grasped each other’s shoulders, holding her almost immobile between them as they increased their pace in and out of her.

Keziah’s nails dug deep into Amos’s ass as need rose in her. She sucked his shoulder and bit down on the place where it connected to his neck.

Then deliberately, she moved her arms back to Wesley, running her hands down his sides and digging her nails into his hips.

The men’s pace changed again. Now they moved in and out of her together. Deeper, harder, faster, both pushing in as far as they could and withdrawing only to push in harder and deeper.

Wesley’s teeth sank into her neck. “Now. Come now,” he ordered. And just like that, she did, screaming their names as the climax rolled over her, shuddering and shaking from the top of her head to her toes, and every nerve ending in between.

The men exploded inside her and the feel of that cum burning her through the thin, pink latex kept her muscles rippling and milking their cocks for long minutes.

Damn, they are good. I don’t understand why they want me to be with them, but I am fast becoming addicted to them. They are both such perfect lovers. Sex with them is truly the very best experience ever.

* * * *

As Tia had forecast, a job offer from Mahoney and Richardson was sitting in her mailbox the next morning—Monday, Wednesday, Friday eight a.m. till noon at twenty-five dollars per hour. Not big

money but it would give her a bit of independence, and she would be getting thirty dollars a day for the sixty-five or seventy minutes she was covering the concourse reception desk, so life was definitely looking up.

With all her résumés delivered, Keziah decided it was time to study Tia's list, but by lunchtime she was developing a case of cabin fever so hung her keycard around her neck and decided to explore this floor and the one lower, the Recreation Level.

The building was virtually a box with the elevators at one end, fire stairs beside them, and the four apartments each taking one quarter of the remaining space—A and B at the elevator end and C and D at the far end, with a hallway down the center. Amos and Wesley's apartment was 14D.

Keziah walked around the floor once, then a second time, frowning at the locked fire stairs between apartments C and D.

"What the hell?" she muttered, retracing her steps and checking. Yep. Fire stairs beside the elevators.

"I hope Garry's on duty," she said, then went down to the concourse level.

Garry was there, and he wasn't busy. Instead, he was chatting to a much younger and slimmer guard and willingly came across to speak to her.

"How many sets of fire stairs are there on each level?" she asked.

"You're an observant little thing, aren't you?" He smiled. "The fourteenth floor is the only level with two sets, probably because old John Smith wanted to be extra safe."

"But where do they come out?"

"In the private level of the parking garage, right by the private elevators," he replied.

"But the elevator is at the other end of the floor," she argued.

"Well, that's the way they were built," Garry replied.

"Okay, thanks," she answered, then took the elevator up to the gym.

“Three different elevators, two sets of fire stairs. I need a drink,” she muttered.

But while she wandered around the gymnasium, the aerobics room, the weights room, the hot tub room, the sauna, the Olympic-length swimming pool, and the ten-foot-deep, icy-cold plunge pool, her mind still worked away at the puzzle of the extra set of fire stairs.

“You’re crazy, the security guards would never be wrong,” she told herself as she took the elevator back down to level eight of the basement parking garage. She walked the four corners of the garage, and there was definitely just one elevator and one set of fire stairs. She did the same on level seven, level six, and level five.

At level four, where office workers could park, a second elevator was added, a pushbutton one for public use, but there was still only one set of fire stairs. And she had looked very carefully, even walking between cars in their parking bays, to check where she thought the other fire stairs would come out.

She continued checking every level, walking up the fire stairs so people would not notice her getting on and off the elevators and so she could see whether a second set joined in with them somewhere. By the time she got to level fourteen, her feet ached, but she was totally convinced the extra set of fire stairs definitely did not go down below the fourteenth floor.

“And why the hell would they go up?” she asked herself as she sat on the floor back in her apartment, massaging her aching toes.

* * * *

“Ahh, you’re a very observant woman, Keziah. I’m proud of how quickly you worked that out. You’re the perfect woman for Amos and Wesley. I only wish Amos would let me talk to you. I’m sure you’d understand,” said the ghost, who was sitting on top of the bookshelves. He watched her for a moment longer, then faded through the ceiling.

* * * *

Wesley knocked and entered Amos's office.

"Hey, man, all ready for the board meeting tomorrow?"

"Yeah, pretty much. Old fart face will kick up as usual, but as usual, we should be able to swing the Board to go with the most logical option."

"Ya know, you probably shouldn't call your father 'old fart face.'"

"He may be my father, but he hasn't got an ounce of business sense. He would have ruined the company in those three years between when Uncle John died and I took over if both Uncle John and I hadn't kept leaning on him so hard."

"Oh, yeah, I remember his idea of changing the corporate logo from blue and black to brown and gold to match his football team's colors. It was priced at three million dollars, and he didn't blink," said Wesley.

"The man's a total loser, all right. Is this a social call?" asked Amos, opening the drawer with the lube and condoms.

"Well, it's connected with that, and I am always up for a fuck," said Wesley, displaying the ready bulge of his erection, "but did you know the Mitchells in 14B are moving out at the end of the month? I thought maybe we could take their apartment over and add it to ours. Knock out the dividing wall, turn their living room into a main bedroom, knock out the wall into the bedroom to make their bathroom much bigger, maybe add a hot tub, a shower big enough for three with a seat in it, then have our bedroom as a dining room so there'd be more space in the kitchen. Whaddya think?"

"Wes, you're a genius," said Amos, jumping up to hug his friend. "That's an awesome idea. And we could renovate the other apartment as a surprise and not tell Keziah till it was done, then knock a hole in

the adjoining wall for a door, and just add the finishing touches once she knows.”

Wesley grabbed a notepad, and the two men started jotting ideas and sketching layouts, until Amos’s personal assistant buzzed him to tell him his next appointment had arrived.

* * * *

As they sipped their coffee after dinner, Amos asked the others, “What would you like to do this evening? It’s Friday night, we should be out having fun.”

“Ugh, my feet have had enough fun for one day,” said Keziah. “How about we stay home and watch a movie instead?”

“Have you been down to the swimming pool yet? We could soak in the hot tub or broil in the sauna, have a swim, stuff like that, and none of it will stress your feet,” suggested Wesley.

“Yeah, okay, that sounds good. I liked the look of the hot tub. It did tempt me,” she said.

Swimwear was not permitted in the hallways, so they changed into their swimwear, then put their clothes back on top and took a bag of underwear and towels with them.

God, they look delicious, thought Keziah as she gazed at the men’s toned, muscular bodies in their matching style board shorts—Amos in gold and Wesley in green. Her modest, one-piece navy swimsuit, on the other hand, was inadequate to hide the rounded shape of her tummy, hips, and thighs.

“Gotta start another diet tomorrow,” she muttered to the mirror as she covered up with a long black skirt and T-shirt.

The Recreation Level was almost deserted. One lone apartment-dweller was swimming laps in the main pool, and two men were lifting weights in the weights room, but the rest of the place was empty of people.

Three minutes in the sauna had Keziah grabbing her towel and saying, “You can both stay here as long as you like. I’ll wait for you in the hot tub. This is too much like midsummer in Africa for me.”

“When were you in Africa in midsummer?” teased Amos.

“Ha ha,” she replied, closing the door and walking through the hall to the hot tub.

The hot tub was huge and had an entire room to itself. It was sunk into the floor, and the walls were glass but covered in steam. Keziah walked down the half dozen steps into the tub and sank onto the bench. The water was shoulder height and delightfully warm. She leaned her head back against the side of the tub and stretched out, relaxing.

Her muscles were loosening up nicely when, after about five minutes, the two men joined her.

“You look very sexy in that outfit,” said Amos, sliding along the bench and sitting on her right.

“But I reckon you’d look even better out of it,” added Wesley, sitting on her left.

“Nice line, guys, but my pudgy body would look better covered completely by clothing, whereas you both look totally delicious with your chests bare. Although, I do think Speedos would look better on you than board shorts,” she added naughtily.

“Yeah, but where would I put the condoms?” asked Amos, pulling a handful out of the pocket of his board shorts.

“Here? You want to fuck here in a public swimming pool?” She gasped.

“It’s not public, it’s private. Besides, the man doing laps has gone, and the two in the weights room are too far away to see or hear anything we do,” added Wesley.

“We’ll buy you a bikini before next time, though,” added Amos.

“Bikini? Me? No way!” protested Keziah, only to have her protests cut short as the men pulled the straps of her swimsuit down, and two heads, one golden, one brown, bent to suck her nipples.

“Oh, that feels so good,” she murmured, holding their heads to her chest.

Before she could relax, and while two tongues still played with her nipples, male hands were pulling the swimsuit right off her and leaving it to sink to the bottom of the hot tub.

“Hey wait—”

“Shh, we’ll get it before we go,” murmured Amos, lifting her legs up onto the bench while Wesley held her shoulders and continued kissing her breasts.

Both men donned condoms. Then Wesley pulled her up with her back against his chest and nestled his cock between her butt cheeks. His hands continued to play with her breasts, and his lips roamed along her neck, her shoulders, and even sucked her ear lobes from time to time. Every now and then, he casually thrust up with his cock into her butt crack.

Meanwhile, Amos sat with her legs on his knee, kissing and sucking her toes, playing with her feet, kissing the tender spot behind her knees and gradually working his way up toward her cunt. A cunt that was already dripping cream and hungering for their cocks.

Keziah tried to hold first Amos, who was out of reach, then Wesley, but Wesley grabbed her wrists and pinned her arms against her sides with his.

She shivered as Amos got closer and closer to her aching core.

“Hungry are we, sweetness?” teased Wesley.

“Yes. No. Yes.” She gasped as Amos’s tongue reached her clit.

Amos sat square on the bench, and Wesley lifted Keziah and slid her onto Amos’s cock. All three of them sighed as he sank into her to the hilt.

Wesley came and stood behind her, lodging his cock in her ass crack again, the deep floor of the hot tub making him at the perfect level when he spread his legs a little.

As had become their custom, the two on the outside grasped each other's shoulders, linking all three tightly into a single unit—a genuine threesome—and the men began to thrust.

Keziah was going crazy with need. The hot water, the erotic bubbles, the adrenaline rush of the possibility of being caught, and the two hot, sexy hunks who wanted her, drove her to a very fast orgasm. She squeezed her internal muscles as hard as she could, hoping to bring the men with her, and Amos's cock was carried along with the tide of her milking, rippling cunt.

While she was still quaking with aftershocks, the two men picked her up and swapped places, Wesley thrusting deep into her still-quivering cunt. He thrust hard three, four, five times, and on the fifth time, she came again, harder than before, and Wes came with her this time, blasting his cum into his condom.

The men soothed and kissed and petted her down from her high, then Amos located her swimsuit and helped her put it back on.

"A bikini would definitely be better," he said as he untangled one of the straps.

"Yeah, a red one," added Wesley.

"No bikini and definitely not red," replied Keziah. "I may be still shaking from those two orgasms so close together, but I do have a couple of functional brain cells."

The three wrangled amiably for a while before settling on a tankini, and she could choose the color, as long as she shopped at Sasha's store on the second level.

"Hmm, sounds like you know something I don't," she commented but conceded nonetheless.

The three adjourned to the main pool and swam a few laps, then plunged once into the icy pool before retreating again to the hot tub.

"Ahh, this is most definitely the best place to be," said Keziah. "Is it always this quiet here at night? When I came up and had a look earlier today, there seemed to be quite a few people around."

“Yes, a lot of the office workers use it during the day but not so much at night. I think the two families on twenty-one come here a bit at weekends though,” added Wesley.

“We’ve come up occasionally at night, but there are never many people here, though.”

“Yeah, I noticed the condoms and your technique with the bench!” replied Keziah.

“Since you’ve come into our lives, we will never go anywhere without them.”

“Oh, yeah? And what does the Board think about the ones in your desk drawer?”

“What the Board doesn’t know won’t hurt it. Which reminds me, Wesley and I will be tied up in a board meeting tomorrow from ten a.m. but it will be over by one p.m. They start getting hungry about then, and I never serve more than coffee.”

“Smart move!” Keziah laughed.

“Will you be lonely without us?” Two faces with puppy dog eyes stared solemnly at her.

“I’ll manage somehow to survive. I’ll go and get some groceries, stuff like that because I start work Monday morning at eight.”

“We’re thrilled you got that job. And it’s just a start,” affirmed Amos.

“Yeah, watch out, buddy. She’ll be running the company before you know it,” joked Wesley.

* * * *

They towed off, threw their clothes back on, and went back upstairs. Then the men sat on the bed and advised Keziah about the clothes she should wear to her new receptionist job.

“Classy,” insisted Amos.

“I need to blend into the background a bit,” said Keziah, pulling out a navy suit and a gray suit.

“They’re boring,” said Wesley, jumping up to look in the closet.

“Not with my blue blouse. And I have a lilac one, too,” Keziah argued.

“What about green or red or bright pink or gold?”

“Not my colors. I need to blend into the background,” she repeated.

“Honey, let us dress you. We want you to stand out, not blend in. You’re a beautiful, intelligent person. We want everyone who sees you to know that instantly. Please, let us choose you some new clothes.”

“Absolutely not. This receptionist job is for an hour a day. It’s nothing. And even the other one is only twelve hours a week. It’s insane to spend money on clothes. I should be helping buy food and stuff like that. Pay the light bill and things.”

“The company owns the flat, so they pay all the utilities. And if you’re cooking for us, that’s your share of the food situation,” said Amos.

Both men must have noticed the mulish set to her chin, because Wesley riffled through her closet a little more and pulled out a straw sunhat and a pair of stilettos. Slipping them on, he pranced around the room singing, “The sun’ll come out, tomorrow.”

Amos fell back on the bed laughing, but Keziah rushed to him saying, “Don’t stretch my shoes with your huge feet!”

Wesley kicked the shoes off, pulled his T-shirt and jeans off, then dropped a sundress over his head. He made no attempt to do it up but settled the straw hat back on his head and began to dance and sing again. He pulled Keziah into his arms and had her waltzing around the room.

Amos hopped off the bed and sorted through her clothes. He found himself a deep pink shirt, which he put on over his T-shirt, bowed, tapped Wesley on the shoulder, and said, “May I have this dance?”

Keziah dropped a necktie around her neck, swiftly tied a half-Windsor knot, then inserted herself into the dancing again.

Ten minutes later, the three of them collapsed laughing and giggling on the bed.

“Hmm, I see a parcel that needs unwrapping,” said Amos, focusing on her necktie.

“And since your shirt is undone, you may as well take it off,” she responded. Then turning to Wesley, she added, “You shouldn’t wear hats inside,” and she flipped it off.

Amos continued to undress Keziah as she pulled the shirt off him, and within moments, all three of them had their hands everywhere, peeling off the last few items of clothing.

Wesley lay flat on the bed, his head toward the foot, and pulled Keziah to him. “Suck me,” he asked. “It’s been so long since you’ve done that, and you do it so well.”

“Delighted to,” she replied and kneeled by his cock.

He grabbed her legs and pulled her body onto his in the traditional sixty-nine position, licking her bare mons as she sucked his cock deep into her mouth.

Amos grabbed a condom from the nightstand and rolled it on, then asked, “Room for one more?” and kneeled at Keziah’s feet. Carefully placing a leg on either side of Wesley’s head, he slid into Keziah’s cunt from the rear.

Wesley immediately alternated between licking and sucking Keziah’s clit and labia to sucking in Amos’s balls. First he’d nibble and suck the clit, then a ball sac, then the labia, then the other ball.

Keziah was in sensation overload, the nibbling on her clit combined with the cock thrusting in and out of her cunt was driving her wild. She concentrated on twirling her tongue around the head of Wesley’s cock, then running it under the ridge, then pushing the tip of her tongue into the eye of his cock. Then she’d suck him in as far as she could until the head of his cock touched the back of her throat.

Keziah let him slide out of her mouth a little way and nibbled gently on his shaft, only to run her tongue under the sensitive cap again and suck him in hard.

Amos thrust deep inside Keziah, twisting his hips a little which gave maximum penetration, increasing her pleasure.

It was obvious none of them was going to last long, their sensations were so intermingled and interdependent. Kezia's cunt was starting to spasm and she could feel the men's balls drawing up tight against their bodies.

"Ahh," groaned Wesley as his cum spurted from his cock, hitting the back of Keziah's throat as she sucked him hard.

"Mmm," she responded, careful to cover her teeth as she shook and spasmed with the force of her orgasm, the salty-tart taste of his cum in her mouth heightening her pleasure.

"Yes!" added Amos as her rippling cunt milked his cock and sent him over the edge to join them.

Chapter Four

Wesley knew Amos would be upstairs in his office at nine the next morning checking through the faxes, phone messages and e-mails, making sure everything was ready, and there were no last minute hiccups liable to happen. Amos's personal assistant was extremely efficient and everything would probably be in perfect order as usual. But in the back of the minds of both men there was a premonition of things going wrong.

Wesley was a little on edge, too. He reread the agenda and could see nothing that Andrew Smith-Johnstone could use to cause trouble. The man was a loose cannon. He had absolutely no sense for business, no feel for the company, yet could not quite let go and leave it to his son to deal with.

The three years between John Smith's death and Amos's taking over had been fraught with difficulty as many board members and senior managers had felt that Andrew should have succeeded John as CEO instead of the position being held in limbo until Amos turned twenty-five. But by the end of the three years, even those most loyal to Andrew were forced to admit Amos's decisions were invariably better for the company than Andrew's.

Wesley brought his laptop into the meeting just in case he needed to look something up to back up Amos with facts.

As soon as Andrew walked in the door, whispering fiercely in Harley Petrou's ear, Wesley knew the shit was going to hit the fan.

But dammit, what shit. He reread the agenda for the tenth time. *There is no item here Andrew can complain about. It's all stuff we have done before and nothing the least bit controversial. Harley is a*

nice guy but far too loyal to Andrew. He must know how totally incompetent Andrew is.

Wesley thought back to the truly explosive board meetings when Amos first took over as CEO and Andrew was trying to prevent him from changing anything.

Yeah, Harley never once voted against Andrew. He is loyal, I'll give him that. But I do recall him abstaining from voting a couple of times, which proves he knows Andrew's faults. But what has Andrew gotten up his sleeve this time?

The last three board members entered the room together and settled in their seats, so Amos called the meeting to order, his PA picked up her notepad and pen to take the minutes, and the session was underway.

But although the first few items of business moved through very quickly, the tension in the room was palpable. Everyone was fidgety, and it was blindingly obvious something was going to happen very soon.

"Item six, the financial statement. Has anyone any questions for Morton?" asked Amos, gesturing to the CFO seated on his left.

"Yes, I do," said Andrew, rising to his feet and stretching to his full height. "I do not see a notation of the amount of rent Keziah Holden is paying to stay in the company apartment. How much rent is she paying Smith, Inc.?"

"She's not paying rent. The apartment is for my use, and she is Wesley and my guest," replied Amos quietly.

"But there's only one bedroom," objected Andrew.

"So what's your point?" asked Amos, still speaking in quiet, measured tones.

"You're fucking both of them! It's evil, disgusting, an abomination! It will bring the company down, bring our glorious Smith Incorporated vision into disrepute. Our clients will leave in droves, the company will go bankrupt as soon as our customers and

staff discover your distasteful sexual orgies,” almost screamed Andrew, waving his arms and bouncing up and down on his toes.

“Andrew, are you and the Board aware that five of our staff are practicing Muslims and one is a Mormon?” asked Wesley, tapping into the staff database on his laptop.

“What’s that got to do with anything?” asked Andrew. “We have a serious breach of company ethics under discussion here.”

“Yes, I’m discussing it. Mormons believe in plural marriage, and Muslims take multiple wives. Are you suggesting that Smith, Inc. should stop hiring people of these religions?”

“Of course not. Freedom of religion is enshrined in our laws.”

“Exactly. And what’s the difference between a man having several wives and a woman having several husbands?”

“A man has needs. It may take several women to fulfill them all. And besides, that’s a religious decision. A woman with two men is just plain disgusting,” spat Andrew.

“Actually, polyandry has as long and broad a history as polygamy. It is widely practiced in Tibet, India, and Africa and among various Native American tribes. Are you going to suggest we don’t employ any Native Americans who follow the practice?” asked Wesley.

The meeting disintegrated into chaos with people arguing over each other’s speech, voices rising louder and louder until Andrew shouted, “That’s not the point. What really matters is that Amos is fucking a man and a woman together!”

In the silence that followed this remark, Amos stood, legs spread, hands on hips, his height and breadth of shoulder and cool, controlled demeanor looking much more impressive than his father, whose face was red and sweating and whose lips were flecked with spittle.

“This meeting is adjourned until ten a.m. tomorrow at which time matters will be discussed in a calm manner without any dramatic displays. Is that understood?” he asked, looking everyone in the eye, one by one around the table.

Heads nodded, one or two almost involuntary “yes, sir’s” were heard, and even Andrew dropped his head and grunted. Then they all filed silently out of the room except Wesley.

“So what are we going to do now?” he asked Amos.

* * * *

The issue of the second set of fire stairs was itching at Keziah’s mind. She had intended to ask Amos and Wesley if they knew about them, but somehow between all the sex and then them preparing for the board meeting, she hadn’t gotten around to it. So now she was googling door alarm systems and taking careful note of the wires and electric sensors and suchlike on the various Web sites.

She changed into soft canvas shoes, stuck a flashlight and her cell phone in her skirt pocket, hung her keycards around her neck, and went out into the hallway.

“Since it is on this floor, surely the apartment keycard should open the door,” she muttered. “Garry seemed to think it was old John Smith looking after his family, and therefore, the apartment dwellers should be able to open the door.”

Keziah examined the door carefully. “No wires.”

She stepped back a bit and looked closely at the ceiling, the cornices, the corners of the hallway, and anywhere else an electric sensor could be concealed. Then, a little embarrassed, she got down flat on the floor to check for any light beam that might be broken by someone approaching the door.

“Nothing, nothing, nothing,” she said, repeating her searches slowly and carefully. “Dammit, this has to be a fake. There is nothing here. It must all just be signage designed to keep inquisitive people away.”

And where are you going to get the money to pay for the callout fee if the alarms do go off?

Quit vacillating. Just do it.

Keziah stepped up to the door, swiped her apartment keycard, and pulled the handle. The door opened easily, and she walked through into the stairwell, forgetting her plan to look for a light beam on this side of the door before entering. The door shut behind her, but the automatic lights in the stairwell had turned on when the door opened so it was as bright as day as she walked up the stairs to what she estimated to be one level.

At the top was another door. Excited, she swiped her keycard again, pulled the handle, and walked inside.

It was an average bedroom-sized room, with one window covered by a flat metal shade that allowed people to see out but no way to see inside. There was a deep, comfy chair in front of a TV turned on to a sports channel, a large bookshelf packed with books, a single bed, and a small table with two chairs.

Keziah's mind was running wild with possibilities, so she walked over the bookshelf to look at a row of photographs there. She recognized a recent one of Amos and Wesley, and an older one of them aged maybe twenty-one or so. But the most fascinating picture was an old black and white one of two men who looked vaguely familiar but not quite right. Keziah picked up the photo and stared at it for a long time before placing it back on the shelf and moving a bit farther along. Here was another picture of the two men. They were much older now, and the picture was in color, though quite faded. The men had gray hair and with them stood a young woman holding a baby.

"I bet that baby is Wesley!" she exclaimed aloud. That'll be old John Smith with Wesley's grandpa and his mom."

"You're right," said a voice behind her. "I knew all along you were a very intelligent woman and a perfect match for Amos and Wesley, and you have proven so today!"

"Shit!" screamed Keziah whirling around.

A ghost was sitting in the comfortable chair, his right ankle resting on his left knee.

“How the hell—who the hell—wait. You’re old Mr. Smith. You’re dead!”

“Yes, I’ve been dead over three years now. And that photo is James and me with James’s daughter, Shirley, and her son, Wesley, when he was only a few months old. Not long after that picture was taken James passed on, but he was thrilled to have a grandchild. You’d think no one had ever achieved such a milestone before.” The old man smiled, his bright blue eyes shining with unshed tears.

“He was your best friend, wasn’t he?” she asked softly.

“Oh, he was much, much more than that. This is why I have been watching you and waiting for you to find me so I could tell you why I am still here.”

Suddenly, Keziah realized she was in a locked room with a ghost.

Shouldn’t I be screaming my head off, or phoning the cops, or security, or the paramedics? Nah, he’s just the sweetest old man. Like I always imagined my grandpa must have been.

John drifted up from the chair, waved to it, and said “Sit down, and I’ll tell you my story.”

“Where are you going to sit?” she asked.

He settled himself on the table and looked at her as if he was waiting for her to ask him some questions.

She mentally ran through their conversation. “Why haven’t you gone into the light yet? And what do you mean James was much more than your best friend. Was he a partner in the company? I know Wesley is Amos’s second in command.”

“James and I were the same kind of best friends as Amos and Wesley. More than just business partners, although he was an astute businessman and of great help to me setting up Smith Inc. in the early days. And far more than just fuck-buddies, although we did that, too,” he added, grinning widely as Keziah blushed at his use of the coarse term.

“And like your two men, we enjoyed sharing a woman. Then we both fell in love with Maria. She was the prettiest little thing. Dark

hair falling in ringlets to her waist, the whitest skin I'd ever seen, and as hot as hell in bed. But in those days, condoms were unreliable, and no matter how carefully a woman counted the days of her cycle, sex inevitably led to pregnancy, and only one of us could marry her.

"Ideally, we would have liked to continue as a threesome, but it wasn't possible back then. We were pretty sure the baby was James's child, and I had the business to concentrate on, so James and Maria got married, and I was their best man. Eight months later, Shirley was born, and although she had Maria's hair and eyes, her build was definitely James's, and as she grew she had his talent with sketching. Neither Maria nor I could draw a straight line, so she truly was James's daughter.

"When Shirley was five, Maria developed cancer. She was fortunate in that it was quick, but James left the company to raise his little girl, and she grew into a wonderful woman. A true credit to him, and her momma would have been right proud of her."

Keziah saw the tears in John's eyes, and her own eyes watered in response. She jumped out of her chair and rushed across the room to hug him. It was only when her arms went right through him she remembered he was a ghost.

They looked at each other and laughed, then Keziah said, "Thank you for telling me. It's a very special story, and I appreciate you trusting me with it."

"As to why I'm still here, instead of on the other side with James and Maria, that's because of you."

"Me? What on earth do you mean?"

"First, I needed to be sure that idiot Andrew didn't get his hands on the company despite the way I had tied everything up for Amos, but Amos has proven to be more than a match for him. So more recently I have been waiting for you to acknowledge that you belong with Wesley and Amos. You three can stay together in a way that was denied to James, Maria, and me. You will be the completion of the circle and bring those boys the happiness they deserve. And I think

you will be pretty happy, too, from what I have seen.” The old man waggled his eyebrows suggestively.

“You’ve seen? Oh, please, tell me you haven’t watched?”

John just smiled at her, and Keziah blushed bright red. “Why you dirty old man!” she gasped, then laughed with him.

He looked at her steadily and said, “You *are* going to stay with them, aren’t you?”

“I...” Keziah trailed off, not knowing how to answer.

Am I going to stay? I’m happy with them. They are truly wonderful company, considerate companions, and very generous lovers. I’m happy. Happier than I have been for a long time. And I have found some work, which makes me feel more independent. But yeah, I feel secure and safe and wanted and...in love. Yeah, I am in love with them both.

“Yes. As long as they want me to stay, I’ll stay. They’re wonderful men, and I love them,” she replied.

“Good. They love you, too, you know. They have loved you for a long time.”

“Yeah, I see that now. I think I knew, but I felt unhappy not having a job. I didn’t just want to live off them, sort of thing. They didn’t seem to mind, but it mattered to me.”

“And will you tell Amos you have met me so that I can come visit your apartment again?” he asked.

“Sure. But no watching when we have sex,” she demanded.

He laughed and nodded agreement.

Chapter Five

Keziah hadn't been home very long when the men came back, and it was obvious they hadn't returned for lunch.

"We need to talk," said Amos tiredly, pulling off his necktie and kicking off his shoes.

"And how," added Wesley dropping his laptop into a chair and shrugging out of his jacket.

"What's happened? I thought it was going to be just another boring meeting?"

"It wasn't boring," said Amos, "although I guess you could say old fart face performed true to style."

"Old fart face?"

The men gave her a blow-by-blow account of the meeting, and as the story progressed, Keziah's heart grew heavier and heavier.

"I should never have come here. It's all my fault, I have brought all this trouble down on your heads. What if you lose the company because of me?" she said, bursting into tears and running from the room.

"What the hell?" asked Amos.

"Keziah?" the men exclaimed together and raced after her.

Keziah was face down on the bed sobbing.

"Where did that come from?" Wesley asked Amos.

"Damned if I know," he responded, dropping onto the bed and pulling her into his arms.

Wesley climbed onto the bed on the other side of Keziah and wrapped his strong arms around both her and Amos as the men alternately patted and shushed her and asked her what she meant.

“If I hadn’t moved in with you, your father would never have attacked you like that. Now he may take the company away from you both, and you’ll be destitute, and it will be all because I didn’t stay on Jenny’s couch,” she wailed.

“Point one, he’s not going to win. He’s been trying to get control of the company since Uncle John died, and he hasn’t managed it yet. And I know a hell of a lot more about business tactics than I did three years ago,” said Amos.

“Point two, we both have independent incomes and are major shareholders in the company, so we’ll never be destitute. Andrew can’t ever get his hands on my mother’s money, so there is no danger there,” added Wesley.

“And point three, we belong together, and no one on earth can separate us now, even if we end up having to live in Tibet or some Native American village,” concluded Amos.

“What?” asked Keziah.

“Polyandry has as long and broad a history as polygamy. It is widely practiced in Tibet, India, and Africa and among various Native American tribes,” parroted Wesley. “I got that straight off the Internet.”

“Yeah, your great-uncle John and your grandfather James were in a polyandrous relationship with a lady named Maria who became your grandma,” said Keziah.

“What!”

“Who told you that?”

“John, of course. I went up the fake fire stairs today and met him, and he told me all about it,” she replied.

The men were staring at her slack-jawed, so she told them about her morning.

“Makes sense,” said Amos. “Our apartment keycard is the only one that opens that door. But most people don’t even notice it. I can’t even remember anyone asking me about it, ever.”

Then they talked some more about the board meeting and discussed some ideas about the next day's meeting.

"I think the best plan is to phone each board member and talk to them one on one to get their genuine opinion. But we are not breaking up. We are a triad and will remain that way," said Amos.

"Maybe I should move out for a while. Find another place until this blows over or—"

"Absolutely not, that would show weakness. We stay as we are, and if we have to negotiate at all, it will be from a position of strength," said Wesley.

"I'm sure if we remind them of some of Andrew's more notable mistakes, they'll fall into line pretty quickly," added Amos.

They discussed ideas a little longer, but their minds began to wander from business to sex. It wasn't long before comforting pats became erotic touches and arousing kisses. Clothes were stripped away and hands and tongues began to move purposefully everywhere over naked skin.

Keziah kneeled over Amos's erection and drew his hot cock deep into her mouth. She sucked strongly, then let it gradually slide out so she could poke her tongue into the slit at the top and run it around the sensitive head. Then she kissed him deeply so he could taste himself on her mouth.

She turned to Wesley's cock, which was huge, hard, and a deep reddish-purple color with need. This time she licked up the shaft and nibbled at the heavy vein before sliding her tongue down to his balls and sucking first one, then the other into her mouth. She licked up the side again to the head and tasted the dewy drop of pre-cum sitting there in his slit and kissed him.

"Damn, that's hot. I can taste both myself and Amos on you."

She licked another drop of Wesley's cum, then kissed Amos again so he could taste them both.

While they kissed, Wesley pushed her legs apart to lick her cunt. She already had drops of cream gathering there from the arousing

tastes of their cocks, and Wesley licked it all up, then kissed her, then Amos, sharing her flavor with them both.

“God, that tastes good. Daisy chain,” ordered Amos.

They lay on their sides in a triangle on the bed, Keziah’s mouth on Amos’s cock, Amos’s mouth on Wesley’s penis and Wesley’s mouth on Keziah’s bare pussy. This position was not only perfect for the sucking of cocks and cunt, but allowed hands to move freely over each other as well, and it wasn’t long before they were gasping and moaning together with the excitement of touching each other while being touched.

Keziah struggled to keep licking, sucking, and nibbling on Amos’s cock as hands roamed over her breasts, her nipples, and her ass. She concentrated on sucking him in deeply, relaxing the back of her throat so she could take in as much of him as possible. Then she let him out a little so she could run her tongue under the ridge and nibble on his sensitive cap. She released him a bit farther and nibbled on his shaft, then sucked him in as far as he could go once more.

But someone lifted her breast, holding the globe in their palm, then running a fingernail lightly across her areola and tweaking her nipple. Someone had a finger playing around the rim of her asshole, teasing the sensitive nerve-endings there and gradually penetrating inside a little way to rub the walls of her rectum.

And someone—Wesley—licked her cunt, thrusting his tongue deep inside it, running it along the walls of her channel, then sucking and biting her clit gently but firmly. Next he nibbled along her labia, pulling them deep into his mouth before thrusting his tongue inside her again.

The need, the desire, the urge to come coiled in her belly, rising up her spine, overwhelming her brain with heat.

Desperately, she sucked on Amos again, then took one of his balls in her mouth. It was drawn up tight against his body and hard. He was so close to coming. She bit down lightly on his shaft as she nibbled

her way to the cap, running her teeth along the ridge, then sucked him inside her mouth, drawing him in with all her strength.

Two fingers thrust deep into her rectum. Other fingers were pinching her nipples, and Wesley bit down on her clit.

The orgasm powered through Keziah, her muscles tightening and releasing, her whole body shaking with passion. At that very moment, Amos exploded in her mouth, streams of his hot cum hitting the back of her throat. From Wesley's gasps as he kissed her pussy, she knew he'd come too.

She licked Amos clean, then rolled onto her back, still shaking from aftershocks. Amos jogged into the bathroom, returning with warm, wet washcloths to clean everyone up. Then they lay and cuddled together for a long time, enjoying the closeness of just being together, united in love.

I told John the truth. I do love them. And it's not just the sex, either. It's everything about them. So kind, generous, thoughtful, wise, and funny. We really are a single unit.

Finally, Wesley looked at the clock on the nightstand and said, "Do you realize it's after four o'clock, and we haven't had lunch? I'm dying of starvation here."

"Yeah, I'm hungry, too," said Amos. "What say we shower and dress up and go to the rooftop restaurant? It opens at five, and there's hardly anyone there that early so we'll get excellent service."

"Sounds like a plan. Then we can have an early night and round two," agreed Wesley.

"Perhaps I shouldn't be seen with you both. Do you think I should stay here and—"

"No way. We are a threesome, and I don't care who knows it or what they think about it," said Amos.

"Always attack from a position of power," added Wesley. "Wear that slinky blue thing, and every man there will be envious of us," he added.

"And stilettos," contributed Amos.

“And something to hold my stomach in so I don’t look like a bowl of lard,” muttered Keziah, getting off the bed and heading for the shower.

* * * *

Promptly at 5:15, dressed to impress, the three entered the restaurant. The maitre d’ welcomed them and rushed to give them the best table in the room, looking out over the roof garden and across the city. By the time he’d presented the menus, the sommelier was at their table, and the men argued amicably about what wine to choose. Keziah didn’t care. She was entertained just watching her men in action. Both so handsome, both so loving, both so kind and considerate of everyone they spoke to, not just to her.

I told John the truth. I do truly love them.

It was a long time since breakfast, and they’d all only had cereal and toast then, so they were more than ready for a real meal. Once again, the men wrangled companionably over the choices, but this time she spoke for herself.

“Roast chicken with roast veggies, please.” She smiled to the waiter.

“No soup or entrée?”

“No, just the main for now, thank you.”

The men decided on steaks with baked potatoes and salads, then deliberately turned the conversation to light, fun topics—books, movies, music.

It was these kinds of conversations that had attracted her to them originally. Once again, she was amazed by how well their preferences blended. They all liked action movies, mysteries and crime, books with a solid plot, poetry with a meaning, artwork one could look at over and over again and always find something new in it.

She succumbed to a generous slice of black forest cake for dessert, wondering whether her jeans would do up in the morning,

while Amos chose the cheese platter, and Wesley, unable to decide, had a lemon meringue tart and a crème brûlée.

After dinner, they walked in the garden for a while, watching the sky darken and the city lights come on, then in unspoken consent, headed back to the apartment.

* * * *

This time they all undressed each other very, very slowly, gradually peeling off each garment as though unwrapping a gift and not wanting to damage the wrapping paper.

Each button was slowly pushed through the button hole, zippers were undone one tooth at a time, sandals unbuckled and placed neatly side by side in the closet.

By the time they were all actually in the bed, Keziah was a quivering bundle of need.

But the men seemed intent on going as slowly as possible.

Wesley kissed up her arm, sucking each finger into his mouth, one at a time, then running his tongue between it and the next digit. Then he moved up to kiss her palm and the inside of her wrists.

Amos ran his hands through her hair, massaging her scalp, sending tingles down her spine and across her back. Then he kissed that tender, sensitive place behind her ear and sucked the earlobe into his mouth before nibbling along the shell of her ear and blowing gently into it.

Wesley began on her other hand, sucking her pinky into his mouth, and Amos knelt behind her, massaging her scalp again before licking behind her other ear.

“I’m ready. I’m more than ready. I need you both now,” Keziah whimpered, grabbing for their arms to pull them close to her and managing to swipe her tongue across Wes’s tattoo before he pulled away.

But the men resisted her entreaties.

“Wait. The longer you hold off, the stronger the orgasm will be,” said Amos.

“And we want you to have a very good orgasm,” added Wesley.

“You always give me good orgasms,” she replied but contented herself with shivering in anticipation and running her hands over whatever bits of them she could reach.

Eventually they flipped her onto her front. While Wesley lubed and stretched her ass in preparation, Amos continued to massage her scalp and kiss her neck, her shoulders, behind her ears, and bit gently on the erotic place where her neck and shoulder were joined.

The men donned condoms, and Amos lay flat on his back and pulled Keziah over him. With a deep sigh, she sank down on his hot, hard cock and luxuriated in the feeling of it filling and stretching her.

“About time,” she said.

He laughed and pulled her flat on his chest as Wesley pushed into her ass. His cock popped through the ring of her sphincter, and he slid inside her dark tunnel, dragging along the walls in an enticing manner to rest, fully seated deep inside her.

Very, very slowly, the men pulled out of her, then sank in again. As soon as they were fully inside, Keziah squeezed her internal muscles as hard as she could. Then she released them and squeezed again. Both men groaned in appreciation, and Amos palmed her breasts, holding the globes in his hands.

Wesley’s hands rested on her hips, so she wiggled her ass, then moved her hips in a circle, followed by a figure eight.

With the men still gasping and groaning, she squeezed her muscles again as tightly as she could.

“Woman, you’re killing us,” gasped Amos, tweaking her nipples.

She rested her hands on his shoulder as she rolled her hips again saying, “So fuck me, dammit.”

Wesley took his hands off her hips and grabbed Amos’s shoulders, and Amos grasped Wesley’s, holding Keziah firmly and almost unable to move between them. Then the men stroked in and

out of her together, gradually increasing the pressure and the speed. Soon it was Keziah gasping, but she still managed to clench her cunt muscles from time to time to encourage them some.

The pace sped up, the men now slamming into her as hard as they could, then sliding out, dragging their cocks along her walls, before powering inside her again.

Keziah moaned with need. She was so close, so close to coming. Her toes had already curled, her spine tingled, inside her belly coiled like a spring, and her blood throbbed in her veins.

She seized Amos's mouth with hers and thrust her tongue inside it. He sucked hard on her tongue, and at that moment, Wesley bit down on her shoulder. Both men exploded inside her, and she crashed into a million pieces herself, her scream captured by Amos's mouth, her entire body shaking with the force of her release. For minutes the aftershocks rolled through her, and the men kept thrusting to keep her orgasm going.

Gradually the ripples quieted down, and her body stopped shaking.

"God, that was awesome," she whispered.

"For us, too," replied Amos.

"Hell, yeah," agreed Wesley.

Chapter Six

They were still sitting at the kitchen table sipping coffee the next morning when the phone rang.

"I believe your father disgraced himself yet again at the board meeting yesterday," said the voice on the phone when Amos answered.

"Um, good morning, Grandma," replied Amos.

"I find it hard to believe I gave birth to such an idiot. I have often wondered if he was exchanged for my baby at the hospital," Jane continued. "The three of you will meet me in my room here at eight a.m. precisely. That's in forty-five minutes."

"I was going to contact the board members before the ten o'clock meeting," argued Amos.

"I have already done that. Just get yourselves here on time," the old lady ordered sharply and hung up.

Wesley and Keziah stared at Amos, and he took a deep breath before saying, "That was Grandma. She wants us in her room in forty-five minutes. Precisely."

"That sounds like Jane," replied Wesley.

"Well, you had better go and get dressed," said Keziah, picking up her coffee cup.

"You, too. She said all three of us."

"Me? In forty-five minutes? How far away is it? What should I wear?"

"Business clothes, she's old-fashioned. And since it's Sunday morning, there won't be much traffic, but it'll still take twenty minutes, so we need to get moving," answered Wesley, jumping up

from the table and heading for the bedroom at a jog. Amos was right on his heels, and a stunned Keziah put down her cup and staggered after them.

* * * *

The three raced through the retirement village hallways, stopping outside room 217. Amos pulled out his cell phone and looked at the time. “7:59. We’re early.”

Wesley raised his hand to knock, but Amos shook his head, his gaze still fixed on his phone. Slow seconds passed. Then he said, “Now,” and Wesley rapped sharply on the door.

“Enter,” came a firm voice from within, and Amos opened the door and ushered the other two in.

Keziah looked around curiously. The room held a huge flat-screen TV and entertainment center, an overloaded bookcase, and a high shelf covered with tiny china ornaments. One wall was a giant window and another was almost invisible behind dozens of framed photos. The bed was an adjustable hospital one covered in a vivid purple quilt.

And in a motorized wheelchair beside the window was a tiny old lady almost buried under a hand-knitted blanket of vibrant pink, blue, yellow, and green squares.

The old lady’s gaze rested on the clock in the entertainment center, which showed 8:00:01. “Ha, I knew if I set you a challenge you would rise to it. The only thing that leads me to believe Andrew is, in fact, my son is the way you’ve grown up, Amos,” Jane said in a strong voice, surprising coming from such a frail body.

“Wesley.” She acknowledged him with a nod. “Keziah, come closer to me.”

Keziah stepped forward and said, “Good morning, Mrs. Smith-Johnstone.”

“So you finally agreed to move in with my boys and free John to rejoin Maria and James, and then that idiot Andrew has to throw a spanner in the works.”

Keziah wasn't sure whether this was a question or statement, so she said nothing.

“John said you told him you loved Amos and Wesley, and he believed you. Is that correct?”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“Have you told them yet?”

“Ahh.” Keziah sighed, unsure how to reply.

“We know, Grandma. We've known for months. It was just a matter of her sorting out her job situation so she could admit it to herself,” said Amos.

Jane looked searchingly at all the faces, then nodded. “I see.”

“Who told you about the board meeting, Grandma?” asked Amos.

“John, of course. It takes him a lot of energy to visit me, but he usually drops by three or four times a year. After he met with Keziah yesterday, he went up to the office to see how the board meeting was going and was just in time to hear Andrew throw his hissy fit. So he came straight over here to tell me about it. Poor man had to sit in the closet for half an hour while the nurses bustled in and out, though. He doesn't usually visit me so early in the day.

“Be that as it may, he told me everything, and we sent for Andrew. I reminded Andrew of why his wife divorced him and moved halfway across the country to get away from him. I also mentioned that my money and shares were tied up so tightly he'd never break the will, and only you, Amos, would ever have the use of them.

“He left, and John and I had a nice visit, then I summoned the Board.”

“Summoned the Board?” asked Wesley.

Jane waved at the huge TV. “Video conferencing. I may be a frail old lady, but I am not senile, and I still know how to push a button.”

“Oh, yeah, you can push buttons all right,” muttered Keziah sotto voce.

“I reminded the Board of a few pertinent facts about Andrew and his mistakes and about who owns the majority of the shares and has the real power in Smith Incorporated, and they all agreed with me that your private life is none of their business,” Jane concluded.

“They—agreed—with you?” responded Amos.

“Of course. Even Harley isn’t stupid. And Wesley’s mention of religious sexual practices was the clincher. None of them is insane enough to open up Smith to a dispute between different religious groups about how many people of what gender may or may not be having sexual intercourse in the privacy of their own homes.

“You’d better all leave now. You don’t want to be late for your board meeting. But I do expect to be invited to your formal commitment ceremony within the next three months. Be sure to choose a wheelchair-accessible venue. The rooftop restaurant at the Smith Tower would be ideal.” Jane dismissed them with a wave of her hand.

“Commitment ceremony?” spluttered Keziah.

“Good-bye, Grandma, and thank you,” said Amos, crossing the room to kiss her cheek very gently.

“Good-bye, Jane,” added Wesley, kissing her other cheek. “And you will most certainly be invited to the ceremony.”

Keziah stammered her good-byes, then followed the men out of the room, down the hallways, and into the car. Only then did she draw breath and say, “Amos, you have the weirdest relatives. John and Jane are the most surprising, intriguing, and totally fascinating people I have ever met.”

“Keziah, John is a ghost. I don’t think one actually meets a ghost.”

“Whatever,” replied Keziah, waving her hand in imitation of Jane.

They all laughed.

* * * *

The board meeting went like clockwork. Andrew announced he was leaving immediately for a tour of Europe and would be gone several months, and Amos and Wesley were back in the apartment before Keziah had finished preparing lunch.

It was a lovely sunny day, so they drank their coffee on the balcony.

“I want to fuck you both out here,” announced Wesley.

Keziah stared at him, at the waist-high concrete wall, then at the concrete floor. “Well, okay, but I hope you have an airbed to put on the ground or else I want to be on top.”

“I was actually thinking standing up, against the wall.”

“But people will see.”

“You can keep your shirt on, sweetness. We’ll all keep our shirts on, and no one can see that our bottom halves are bare,” he replied. “Come on, be adventurous.”

Wesley took her over the waist-high wall, backed her against it, then unzipped her skirt and let it fall. His hands settled on her waist and slid inside her panties, rubbing gently across her mons and around her buttocks.

She widened her stance so he could slide a hand between her legs, then dropped her own hands to his pants and unbuckled his belt. While she unzipped him, he gently rubbed her pussy lips with one hand and ran a fingernail around her puckered hole with the other.

By the time their pants were around their ankles, Amos was at their side with condoms and lube.

Wesley stepped out of his pants and underwear, then rolled a condom down his cock while Keziah untangled her panties from around her feet and kicked their clothing to one side.

Wesley slid his fingers into her cunt. “God, you are so hot and wet. Dripping for us already.”

“I’m always ready for you. The two of you just have to look at me, and I want you both. I do love you both, very much,” she replied.

He angled her hips a bit, then slid inside her before parting his legs wide to match their heights better. Then, his hands on her butt to keep them close together, he thrust his ass out backward and said huskily, "Take us, Amos. We're both ready for you."

"I can't believe we are doing this on the balcony. But, shit, it's exciting," said Amos, squirting lube into Wesley's ass and rubbing it into the walls of his rectum with a long finger.

Every probe and rub from Amos's fingers into Wesley electrified Keziah. Wesley's hands on her ass gripped her tightly to him, uniting the three of them in an erotic joining that drove her crazy with lust.

Cream dripped from her pussy, coating Wesley's cock, and already she could sense his balls pulling up to his body in preparation for an orgasm.

"Jeez, Amos, hurry up or the party will be all over before you arrive," he said.

Amos dropped the lube to the floor, unzipped his pants and rolled a condom down his cock. Then he grabbed Wesley's hips and nestled his cock at Wesley's opening. "I'm coming in," he breathed and pushed his cockhead into the hole.

Wesley and Keziah held their breaths as Amos pushed past the ring of muscles and slid into Wesley's dark channel.

Keziah reached around both men and gripped firmly to Amos's shirt, pulling the two men hard against her and rubbing her aching nipples on Wesley's shirt. "Skin would feel better," she murmured.

"Yeah, but let's not shock the neighbors too much," said Amos. "Right now they can only imagine what we're doing and think it's their own dirty minds making up scenarios."

After a few jerky thrusts, Amos and Wesley got a rhythm going and thrust together, Amos into Wesley and Wesley into Keziah. Keziah just held on for the ride, gripping Amos's shirt with her hands and pressing her breasts against Wesley's hard wall of muscles.

"I can feel everything," she said. "On the one hand it's almost like I'm watching you both fuck each other. And yet, on the other, I can

feel each thrust you both make, so it's like you're both fucking me. Talk about the best of both worlds. This is unbelievably sexy."

Wesley nuzzled her neck, pressing light kisses along the little bit of exposed flesh there. "Hell yeah, it's sexy. Fucking and being fucked with both of you like this, I can hardly hold on."

Amos twisted his hips, thrusting deep and hard on every stroke. Wesley matched him stroke for stroke. Keziah gripped Amos's shirt with all her strength, twisting her hips, clenching her inner muscles, rubbing her nipples on Wesley's shirt-covered chest.

"A man has come out on his balcony two buildings over," said Amos conversationally. "He's looking at us, but his body is lower than us, so he won't be able to see what we're doing."

"Holy shit," said Wesley and came.

Keziah buried her face in his neck and rolled her hips so his pulsing cock scraped her walls at their most sensitive place. She, too, shattered, her nails ripping Amos's shirt as she gripped him while the earthquake pounded through her.

"Watching and feeling you both come around me is the best aphrodisiac," added Amos, groaning as he joined them in climaxing.

The three hung together in each other's arms as the aftershocks rolled through them.

"Wow, that was amazing," said Keziah. "But I can't believe we did that on the balcony where anyone could see us."

"Yeah, but getting back inside without being arrested for public nudity is gonna be the tricky bit," said Wesley. "I don't want to put my suit pants back on before I've cleaned up."

"Allow me," said Amos grandly, picking up their discarded clothes. "Hold them in front of you, and stay close together. I'll go last as I am still dressed."

So they did, racing through the balcony door and into the bathroom.

After they had showered, Amos said, "Sasha's will still be open for a couple of hours. I think we should take Keziah down there and

get her a couple of new outfits. Tomorrow you start work for Mahoney and Richardson, and then next week you start replacing Susan, so those two suits of yours are not enough.”

“Yeah and you need brighter shirts, too. Gold and lime green and bright pink. Maybe red. Plus the tankini,” added Wesley.

“My suits and shirts are just fine,” protested Keziah. “If anyone needs a new shirt, it’s Amos. I just ripped his.”

“Nah, I’ve got dozens, and it wasn’t one of my favorites, anyway. Now stop whining and come on,” said Amos, grabbing her arm and hustling her toward the door as Wesley followed them laughing.

* * * *

“Hi, Sasha, this is Keziah. She needs a new business suit and three or four shirts and—”

“I do not need a suit, and the only one who needs a new shirt is Amos,” interrupted Keziah.

“—and a tankini—”

“Which I will choose myself.”

Sasha, a statuesque African-American woman dressed in a shimmering silver gown that hung straight from her breasts to her toes yet still managed to hint at her hips, nodded regally at the men, sized up Keziah in one shrewd glance, then said with a sultry Southern accent, “Well come over here, sugar, and we’ll look at swimwear.”

Although Keziah naturally gravitated to sober black and navy, Sasha encouraged her to try on a deep-green tankini with purple highlights that suited and fitted her perfectly and had the men practically sitting up and begging.

A whirlwind hour later, Keziah was clutching a pile of bags. As well as the tankini, she had a new suit, also in that deep green that made her brown hair gleam and her gray eyes look green, a dark gold shirt to wear with it and with her gray suit, a bright pink shirt to wear with her navy and gray suits, and a pale lemon shirt that would match

all three. And hugged close to her chest was a lingerie bag holding three new bras and thongs, one set in each of gold, pink, and lemon.

“That was fun, wasn’t it?” asked Amos.

“Well, yeah, but the bill—”

“Will be paid for by us,” said Wesley.

“As part of our gift to you for the commitment ceremony,” finished Amos.

“Um, yeah, about that commitment ceremony—” she began.

“We’ll talk about it upstairs,” said Amos, almost pushing her into the elevator.

“But first we want to see you in your new lingerie.”

“The pink set.”

“And then we’ll take it off you.”

“And lick you all over.”

* * * *

Keziah was rushed out of the elevator, down the hall, through the apartment, and into the bedroom. The men piled her parcels on the dresser and started ripping her clothes off.

“Put on the pink set,” said Amos.

“Yes, please,” added Wesley, pulling his own clothes off willy-nilly.

By the time Keziah was wearing the tiny scraps of silk, both men were sitting naked on the end of the bed, their hands on their engorged, hard cocks, and their faces burning with lust.

She walked across the room, shimmied a little, did a bump and grind, twirled for them, then bent over with her butt toward them. Keziah turned and slid her fingers down the front of the bra to touch a nipple.

“Mine!” roared Amos, grabbing her hand and putting his mouth to her nipple over the silk.

“I’ll take the pussy,” added Wesley, pulling her closer to both of them so he could slide his tongue inside the thong.

They flipped her flat onto her back on the bed, Amos crouching at her head as he unhooked the bra one-handed, holding both her wrists together in his other hand.

With a sigh of deep content, he sucked her entire areola into his mouth, pressing her nipple to the roof of his mouth and sucking all the flesh firmly.

Wesley had left her thong on. He was entertaining himself, sliding his tongue along the crease where her thigh met her body, running his tongue across her bare mons up under the edge of the thong, his tongue getting closer and closer to where she so desperately wanted it.

Amos peeled the bra straps down her arms, following his hands with his mouth, kissing the soft skin of her inner forearms, inside her elbow, down to the inside of her wrist.

Wesley slid his tongue into her slit, his chin holding the thong to the side to allow him access. He licked her from clit to anus, thrusting his tongue deep into her center, then twirling it around her clit, only to repeat the process. Finally he moved his mouth a little and pulled the silky thong down her thighs using his teeth.

Meanwhile, Amos had returned to her breasts, holding the globe in his hand, rolling the nipple with his fingers, and pinching it with a force that was pleasure with just a nip of pain to excite her even further.

Wesley spread her legs wide and moved in between them to lower his head right into her pussy, so his tongue would penetrate as far as possible. Then he nibbled along her labia, pulling each of the fleshy lips into his mouth to suck on it before releasing it to tease her clit with his tongue.

Keziah pulled at her hands, wanting Amos to release her, wanting to hold the men to her, wanting a cock in her cunt, her ass, her mouth, anywhere. “Please, I want to come,” she begged.

“Well, come then, sweetness,” murmured Wesley against her cunt, taking her clit into his mouth and biting it gently but firmly.

“Come now,” reiterated Amos, pinching her nipple and thrusting his tongue deep into her mouth.

And she came, her body shaking with spasms and her cream flowing from her cunt into Wesley’s waiting mouth.

As soon as she finished shaking, Wesley rolled a condom on and slid into her hot, swollen center, lifting her legs up over his shoulders for maximum penetration.

Amos released her hands and kneeled across her body. His red, swollen cock already leaking pre-cum lined up with her mouth.

Keziah pulled his hips closer to her, then guided his shaft into her mouth, sucking him deeply, then running her tongue along the deep vein as she released him.

But she couldn’t concentrate on Amos’s cock. Wesley was pounding in and out of her, and she was coming, coming again.

Keziah let Amos slide out of her mouth and screamed as a second, harder orgasm rolled over her, shaking her from head to toes, making her cunt milk Wesley’s cock so that he came with her, crashing into an orgasm as she shook and trembled around him.

Amos hastily grabbed a condom from the nightstand and rolled it on. Wesley slid out of her still-quivering cunt and held her legs up as Amos slid his cock into her hot, still-rippling cunt and pulled her legs around his back as he sat.

Wesley moved behind her, supporting her back and letting his cock rest in the crease of her ass, as Amos grabbed her hips hard and started pounding in and out of her.

“I can’t. Not again. I’ve never...Not three times...” Keziah murmured disjointedly.

“Today you will,” said Amos.

“Three times for sure,” added Wesley as he wrapped his arms around her breasts and began playing with her very sensitive nipples that were still as hard as diamonds.

Amos moved one hand so his thumb pressed on her clit. A clit that was hot and hard and incredibly tender from two previous orgasms.

“Come on, you can do it, another one,” ordered Wesley and bit down hard on her shoulder.

Amos pinched her clit and thrust as hard and deep as he could as he came with explosive force, continuing to thrust inside her as he did to bring her with him.

Keziah’s head dropped back against Wesley, and she screamed hard as her third orgasm crashed through her, shaking her with such force she was glad both men held her tightly.

“Holy shit!” she screamed.

The men laid her down in the bed and cleaned her, then rolled her on her side, whispering sweet nothings in her ears and urging her to rest. Gratefully, she sank into an exhausted sleep.

Chapter Seven

While she had slept, the men had gotten all their stuff ready for the next morning so Keziah could have as long as she needed in the bathroom. In fact, both the men shaved at the kitchen sink to give her an extra five minutes.

There was a minor battle when she appeared in her gray suit instead of the new green one, but she pointed out she was wearing the new pink shirt, so they accepted that as a compromise.

Before they left the apartment, both men pulled her into their arms, careful not to disarrange her hair or her clothes, for a sweetly innocent kiss. She found herself stroking their freshly shaved cheeks, and kissing them in return in a grateful, appreciative, but chaste way.

At five minutes to eight, she was down on the fifth floor opening Mahoney and Richardson's office door.

Keith Mahoney was there assembling an enormous, messy file of papers, which he dumped on her desk with a sigh of relief.

"I'm so glad to see you, Ms. Holden. The twins are being induced on Monday next week, so don't book any appointments for me that day, and perhaps not on the morning after either. Other than that, every fifteen minutes for straightforward queries, half an hour for more complicated ones, and leave me a clear half hour for lunch. I'll be here each day at eight but no clients until eight thirty and none after five fifteen. Although, if there are any urgent cases, you can schedule one at the end of the day. Okay? Good."

He raced into his office and shut the door.

Keziah just stared at the door, stared at the huge file on her desk, and sat on the office chair. She switched the computer on, muttering,

“And what if it needs a password to start or to access the files?” Then she opened the bottom drawer and dropped her purse inside it.

While the computer booted up, she looked in the other two drawers and found the password written on the bottom of the pen tray. “Nice,” she murmured, shaking her head.

Fortunately, there was an icon on the desktop for Keith Mahoney’s calendar, and there were templates for all the basic letters, so she settled down to sort the file into some semblance of order.

A steady stream of clients poured through the doors as she wrestled with her task, and by noon she had only worked her way through about a quarter of the file, but she was feeling comfortable that she could handle the job.

Before sending in the noon appointment, she went into his office herself to say good-bye and return the file.

She handed him a printout of his appointments for Tuesday and Wednesday, saying, “I’ve made quite a few appointments for Thursday, as well, but I will give you them on Wednesday when I finish the list. Or would you like them before I go?”

“No, this is fine. I’ve been working pretty much from day to day, only filling in appointments further ahead for those who couldn’t come the next day. I appreciate you getting me back into a more organized routine and taking over the admin side of things.”

Keziah decided to stop by the concourse reception desk and speak to Tia or Susan before going back to the apartment and was pleased to have ten minutes speaking to both of them about what she would be doing the following week.

Tia left for her lunch break, and Keziah had just walked around the concourse fountain with its interesting pattern of metal pipes and was about to get in the elevator and go back upstairs when the gym manager bounced out of the elevator and said, “Excellent timing. I was just going to ask Susan for your phone number. Can you come up to the gym for a moment?”

“Sure,” she replied and followed him back into the elevator and up to the Recreation Level. He jogged into his office and waved to a tiny Asian woman.

“Wu Lee has just qualified as a spin instructor and will be teaching that from next week. We already have waiting lists for two classes twice a week so we are looking for someone to staff the reception desk, answer the phones, direct the traffic, that sort of thing, during her classes. Tia said you were taking over from Susan on concourse reception so we’ll pay you the same rate to do that here. And we’ll timetable Wu Lee’s classes so they don’t clash with Tia’s lunch break. Does that suit you?”

“Oh, yes, that’s wonderful. I was hoping for more hours of work, and that will be marvelous,” she replied. “When would you like me to come up and learn what to do?”

“How about Thursday? Wu Lee’s classes should be all timetabled by then. Now, why don’t you girls get to know each other a bit while I get back to the clients,” he said, bouncing out of the room.

* * * *

Keziah almost danced up the stairs to the fourteenth floor, then headed for the fake fire stairs to tell John. It was time she caught him up on the news. If he hadn’t been hanging around overhearing it all anyway!

At last I am not being a burden on them. I know they don’t say it, probably don’t even think it, but it matters to me. And finally, I am free of the feeling of helplessness. Free to love them and accept their love on an equal footing. Oh, I’ll never have their wealth, but I will earn enough to feel independent.

* * * *

The next few weeks passed almost in a blur as Keziah juggled her three new jobs, learning the systems and people she was dealing with. As well as working every lunch hour, she now worked three mornings and four afternoons per week, and because she had no commute or transportation fees, her take-home pay was actually slightly higher than it had been in her previous job. However, she had asked Tia to keep an eye out for a few more hours' work for her if it was available.

On Friday, she went straight from her job with Mahoney and Richardson to the concourse desk job, then she went down to the store for groceries. As she got off the elevator at her floor, she could hear a lot of noise coming from 14B, and the apartment door was open so she dropped her grocery sacks off at her apartment, then wandered over to look.

The carpet was covered with a tarpaulin, but the tarpaulin was an inch deep in plaster dust. And the sliding glass doors and the huge window panes were resting against the hall-side walls. Outside, hanging in midair adjacent to the balcony, was the largest hot tub Keziah had ever seen, even bigger than the one in the gym.

Men with safety gear around their coveralls were waving and shouting and directing the hot tub toward the apartment.

As Keziah watched, it gradually winched closer and closer. Then the men guided it neatly through where the windows and balcony doors had been and into the living room where it was placed on an enormous platform with wheels she hadn't noticed under all the dust. Turning, she noticed that half the wall into the bedroom had disappeared, too, which accounted for all the dust. As the men pushed the platform into the bedroom, the crowd turned into individual figures each doing his own task, and Garry materialized out of the mass and came over to talk to her.

"Hi, Garry. What's the story about the huge hot tub?" she asked.

"The Mitchells have moved out, and the new people are doing a few renovations before moving in."

"A few renovations are right. That is one huge hot tub."

“Yup. And hiring that crane to get it in would have cost them a bit, too. Still, it’s what they wanted.”

They chatted for a few more minutes, then Keziah returned to her groceries and the dinner she wanted to cook.

* * * *

Over dinner, Keziah told Amos and Wesley about the flat and the hot tub. The men exchanged glances, and she folded her arms, put on her sternest face, and demanded, “Okay. What is it you two aren’t telling me?”

“It was supposed to be a surprise,” expostulated Wesley.

“I’m surprised,” she replied dryly. “Keep talking.”

“It was Wesley’s idea,” said Amos cravenly.

“Are you both six years old or what? Spit it out.”

“When I heard the Mitchells were moving out, I thought we could put a doorway through our bedroom into their bedroom, which we could make into a bigger bathroom, and turn their living room into a master bedroom and make our bedroom into a dining room, leaving our bathroom as a guest bath.

“So this apartment becomes a public area for when we have guests, and their apartment becomes our private playground with some more space and a few luxuries,” finished Amos.

“Including a giant hot tub,” said Keziah.

“And a three-person shower. Wait till you see the shower we ordered. It has multiple jets on the walls and a seat.” Wesley waggled his eyebrows at her.

“Yeah, okay, that actually sounds like a good idea. I wouldn’t mind doing a bit of entertaining. Although, nothing huge. For huge you hire the rooftop restaurant,” she warned.

“Woo hoo,” shouted Wesley, jumping out of his chair and picking Keziah up to whirl her around. Amos joined them, putting an arm around each of them. “And the commitment ceremony?”

“Yeah, I am ready for that, too. I do really love you both. I think I’ve loved you both forever. It’s just that I needed to prove I could stand on my own feet. I couldn’t relax and let myself accept your love until I had proved to myself I wasn’t some kind of arm candy, I guess.

“John really needs to be free to pass over and be with Maria and James again. And I know he won’t go until after we do that. But where on earth are we going to find a celebrant to do it?” asked Keziah.

“I’ve had one lined up for weeks. A Tibetan monk. In Tibet—”

“There’s a long history of polyandry,” she finished for him. “Take me to bed, and let’s seal this bargain. Let me show you both how much I love you. And let me thank you for being so patient with me,” Keziah added, wrapping one arm around Amos and the other around Wesley, very happy with their plans for her future.

* * * *

Close to one hundred people had gathered at the rooftop restaurant for Keziah, Wesley, and Amos’s commitment ceremony. After the Tibetan monk had led the three of them through their vows and Jane had given a very witty speech, Keziah, Amos, and Wesley, stood at the table, ready to cut their cake.

There was a candelabra on the wall behind the table and John Smith wafted across the room, waved at them all, and disappeared into the candle flame.

“Perfect,” whispered Keziah, as both her men nodded and dropped kisses on her cheek.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Variety is the spice of life. Berengaria Brown loves reading erotic romance, all different kinds of erotic romance. A man and a woman, two women, two men and a woman, three men...

But since her favorite authors could not write as fast as she could read, one day Berengaria decided to try writing a book herself. While she waited to hear back from the publisher, she wrote another one, and another one. Now Berengaria is a multi-published author with books right across the spectrum of erotic romance. Whatever your taste, Berengaria has a book for you. And she is thrilled to be here at Siren BookStrand!



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