



# FORGOTTEN FAMILY



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Forgotten Family

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**Warning:** This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-melting*.

**Circle of Three**

# **FORGOTTEN FAMILY**

**Brynn Paulin**

## *Dedication*

To Manda who understands and to Zane who will never be forgotten.

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Oreo: Kraft Foods Holdings, Inc.

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## Chapter One

Marina Cranston stared at the blank hospital walls that had surrounded her for the last week. The staff had told her she was in Marywood Community Hospital. She had no idea where Marywood was located. She was from a town that bore her last name, but she had no idea where it was in relation to where she was now. She had no idea how she was related to those for whom the town was named – or even if she *was* related. In fact, she knew very little about herself.

She was thirty-five – they'd told her that along with her name – and she must not have family nearby. No one had come to see her.

Getting out of the hospital bed, she walked to the window, thankful someone had brought her regular pyjamas, though she had no idea who it had been. Perhaps someone on the staff had felt sorry for her. She'd have to find out who so she could thank them.

Sightlessly, she stared outside with her arms crossed over her chest. Where would she go from here? The hospital couldn't keep her in this room forever, even if she did have amnesia. There was nothing physically wrong with her – well, other than having no memory. To some, she supposed, that was a physical problem. Since no one had called or visited, maybe her life wasn't worth remembering...

This whole situation was ridiculous. A therapist had come in and tested her. Marina remembered the President's name, how to write, the meaning of every word spoken by the woman, but when asked on what street she lived, her favourite food, her mother's name... Nothing.

Her doctor had theorised that she might be sub-consciously blocking something. It must be a huge 'something' if it had taken all her personal memories.

"You can't go in there!"

"We've waited all damned week! We're going in. Call security. I'll call my lawyers," a man's voice growled.

"Only her family is allowed."

"We're the only family she has!" another male voice protested.

Marina turned and pressed wide-eyed against the window at the sound of the commotion just outside her room. The door flew open, and two well-dressed but haggard-looking men stood in the doorway. A nurse trailed them, babbling about rules and next of kin and violations. Her words faded as Marina stared at the tall, dark-haired men. Their concerned gazes were trained on her as they completely ignored the nurse.

"Baby..." the one with blue eyes said. He stopped inches from Marina, his hands framing her face. His thumbs skimmed over her cheekbones where she knew bruises marred her pale skin. He swallowed as his stare took in all of her.

The other man pressed close. His lips caressed her shoulder, and he inhaled deeply as if breathing her in. "Thank God, you're okay," he murmured.

Her hands came up of their own accord, one going around each man. She knew she should be scared—she had no idea who these men were—but fear was the farthest thing from her emotions. An oddly familiar comfort blanketed her. For whatever reason, their presence eased some of the panic that had assailed her all week. They knew her. And they could fill some of the blank spaces in her head.

"Who are you?" she asked, hating the words, hating the hurt that bloomed in their beautiful eyes. They'd already been pain-filled. She'd only made it worse. But she had to know. They were important, and one must be her husband or boyfriend, though from the familiar way they both held her, she couldn't tell which one.

Having given up on the men, the nurse tugged at Marina's arm. "Miss, come with me."

Marina shrugged her off. "I want them here. And I want to stay here."

"But—"

The blue-eyed man spun on the woman. "She *said* she wants us here," he growled. "Now leave us alone with our wife."

Marina stared at him. Wife? Not 'my wife', not 'his wife' but... 'our wife'? She might not remember her life, but she knew what was the accepted convention in society and that was one woman and one man.

A ruffle of nerves fluttered in her middle. 'Our wife' repeated in her thoughts. Our... Our?

As Marina opened her mouth to ask for an explanation, the nurse sputtered something about getting a doctor then left the room, pointedly leaving the door open. It didn't seem to

bother the two men. They were more engrossed in Marina. They led her to the chair next to the bed and crouched before her.

"You really don't remember us?" the man with brown eyes asked.

She shook her head as she examined him. Tiny lines creased the corners of his eyes and occasional threads of grey streaked his chestnut brown hair, but he still had the look of a young man—a young *powerful* man with well-developed muscle covering his sturdy frame. Dark circles shadowed the hollows beneath his brown eyes, and she got the impression that he hadn't slept in days. Neither of them had.

His companion shared the same look, his shadows seeming even darker beneath his light blue eyes. He, too, had tiny lines near his eyes and streaks of silver in his black-brown hair. His large hand cupped her cheek again, and he gave her a half smile.

"I'm Marcus," he said.

"And I'm Kyle," the brown-eyed man added. "We're your husbands."

She shook her head. "That's impossible. I can't be married to two men."

Rubber soles squeaked on the polished, tile floor as someone rushed into the room. The men stood, flanking Marina and ready to confront whomever planned to challenge them now. She rose as well, and they moved closer to her side. Marcus slid a hand around her waist to support her while Kyle clasped her hand. Her blood pounded through her, making her feel shaky, and she wondered if they felt it.

"Dr. Tanner," she said, recognising the man who'd been treating her. The nurse was on his heels.

He ignored Marina and focused on her visitors. "You can't be here."

"Yes. We. Can," Marcus responded.

"Why don't you check her file as we've been asking all week?" Kyle demanded. "She was here two years ago. You have records of our relationship to her—and a waiver Marina signed to give us rights to be with her and to oversee all medical treatment should she be incapacitated. The waiver is still in effect—"

Tanner made a disgusted sound, brushing away Kyle's words with an impatient gesture. He dismissed the nurse before turning back and abandoning any professionalism. "You're from that little slice of sin, aren't you? Cranston?"

The side of Marcus' mouth lifted, intelligence and amusement dancing in his eyes. "Why, yes, we are. And you've got the three head sinners right here. We founded Cranston. I would be Marcus Cranston and this is Kyle Cranston, and you already know this is Marina Cranston. Now, let's stop the small-minded crap and cut to the chase. What's the prognosis on Marina's memory, and when can we take her home?"

The doctor appeared taken aback, and Marina suspected no one stood up to him. Ever.

"Well," he huffed and proceeded to rattle off a list of possible diagnoses, tossing around medical jargon. He'd discussed it all with Marina, in layman's terms, a few days ago.

It all came down to one thing. It could be this or that or this or maybe that, but overall, the doctors didn't know why she had amnesia and when or if her memory would come back.

Obviously, Tanner was using technical gobbledegook rather than everyday language to intimidate Marcus and Kyle. It didn't work. They listened to the doctor with arms crossed over their chests, their feet parted and their heads slightly cocked to the side. Their intelligent eyes said they understood everything. The pair reminded her of two bodyguards who weren't falling for anyone's line.

"So you don't know," Kyle paraphrased after Tanner had spoken for several minutes. "And when can she come home?"

"Today," Tanner answered. "As soon as we verify your *supposed* paperwork."

Marcus took a step forward, and the doctor stumbled backward a few feet. Kyle stayed his friend with a hand to his arm. Marcus turned towards him, scowling, and gave a curt nod. "This is why we set up our own clinic in Cranston," he growled. "These people..."

Marina looked back and forth between the three men. Warmth filled her as Kyle and Marcus protected her like junkyard dogs. She sensed no one would hurt her, no one would touch her and no one would even speak to her unless they said so. She'd been so alone all week. To think they'd been outside, wanting to get to her...

Anger welled inside her, and she wanted to scream at the officials who'd kept them out when she'd needed them.

She glared at Tanner. "It doesn't matter what the paperwork says. I want to leave."

\* \* \* \*



It was relatively easy to depart the hospital after the confrontation. Marina got the feeling the doctor wanted to be difficult but couldn't really fight the paperwork that had finally been produced. A call to Marcus and Kyle's attorney had helped that process, as well. Marcus had paid the bill for her treatment in full then ushered her out to a black SUV near the hospital's entrance. Kyle had waited behind the wheel. Despite a spacious backseat, she'd ended up between them on the bench seat in the front.

"We need you near us," Kyle had said. "It's been a hellish week."

Marcus had grasped his shoulder, and she'd seen a wash of support move between them, rife with the affection and concern they'd shown for her earlier.

Her mind reeled a million miles a minute as they drove through unfamiliar terrain to their town. Cranston was a little over thirty minutes from Marywood, and nothing looked recognisable. She didn't feel so much as a glimmer of home. Her hands fisted on her lap as she struggled against frustration and grief for her lost memories. What irreplaceable moments had she forgotten? Mostly, she wanted to know about her life with Marcus and Kyle, and how she'd come to be in such an unorthodox situation.

Her teeth sank into her bottom lip when it trembled, and she swallowed around the rocks that closed off her throat.

Marcus slid his arm around her shoulders. "It's okay. We'll help you remember."

"Dr. Tanner told me I might never remember, that I probably wouldn't," she murmured. She took a deep breath, refusing to break down at the gaping emptiness both behind and before her. At least, her future didn't seem quite as empty now as it had two hours ago. There were people who knew her and cared for her.

"Tanner's an asshole," Kyle muttered half under his breath. He shook his head. "You'll remember. And if you don't...well, I know it won't make you feel better, but we'll make new memories. You're the strongest woman I know. If anyone can get through this, you can."

She sighed, and he put his hand over hers. Automatically turning her hand, she laced her fingers through his. A faint shot of recognition tickled her recollection and gave her hope. They'd done this before.

Or she'd done it with someone. Maybe it had nothing to do with him.

No, she'd been with Kyle and Marcus for a while. Intimately from what they'd indicated. The records at the hospital had proved that they'd been together at least since the

papers originally had been filed. When had Kyle said that had been? About two years ago? The three of them were...

Her brow furrowed. The men had referred to themselves as her husbands, and they all bore the same last name. Tanner had demanded their IDs at one point. She'd spied a look at their licenses. Same last name. Same address. Both matched her own license.

"You called yourselves my husbands," she said. "Explain that to me. I might not have memories, but I know polygamy hasn't been legalised in the United States."

Kyle squeezed her hand.

"We live an alternate lifestyle," Marcus began. "Two men together with one woman."

"All the trios in Cranston do," Kyle added.

"But legally –"

"No, we don't have state-recognised marriages," Marcus interrupted her. "But we do have marriages—spiritual rather than civil. Those committed to one another in Cranston have public ceremonies in which they unite with one another, just like in a regular marriage except these are trinogamous unions. In conjunction with the ceremony, the men change their last names to that of the woman they've committed to. My last name used to be Byrnam and Kyle's was Gerber."

It all sounded so...organised and normal when he explained it as he did. But she knew it wasn't, though apparently a lot of people in their community lived this lifestyle as well.

"And I...did this?" she asked.

"Thirteen years ago, right after we founded Cranston," Kyle replied. "But we've been together for fifteen."

She bit her lip as she contemplated the dynamics of it. "It all seems so foreign, so...wanting my cake and getting it, too. As if I couldn't choose one of you so I took both of you."

Marcus laughed. "There was never a choice to make. Kyle and I were a package deal. I grew up in a ménage family – two dads and one mom. And one of my dads also grew up in a ménage family, and one of his dads did, too. It's kind of a way of life for us, though in years past it was much harder for trios than it is now. Kyle and I met as freshmen in high school and went to college together. He was fully invested in this sort of relationship before you ever entered our lives. We'd known for years that we would eventually share one woman."

His voice softened and tenderly caressed her senses, sending a quiver into her pussy as her womb pulled tight. "Once we met you...it could never be anyone else."

She turned to look at him, and he lowered his head. Almost from instinct, she lifted her face to him. Her lips parted against his, allowing his gentle exploration.

Kyle squeezed the hand he still gripped as tendrils of warm arousal threaded through her body. He didn't seem to mind that his partner kissed her. There didn't seem to be a scrap of jealousy. This seemed to be the norm. She sensed he expected and even enjoyed her intimacy with Marcus. Going with that belief and overwhelmed by the dynamics of the situation, she sank into Marcus and let him show her the way.

His full lips caressed her as he delved inside her mouth with his tongue. Bittersweet feelings made her skin tingle as she felt the pain he held back at her memory loss. He didn't touch her apart from her mouth, all of his longing and emotions conveyed with his tender kiss. Tears stung her eyes at his gentle possession and the care he took not to frighten her.

She needed to remember. She needed to know what it was like in these men's lives.

Before the kiss could go too far, Marcus pulled away and lightly ran his thumb over her bottom lip. At the same time, Kyle slowed as they approached a wrought-iron gate. It opened, but he stopped the SUV as a smiling woman in a dark blue uniform left the guard house beside the entry and hurried to the car. A twine-tied stack of envelopes swung from her fingers.

"Hi, Irene," Kyle said, greeting the dark-skinned woman.

"Hey Kyle, Marcus." She bent to look at Marina. "Hey Marina, hon. How're ya doin'?"

"Good, considering," Marina answered with a shrug.

"Don't you worry none. I bet you'll be back in the game before you know it," Irene assured her. She reached inside and handed Marina the stack of letters. "A bunch of us—well, just about all the families, I guess—have cards for you. We all wrote down some of our best memories with you."

"Thank you." Marina's voice was a choked whisper as she fingered the string tied in a bow around the stack. She looked up, her vision blurring with her tears at this town's kindness. "Thank you...more than I can say..."

Irene clasped the window frame. "You hang in there, hon. You'll be a hundred percent before you know it. With these guys here, you're in good hands. They'll see you through."

Marina nodded, and Irene stepped back. Kyle patted Marina's leg as the SUV started moving again.

"I thought I had no one," she murmured. "All week I was alone, and I thought I had no one or I was far from home. And..." Her fingers slid over the lavender envelope of the top card. "And there was all this."

"You're well loved," Marcus said. "By more than just us."

"What do I do here?"

"You don't have a particular job," he replied. "You don't need one. Our company – my job and Kyle's job – provides more than adequately for our family."

"But you don't just stay at home," Kyle interjected. "On any given day you're taking donations to the homeless shelter in Marywood, helping kids read at the elementary school, baking or cooking for people who're sick, or working on any number of committees in Cranston. The day of your accident, you were taking clothes to one of the churches in Marywood."

"I guess I'm just a regular saint," she said drily. Next thing she knew, they'd tell her she walked on water, and deep down, she had a dark feeling that kind of portrayal was quite far from true.

She didn't deny these things they mentioned might be true, but something wasn't clicking inside her. Even without remembering her past, she sensed a shadow over her life. No matter how she tried, she couldn't grasp what it was. Was it guilt? Shame? Something bad she'd done? The doctor had mentioned that she might be blocking something. What was it?

"There's the Marina I know," Marcus laughed, unaware of her brooding suspicions. "Never ready to take credit for the good she does."

Conversation stopped as they pulled up to a massive, three-storey Victorian house. It was white with a green door and shutters. A wide porch wrapped around the front and sides. The structure sat atop a hill that sloped down to a beach where waves from Lake Michigan rolled to the shore. From the end of the driveway, it appeared that the house was perched on the edge of a cliff, but as they pulled beside it, Marina saw it was an optical illusion.

Marcus helped her from the car, and she took a few steps towards the lake. The view was breathtaking. She could stand watching the white breakers for hours.

"This is where I live?" she asked in awe. Had she ever taken this view for granted? She promised herself she never would again.

"Yep. For about thirteen years," Kyle replied, coming around the vehicle. "The house has been here longer though. It's over a hundred years old. It was the only building on the property when we bought all the parcels to create Cranston."

"That sounds like quite a huge undertaking for a trio of twenty-year-olds."

"We didn't know any better," Marcus laughed. "We just did it. Lucky for us, the right like-minded people stepped in to help us before we mucked up things too badly. And we were able to get the correct zoning done before anyone realised exactly what we were about. At first, people who lived near here were up in arms, but pretty much, no one cares anymore. They call us 'that hippie commune'."

He unlocked the front door, and she went inside.

"This is some commune," she said.

The conversation dropped away again as she looked around. The men seemed to be waiting, watching her as she took in the place where she'd lived as if hoping she'd have some glimmer of recognition. She wished the same. But there was none.

However, if she'd entertained any doubt that she belonged with these men, it slowly dissipated as she viewed framed photos of their life together, the pictorial history artistically hung in the entry hall. Her eyes were drawn to one picture in particular. In it, she smiled devilishly, her arms around both men as they turned into her, Marcus whispering in her ear while Kyle kissed her shoulder. Her eyes were full of contentment as she pressed her cheek to Kyle's head and laced her fingers through Marcus' hair, holding him to her.

Pure unity. The three of them together as one entity.

"We look so happy," she commented.

"We are happy," Kyle said. She glanced over at him, not quite believing his insistent tone. A shadow passed from his eyes as her gaze connected with his.

"Are we?" She shook her head, her fist pressing to her middle. "I have this feeling... Something's not right. What's not right with us?"

Was it the ménage? Was she feeling guilt after being with them for so long?

"You're just disoriented. It's to be expected," Marcus soothed. He took the bundle of letters from her hands and set it on a table below the pictures. "Let's show you the rest of the house."

She wanted to argue, to call him on a lie, but she didn't. Who was to say he wasn't telling the truth?

An instant zing sizzled up her arm as he laced their fingers. The sensation travelled to her middle where her belly tightened. A flutter launched through her to pound at her pulses. It double-timed as Kyle's arm slid around her waist.

"You decorated the whole place," he said. "Maybe something will trigger a memory."

She frowned. Nothing had triggered her memory so far—except for their touch. Her body seemed to remember these two men even when nothing else made sense to her. Especially the dark feeling that lingered just beyond her grasp.

Marina tried to shrug it away. Nothing looked nefarious here.

The two led her through the house. It had all the requisite rooms—a gourmet kitchen, a family room, a formal living room and opulent bathrooms. Beyond that, each of the men had home offices and she had a library filled with cherry wood shelves and books. Upstairs there were enough bedrooms for a huge family, most of them closed off. The mysterious nooks and crannies prevalent in homes from the period in which theirs had been built intrigued her, but none of it prompted remembrances.

Except for the bedroom—of course, she was sure that was just wishful thinking. Well maybe not *wishful*. Perhaps delusional. She looked around the room where they'd ended their tour, the room she shared with Kyle and Marcus—or at least, that's what they told her.

A king-sized bed dominated the floor, its twisted-iron head and footboards giving way to four tall posters that supported an arching metal canopy. Gauzy, white fabric draped over it then fell to the plush, green carpet.

It was a decadent paradise for lovers. She was both drawn to it and filled with the urge to run. Her lips pressed together as she thought about going to bed in a few hours. Would she go to bed here between Kyle and Marcus? Was she brave enough? What would they want from her, knowing she couldn't remember them?

Marcus went to one of the three closets. It struck her as odd, but she supposed if there was a trio of adults sharing the space, it only made sense. He opened the centre pair of doors and revealed a long narrow space.

"When we remodelled the house, we widened this room and got rid of the one beside it. We used part of the space for the walk-in closets."

"Nice," she said noncommittally, wishing she'd remember something. Anything.

"Your things are in here," he continued. "You might want to...um...touch things. Maybe you'll get some...flashes."

*Flashes?*

Next to her Kyle cleared his throat, and she got the feeling he disagreed with what Marcus had said.

No...

With sudden clarity, she realised it wasn't that he disputed his partner's words, just that he disagreed with Marcus saying them.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

Kyle put his arm around her and led her to the bed, settling her on the edge then sitting beside her. She was again assailed by the sensation of belonging and comfort the men's embraces seemed to bring her. A pleasant warmth prickled over her skin as she waited for the answer to her question.

He shook his head at Marcus, his lips compressed, then he sighed. "You...have these...psychic abilities," he told her, obviously picking each word carefully. "It's nothing weird or anything and you're certainly not planning to set up shop as Madam Marina. Sometimes you just know things and you have an uncanny ability to touch objects and draw pictures and emotions from them."

She didn't know what to think about that. She didn't know if she could sleep in this room either. Between these two men. *With* these two men.

Kyle's hand skimmed up the side of her cheek, turning her to face him. "I haven't gotten my kiss yet. Not really," he said. He bent forward and brushed his lips over hers. Immediately, a surge of awareness shot through Marina. She saw the two of them tangled amidst the blankets of this bed. But they weren't alone. Marcus was with them.

Arousal flooded her, sending cream to her folds as Kyle deepened the kiss. His lips urged hers apart, and when she didn't object, he pushed his tongue inside to stroke over hers. Lightheaded at the touch, she had the sensation of falling. She realised suddenly that he'd taken her to the bed. He bent over her, pressing his body over her. The weight felt so good, so familiar.

She needed to feel all of him — all of Marcus, too.



## Chapter Two

Marina groaned into Kyle's mouth as he turned them onto their sides, and she sensed Marcus climbing onto the bed behind her. He swept aside her hair and pressed kisses to the back of her neck, sending shivers cascading down her spine. Two men, both loving her.

She stiffened. What was she doing? Going to bed with these two strangers? Two!

"Relax," Marcus murmured against her ear, his warm breath tickling the sensitive skin there. "We would never hurt you or do something you don't want. Let your body remember us."

And it did. In an odd dichotomy of fresh yet familiar, she anticipated each new move. Everything just felt...right. Arousal rushed to all her pulse points, throbbing, spiking with sharp vibrations. Her clothes suddenly seemed too small. She needed to be naked in their arms and feel their smooth muscled chests pressing into her. She ached to have their thick cocks touching her, rubbing against her secret places, begging for entrance then filling her. Yes... She wanted — no needed — them in her.

She closed her eyes and sank into the sensations of rightness and arousal. A distant voice reminded her she didn't know them, because she couldn't remember them, but she shoved it aside, choosing instead to let this be about discovery and the excitement of being with them.

A hand curved around her waist, a thumb tracing her ribs. Slowly, it moved upward. She held her breath, waiting, but it didn't move any closer than to brush the underside of her breast. She whimpered into his mouth, but couldn't seem to move closer as Marcus' hands held her in place while he worked at the buttons on her blouse. She trembled as his warm palms slipped inside to smooth over her abdomen, flattening over her belly. His fingers went to the fastening of her pants. He paused as if waiting for permission.

Marina wanted to scream yes, but Kyle was still consuming her mouth, his agile tongue imitating what she'd like from his cock. Moaning, she pushed her hips into Marcus' hands, at the same time rubbing against the hard ridge in Kyle's trousers.

Interpreting her permission, Marcus popped open the button at her waistband and lowered her zipper. His fingers splayed just above her mound.

What were these two about? Touching but not touching her where she desperately wanted them? Wild need swirled in her womb; her brain sank into a primal plane that consisted of nothing but sensation and the need to give and take and feel. Oh yes, to feel. She wanted to feel them everywhere on her. She wanted to touch them all over their bodies, to discover every part she'd somehow forgotten. To taste... Her mouth watered with the need to have their cocks in her mouth, to smell the musky scent of their sexes, to fill herself with their essence. To have their cum on her tongue, in her pussy.

Anxiously, she wiggled away from the men and stood next to the bed, a pair of legs on either side of her since none of them had managed to fully lay on the mattress. Concern coloured their faces for a moment until they saw the intent on her face. They rested back on their elbows, watching her. Waiting.

She kicked off her shoes then, with a shimmy, sent her pants to the floor. Slowly, she opened the cuffs of her blouse, knowing the sight she made for them with her bare legs, lacy black panties covering her sex, her blouse hanging open. The bottom of it skimmed her hips as she moved, the parted sides gaping to reveal the frilly bra beneath. She knew she had a good body, slim with healthy curves. With no personal memories and few real clues to her identity, she'd spent a fair amount of time staring in the mirror the past few days. And now her men—she had to believe they were her men—stared at her, their eyes dark with longing. Their erections strained against their dark pants.

Marina hadn't taken a lot of time to consider them beyond their builds, eyes and hair before, but now as she took her time, she studied them. Their dress indicated they were businessmen and they'd said they owned their own company. Plus they'd paid her hospital bill in full and drove a high-end SUV. She was involved with two well-off executives. And did they have any idea how hot they were in their charcoal pants, thin black belts and dress shirts? Even rumpled from their extended stay in the hospital's waiting area, the clothing exuded quality and power—Marcus and Kyle's power. And what they did to her just by staring at her with such hunger in their eyes...

"What do you do? For work, I mean?" she asked idly as she moved to open her second cuff.

"Medical research, pharmaceuticals," Marcus murmured. His hand drifted to his cock as he regarded her, and she smiled. Her teeth sank into her lower lip as she watched him stroke his palm up and down.

Movement shifted her gaze to Kyle's hips where she saw him doing the same. "Fertility treatments and sex studies," he added.

His lips parted slightly as his hooded eyes studied her.

"You're doctors?"

"No, we just run everything. Hire the right people," Marcus replied.

"Hmm..." She wasn't all that interested in business, only them, only the things they did, the things that comprised their lives. Her arms crossed lightly over her middle, and she let the shirt droop off one shoulder. "I'm almost naked, and you're both fully dressed."

Marcus chuckled. "That's how it usually is. We're always in a hurry to get you undressed. You like it that way."

She could feel her tight nipples pushing against her bra. A sense of sensuality slid through her. She easily believed she liked being naked before them. It filled her with an overwhelming feeling of sexiness. Wantonness. And somehow...a belonging. A belonging that... Her tongue slipped over her lower lip and they groaned. A belonging to them. That was it. Like this, she felt she was theirs.

Dropping her hands, she let the blouse slide down her arms. It fluttered to the floor in a quiet *shoosh* of fabric. Her pussy dampened even more at the unrestrained lust in their eyes.

"Come here, baby," Marcus urged.

Slowly, she shook her head. "I want to see you. I don't... I want to see you both, all of you, before I feel you."

Kyle grinned and stood as she moved a few steps backward. His hands fisted in his shirt above his waistband, and he pulled it from his pants. Since the collar was open, he tugged it and the white tee beneath it over his head then tossed them aside. Marcus came to stand beside him. Kyle's hands moved to open his belt, but Marina was done watching. Kneeling before Kyle, she unfastened the buckle then slid the leather through the loops. Glancing up, she saw Kyle's hands on Marcus' buttons opening his shirt. And they were kissing—the two men were kissing. Her lips parted at the sharp arousal that exploded

through her pelvis and into her thighs. A soft, melting sensation followed as she watched their tongues mate.

One of Kyle's arms slung around Marcus' neck as he continued to unbutton him. Such intimacy... Such love in the touches...

She sat back on her heels as a flash hit her. She'd been part of this. But not lately. And not their fault. They wanted her. They wanted her with an intensity that stunned her now, but she'd held herself apart. She'd been here, but...

Her forehead creased as she reached for the knowledge that was right there for her to grasp, yet still invisible. For some reason, she'd been closing herself off to them.

The wrongness of it struck her hard. No more. She couldn't be apart any more. Kneeling up again, she finished opening Kyle's pants, liking the way Marcus stepped behind her, his feet bracketing her bent legs. Anxiously, she yanked down Kyle's pants and boxers. His cock greeted her like a long lost friend, eager and wanting. His scent, dark and heady filled her nostrils.

Her fingers circled his velvety girth. Immediately, she engulfed the head with her mouth.

"Marina!" Kyle groaned as she sucked him and drew her tongue over the slit at the top of his shaft. She lapped at the salty droplets that seeped from him. She savoured the taste as she hummed her approval.

She felt naked flesh behind her and realised Marcus had stepped out of his pants. Still grasping Kyle, she lifted her mouth. Turning slightly, she caught Marcus in her other hand and treated him to the same as she'd given Kyle. His male scent intoxicated her—the darkness of both of them tantalised her senses. Clean, manly and so sexual. Instinctively, she realised no one shared this but the three of them—no one knew their perfect smell. And there wasn't anyone else who got to taste Marcus' almost sweet pre-cum.

She shivered, unable to get enough and drawing groans from both of the men as she stroked, licked and sucked both of them intermittently. She heard them kissing above her, felt them leaning into one another over her, but she wasn't left out. Their hands were in her hair, not pushing her, just including her.

But not for long. Marcus pulled her to her feet and kissed her deeply. Kyle pressed to her back and finally—*finally*—he cupped her breasts. His firm fingers kneaded the mounds,

catching her nipples and squeezing them until she gasped from the exquisite pleasure. She wouldn't have suspected she'd like the roughness, but she did. A lot.

When she was breathless from their ministrations, Marcus lifted his mouth. His smile was predatory as he looked into her eyes. A quake went through her to quiver in her middle.

Kyle's fingers caught the top edge of her bra and yanked down one cup. His hand immediately caught the revealed breast, and as if they'd done it a million times before, lifted it to Marcus as Marcus bent and took the hard nipple between his lips.

With a groan, she rested against Kyle as Marcus suckled at her, pulling her deep inside his hot, damp mouth. His teeth raked over her, his tongue lashing at the tip. Kyle renewed his play on her other nipple.

Her legs trembled as her cream rushed into her cunt which vibrated with every touch. Her tender flesh seemed to buzz as the blood pounded through it, swelling her labia and readying her for a cock. Or their cocks? She didn't know. Would they both fuck her? She hoped so. She wanted them both madly at the moment.

Marcus unclasped her bra and removed it while Kyle continued tugging at her nipples. Then Marcus went to his knees before her. Hooking his index fingers in her panties, he pulled them lower. He kissed the top of her curls and followed her underwear with his mouth as he dragged the garment lower. His tongue made a circle on her thigh while he shoved the scrap off her. Nudging her legs so his knees were between and she was forced to lean more heavily on Kyle, he lifted his hands.

She moaned as he traced her seam with his thumbs. And when he parted her, opening her burning flesh to the cool air, she whimpered. Then his mouth was on her. Right then and there, she knew. Not about her past, which loomed like a big black hole behind her. No, she knew that any woman who'd experienced one man at her breasts while another sucked at her clit would never go back to a one-man-one-woman relationship.

Kyle's lips travelled the length of her neck to her ear. "I want to fuck you. It's been so long, love."

"Yes..." she sighed, wondering if they'd been apart because of the separateness she'd sensed earlier. How had she borne it? "Please, yes."

"Oh yeah, give me your cream," Marcus growled. His tongue shot over her, lapping at her folds, spearing into her trembling channel. She was so close to orgasm. It hovered moments away, and her whole being reached for it.

Kyle's cock nudged her buttocks as he continued to kiss the side of her neck, behind her ear and up to her temple. "I'll fuck you hard, just like you like it," he whispered. "And I'm not gonna stop until you're screaming beneath me as you have the climax of your life."

"Kyle," she breathed. Her hand went to the top of Marcus' head, steadying herself as he nipped at her clit and fire rocketed through her. Her other arm wound up behind Kyle's head.

"And you're going to milk my cock until I cum hard inside you." He pinched her nipples hard. "In that pussy that belongs to Marc and me. You're ours. *Ours.*"

Marina's breath caught and fisted in her chest as her body shuddered, lights flying before her eyes. A massive climax scraped through her, dragging away all remnants of separateness and leaving her raw and needy for the healing from her men.

"Yeah, like that, baby," Marcus groaned.

She was falling, but not afraid as their hands guided her. She landed softly on the bed. Kyle was immediately over her. Marcus lay beside her on the pillows. As Kyle's cock nudged her entrance, Marcus kissed her again. Her taste was heavy on his lips, but she ate at him hungrily, savouring the proof of how they aroused her. He absorbed her groan as Kyle surged forward, parting her oversensitive tissues. He was so wide. Did it always feel this...tight? This good?

"Marina, oh love," he rasped. "You feel so good."

"And when he's done..." Marcus paused and smiled down at her. "When he's done, it's my turn. You could never have less than both of us, baby. You're our little nympho," he whispered. "Anything less than both of us—or one and a toy—just wouldn't satisfy you. On the outside you're so proper, but we know. You're the hottest thing to come down our pikes."

So what did that make her?

"But you're ours and only ours," Marcus growled. "Just ours."

"Just ours," Kyle echoed.

Marcus licked a path to her breast while Kyle grasped her hips and started an insistent rhythm that demanded her orgasm rush out to meet him once more. And then it did, racing through her with fury and shaking them both as her sheath clenched around his driving cock. Tremors rolled through her limbs. Marina screamed, her head pushed back into the pillows as she arched. Kyle jerked between her legs. His hot cum poured from him.

"So beautiful," Marcus murmured as Kyle's bellow of possession twined with hers to become one voice. "That's so fucking beautiful. The two people I love most in climaxes..."

Marina turned her head and kissed him hard. Kyle fell backward onto his haunches, panting.

"Be right back," Marcus promised. He kissed her breast then her belly and down her thigh as he headed for Kyle. Leaning over her, he took Kyle's still hard cock between his lips, sucking and licking away their releases. Kyle groaned, slowly fucking Marcus' mouth.

Entranced, Marina propped herself on her elbows and watched the two men. Speaking of beauty...

The sight made her almost as hot as when they were touching her. Soon Kyle was fully hard again and Marcus knelt up to kiss his mouth.

"And now you fuck me," he said.

"Yes, Marcus," Kyle replied quietly. Two strong men, powerful, but now she knew which one was more dominant—and he was crawling between her thighs and spreading her pussy with a cock even wider than Kyle's.

"Oh, Marcus, yes," she cried, echoing Kyle. He pushed fully inside her, making his claim where Kyle had just been, branding her as his as well. Fully seated, he paused. After a moment, she looked up at him. He watched her, his lips slightly parted. A shadow momentarily blocked the light then a look of agonised pleasure contorted Marcus' face. His mouth opened wider as his eyes closed, and his head tilted back. Slowly, he rocked into her. Then out. The base of his cock ground against her. Suddenly, he grunted, and she knew Kyle was pressing his shaft into him.

They moved in tandem, Marcus braced on his arms over her, Kyle holding Marcus' hips. Together, the men moved in. Together, they moved out. Together, all three of them tumbled over the edge of all reason, coming with harsh tremors before they all collapsed together on the mattress.

Marina breathed heavily. Though the loving had been more laid back the second time, it hadn't been any less intense.

Marcus kissed her shoulder. "Okay?"

"Mmm... Mmm-hmm..."

Kyle laughed. "God, I love you Marina."

She smiled, liking the sound of that and the way it filled the emptiness she'd felt all week.

"I know you don't remember," he continued, nuzzling her neck. "So I guess I'll tell you. You know how some people have wheat allergies? You have a semen allergy. Puts you right to sleep. Better than a sleeping pill."

"Mmm..." she murmured again, unable to grasp more energy than to say that. This was her bed—her comfortable, comfortable bed—and these were her men. Wrapped in their strong arms, she drifted off to sleep in peace but in hope of memories returning tomorrow.

Marcus ran a thumb over her bruised cheek. "Welcome home, Marina."



## Chapter Three

Marina startled awake, disoriented and confused as to why obviously naked flesh pressed to either side of her. Since she really had no memories to speak of, other than what had occurred the last couple of days, it instantly came back to her. This was her bed. Marcus and Kyle lay on either side of her, their strong arms holding her tight.

It had been late afternoon when they'd left the hospital and come home. She guessed now, from the wan light coming through the curtains that it must be early evening.

Carefully, she disengaged herself from the two men and crawled from the bed. She'd get a shower then figure out how to order pizza for the three of them. A weird craving for a slice of double cheese and mushroom gnawed at her middle, but then she'd barely eaten the whole time she'd been at the hospital, finding the fare both uninteresting and unappealing. Now if they'd had pizza...

Okay, so that was one thing. Apparently, she liked pizza, and looking in her closet as she went inside to grab clothes for after her shower, it appeared she liked blue and feminine silky clothes. She selected a summery dress in a floral print then found some lacy lingerie to wear under it. Perhaps that was a weakness, too. There wasn't a utilitarian item amongst the frothy wisps. A jewellery chest sat near the door and she decided to peek inside. If she was going to dress as she suspected she always did, evidenced by the garments in the closet, she might as well do the whole ball of wax.

Opening the lid, she saw a tray holding a few rings. One in particular drew her—a braided band in three shades of gold. Her hand seemed to be in slow motion as she lifted it.

*With this ring, we commit our lives to you...*

Marina jolted as the words filled her head, followed by a vivid memory connected to those words. Kyle and Marcus both held her left wrist, each had their fingers on this ring as they stared into her eyes, their gazes full of unrestrained love.

Criminy, this was her wedding ring—that's what they called it anyway since their hearts were wed and they considered themselves married. The world would prefer they called it a commitment ring, she supposed. Startled at the sudden scrap of memory, she

stared at the band. What was it doing in here? Why wasn't she wearing it? With the same rightness she'd felt before, that knowing she belonged here with these men, she slipped the band into place on her left hand.

A heart-shaped pendant of gold and diamonds lay in a well next to the ring tray. She lifted it, thinking it would go well with the outfit she'd selected.

*Emily...*

Instant pain sliced through her. An overwhelming sadness. Depression. Emptiness — emptiness far worse than she'd felt when she'd thought she was alone in the world.

The necklace dropped from her fingers. Something was going on here. Something she'd sensed when they'd first arrived. Something off... But she wasn't sure the men would tell her what it was. Somehow, she'd have to figure it out on her own. Or let it go. There was enough strain here without her pressing something that made them uncomfortable.

She glanced towards the bed before she headed for the shower. Whatever it was, perhaps her amnesia was a bit of a gift. She belonged here. She had no doubt on that. There was also no doubt, their relationship was mucked up. Without the details hanging over her and colouring her perspective, she knew it could be fixed. The time she'd spent with them and the memory vibrations filling her senses told her that.

Leaving the guys to sleep like the dead as they were, she went in search of a bathroom other than the one attached to their room. There was one just down the hall filled with enough feminine toiletries that she suspected she'd been using it rather than the one off the master bedroom. Another mystery. It unsettled her, but she chose to look at it as a gift for the moment.

After her shower, she wandered downstairs to the kitchen. A magnet for Positively Pizza was on the corner of the fridge and she dialled the number, happy that feeding her craving would be so easy.

"Hey, Marina," the boy who answered greeted her after she'd identified herself. "You want your regular order?"

Um... "Can you remind me what that is?" she asked tentatively. She didn't want to admit she couldn't remember a thing, but she didn't want to say yes and end up with lasagne or something.

"Oh sure. One double cheese and mushroom, and one sausage, onion and green pepper. Both large. And a two-litre of Coke."

*Perfect.* "Yes, I'd like that. You can deliver it to the house?"

"Absolutely," the boy replied. "You want me to charge your regular card?"

"Thank you. That would be great." And a relief. She hadn't even thought about how she'd pay for it—of course her purse was around here somewhere, and along with her ID, she did have a few credit cards.

"Okay, give us fifteen minutes, and we'll run that around the corner to you."

After hanging up, she wandered around the house, and perhaps that was a mistake. Over and over, the name Emily radiated to her until she mentally built a wall to keep it out. By the time the pizza arrived, she was no longer hungry. She scrawled her name on the credit card slip, hoping it matched her signature and the amnesia hadn't messed with her writing, then headed back to the kitchen with the food.

Double doors opened onto a large deck off the kitchen. After dropping the boxes on the table, she headed outside. The view was spectacular. The setting sun cast the rolling waves of Lake Michigan in an orange hue that grew deeper as it drew closer to the horizon. White terns still flapped around on the shore where the water crashed rhythmically to the sand. The calls of the birds combined with the lake sounds drew her further outside. With each step, the peace she'd had with Kyle and Marcus returned.

She settled into a wide lounge and curled into the corner, closing her eyes and letting resonance of nature fill her. This place was perfect.

*The house needs work but we can do that...and add a deck. Just listen to the water...*

In her mind's eye, she saw the three of them standing behind the house where the deck now stood. The structure had been dilapidated then, but the three of them had had such hope and so many plans—plans that had apparently come to fruition since a town now surrounded them.

"Hey, there you are."

She looked up to see Marcus in the doorway, a plate in his hand and a piece of pizza at his lips. He'd tossed on a white T-shirt and a loose pair of jeans that hung low on his hips.

"You got my favourite," he said as he came to sit by her.

Clad like Marcus, Kyle came outside, also eating a piece of pizza and dropped into a deck chair across from them. An errant breeze ruffled his tousled brown hair and chilled him just enough that his small, male nipples pressed against his tee. "Yeah, my favourite, too."

"I cheated. They asked if I wanted the usual."

Marcus laughed at that as he handed her the plate. "You need to eat, baby. Are you okay?"

"I'm good," she answered, looking out over the waves. "Starting to get some memories."

"Oh? Like what?" Marcus asked casually, perhaps a bit too casually. When she glanced over at Kyle, he seemed to have tensed.

She shrugged then lifted her hand, showing them her ring. For the first time, she saw they both wore bands matching hers. "Our commitment ceremony. And when we decided to buy this house."

Deliberately, she left out the name that had plagued her this afternoon. She was just getting her footing. She didn't want to address whatever the name meant—her feelings told her it would be unpleasant. They'd talk about that later.

Kyle chuckled, his shoulders relaxing again. "Well, those are good things to remember. Confirms what we've told you."

"I already believed you," she said.

"So what's wrong that you're not eating?" Marcus asked.

"Nothing," she lied. "It's just so pretty out here. I wanted to sit and listen for a few minutes."

"You've always liked that," he confirmed.

Nodding, she glanced down at her food and picked off a mushroom. In a few minutes, she'd eaten all the toppings, leaving only the crust and a little sauce.

"Typical," Kyle laughed. "You've always eaten your pizza like that."

"Have I?" She smiled. It was good that some things were coming back because they were her nature. She set down her plate on the small table beside the lounge, grabbed the remainder of her pizza then scooted into the middle of the wide chair, nudging Marcus to move over. "Why don't you come over here and sit with us? Am I wrong that the three of us like to cuddle here and watch the lake?"

"No, you're right," Kyle replied as he took the space she'd made. She hummed in satisfaction when they both curled into her. They sat in comfortable silence, watching the sun sink lower on the horizon. A muzzy veil of warm contentment seemed to have settled over them.

"It's interesting that you chose this dress," Marcus commented. Now that he'd finished eating, he shifted onto his hip to face her. His hand played up and down her thigh, sliding the silky fabric along her skin. Goose bumps cascaded along her skin as the sensation tickled her senses.

"Why's that?" she asked, her voice surprisingly breathy.

"It's your favourite. I think perhaps things are coming back, and you don't necessarily realise it."

"From your lips..." she murmured.

Kyle shot up out of the chair and grabbed her plate. "I'll take these inside."

"Kyle?" she asked, but he'd disappeared inside. She turned to Marcus in question.

He frowned then let out a sigh. "We were having some...problems...before—before your accident, I mean."

She nodded. Well that was something anyway.

"But none of us physically hurt anyone. I mean neither of you hurt me; you and Kyle didn't hurt one another. Right?"

"No, nothing like that."

"And..." *Emily*... "Neither of you...cheated?"

"No! God, no. We couldn't be more committed to each other."

She sat up and drew up her knees as she stared into the now dark distance. "But we've gone through something bad..." she murmured.

"Yes. Marina, we didn't want to—"

"No, don't tell me, okay? Let me get acclimated to things first. Maybe I don't even want to know. I sensed something when I walked through the door, you know? I felt it right away. But I also felt the bond between the three of us. It's stronger than whatever this bad thing is. I want to focus on that right now."

"Oh, God, Marina..." Marcus drew her tightly into his arms. Behind him, she saw Kyle, his eyes glassy with his pent up emotions. She held out an arm to him. Slowly he knelt beside the lounge and joined the embrace.

"It's okay," she murmured, recognising the irony in her comforting them when she'd been the one in the accident and was the one without memory.

"You've always been so strong," Kyle whispered as if he'd read her mind.

"Like you two," she said on a short laugh. "I'd have to be strong or I'd be steamrolled, I suspect."

"You like to be steamrolled," Marcus growled.

She snorted and dropped a kiss on his chin. "Maybe when it comes to sex. I suspect I stand my ground on other things pretty well."

Kyle's hand caught in her hair and he pulled her into a kiss. "You're a rock," he murmured against her lips. He lifted her into his arms and carried her into the house. "It's getting cold out here. I think maybe it's time to go back to bed."

She giggled. "But I don't want to sleep. We just got up."

"Yeah, we did," Marcus agreed. "Up and hard. Very hard."

A thrill wove through her and her pussy was instantly damp. Okay, bed sounded good.

\* \* \* \*

They fell into a routine the next couple of days. The guys went off to their jobs at Cranston Industries while Marina spent time at the house gathering up her memories. And that's what it seemed to be. She knew she had huge gaps in her knowledge, but every day she seemed to stumble over a nook or cranny or object that brought back some sort of recollection—nothing concrete, just small things that had happened to her or that she'd done or she'd shared with her men.

She read through the cards people had sent her. Some triggered memories, and all made her smile at the thoughtful messages. That doctor might call Cranston a slice of sin, but the people who lived here were angels. She itched to go out and see them, but she just wasn't ready. She didn't want to be confronted by a sea of strange faces she didn't recognise. Kyle and Marcus might call her strong, but she knew she was a coward—at least about this.

So she stayed home. She soon found there was little to keep her occupied there. A cleaning crew came in twice a week and made the home shine, top to bottom. Besides cooking a meal for dinner each night, she was left to read or watch TV. Neither held her attention for long.

When the restlessness grew too strong, she went on long walks along the beach behind the house. In the afternoons, most people were off working or running errands so the shoreline was deserted and left her to her muddled, Swiss cheese thoughts.

Today, as she wandered, a magnificent storm rolled in across the lake. It would be here within the half hour so she knew she should turn back. She just didn't want to face the big, empty house with its hidden memories. Delaying, she turned and watched the roiling clouds. Bolts of lightning speared down into the water on regular intervals, their loud claps echoing ominously.

"Marina!"

She looked up to see who was calling her and saw a slim woman with long, wavy brown hair heading her way. She'd pulled her tresses back in a ponytail, no doubt to keep it out of her face as she worked as a medical professional—at least, Marina figured she was because of the scrubs she wore.

"Um...hi?" she replied, wondering who this was and frustrated that she couldn't remember.

The woman smiled. "I'm Jahzlyn Monroe. Jahz. That's what most people call me, including you. One of my husbands is your nephew—through Marcus' brother Gregory. So we're family. I live next door to you. Up there." She pointed to the house that was behind them on the hill. Smaller than the Victorian house Marina shared with Kyle and Marcus, it was still large but more modern.

"It's good to meet you, though I guess we've already met." Marina lifted a shoulder and made a wry face. "Things are coming back, just slowly." She rolled her eyes. "And randomly. I'm heading back to the house to avoid the storm. Would you like to come up for coffee or tea or a Coke?"

"Coffee sounds great. And I know where you hide your Oreos," Jahz told her. She looped her arm through Marina's, and they headed for the house. "It's been a long day. I'm a nurse over at the medical centre. It was hopping for hours."

"Sounds exciting. I've been thinking maybe I should get a job. I've been astonishingly bored the past few days – well except for when Marcus and Kyle are home."

"I'll bet," Jahz chuckled. "Hon...you have a job. I mean kind of."

They brushed off their sandy feet on the mat on the back deck then went into the kitchen. Marina headed for the coffeemaker. "They act as if I don't. They go off to their company every morning but haven't breathed a word about what I do. Geez, I could be fired by now."

"Not hardly. That was what I meant by kind of. You're an organiser of sorts. Besides his position at Cranston Industry, Marcus acts as the town's mayor. But when it comes to community functions whether it's meetings, special events or service projects, you oversee it all. You also direct the landscaping of public areas and the town's seasonal decorating. You once told me you have a journal and a calendar detailing it all on your PC."

Marina stared at her. "Do I sleep?"

"It sounds huge, but you really do manage it in a regular work week." Jahz opened the pantry and moved aside the canisters. With a wink, she brought out the cookies, and both women sat at the table.

"No wonder I've been so bored. Why didn't they tell me?"

Jahz shrugged. "Maybe to give you time to rest? They were terrified when you were in your accident. The three of you have been together for so long, I don't know what they'd do without you. You're like the poster children of ménage. The how-to people for making it work. The three of you are so totally connected –"

"Except recently." Marina pressed her lips together, wishing she hadn't blurted that out, especially when Jahz's face clouded. Obviously, the woman knew exactly what had been going on in this house.

"Not for lack of trying. When things like this happen –"

"Oreo?" Marina interrupted, holding out the package.

"You don't remember and you don't want to," Jahz observed.

Marina shook her head. "I can feel it. I know whatever it is hit me emotionally. And I know the separateness between us is my fault." She shook her head again. "I shouldn't be talking to you about this. I'm sorry."



Jahz placed her hand over hers. "You've always talked to me. Why do you think I know where you keep your cookie stash? Look...this isn't your fault."

"Every feeling I'm getting says otherwise. And I discovered that I'd left my wedding ring in my jewellery box. I wasn't wearing it—"

"You don't want me to tell you. That's fine. I won't. I'd rather not anyway. But..." Jahz sighed. "You've been on an emotional roller coaster. Sometimes, I'm not sure how you've managed. This," she reached over and tapped Marina's temple, "might just be your brain's way of saying 'enough already. I need a break'."

Marina attempted a smile then got up to check the coffee. Being a fast-brew model, it was just finishing. After pouring two cups, she brought them to the table and regained her seat.

Outside, the storm hit the beach. Rain slashed in heavy droplets across the deck and slapped against the windows. Lightning pulsed, still off-shore.

"It's supposed to be quick but fierce," Jahz commented. "I should call my guys and let them know where I am—they're so overprotective sometimes." She laughed. "Not that I'm complaining."

"No...it's a great thing," Marina replied, sharing the first genuine grin she'd felt since Kyle and Marcus had made love to her that morning. "I can't imagine living a day without them surrounding me like they do." She rested her chin in her palm. "Do you ever feel guilty?"

"To have two men? On a moral level? Not really. I mean we're totally committed to one another. Our family is just...different."

"Not like that." Marina's grin grew wider, even as she considered that she should have wondered about the moral issue. But truly, her view was the same as Jahz's. "I meant that we have such awesome guys and there are women out there who haven't found even one."

"Aw, honey, I'm glad you feel that way." She jumped as Kyle's warm lips landed low on her neck. When she looked up, she saw Marcus and two men she didn't recognise, though she was sure she should.

They went to Jahz and kissed her. "We saw you come over here with Marina just before the storm started. Drove the car over so you wouldn't get wet on the way home," the one with black hair said, his hand sliding to her belly. The look they shared hit Marina hard. The

intimacy and secret smile were clear. Jahz was pregnant. Marina wondered if she'd known that...before her amnesia. Her chest was suddenly tight, and she could barely breathe.

She stood suddenly. Forcing a smile, she excused herself and practically ran from the room. She didn't stop moving until she'd made it to the third floor. She'd barely been up here in the mostly unused part of the house, but she headed unerringly towards the overstuffed armchair positioned in front of a huge dormer window overlooking the lake.

Forcing back sobs, she hunched in the chair and drew her knees up to her chest. What the hell was wrong with her? She didn't even know why she was crying. She should be happy for Jahz — she was. She truly was.

*I can't have a baby. Don't you understand? I. Can't.*

The words pummelled her as clear as day. Her words. Marina pressed a hand over her mouth as tears flooded her vision. God, of course. Why else would she draw away from Marcus and Kyle? She couldn't give them a family. And no state agency would let them adopt. Not a ménage family.

"Marina..."

She looked up to see Marcus standing helplessly a few feet away. She held out a hand to stave him off. "Not now," she rasped, her voice ragged with sorrow. "Please...not now. I need a few minutes." *Or a few centuries.*

"Don't do that."

She shook her head, not understanding.

"Don't shut us out." He knelt beside her and pulled her into his arms so they stretched towards each other over the arm of the chair. "It hurts us so bad when you do."

Her breath shuddered into his chest. He felt so good. So strong. As if he could withstand anything. But his vulnerability was her. She could hurt him badly. "I won't. I promise."

He stood and lifted her into his arms. Then, as if sensing her need for quiet, sat in the seat where she'd been. He didn't say anything for a long time. They just sat and stared at the storm, with her curled on his lap and his arms tight around her.

Jahz had been right. The storm was short and violent. The rain had lashed everything in its wake while wind battered the house, the shore and anything else in its path. And then it stopped. It just stopped and transitioned to a drizzle that soon gave way to the sun, its early

evening light revealing the damage yet the survival of those who'd weathered the storm. To the right and left, trees had lost leaves and a couple of small limbs, but they still stood straight and tall. Warriors.

She closed her eyes. She'd like to imagine she was that strong, but she wasn't so sure at the moment that she had more substance than flotsam.

Well, if she didn't, she would. Her men, her strong men who cared so much for her, needed her to buck up and get on with life. And that was exactly what she would do.

Shoving aside the doubts and voices in her head, particularly the one who chanted the name she didn't want to hear, she stood then held out a hand to Marcus. "Let's go find Kyle."

## Chapter Four

In the end, she asked Marcus to find Kyle while she'd gone to wash her face and get presentable.

"I want us to take out your nephew, his wife and her other husband to congratulate them," she told him.

Marcus looked confused. "For what?"

"Expecting." She smiled. "But I bet you know that."

His face darkened. "Jahz told you?"

"No. And I know you're trying to protect me, but there's no need to keep this from me. I'm really happy for them. Just because..." She shook her head. "Just...we should show them support. And that we're happy. They're family."

"They are," he said slowly, looking at her as if trying to see inside her head. "You...remember? The past, I mean."

She shook her head. "No. But I'm not an idiot. I have an inkling, a rather big idea actually. And it's enough to know I've not been the person the two of you committed to. And I've been hurting you—"

"No, you were the one hurting."

"We all were," she conceded. "I know that I need to know the truth here. I'm not putting my head in the sand. I've just been letting the memories come to me. But...well, tonight I want to celebrate with Jahz then you and Kyle are going to explain what I do around Cranston—what I *really* do. And you're going to show me where you've hidden my computer because Jahz says I have files on there."

He laughed dryly. "Are you sure you don't have your full memory back, drill sergeant?"

"Smart ass."

"Better than a dumb ass, I guess." Catching her in his arms. "You'll just have to tolerate this ass kissing you."

"Better than kissing ass."

He nipped her bottom lip then made a trail to her ear. "I hate to tell you this, but I suppose it's on me since you don't remember. You kinda like kissing my ass. And clutching it. And clawing it as you come, screaming my name."

His mouth covered hers before she could reply. His tongue demanded entrance, and she opened on a groan. He tasted of his late-afternoon coffee and mint. In a moment, he had her against the wall, his arms bracketing her body, his hands flat on the wall as he bent into her and devoured her mouth, reminding her of his claim on her. Not that she would think of disputing it.

Tendrils of longing inched through her as she raised on her toes to meet him. Following his lead, she pressed her hands to the wall behind her as well. If they touched, it was all over. They'd miss dinner and Kyle would walk in on them in the throes of ecstasy—not that he'd mind. In the past days, she'd learned that love in this household didn't always consist of three. And that was okay with all parties, because no one was excluded. If the third came upon the first two making love, he or she could always join and was passionately welcomed.

Marcus tipped his forehead to hers as he pulled his mouth away. "We should go get the others for dinner."

She sighed. She'd rather have more of him, but he was right. "I'll be right down. Let me get ready."

He kissed her again, quickly, then headed for the stairs to the first floor while Marina went into their bedroom. Her emotions were still wobbly, but she was feeling better and more in control than she had been. With determination, she got ready then went down to join the others. Despite her concern that she might break down during dinner if she didn't keep a close hold on herself, she actually enjoyed the company of Jahz, Garrett and Chay—Jahz's husbands—and her own two guys. Marina was genuinely happy for the other triad.

Dinner at Carol's Restaurant, a small diner a short walk down the street from their homes, was relaxed with a down-home feel Marina appreciated. By the time the six of them strolled home, she thought maybe, just maybe, she might be okay. Aside from an occasional melancholy feeling, she'd had a thoroughly enjoyable visit—as they all had. She hugged Jahz goodbye in front of her house and waved to Chay and Garrett, who immediately eschewed that and grabbed her in a bear hug.

Laughing, she, Marcus and Kyle walked next door. She went up to take a bubble bath while the guys wandered off to the game room to play pool. They were still downstairs when she finished and went in search of them.

There wasn't much playing going on. She paused in the darkened living room. The two men were embracing as Marcus stroked Kyle's back and they spoke quietly. "I don't want to lose her," Kyle murmured. "What if she remembers and we have another two years like the past two?"

"Then we get through it," Marcus rasped back, the sound of his voice revealing his emotions ran deeper than his words betrayed.

Kyle shook his head. "It was killing us all. Ripping us apart." He kissed Marcus' neck. "I'm so glad to have you. You're strong when I'm not. But... I missed having her in our bed. I've missed having the real Marina in our lives. I missed what the three of us shared."

"I have, too. That's not going to happen again."

"But —"

Marcus cut him off with a kiss, pushing Kyle against the pool table and grinding their hips together. "Not going to happen," he reiterated then buried his hands in Kyle's hair and held his head while he kissed him.

Ashamed to know the pain she'd caused them, Marina almost backed away and silently headed upstairs. But wouldn't that be part of the drawing away they hated?

Biting her lip, she watched them kiss and grind together, their lust for one another arousing her and making her pussy damp with her need to join in. Her breathing increased as she watched Kyle's palms slide over Marcus' wide chest down to his flat belly. *Open his pants. Touch him*, she silently urged, almost holding her breath in anticipation of seeing Kyle's large hand cup Marcus' cock. She almost groaned at the little jolts that raced through her when Kyle did exactly that and Marcus ground into him.

Shrouded by the darkness of the living room, she lifted her fingers to her breast and pinched the nipple as she watched. Her other hand bunched the voluminous fabric of her nightgown to slip inside and creep to her bared pussy. Her fingers slipped inside the slippery folds, and she had to muffle her moan behind pressed lips.

She rubbed her clit while she watched Kyle go to his knees before Marcus and open his pants. Since she'd been back, she hadn't seen them do this and the lightning that struck her at

the vision shocked her. She was sure she'd seen the intimate scene before now. God, she wished she could remember. This sight...this was something she'd cherish, the erotic sight of these powerful men loving each other, one obviously giving the other the supremacy in the coupling.

Marcus' head dropped back as Kyle pulled Marcus' cock free and immediately took him into his mouth. That fiery mouth... She could well imagine it, having felt it on her pussy and breasts. And his teeth... Marcus moaned as Kyle drew upward on his cock, no doubt lightly abrading him the way he did her nipples. She gave another pinch and felt the corresponding quickening in her middle, her cream coating her fingers even more.

She wanted to join the men, yet didn't want to interrupt. Her eyes closed as she listened to the noises of their love—Marcus' moans, his whispered words of encouragement, the wet slide of Kyle's mouth up and down that wide shaft. She absorbed it. The sounds turned her on even more. Two fingers moved along her cunt, circling then squeezing her clit as they traversed. With a hitched breath, she dipped a finger inside her needy channel.

Opening her eyes slightly, she watched the men through her lashes. Marcus was bent slightly, using the pool table as support as Kyle continued to suck. Marcus' hips moved in and out of the relentless mouth in a smooth slow motion. His body shook as he drew close to his release. And when he cried out and went still, her body clenched. Her eyes squeezed shut again as a tiny orgasm accompanied the pleasure she heard in the other room.

She startled as a mouth joined her hand just before her fingers were pulled away and sucked into another hot mouth. Marcus carefully cleaned each digit, his eyes glinting in the bit of light that filtered into the living room. "Naughty, naughty," he murmured.

"But you two were —"

"Waiting for you," he interrupted.

"The two of you are so beautiful together. I didn't want to... Well, I wanted to let you have time together. Without me."

Kyle suddenly pulled his mouth away. "We've had too much fucking time away," he growled. His scowl was evident in his tone.

Marcus lightly batted at his head. "Stop swearing."

"As if she doesn't use the same words?"

"Like... 'how about fucking me, guys'?" she tried, her laugh tight from her arousal as she came to Kyle's defence. Speaking—even *breathing*—became difficult with his tongue flicking relentlessly over her. She clutched for the couch just behind her. "Or... 'I would enjoy a good fucking. You guys are so fucking hot together'. Oh fuck," she whispered as Kyle speared three fingers into her channel, pushing them in and out so quickly her legs trembled. Her fingers tightened on the plush cushions behind her.

Marcus skimmed her nightgown up her body. She lifted her arms and let him pull it off her. Naked, she stared at him while Kyle did deliciously wicked things to her pussy. His fingers fucked her relentlessly while he nipped repeatedly at her clit. Spears of sensation seared through her, no doubt showing in her eyes.

"Oh yeah, sweetheart, give that honey to me," Kyle moaned as he lashed his tongue along her folds.

"Yes," Marcus growled, sensually, leaning over Kyle and licking at her lips. "Give it to him."

She grabbed his head and pulled his mouth fully to hers. Opening for him, she kissed him fiercely while he clasped her hips and held her steady. It seemed she was on a sea of sensation. Rolling. Being tossed from one wave to another. Off-balance as she was bombarded from different directions. Suddenly, the storm broke over her. She cried into Marcus' mouth while she shuddered in the men's grip.

"Wow," she murmured when she could breathe again.

"Not even close to done," Marcus told her.

Kyle sat back on his haunches and grinned, his mouth shiny with her cream. "We have special plans for you tonight."

That sounded both promising and ominous. "Should I be worried?"

"Not unless the amnesia has changed the things you like."

It hadn't seemed to so far—as far as she knew. Everything with them seemed exciting and roused her senses. They'd yet to present anything she'd shied away from.

Each of them took one of her hands and they led her through the house to the family room off the kitchen. The casual space was largely unused at the moment since a leak—a common problem in an older house like this—had caused major destruction before they'd



known it. The flagstone and polished wood room had since been remodelled, but the furniture hadn't been replaced.

Marina was surprised to see they'd placed a blanket on the plush carpeting, and under the blanket looked to be a tarp. A *tarp*? They hadn't lit the fireplace, but tons of candles flickered around the room, giving the entire darkened space a shrine-like feeling.

"Would you like some wine?" Kyle asked, closing the door then indicating the wet bar on the far side of the room.

She shook her head no. She wanted to know what they were going to do. Anticipation knotted in her belly. They'd said special, and with a setup like this, she couldn't doubt it.

Marcus moved behind her. He gathered her long hair into his hands and fashioned it into a braid. While he held the end, she felt him fumble in his pants pocket. A moment later, he wrapped a band around the end of her hair and dropped the thick, messy plait over her shoulder. His fingers splayed over her cheek and he turned her head so he could kiss her temple.

"Go lay on the blanket," he told her quietly.

Quiet seemed to be the mood of this session. The men's voices when they'd spoken had been hushed. There was no music, no hum of electricity, no air blowing through the house's vents, no sounds coming from outside the closed windows. It was almost as if this were a closed off place, far from the world and that blanket was the altar on which they planed to feast.

Knowing she should expect pleasure, she followed Marcus' directive and laid down. She rose on her elbows and crossed one leg over the other. At her feet, both men took off their clothes in tandem as if they'd practiced the disrobing. Of course, she had no way of knowing how often they did this.

Her tongue darted over her bottom lip as she watched, jittery anticipation building in her middle. The whole mood had shifted once they'd gotten in here and to her surprise, the heaviness aroused her. It wasn't that they were overtly role-playing, but she really did feel like the object of their sexual ritual, a cherished sacrifice, the concubine who's coming held shattering ramifications – and maybe to the three of them, it really did.

The men knelt on either side of her and silently turned her onto her stomach. Without a word, they arranged her body so her head rested on her arms and her legs were slightly

parted. One of them moved her braid over her shoulder, baring her back. She closed her eyes, lulled by the quiet and their gentle touches.

Their fingers made light trails over her back and limbs. Tiny shivers worked through her. She bit her lip to keep from asking what they were about. She didn't want to break the spell they wove. The silence was almost a fourth lover they'd invited to their party, and it edged up her senses almost as much as the men's caresses.

Then suddenly, they were both gone. She opened her eyes, but before she could speak, Marcus pressed two fingers over her lips and shook his head. He paused, his gaze clearly saying *watch*. Slowly, he grabbed a fat white candle from a nearby iron holder. She watched the progression with dawning trepidation until his hand left her line of vision. Kyle held her shoulders still so she couldn't turn to see any more.

Her nerves rattling, she waited. Unbelievable excitement seemed to gather just behind her clit, twisting and pulling tight and sending a flood to her cunt. Her fingers drew into fists, and she tried to control her breathing that seemed as fast as if she'd just run a mile. Her heart thudded wildly, tension clenching every nerve.

A splatter of wax. Intense heat rocketed through her, and her sharp cry ripped from her to echo against the flagstone. With careful precision, Marcus made a lingering trail from her neck to her tailbone. She whimpered and moaned, the first intense pain becoming such a deep pleasure she thought she might come without a touch to her pussy.

She writhed, grinding her cunt into the blanket as her skin became a sexual instrument like none other. Every nerve seemed to tingle—and then Kyle started in on the game as well. Catching her foot, he drizzled wax along the sole of her foot and along her toes while she screamed at the powerful sensation. He poured wax over her heel until it trickled down her ankle and onto her calf. When he started on the other foot, Marcus poured a stream over her ass, making stripes much like the lashes of a whip.

She had no idea how many candles they went through. Neither spoke. They worked in tandem once more, silently grabbing candles and deriving pleasure from the echoes of her cries—their spell to summon even deeper passion.

Then they were both gone again. As she laid there reeling, she heard the crack of a match strike and inhaled the scent of sulphur as it lit. From the corner of her eye, she saw Marcus relighting a few of the candles that had gone out. She sensed Kyle leaving the

blanket. A moment later, the fridge in the wet bar opened and closed. He was getting them drinks?

Marcus' hands were cold as he turned her onto her back. The wax coating her crunched slightly as it cracked, but was soft enough that it didn't hurt. He kissed her hungrily then sat back on his heels as Kyle dropped to her side. Her brow furrowed. It looked as if he held a paper towel holder in her hand. Before she could question it, he slid the cardboard away, revealing a large, condom-covered slab of ice. It took her a moment staring at it to realise what they'd done. They'd...made a frozen phallus. An ice dildo.

Kyle ran it between her breasts. She shuddered at the deep chill then shrieked as Marcus followed it with a puddle of wax. Kyle made spirals on her breasts and Max dribbled a river onto her nipples until each had a light glaze. All the while she cried out, her inscrutable words a mix of agonised pleasure and the need for more.

Fire and ice... Her body didn't know which way to go, what to feel, how to react. She panted as Marcus peeled away the wax then made a new layer on her rigid peaks, the sear of it shooting like lightning to her womb.

The dildo circled her navel, in wide menacing hoops that drew closer and closer to her curls. When the tip rubbed over her clit, her deep moan seemed to come from her toes. Would he put it in her? Surely not. She'd never stand it. It would be too cold.

She clamped her legs together, but Kyle wedged them apart, holding them wide with his own knees. He set aside the ice. Reaching for her cunt, he parted her labia with freezing fingers and held her wide to the warm air. Holding a candle high, no doubt to cool the wax on its descent, Max poured the paraffin over her clit. Nothing could have prepared her. None of the other sensations rivalled the jolt that exploded through her and centred in that one excruciatingly perfect spot. She clawed at the blankets, her orgasm splintering over her. Stars spiralled before her. Unbelievable cold filled her clutching channel...

In a daze, she saw Kyle slide the ice shaft easily into her flooded passage, working it in and out as she thrashed on the summit of her climax. Another release knotted through her body.

Hands turned her again and she found herself straddling Marcus' body. The dildo pulled free and he thrust up into her. Marina groaned at the sudden change from freezing ice to burning cock.

"Sweet heaven," Marcus sighed, breaking his silence. "You feel like an icy fist around me."

"You feel like a red-hot poker."

"Too much?"

"No," she replied on gasping breaths. "So good."

She lurched as Kyle pressed the toy to her anus. It was slippery, though she wasn't sure if it was from her juices or if he'd lubricated it. She wasn't sure how much she could take. She couldn't remember ever having someone anally and no one had touched her there since she'd been home.

"Relax," he murmured. "Deep breaths. It'll be okay. I let out the melted water and it's smaller than it was."

Not much, she figured, but Marcus ran his hands lovingly over her body. Suddenly, he pinched her wax-covered nipples and she gasped, both surprised and loving it. As she let out the breath from her intake, Kyle pushed the ice-cock past the tight ring of her anus. The tip rested there, just that little bit holding her open and completely *holding* her attention as well. Beneath her, Marcus slowly worked his cock in and out of her. Reaching between them, he flicked off the wax over her clit. But nothing he did drew all of her focus from what Kyle did. Inch by inch, he worked the shaft into her rectum, stretching her wide and sending shocking cold through her blood.

"More," she begged, dropping her shoulder to Marcus' shoulder. The opposition of hot and cold stole her ability to think. All she could do was feel—Marcus fucking her cunt; Kyle's dildo fucking her ass. She rocked, taking the cock, taking the ice.

Suddenly, Kyle pulled it free. The blunt tip of his cock was there instantly and pushed inside before she could close down. He slid right in, answering her lube question.

"Lord it is so cold," he groaned.

Marina couldn't say if it was. All she knew was *so full*. She was so full of them. Both of them. Instant tremors rocked through her, squeezing both men as they started moving. One moved in while the other moved out. She cried out mindlessly, helpless between them and prey to the pleasure. Her mind seemed to have lifted to another plane, a different world, where the three-headed beast shadowed on the wall existed.

She stared at the lurid silhouette on the wall, her cream gushing around Marcus' cock. Another spasm through her body clamped around the men's shafts, and Marcus grunted beneath her, the sounds as animalistic as the reflection she watched. Kyle's fingers dug into her hips and his boiling cum shot into the still icy recesses of her ass.

Spent, they all collapsed into a heap, surrounded by wax and ice, sweat and cum. As Marcus tenderly pushed the hair from her face, Kyle kissed her back and pulled away a bit of the wax, and Marina decided the tarp had probably been a pretty good idea.

"Unbelievable," she breathed. Being with the two of them truly was. She was so lucky to have them. As she snuggled between them, she remembered Kyle's comment about losing her. How could she leave these men? She couldn't. Ever.

## Chapter Five

Marina smiled as she came awake, remembering the incredible sex the night before, followed by a very thorough cleaning in which the guys had made sure not a bit of wax remained on her body. They'd checked quite thoroughly, even where she was sure there couldn't possibly be paraffin. After a shower that was more making love than showering, they'd tucked her into bed and climbed in with her.

Presently, she was being crowded from either side, but she couldn't bring herself to care. She was on her side, facing Kyle. Marcus had his arm draped over her hip, his hand—ever the man—cupped over her pussy. His forehead rested between her shoulder blades, his breath feathering across her skin with each exhale.

Deep in the warm, early morning haze she often felt before the need to get moving pressed in on her, she trailed her nails over Kyle's hip. Tilting her head forward, she kissed his pec.

"Mmm...good morning," he rasped. He snuggled closer, and she flicked her tongue over his nipple.

It was in the mornings, as they all lay in bed for the few lazy minutes before the guys' alarms went off, that she had the most ripples of memory. Occasionally, she had a strong draw to get up and attend to things. *What* she didn't know, but she figured it had something to do with her job. She'd be pinning them down on that this morning. She wanted to start looking at things while they were at work. It was time to start making a game plan and pretending to be back to normal. She might never remember more than she did now, and life couldn't hang out there indefinitely. People needed her to do her jobs around town—whatever they were.

"How're you feeling this morning?" he asked. "Okay? Not achy after last night?"

They'd taken great care with the wax last night, but still, they'd checked carefully to be sure she wasn't burnt anywhere. After the shower, they'd insisted on slathering aloe lotion all over her.

"I feel exceptionally good. Like I could even do some work today."

Behind her, Marcus groaned. "It wouldn't kill you to relax."

"Someone's grouchy this morning," Kyle chuckled, and Marcus reached blindly over Marina and shoved him hard. Kyle tumbled onto the floor with a bellow. He was back in an instant, lunging over her and shoving Marcus. Marina giggled hysterically and pulled the pillow over her face as she wiggled out of the way of the tussling men.

Still laughing, she got up and circled the bed. She stopped for a moment. Grasping the bed post, she glanced at them. Who needed children with these grown up versions in the house? A nasty twinge of emotional pain spiked through her at the thought, but she pushed it away. It was as it was. There was no changing it.

"I'll be in the kitchen making coffee when you guys are done," she told them, forcing the cheer into her voice.

She'd completely gathered herself together when they appeared. Kyle had a laptop under his arm; Marcus looked to have the beginning of a black eye.

"You punched him?" she asked, incredulous.

"Not exactly."

Crossing her arms, she waited.

"I ran into his hand –"

"And I feel really bad."

"He fell off the bed –"

"You shoved me."

"And then I fell. On his hand."

"Uh huh." God, it really was like having kids. And pretty funny from two grown up, professional men, but perhaps this was a hazard of two men living together. "Is that my computer?"

Marcus headed for the coffeemaker while Kyle went to the table. He put down the laptop then opened it. "Yes, it is. Your files are meticulously labelled so you shouldn't have any problems. Since you're the only one to use this, you have all your passwords stored. You shouldn't have a problem getting into your databases or email. It connects to our wi-fi as soon as you boot up."

He didn't look at her and seemed strangely nervous.

"You okay?" she asked. She jostled her shoulder into his. "I believe it's not your fault about Marcus' eye."

He jostled her back, smiling – but not as brightly as usual. "Marc deserved it anyway."

"Hey!" the man in question protested. He came to the table with two mugs of coffee in one hand and his own in the other. Kyle and Marina each took one, then Marcus sat down across from the laptop. "It's all ready to go for her?" he asked.

Kyle paused for a half second before nodding. "Yep. All set."

It was the half second pause, Marina remembered all day. At first, she wasn't sure what to do. She finished her coffee and straightened the kitchen after Kyle and Marcus left. Then she went into the family room and cleaned up a bit. They had weekly cleaners, but she really didn't want them cleaning the wax foray.

It was procrastination, and she knew it. After she'd showered and dressed for the day, she returned to the laptop. She stood in the doorway for a minute and stared at it, trepidation swirling in her middle. A hot prickle crawled across her back. What would she find in there? Why was she so worried? She'd been the one to insist she got back to business.

Dread growing in her, she sat down. Nothing more ominous than a whisper of *Emily* came to her as she put her hands on the keyboard, but she had grown accustomed to that. Whatever the meaning, her mind wasn't in a hurry to reveal it.

Kyle had been right. Her files were all labelled and easy to manoeuvre. She sorted through them for a few hours and learned the magnitude of what she usually did. Before lunch, she had a notebook beside her with notes scribbled all over the first few pages. Her accident had happened at a critical time during the Independence Day planning. If she didn't catch up soon, there might not be fireworks on July fourth. On top of that, she'd gotten hundreds of emails.

After lunch, as she started on her second pot of coffee, she delved into the mail. Everything seemed pretty straight forward. Most were business, at least fifty were well wishes and one perplexed the hell out of her. She opened it in the late afternoon, it came from someone with her last name, and she could only assume it was a relative.

*Hey Mar,*



*I gotta say, this is a shock. I never thought you'd leave them, but of course you're welcome. You can stay as long as you'd like and I'll help you get settled in someplace. I can't say after Emily that I'm surprised. This is normal. Just call when you get in town and I'll give you the code for the house.*

*Raisa*

What. Was. This? Sent mail... She had to look in sent mail. It was there, like a beacon amongst a ton of other emails that all seem inconsequential at the moment.

*Dear Raisa,*

*Hey... I can't even tell you how hard it is to write this email. I've decided to leave Marcus and Kyle.*

Marina's stomach churned as she stared at the words, tears flooding her eyes.

*I just can't pretend everything's okay anymore. The pretending's not working anyway. We just walk around like strangers. I can't let them touch me. At least they have each other... It's not fair to them. I just can't get over this.*

This was what Kyle had been talking about last night. Her breathing had turned choppy, and she thought she might vomit. They were so happy together. She'd known something was off...but this was worse than she'd dreamt.

*Can I come stay with you? Just for a while until I figure out what to do. We've talked. And we've tried. It's hurting us all. I'm just going to go. Tomorrow, I'm taking clothes to the mission in Marywood and I'll just keep driving after that and come there. I'll call them once I've gotten to your house...*

She'd planned to leave, and instead she'd been in an accident and lost her memory. She must have left her ring behind on purpose that morning when she'd left for the mission.

For a long time, she sat there as the devastation of the notes sank in and tore at her insides like emotional piranha. As it drew closer to the time Marcus and Kyle would come home, she considered retreating to her hidey-hole upstairs and curling in the big chair to

stare out the window. Instead, she moved into the living room and waited in one of the overstuffed armchairs.

By five-fifteen when they came through the door with briefcases in hand, she was pacing. Their smiles fell. "What's wrong," they asked almost in unison.

She turned to them, her arms around her middle. And it hit her. Hard. No matter what was wrong, no matter what they said in a few minutes, she could never leave them. She loved them too much. And whatever pain she'd been through, stepping away from them, not being with them, wasn't the solution. Through all of this, the only place she'd truly felt completely all right was in their arms.

"What is *it* that was so awful that I was planning to leave you and go stay with Raisa?" she asked. There was no more dancing around the matter. They had to tell her, whether her psyche was ready for it or not. Surely not being able to have a baby hadn't caused this much wreckage.

Both men stared at her aghast, but where she'd expected sadness or guilt, anger sprouted.

"You were going to leave us?" Kyle demanded. "After everything? After all the pain and all the trying, you were going to *leave*?"

"How could you think that, Marina? You know how much we love you. We'd do anything for you. Hell, we've done more than I ever thought imaginable before we married. We tried not to push you. We tried not to make you hurt more—and we were hurting, too. It didn't just happen to you."

"How could you think this was a solution?" Kyle demanded.

"I don't know, but obviously, I did. I can tell from this note that I'd been struggling with it for a while. And who's Emily? I keep getting her name whenever I touch things and it's always so...sad. You said you didn't cheat, but...*did you*? Did you...have an affair? Is that what I can't get over?"

They stared at her, their hurt evident.

"How could you think that?" Marcus whispered. Kyle stumbled from the room, his face stricken.

"I...*can't...remember!*" she rasped. She paced to the far wall where a picture of the three of them hung on the wall. They looked so happy. Why couldn't she shake the feeling that

something dark stalked them. Something she could fix. Something they all *needed* her to fix. "Do you think I want to think that? Being with the two of you...it's perfection."

Kyle returned with a large book—a photo album—and dropped it heavily on the coffee table. Taking a seat, he turned it to face her while Marcus sat beside him.

"This is Emily. We cleaned the house of evidence of her—to help you. Even that didn't work."

With tentative steps, Marina moved towards the men...and the book. Her heart clenched painfully. She trembled, unable to breathe as she approached.

A beautiful blonde baby smiled up at her.

*Emily...*

*Our daughter...*

It wasn't that she couldn't have children—she didn't want to. She couldn't bear to try. She'd been too scared. Too scared she'd lose another. Her terror and pain had kept her away from the two people she loved most.

Picture after picture filled her mind. Scene after scene.

Pain. Guilt. Grief. Emptiness. Desperation. Relief.

Relief?

She remembered her brief time at the mission. Speaking with the priest there.

Her head spun as all the memories assailed her at once, becoming a blur as they barraged her. It was too much. The light around her faded. Her knees buckled.

"Marina!" Marcus yelled.

She couldn't answer. She crumpled under the weight of all she'd forgotten.

\* \* \* \*

"You shouldn't have shown her," Marcus growled at Kyle as he cradled Marina to his chest. Somehow, she knew she hadn't hit the floor when she'd fallen. He must have caught her.

"I didn't think..." Kyle whispered.

"Yeah, you didn't think," Marcus snapped.

"Stop," Marina mumbled.

"Marina, baby, are you okay?" Marcus asked urgently.

"Maybe we should take her to the medical centre," Kyle offered.

"Oh, *now* you're concerned?"

"No," Marina sighed. "Stop. I'm okay. And..." She struggled to get out of Marcus' arms and sit. "I had to know. And...I remember." Kneeling, she pulled the album from the table and sat back. Her thumb stroked over Emily's face. "I wasn't going to leave you."

"But..."

"That morning, yes, I was going to. I was so full of pain. So empty. I felt guilty, as if this were all because of something I'd done, but also because I couldn't move on, and I knew I was hurting you. It had been almost two years! I...well, I thought you'd be better off with me gone and not holding you back from healing."

"Marina!" Marcus gasped. "We'd never be better off without you."

"Never," Kyle reasserted. "Do you know how panicked and scared we were when you were in your accident? They wouldn't tell us anything. At first, we thought you'd died. We were terrified. Being without you..."

"Hell," Marcus finished.

She smiled for the first time. "The accident..."

Closing the book, she handed it back to Kyle who placed it on the table again.

"I was actually in a hurry to get home. The pastor at the mission, Reverend Kinney, had asked me what was wrong. I'd been on the verge of bawling the entire day—I didn't want to go. I just knew I needed to."

Marcus growled while Kyle made a sound to deny her assertion.

"We would have been right behind you," Marcus rasped. "And we would have dragged you home...and God help us then."

"No, listen," she insisted, her stomach fluttering at his adamant possessiveness. "I told him about Emily. I told him how guilty I felt...that I believed I was being punished for my alternate lifestyle. I never felt wrong about it, but after Emily died, I grasped at every straw within my reach. That one was the only thing that stuck with me. I was being punished. We lost our beautiful baby because I—maybe *we*—were being punished."

"Marina..." Kyle whispered. "We never knew you felt that way."

She shook her head. "Reverend Kinney said no. We talked about our lifestyle—yours and mine. How we love each other. How we're faithful to one another and are never with others. That we've been together for so long... He understood! I never expected someone from the religious community to listen without condemning us. I never thought one of them would 'get it'. But he did. He understood. We talked about polygamy and love, and well, he made me see Emily's death wasn't my fault. I shouldn't feel as if I were being punished. We have a committed relationship—maybe not enough spirituality, but I promised to work on that and he promised it had nothing to do with Emily. I planned to meet with him again. Just talking with him lifted a weight off me. I was excited to come home and tell you. Then that truck..."

"Almost ended everything," Marcus finished.

She nodded. She got to her feet and walked to the window overlooking the street. Her arms went around her middle, and she lifted a shoulder. "It could have been the end, but it wasn't. And it gave me a filter. Since it happened, I've gotten blips of memory, but really all I've had is what's most important to me." She turned and looked at them. "You two. From the minute you walked into the hospital room, I sensed it, and since I've been home, you've proved it. Do I hurt? Yeah. But not as much as before."

Both their faces were worried, as if they weren't quite sure what to expect. They probably thought she would go back to sleeping in the room down the hall, that she'd shy away from them and spend hours holed up on the third floor where she'd hidden from the world.

Not a prayer. In her grief, she'd made huge mistakes and almost destroyed everything precious to her by pushing away her life.

She looked at Kyle, remembering last night. "I know you're worried. Don't be. You know what I want right now? I want to be in the arms of the men who love me best."

Kyle's face crumpled and he had her in his arms almost before she finished speaking. Marcus came more slowly, and when he did, it completed their circle. His arms came around them both and their heads all rested together. Tears streamed down all their faces, but they weren't the tears of grief anymore.

"I love you," she whispered. "I love you both so much. Thank you for not giving up on me."

Kyle kissed her, and Marcus feathered his lips over her ear. "We love you, Marina. You're our world."

He kissed her as Kyle moved to her other ear. "I never want to be without you again."

"You won't," she promised. Her hands caressed down both their backs. "I'm definitely not leaving. And I'm not moving back down the hall again either." She closed her eyes and shook her head. "I can't tell you how much I needed to be with you, how much I missed you. I was just too scared to come back."

"You were scared of maybe getting pregnant?" Marcus observed.

She nodded. "Or of losing one of you. I'm not ready to try for a baby yet, but I know I will be ready eventually. When I am, I want to try the procedure Jahz used. The one her cousin used too. The one that would give us a baby from each of you."

"Really?" Kyle asked.

She grinned. "Yeah, 'cause it's the last time I'll do the pregnancy thing."

"What if we practice?" Kyle suggested, with the cheeky grin that had always endeared him to her.

Marcus batted at him.

"And celebrate you truly being back with us," Kyle quickly added.

Marina nodded, anticipation starting to coil in her. When nothing else was right, being with Kyle and Marcus always was. And it was looking like a wide swath of right lay before them just waiting for them to step into it. "I think that would be a really good idea."

## Epilogue

"Yes..." Marina hissed. The cuffs on her wrists rattled on the iron bed frame as she rode Kyle's cock and Marcus worked his magic with wax on her back. A hot droplet rolled across her ass, and she shuddered.

The cock ring Kyle wore buzzed against her clit with each downward motion. She was inches from coming, but she didn't want to until Marcus was deep inside her, too. She groaned at the press of his fingers on her anus and prayed he'd hurry. Her pussy quivered with her barely restrained orgasm.

"Don't come," Kyle breathed, obviously feeling the tiny spasms on his cock. How could she not be on the verge of it when they'd decided to fulfil one of her favourite fantasies today. On her knees, cuffed and at their mercy.

Marcus' finger pressed into her, working in and out and loosening her tight muscles. He added a second. She moaned, trying to work against it while she fucked Kyle. Marcus pushed her down Kyle's shaft with his free hand and held her there. She screeched at the sensation—the cock filling her, the tiny egg in the cock ring buzzing merrily on her clit, Marcus finger fucking her ass. To her relief, the mattress depressed, and a moment later, his cock pressed to her tight opening. Slowly, he pushed inside. His shaft rubbed Kyle's through the thin membrane separating them. Marina thought, as always, that she'd never felt anything so good. And as they took her in their own special rhythm that left her breathless and helpless between them, she knew, *as always*, that she was right. So right...

Kyle pulled at the clamps on her nipples, and that was it. She lost it and went sailing over the edge. Lights flashed before her eyes as she gasped, release stealing her breath and even the tiniest ability to voluntarily move. Over and over, shudders racked down her body. Her muscles clenched, and her pussy and ass clasped her men as tight as a fist. Finally, Marcus reached beneath her and released the leather cock ring that held Kyle. In mere moments, Kyle shot into her. Marcus groaned, a few strokes later, finding his climax as well.

"Oh God," she moaned, resting on Kyle. "That was..."

"Oh yeah," Kyle replied. He kissed her, lingering at her lips as Marcus pulled free, then climbed from the bed. They'd turned the third floor room where she'd once hidden into their playroom. They escaped here, playing their bondage games, their wax games, their games that made her utterly scream and might wake the toddlers down the hall if they played them in the master bedroom. This large room was perfect for any role playing they wanted to indulge.

She smiled as Marcus cleaned up then came back with a damp cloth. He washed her, then released the cuffs that had held her bound. She slid bonelessly to the mattress. It had been a long day and this was the perfect topper.

"All your event planning paid off today," Kyle commented. He tenderly pushed a curl from her eyes. "The birthday party was perfect even if the boys probably won't remember it. But, lord, they were cute digging into their cake."

"We have pictures," Marcus said, dropping down beside them. "I filled up a memory card and then some on the digital camera."

Marina shook her head, laughing at the proud dads. She couldn't be happier. Their sons, Declan and Lucan, had turned one a few days ago and today had been their first birthday party. They'd toddled all over, charming those attending the party while just about everyone there had breathed a giant sigh of relief over their health and their monumental birthday.

"We should go back down," she murmured.

"In a minute," Marcus said, resting his head on her shoulder. "We have something for you."

*We have something for you* had been their opening to bringing her upstairs.

"You already gave me something," she laughed as Kyle clipped a beautiful diamond necklace with three entwined circles around her neck. Their three lives forever interconnected. She kissed him then twisted around and kissed Marcus. How could she tell them she didn't need gifts? She already had everything she'd ever want, and she never wanted any of them to forget that again.



## About the Author

When it comes to books and movies, Brynn Paulin has one rule: there must be a happy ending. After that one requirement, anything else goes. And it just might in any of her books.

Brynn lives in Michigan with her husband and two children, who love her despite her occasional threats to smite them. They humour her and let her think she's a goddess...as long as she provides homemade chocolate chip cookies on a regular basis. Brynn has conducted workshops at several writers' conferences around the country. She enjoys mentoring and meeting new people.

According to Brynn, her writing success can be attributed to 70's music, her local road construction crews, a trusty notebook, and of course, her husband, Mr. Inspiration, who puts up with a lot in the name of research.

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