

Siren Publishing

*Ménage Amour*

# COMPLEXITY



Berengaria Brown

## Complexity

An asthmatic unwilling to relax enough to enjoy life, two men hell-bent on putting their stamp on her, an embezzler who wants to keep what he has stolen, and the ghost of a murdered girl. Will an endless night of passion with Finn and Simeon be pure pleasure, or only make Tia's life more complex and messy than it already is?

Tia agrees to a night of unbelievably hot sex with Finn and Simeon and is beginning to think she may have a future with them. Especially when the ghost makes her realize that her asthma is not nearly as bad as it used to be.

But the two men are so protective they don't want her to help the ghost. And Tia never breaks her promises. Will frequent acrobatic sex be a solution or just add to the complexity?

**Genre:** Contemporary/Ménage a Trois/Quatre/Paranormal

**Length:** 19,013 words

# **COMPLEXITY**

**Berengaria Brown**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
**[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)**

**ABOUT THE E-BOOK YOU HAVE PURCHASED:**

Your non-refundable purchase of this e-book allows you to only ONE LEGAL copy for your own personal reading on your own personal computer or device. **You do not have resell or distribution rights without the prior written permission of both the publisher and the copyright owner of this book.** This book cannot be copied in any format, sold, or otherwise transferred from your computer to another through upload to a file sharing peer to peer program, for free or for a fee, or as a prize in any contest. Such action is illegal and in violation of the U.S. Copyright Law. Distribution of this e-book, in whole or in part, online, offline, in print or in any way or any other method currently known or yet to be invented, is forbidden. If you do not want this book anymore, you must delete it from your computer.

WARNING: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000."

If you find a Siren-BookStrand e-book being sold or shared illegally, please let us know at **[legal@sirenbookstrand.com](mailto:legal@sirenbookstrand.com)**

**A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK**

IMPRINT: Ménage Amour

**COMPLEXITY**

Copyright © 2010 by Berengaria Brown

E-book ISBN: 1-60601-600-8

First E-book Publication: September 2010

Cover design by Jinger Heaston

All cover art and logo copyright © 2010 by Siren Publishing, Inc.

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED:** This literary work may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, including electronic or photographic reproduction, in whole or in part, without express written permission.

All characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.

**PUBLISHER**

Siren Publishing, Inc.

[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)

## **Letter to Readers**

Dear Readers,

If you have purchased this copy of *Complexity* by Berengaria Brown from BookStrand.com or its official distributors, thank you. Also, thank you for not sharing your copy of this book.

## **Regarding E-book Piracy**

This book is copyrighted intellectual property. No other individual or group has resale rights, auction rights, membership rights, sharing rights, or any kind of rights to sell or to give away a copy of this book.

The author and the publisher work very hard to bring our paying readers high-quality reading entertainment.

This is Berengaria Brown's livelihood. It's fair and simple. Please respect Ms. Brown's right to earn a living from her work.

Amanda Hilton, Publisher  
[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)  
[www.BookStrand.com](http://www.BookStrand.com)

## **DEDICATION**

My enjoyment of Sue Grafton's Kinsey Millhone series of books is what inspired the subplot in this story. Thank you, Sue.

# COMPLEXITY

**BERENGARIA BROWN**

Copyright © 2010

## Chapter One

“How do you reckon Tia has done her hair today? Up on her head in a twist? All plaited up into a French braid? I like it best when she has it loose, hanging all the way down her back, almost to that delicious ass of hers.”

“So we’re going from our apartment on the seventeenth floor to our office on the twelfth floor via the concourse again today, are we?” Phineas Templeton III grinned at his partner, Simeon.

Simeon wasn’t the only one who wanted to see more of Tia, the totally delicious concourse receptionist. They had enticed her into their bed three times in the past two months, and that was not nearly enough for either of them. Convincing her to get hot and naked with them more often was proving difficult, though. The lady had a mind of her own, and she was astoundingly difficult to pin down considering she was seated on the concourse, at the reception desk, in the same building they lived and worked in, for eight hours every day.

“We haven’t asked her out yet this week. Let’s try our luck,” urged Simeon.

“Okay. How about suggesting the rooftop restaurant here, then, so we can take her there straight after work for an early meal?”

“I like the way you’re thinking. Main course in the restaurant and Tia for dessert in our apartment. You don’t think she’ll feel that’s not really going out to dinner? Like we’re just using her or something?”



“Hell! I hadn’t thought of that. But we’ve wined her and dined her and danced her feet off, and she still slips out of our hands. Getting her into our arms is harder than herding cats!”

“Cats. Pussy. Tia. Now I’ve got the hard-on from hell. I’m betting her hair is in a plait or braid.”

“Nah. I reckon it’ll be up in a twist thing on her head.”

The elevator door pinged, and the men stepped off on the concourse level of the building. Tia was talking on the phone, and Garry, the senior day security guard, was chatting to a group of office workers standing near the fountain in the center of the concourse.

Finn and Simeon nodded at him before walking across toward Tia’s desk. Tia looked up at them and smiled, her whole face lighting up in pleasure when she saw them approaching.

“Shit, she’s hot. My cock’s going to burst,” whispered Simeon.

“Get your mind out of your pants. We need to woo her, not scare her away. And we’re both wrong. Her hair’s in a ponytail.”

“Hey, Tia. Happy Wednesday,” said Simeon resting his arms on the top of the reception counter to get as close as possible to Tia, and also to hide his erection, which was making his suit pants way too tight. “I like that blue outfit on you. It really brings out the color of your eyes.”

“Hi, Simeon. Hi, Finn. What can I help you with this morning?” Tia’s reply was not cold but not nearly as welcoming as her smile had been.

*Shit, we’ve blown it already. She must’ve seen my erection.*

“We were hoping you would be free after work this evening. We’d like to take you up to the restaurant for an early dinner.” Phineas stepped smoothly into the gap when Simeon didn’t speak.

Tia stood up and crossed her arms over her chest.

*Ah shit! Bad body language. Rejection alert.*

“And?”

“And only what you want. You can call the tune. But please, at least spend some time with us over a meal.” *Shit! Shit! Shit! Now I*

*sound desperate, but we both want her so much. She's everything we could imagine and hope for in a playmate and more. So much more.*

"Okay. I'll come to dinner with you. But no candles, no scent, and no grilling food at the table."

"Yes!" Simeon pumped his fist in the air.

Finn, more restrained, said, "Thank you, Tia. Shall we pick you up here at 5:45?"

"No. I'll meet you there at six."

The two men answered together.

"Perfect."

"We'll be waiting."

As soon as they were in the elevator, Simeon turned to Finn. "Do you think it's her asthma? Do you reckon that's what's stopping her from spending time with us? It's not us at all, it's her asthma?"

Phineas was already pulling his cell phone from his pocket. "I don't know, but our apartment is about to get cleaned to within an inch of its life, just in case."

\* \* \* \*

Tia watched the two men get into the elevator and head for level twelve and the Templeton Techtronics office.

She sat down and gazed at her computer screen, but her eyes were not seeing the neat rows of data there. She was picturing the two men, both so tall and strong-looking. Phineas was broad-shouldered and more muscular, his dark hair too long and curling on his collar, his brown eyes staring into hers like rich, melted dark chocolate and his cock, so long and thick. His was the first—only—uncircumcised cock she'd ever seen and tasted and played with. Running her tongue down inside the foreskin was unbelievably erotic. Just tasting him there was almost enough to make her come.

Simeon, a man so hot and passionate, his hazel eyes always laughing and sparkling. His prematurely iron-gray hair making him

look much older than the late thirties he really was. Until you looked closely at his face and saw there were only a few tiny lines beside his eyes from his constant smiling. And his body was still totally hard. Especially his cock, that was always hard.

Tia giggled a little remembering how it had led the way to her again today.

“They asked you out again, didn’t they?”

Tia jumped and gasped. “Jeez, Garry, do you have to walk so silently? You scared me halfway into next week.”

“I’m a security guard. Walking silently is what we do. Are you going to answer the question?”

*Why does the phone never ring when I want it to?* thought Tia frowning at it. *May as well answer, he’ll just keep asking ’til I do.*

“Yes, we’re going up to the rooftop restaurant after work tonight.”

“Great! They’re good men, Tia, and they’ve been very patient waiting for you to accept them. You could do a lot worse than take them up on their offer.”

“Yeah, I know, but—”

“Think how contented Keziah is now she’s settled in with Amos and Wesley. No traditional marriage could be happier than they are.”

“Yeah, but—”

“Besides, you don’t need to worry about your asthma with them. They’ve got more than enough money to afford to throw out their drapes and buy washable blinds. And replace anything else that upsets your breathing, too.”

“Do you think they wouldn’t mind?”

“Girl, everyone can see they both want you real bad. Talk to them. Tell them what you need tonight. Then see what develops.”

Garry’s pager buzzed, and he stepped aside to answer it as Tia mulled over what he’d said.

Finn and Simeon did turn her on. Very much. The few dates she’d had with them had been good times of talking and getting to know

each other, and the sex with them was intense, complex, and always extremely enjoyable.

As a child she'd had several near-death experiences with asthma. When she'd grown older, she'd learned what triggered it and how to avoid the trigger factors. Still, she made sure she was never separated from a plethora of asthma preventers, controllers, and relievers, and she had a plug-in nebulizer with strong combination drugs locked in the trunk of her car, plus another one in her apartment.

The elevator disgorged a group of people who made their way over to her, so Tia put aside her personal life and concentrated on helping them.

## Chapter Two

Ten minutes before she was due to meet the men, Tia was staring critically at herself in the full-length mirror in the ladies' room.

Her royal blue suit did look good on her, bringing out the color of her pale blue eyes and providing a good backdrop for her blonde hair. Although only the most critical could call her fat, her tummy definitely could stand to lose a few pounds, and her thighs were a fraction too heavy, as well. Plus, there was the whole life-threatening asthma thing.

"I can't understand why they want me so much," she muttered to her reflection. *My figure is not too bad, but I'll never be celebrity quality. I have a responsible and well-paying job, but it's not exactly on a par with the CEO of Templeton Techtronics. My family is solid middle class, but again, nothing like the Templetons. Or the Szczepanskis. Isn't Simeon descended from a prince of Poland or something? Whatever. My heritage can't compete with theirs. If I was to have a kid, there's a 50 percent chance it'd have rotten asthma, just like me. So why me?*

A heavy fist thumped on the door, and Garry called out, "Stop overanalyzing your life and get your ass up to the restaurant, or I'll come in there with my handcuffs."

Tia threw open the door. "Jeez, Garry, can't a girl pee in peace?"

"You weren't peeing. You were trying to think of a good way to stand Finn and Simeon up. Now do I have to escort you to the restaurant or not? Seriously, honey, if they ever do anything to hurt you, I'll be the first one to kick their asses. But I truly believe they love you. Give them a fair trial."

“Yeah, I do know that. I just don’t understand why they want me.”

“Tia, you are beautiful, smart, and a genuinely caring person. Haven’t you noticed the way all the tenants come and talk to you? They appreciate your advice, and they trust you not to damage their business by sharing their secrets. Give yourself a break. Treat yourself kindly. Now get your pretty tail into gear, and go enjoy yourself.”

“Yes, boss.”

\* \* \* \*

“I love that outfit on you. Did you wear blue today because it is supposed to be Wednesday’s color or because blue is the color for communication since it is calm and soothing?” Simeon asked as they waited for their meals.

“No, actually I wore it because I wanted to wear this cream shirt, and I don’t think it goes so well with my other suits. Besides, I thought Wednesday’s color was green.”

“No, it’s definitely blue. Monday is white, Tuesday red, Wednesday blue, Thursday purple, Friday green, Saturday black, and Sunday yellow.”

“No, that’s not right. Sunday is red, Monday yellow, Tuesday pink, Wednesday green, Thursday orange, Friday blue, and Saturday purple. It goes by the color of the god whose day it is. Surya, for Sunday, then Chandra, Mangala, Budha, Brihaspati, Shukra and Shani.”

“Ah, but you’re talking Thai tradition and Hindu mythology, Tia, whereas Simeon is talking about gemstones and gemology. But what about the color brown? I think I’ll start a petition because no one wants to give the color brown its own day.”

At that they all burst into laughter, startling the server who had just arrived with their drinks.

By the time they had finished their main course and the men were pressing Tia to order a dessert, she realized she’d had a wonderful

time. Somehow with these men she could simply be herself. There was no need to remember her job or her image, or that people might be watching her. She could just relax and have fun. But there was no way she was going to eat one of these calorie-laden confections. Well, not until she'd lost at least five pounds, anyway.

"Not for me, but you both go ahead. You both have big frames and must burn up a lot of energy."

"I hope we'll all be exercising this meal off our waistlines in a little while." Simeon stared at her, his lust obvious in his eyes. Tia glanced at Finn, and the look on his face was identical.

"Will you consider staying with us tonight? I don't want to pressure you, if it's not what you'd like, but we would both be very happy if you'd agree."

Tia's breath hitched, and cream flooded her panties. The look on Simeon's face was so hot it was melting her very bones, and Finn's fingers on her wrist—when had he picked up her hand?—were making her shiver with the need for a hot, hard cock, or better yet, two hot, hard cocks, deep inside her.

"Join us tonight?" repeated Finn.

"Yes, okay."

Phineas lifted her hand to his mouth and very slowly pressed a kiss to the inside of her wrist. Then he turned her hand over and brushed his lips across her knuckles. Finally, he sucked her thumb into his mouth and wrapped his tongue around it, caressing it.

"Oh my God, that's hot," she whispered.

"Baby, wait 'til we really get started. And naked," he whispered as Simeon signaled the server for the bill.

\* \* \* \*

Much as Tia's friends Keziah, Wesley, and Amos had done on the fourteenth floor, Finn and Simeon had renovated on the twelfth. They had bought two adjoining apartments and cut a doorway between

them. But where Keziah's family had made one apartment into a space for entertaining and turned the other into their private retreat, including adding a huge hot tub, Simeon and Finn had left one apartment untouched and divided the main room of the other into two smaller rooms, making one an office and the other a cozy den.

Tonight, however, they guided Tia straight to the bedroom. Finn's instructions to the cleaning service had been explicit—clean bedding on the bed all to be washed in unscented, natural laundry products. The mattress was to be vacuumed on both sides twice each with a vacuum cleaner that was guaranteed to have a microfilter that trapped dust mites. Every piece of furniture in the apartment was to be moved and cleaned under and behind as well as in the visible areas, and all drapes were to be vacuumed. The bathroom was to be thoroughly scoured to ensure there was absolutely no speck of mold anywhere. Every cleaning product used was to be guaranteed allergen-free and unscented. And provided their guest did not cough or wheeze, the service was promised a massive bonus. The apartment gleamed. It was obvious the cleaning service kept their promises and would be claiming that bonus.

A small price to pay, Finn thought, if it was what was needed to ease Tia's concern about sleeping with them. And maybe even moving in. But that would have to wait until she was ready for it.

Finn and Simeon had spent their lunch hour devising a plan to possess Tia completely, to fuck her so thoroughly and give her so many orgasms she would be unable to deny her attraction to them.

*"We usually have sex twice, two orgasms, so this time we need to give her a minimum of three, or better yet, four,"* Simeon had stated.

*"We need to claim her, brand her, possess her so completely she can no longer resist us. So that means oral and anal as well as vaginal sex."*

*"If we put a butt plug in while we do oral and vaginal, then that'll help get her ready for anal."*



*“Sounds good. And she liked anal that other time we did it, so we should be good to go there. But everything we do has to be all about her pleasure, not ours.”*

When the men dropped a box of ribbed bright green condoms on the nightstand, she placed her blue reliever asthma puffer beside them and left her purse on a chair in the corner of the room.

“Now let’s get you undressed,” whispered Finn, standing in front of her.

“Me too,” added Simeon from behind her.

Finn unbuttoned her jacket, carefully brushing the backs of his hands against her breasts oh so gently as he opened the top buttons. Meanwhile, Simeon was sliding the zipper down her skirt and slowly lowering it over her hips. His hands were brushing across her ass, patting it as he removed the skirt.

Finn pushed the sleeves of her jacket down her arms and softly kissed her neck. While Simeon bent to unbuckle her strappy sandals, Finn was undoing her shirt. Once again he teased her breasts as he undid the buttons. He could see her pulse pounding in the hollow of her neck and hear her breathing get faster and harsher. He knew she was highly aroused.

Finn pressed his mouth to the pulse at her throat then cupped a breast in its lacy bra and sucked her nipple through the fabric.

\* \* \* \*

Down on the floor, Simeon was teasing each toe, playing with them, running his hands up her legs—legs that were starting to become wobbly from her desire for these men. He lifted one foot off the ground, resting her calf on his shoulder, then licked and sucked his way up the insides of her thighs.

“Your flesh is so soft, so succulent,” he said, licking and nibbling.

Tia's brain was rapidly becoming fried with sexual heat. She grabbed hold of Finn's waist to stop herself from melting into a puddle on the floor.

In the next few moments, her bra and panties disappeared, and one mouth sucked and nibbled her breasts while the other teased her clit.

Finn's big hands cupped a breast, teasing that nipple as he alternately licked and sucked at the other one, then pressed it to the roof of his mouth.

Simeon nibbled and lapped at her pussy lips, then ran his tongue all around her clit.

"I need—I want—"

"Do you want to come? Is that it?" asked Simeon, looking up at her, her juices around his mouth and a devilish glint in his eyes.

"Oh, I think she does." Finn lowered his mouth again to her other breast and sucked the entire areola into that hot, wet cavern, scraping her nipple across his teeth.

Simeon sucked her clit into his mouth, the fingers of one hand thrusting into her channel and the others rimming around her tight, puckered hole.

"Aaahhh."

"Time for your first orgasm," said Finn, pinching both her nipples between his fingers.

Simeon took the hint and bit down on her clit while curving his fingers up to press against her G-spot. The thumb of his other hand pressed into her ass just a little way.

"Yes!"

Tia crashed into an orgasm, her honey pouring into Simeon's mouth and her legs wobbling so much that Finn had to wrap an arm around her to hold her up.

Simeon licked up her cream while Finn gently kissed her forehead, eyelids, and cheeks, whispering, "Good girl. Well done. That's just the start. There's lots more orgasms for you to come tonight."

Simeon pulled the covers on the huge bed back while Finn swung Tia into his arms and deposited her in the center of it.

In a few brief seconds, the men scrambled out of their clothes, kicking shoes and pants across the floor, letting shirts, ties, and underwear stay where they fell.

Simeon crawled onto the bed beside Tia, opened the nightstand, and pulled out a pink allergen-free butt plug they had used on Tia before. He squirted lube on it, then rolled her onto her side and began playing with her ass.

One slippery finger slid in, and he began stretching her tissues and massaging her walls. "Mmm," she murmured, widening her legs to give him better access.

Finn landed on the bed on her other side and kissed down her belly to play with her belly button.

Tia grabbed his head and pulled his face up to her, kissing him on the lips, then thrusting her tongue into his mouth.

"Ready to play, are we?" Finn kissed her back enthusiastically but let her take the lead as her tongue ran over the roof of his mouth, then along his teeth.

"You taste of coffee." She giggled.

"Wait 'til you kiss me. I'll taste of you," said Simeon.

"Oh yeah, that's so erotic."

Simeon slid the butt plug inside her and reached over to turn her head to face him. He thrust his tongue into her mouth, giving her a taste of their flavors mingled together.

Finn rolled on a condom, then pressed Tia flat onto the mattress. He settled in between her legs and returned to kissing her belly button until Simon's kiss had ended. Then he slid his cock deep inside her hungry channel.

"You're so hot and wet I won't be able to last long this time," Finn murmured.

He lifted Tia's hips to angle his cock so it would hit her G-spot with every stroke as Simeon kneeled up and placed his cock at Tia's mouth.

Simeon's cock was huge and red, the head almost purplish, he was so aroused.

"Yum," she said, pulling him closer so she could hold his cock herself. "I do like sucking you. You taste better than any dessert." She licked the drop of cum from the eye of his cock. "Salty, but with almost an almond flavor."

Tia sucked Simeon deep into her mouth, then slid him out, licking and nibbling along the vein on the side of his cock. One hand gently cupped his balls as she fed him into her mouth again, running her tongue along the ridge under his mushroom head before scraping her teeth lightly across the cap.

Finn grasped her hip firmly with one hand, and with the other he ran his fingers over and around her clit. It was already engorged and poking from its little hood.

The butt plug filled her up, making the experience of his cock inside her more intense. It wasn't as good as when Simeon was in there with him, but was still a heightening of the senses.

Simeon had one hand playing with Tia's breasts and the other resting on Finn's back, gently stroking up and down his spine, uniting the three of them in their lovemaking.

Tia sucked Simeon deep into her mouth, relaxing the back of her throat to accept as much of him as possible inside. With her hands, she continued to gently roll his balls in their sac and rubbed what she knew was the very sensitive place between his balls and his anus.

Sweat was glistening on Finn's shoulders as he thrust firmly and deeply inside Tia, hitting her most sensitive core on every stroke. His fingers tweaked and teased her clit, now a hard little button in his hand. Her nipples were also diamond-hard points under Simeon's fingers.

A mass explosion was very close.

Tia rolled her hips in a figure eight pattern and clenched her inner muscles with all her strength. She sucked in her mouth as hard as she could, and both men came instantly.

The hot spurt of cum inside the ribbed latex felt as erotic as the hot cum hitting the back of her throat. With a deep groan, Tia joined her men in orgasm, her muscles rippling and pulsing and extending the orgasms of both men. Her arms and legs shook with the power of her spasms.

She took a long, last lick of Simeon's cock as he gently withdrew it from her mouth. Finn slid out of her cunt but left the butt plug nestled in her ass.

"Nap time," she murmured, rolling onto her side and placing a hand on each man. Finn snuggled her into his chest, resting her head on his shoulder, while Simeon spooned against her, his cock nestling in her butt crack.

\* \* \* \*

Simeon loved having his cock resting between her ass cheeks.

*Guess I really am an ass man*, he thought sleepily. Although her hair was a big attraction to him too. He loved to touch its silky strands and feel them tease across his skin.

*Shit, every inch of her is dead sexy. I just have to think about her for my cock to be hard enough to pound nails.*

*But Finn is very important to me too. I couldn't live without him. We fit together like two pieces of a jigsaw. I love him so much, and he gets my heart pounding and my juices flowing like no man ever has before. But I reckon our jigsaw needs three pieces. Together Finn and I are good. But with Tia, ah, we're going to be perfect.*

*All we need to do is convince her.*

As he fell asleep, Simeon snuggled closer into Tia's warm body and draped an arm over her to rest his hand on Finn's muscled back.

*Shit yeah. Soft Tia and hard Finn. A man needs both.*

\* \* \* \*

Tia woke a short time later to the feel of being surrounded by hot, firm male flesh. The cock pressing into her butt was long and hard, and another equally big cock was pressing into her belly.

*Yum.*

Cautiously she took a deep breath, but there was no tightness in her chest and no urge to cough when she drew air in and fully expanded her lungs.

*Excellent.*

She wiggled down in the bed a little. *I've already sucked Simeon's cock tonight, so I'd really like to suck Finn's. They taste quite different, and I do like playing with his foreskin.*

As she shuffled on her ass to get into position, the butt plug moved in her anus, pressing against the walls of her rectum and making her very aware of how full and aroused she still was despite just experiencing two powerful orgasms.

*Hmm, well, they promised me three or even four orgasms, and these cocks certainly seem up for it.* She giggled to herself.

Tia angled herself so she could take Finn's cock into her mouth while she wrapped a hand around Simeon's cock. Running her tongue up and down one cock, she matched the movement on the other with her hand. Then she sucked one of Finn's balls into her mouth while gently cupping Simeon's balls in her hand.

Warming to her task, Tia licked back up Finn's length and dipped her tongue into the little slit in his head, once again doing the same with her fingers on Finn's.

"I like the way you think." Finn thrust his hips up toward her mouth, giving her more of his cock to play with.

Simeon's hands grabbed Tia's hips and smoothed across her ass cheeks to the butt plug nestled between them. Giving it a gentle tug, he asked, "How does this feel, sweetie?"

Tia sat up and let Finn's cock pop from between her lips. "I thought you'd never ask." She flashed a naughty grin over her shoulder at him.

"Shit!" Simeon scrambled to the side of the bed and snatched the lube off the nightstand. The two men flipped Tia onto her stomach, and Simeon withdrew the butt plug, giving it a little twist as he did so, then handed it to Finn as he began squirting lube deep inside her ass. His fingers slid into her stretched tissues easily, and he rubbed the lube into her walls before dropping the tube back on the nightstand and snatching up a condom.

*Riiiiip* went the packet, and bright green latex flew through the air to land on the bed, leaving Simeon staring at the half condom in his hand.

Tia collapsed on the bed giggling at the look on his face as Finn rolled over and grabbed the box. "The best-before date is not until next year, so we're still good to go."

"Thank God. I don't think the drugstore on the ground floor is still open. It's after 10 p.m."

Finn handed Simeon another condom, and he opened the package a little more cautiously, then rolled the latex over his cock and smothered it with lube. "Where were we?"

Finn tipped a still smiling Tia onto her back in the middle of the big bed, and then Simeon pushed her legs right back over her own shoulders and carefully pressed his cock into her anus. She breathed out. His cock head popped easily past the ring of muscles, and he slid into her welcoming heat.

"Shit, that feels good."

Finn lowered her legs onto Simeon's shoulders and sat across the bed, lifting Tia's head onto his thighs so his cock was poised level with her mouth.

Tia's ass was so full. Simeon's cock was huge, and he filled her right up, stretching her in the most delicious ways imaginable. She gently grasped Finn's cock and put just the head in her mouth.

“Mmm, foreskin.” Tia used her tongue to roll his foreskin down and then ran her tongue around the ultrasensitive cap. The way Finn’s breathing hitched and his hands grasped her breast assured her she was doing it just how he liked it. *Jeez, it’s so hard to concentrate with a cock sliding in and out of my ass. All I can think about is wanting to come.*

And Finn’s fingers continued playing with her breasts his palm gently smoothing around and over the globes.

*Get a grip, woman, and suck this yummy cock. You don’t often get an opportunity like this, so make the most of it.*

Finn’s cock filled her mouth, the head nudging the back of her throat, while her hands played with his balls, rolling them in their sac and gently teasing him. Occasionally she would let a finger drop to scrape behind his balls. She gradually let a finger creep closer and closer to his hole, her nails finally scratching around the rim before she slid her index finger inside. And all the while she was licking and sucking up and down his cock, nibbling on the head, teasing the foreskin, running her tongue around the ridge.

*Jeez, my nerve endings are on fire. Who knew ass fucking could be this good? Well, ass fucking combined with cock sucking. And nipple play. And—oh my God!*

Both men pushed their fingers inside her pussy together. Four! Four fingers were inside her cunt, pressing her G-spot, rubbing her walls. And another finger was on her clit, teasing it, circling it, nipping at it.

Tia’s brain lost control of her thoughts as a powerful orgasm crashed and roared through her. The coil of need in her belly exploded out through her cunt, her ass, her breasts, her legs, her arms, and her head. Every bit of her shook and shivered. Even her toes curled, and she quite genuinely saw stars.

The intense spasms continued to pour through her body.

Hot cum streamed into her ass and down her throat as both men were dragged along with her release. She was shaking so hard she



couldn't swallow the spurts Finn was giving her, and some leaked out the side of her mouth until she managed to close it tightly and suck him hard and drag one last spasm from him.

Simeon lifted her legs off his shoulders and rubbed her muscles as she lay in a boneless, limp heap on the bed.

"Oh my God, that was fucking awesome!" she rasped in a voice made husky from emotion.

"Yeah, it was pretty awesome for us, too," replied Finn, moving out from under her and placing her head on the pillow.

Tia closed her eyes and dozed as the men bustled around, cleaning and tidying up. Then Finn pulled her into his arms saying, "Time for a shower, precious. Then you can sleep."

Tia came wide awake with a snap. Bathrooms could be death traps for asthmatics, with all that potential for mold, mildew, and humidity. Still, she'd never had an asthma attack at their apartment, and at least they had a shower with a glass door that swung open, not on tracks to catch fungus, or even worse, a shower curtain where mold might be right at her nose height. Nevertheless, she grabbed her puffer before letting Finn carry her into the bathroom.

"Yeah, about that, sweetie." Simeon pointed to the wide-open window high up on the bathroom wall, then continued, "We've ordered one of those heat, light, fan, anti-humidity ceiling thingies. The electrician said it would arrive inside forty-eight hours, and he'd be out here to install it the very next day."

"Whatever you need, we'll get. Your health is precious to us. Hell, *you're* precious to both of us. We want you to be able to relax and just enjoy being with us. So whatever it takes to make you feel safe, we'll see it happens."

Tears brimmed in Tia's eyes as she flung herself into their arms, whispering, "Thank you, thank you, thank you," over and over again.

## Chapter Three

“Wake up, sweetie, you haven’t had your fourth orgasm yet.”

“Whaa—”

“My turn for your juicy ass.”

“And I get your pretty pussy. The two of us together. We figured that should make a pretty good finale to the night’s entertainment.”

Tia pushed her hair, which had long since fallen out of its neat ponytail, away from her eyes and gazed blurrily at the clock. “It’s 3 fucking a.m.”

“Yeah, fucking, that’s the plan. You do want that fourth orgasm, don’t you?” Finn’s voice was like hot melted chocolate, the sexy, dark kind. Just like his eyes. And, oh jeez, she did want another orgasm. There was nothing quite like having a hot, hard cock in her ass and another one in her pussy simultaneously. Nothing could beat the intense feelings fucking two men together induced.

So she obediently rolled over and let whoever—Finn?—massage lube into her ass while Simeon played with her toes, the arches of her feet, and her ankles, kissing along the bones, sucking her toes into his mouth, and making nerve endings light up all through her body. As her eyes opened wider, she could see both men were very ready for another round of sex. Their cocks were both engorged, the heads red, and a drop of cum was already sitting in the eye of Finn’s.

“I’ve never had sex so often in one night before. I’m not going to be able to walk tomorrow.”

“You won’t need to walk, precious. And we’ll get you a nice, soft cushion to sit on, too. Or you could take the day off and spend it in bed. Our bed.”

“No, that’ll be—” Tia gave a little shriek as Simeon picked her up and laid her on his body while Finn rolled a rubber on himself. Then two heads bent to suck her breasts, and four hands seemed to be stroking and massaging her everywhere at once.

Cream flooded from her pussy at the thought of taking both men at once, men who had stunned her by their compassion and caring for her this night. They’d always been considerate lovers, but she’d never understood the depths of their protectiveness until they’d spoken about the shower light.

Finn ran his fingers through her slit, lightly teasing her pussy lips, then sucked her nectar off his fingers, offering the last one to Simeon to taste. “I do believe she’s wet and ready for us, aren’t you, precious?”

Without answering, Tia wiggled around on Simeon, sat astride his hips, and stroked the length of his penis. Several drops of cum pearled at the eye of it, and she bent forward, holding his cock firmly in her hand, to lick them off.

“Shit, woman, you’re torturing me.”

“Really? Is that so?” she teased, stroking him again and again before rolling a condom down his length. She held the head of his cock to the mouth of her pussy and let him enter her just the smallest fraction of an inch.

“You’ll be the death of me.” Simeon thrust his hips up, trying to plunge into her, but she raised her body onto her knees to keep him barely inside her.

Then very slowly, in microscopic increments, she lowered herself onto him, groaning as he stretched her passage and filled her. Finally, when he was fully sheathed inside her, she leaned forward and presented her ass to Finn.

“God, that’s hot. I’ve never seen anything as hot as that.”

“She feels hot, too. So tight around me, but wet and welcoming, too.”

Finn pushed his cock into Tia's puckered hole, and he pressed smoothly past her sphincter muscles and deep inside.

Tia felt full to bursting. She'd felt full with just Simeon in her, but now that Finn was there, too, her walls were stretched as wide as they could go, and every inch of her was stuffed full of hot, hard man. But it wasn't enough. She needed more. She needed friction.

Tia pulled back on her knees a little and swiveled her hips. The ridged condoms provided the friction she needed in the most delightful way. She went to move again, but this time four hands grabbed her hips firmly, and two voices ordered her to wait.

"The party will be over before it begins if you don't let us set the pace. You've got no idea how enticing it is to feel each other through your wall."

"Oh, I know how good it feels. It feels very good. But it would feel even better if you both started moving."

"Bossy, much?" Finn asked affectionately, but the two men began a slow withdrawal together, each pulling out until only the heads were left inside her before pressing back in again. Then out. And in.

Sweat gleamed on all three backs and faces as the men held her tightly between them, controlling the amount of movement she could make.

Unbelievably, Tia could feel their cocks swelling even more inside her, and she frantically wiggled her hips and rubbed her breasts against the rocklike wall of Simeon's chest.

She gripped and grabbed at shoulders and arms. She kissed Simeon hard on the mouth, then turned her head as far as she could to kiss Finn. Then Simeon was claiming her mouth again for a deep, tongue-thrusting kiss, and she gratefully grappled with his tongue and sucked it into her mouth.

Finn's mouth was on her neck, her shoulder, and her ear, pressing kisses against her skin, licking and nibbling her flesh. Meanwhile, the men were pushing into her faster and faster. In and out, their long,

hard thrusts still synchronized to each other, but heavy and demanding now.

Tia was vaguely aware that the men's arms had wrapped around each other, locking her tightly between them, that from time to time they kissed each other's skin as well as hers. In some distant place in her mind, she appreciated how special that was, how truly it made them a threesome in their lovemaking.

Her nails dug deep into Simeon's shoulders. She was so close. So close. She twisted her hips in desperation, feeling the two cocks drag along her walls, scraping her in a kind of pleasure/pain that hurt so very good. And she shattered into a million pieces of ecstasy.

\* \* \* \*

*Hi, Sasha, it's Finn here.*

*How're you doing? Can you please drop off a complete outfit, lingerie and all, that will look good with black sandals, in Tia's size, at my apartment by, say, 7:30?*

*Thanks. I'll be by later today to thank you in person.*

*Hi, Atal.*

*How's it going tonight? Good. Sasha will be coming by a bit before 7:30 with a parcel of stuff to deliver to me. Can you please make sure she gets up here without any problems?*

*Great. Thanks. Talk to you later.*

Having left a message for Sasha, a statuesque African-American woman who owned a clothing boutique on the second level and who he knew was an early riser, and had a brief chat to Atal, the nighttime security guard who would escort her up in the private elevators to the apartments, Finn rejoined Simeon on the bed where he was drizzling soothing oil into a sleepy Tia's ass and massaging her weary, overused muscles with the same unscented oil. They had purchased

the oil after the first time they'd taken Tia to bed and she had refused to let their favorite lemon body oil anywhere near her.

"What about the cushion we promised her?" asked Simeon.

"Won't need it," came a mumbled reply followed by a tiny snore.

Finn raised an eyebrow at Simeon. "Better get one," mouthed Simeon in reply.

Finn loved the way Simeon understood him. It wasn't just that they'd been together for a while now in business and in their personal lives. It was more, that their brains seemed to be on the same wavelength. They understood each other, wanted the same things. And in this case, they wanted Tia in their lives and bed permanently. Together they'd convince her, Finn was sure of it.

Finn reached down and pulled up the bedcovers, and he rolled over behind Tia, draping a long, muscular arm right over her to rest on Simeon's waist.

Almost immediately, the three were sound asleep.

\* \* \* \*

Tia slept straight through the doorbell ringing and Sasha's arrival with her new clothes. Fortunately, Simeon was an early riser and had already gotten up and showered. He'd then woken Finn for his shower while he put on coffee and started toasting muffins.

When Finn finished his shower and woke Tia, she took one look at the clock and raced for her clothing still on the floor where the men had dropped it when they'd undressed her the night before. "You should have woken me earlier. By the time I get home, shower, and get back here, I'm going to be very late for work. I can ring Keziah and ask her to open reception for me but—"

"Calm down, precious, there's plenty of time. Here are your clothes for today, chosen by Sasha, and you know how excellent her sense of style is. I've never seen you wear that color, but it is going to look stupendous on you. Simeon is almost finished making breakfast,

so take a quick shower, get dressed, and you'll still have time to join us in the kitchen for a bite to eat before work."

"But, you can't just buy me clothes. I'll—"

Finn pushed her gently into the bathroom, handed her the puffer from the nightstand and the bag of clothes, and shut the door on her.

Simeon was standing in the doorway, a huge grin splitting his face. "You should consider a career in the military. You outmaneuvered her on every flank there."

"Yeah, but that's only because her brain is still half asleep. Expect a lot more arguments when she's out of the shower and has a few cups of coffee in her."

"Nah. I'll fill her mouth with muffins and walk her to her desk. Then I'll go down to that shop on the first level just past the pizza place. It's got all sorts of furnishing stuff, so it's bound to have cushions."

"Get her some flowers as well. The same color as that dress Sasha brought up, goldy-browny ones."

"Bronze. Yeah, it's going to look really good on her. I wonder how she'll do her hair this morning."

"She won't have much time to spare. Maybe she'll leave it out."

"Could be. But my money's on a braid."

\* \* \* \*

Ten minutes later, Tia was out of the shower, her hair in a sleek topknot and wearing the bronze outfit.

"Wrong again," mourned Simeon, gesturing at her to take a seat at the table as he passed her a mug of black coffee and two toasted muffins.

Finn pushed the maple syrup and the butter across to her, and she automatically bit into one, then chewed, swallowed, and looked up. "Wrong about what? And how much do I owe you for these clothes?"

“All the different ways you do your hair fascinates me. Finn and I guess how you’ll be wearing it each day before we see you. Today I said down, and Finn said a braid. Yesterday we were both wrong, too.”

Chattering lightly, the men had her out the door and at her desk with two minutes to spare and a muffin and second cup of coffee in her hands to consume at her desk.

“Very smooth,” she said to Simeon as he pecked her on the cheek before leaving. “But I’ll be asking Sasha for the clothing bill. There’s no need for you two to buy my clothes. Especially my underwear.”

Simeon just nodded and smiled, but as soon as he was out of her sight, he raced down the stairs to the second-floor shops and hurried into Sasha’s.

“Tia wants to pay for those clothes herself. Tell her half the price. We’ll pay the rest.”

“Not going to work. Tia knows what my clothes cost, and she’s much too smart to fall for that.”

“Shit!”

“Absolutely right. She’s a good match for you and Phineas. She’ll keep you on your toes.”

\* \* \* \*

In fifteen minutes, Keziah would be arriving to take over the concourse reception desk so Tia could go on her lunch break. But Tia couldn’t decide whether to run some errands, as was her usual habit on Thursdays, or to race home and do some of the chores she should have done the night before. She stared into the vase of bronze chrysanthemums on her desk, a gift from Phineas and Simeon, and thought about last night.

*The best sex I’ve ever had. With the nicest men. Until I met Keziah, I would never have believed such a thing was possible, but oh yeah, it’s possible. In fact, it’s not only possible, it’s very good. But*



*should I be opening up my life to them? Garry definitely thinks so. Keziah does, too. But I don't know. I really don't know.*

Tia's eyes drifted to her computer screen. She blinked hard, squeezed her eyes together, and looked again.

*Please come up to John Smith's hidden room. I need to talk to you.*

*Gillian*

There was no one around, so no one could have typed that message. And it was in an open Word document on her screen, not on an e-mail or anything someone could have sent her.

*Okay, too much sex doesn't make you blind—it scrambles your brain.*

Tia deleted the few lines of type and tidied her desk. But when she looked up at her computer, the message was back, with another “please” added.

*Please PLEASE come up to John Smith's hidden room. I need to talk to you.*

*Gillian*

“Hey, Tia. You ready to hit the shops?” Keziah walked around behind the counter. “I love your flowers. Are they from Phineas and Simeon?”

Tia mutely pointed at her computer screen. Keziah leaned over Tia's shoulder and read the message. “Who's Gillian?”

“I have no idea, but she's talking about that place where you met the ghost, isn't she?”

“I reckon so.” Keziah pulled a keycard from her pocket and held it out to Tia. “Do you want to go now, or do you want to wait until after work and I'll come with you?”

“I don’t know. I don’t know anything anymore. My life is totally out of control right now. No, that’s not quite right. It’s not exactly out of control. It’s more that it’s suddenly gotten complex. Very complex.”

“Do you want to talk about it? It’s your lunch break. Or we can do coffee after work tonight. Or you could come to the apartment for dinner with Wesley and Amos and me, and then we’ll have some girl time afterward.”

“Hold that thought. I’ll go and see what Gillian wants. If it’s not crazy saying that about a ghost. At least, I suppose she’s a ghost, not something freakier.”

“Seriously, if you wait ’til tonight, I’ll come with you.”

“Nah, my brain is totally scrambled. I may as well go now. Thanks, though, for the offer.” Tia took the proffered keycard, grabbed her purse, and headed for the elevators to the apartments. Before she passed the fountain with its weird display of metal pipes, two elevators pinged, and a group of people headed over to the reception desk.

Tia took the now empty elevator up to the fourteenth floor and walked to the far end of the hallway. Between the two apartments, there was a fire escape door locked and alarmed. Except it wasn’t a fire escape, and nor was it alarmed, as Keziah had discovered shortly after she’d moved into the building. It was a private stairway up to a small apartment on the fifteenth floor where John Smith, the founder of Smith Incorporated who owned the building, had kept a private apartment after he died. He’d stayed in the building to supervise his business, then later to watch over his great-nephew. He’d only gone into the light after Keziah, Amos, and Wesley had been blessed at a commitment ceremony held in the restaurant on the top floor.

The ceremony was conducted by a refugee Tibetan monk whose beliefs included polyamory. Tia had attended it along with almost one hundred other friends, family, and colleagues from the building, including John Smith’s ghost.

Taking a deep breath and subconsciously checking there were no signs of tightening in her chest or wheezing, Tia swiped the keycard through the door lock and turned the handle. *Jeez, I hope this stairwell isn't full of dust and cobwebs*, she thought.

The stairwell was not as clean as her apartment, which was vacuumed every alternate day, or Simeon's and Finn's, but it was certainly not dirty, and there were no signs of any cobwebs. It was also quite dry, for which she was grateful, as humidity was one of the trigger factors for her asthma.

At the top of the stairs was another door, so she swiped the keycard again and stepped into the room. It was much as Keziah had described to her, an average bedroom-sized room with one window covered by a flat metal shade that allowed people to see out but no one to see inside. There was a deep, comfy chair in front of a TV, a large bookshelf packed with books, a single bed, and a small table with two chairs. The table held a vase of mixed flowers in various shades of pink and a laptop computer.

Seeing the vase of flowers, Tia instantly reached into her purse, grabbed her preventer puffer, and took a deep inhalation. Then, almost as if a little lightbulb switched on over her head, she thought back to her work desk. There had been a vase of chrysanthemums sitting on her desk all morning, and she had not wheezed or reached for her puffer at all. In fact, she hadn't even been aware of their scent. And yet, the moment she'd seen this vase of flowers, she'd reached for her puffer.

Taking a cautious sniff, Tia decided the flowers here didn't have a strong scent, but ever wary, she took another inhalation just in case.

"It's okay, they're unscented. I know about your asthma. That's why I had to speak with you."

Tia whirled about, looking around the room, and saw no one. She looked again, rotating slowly, but it wasn't a big room, and there was nowhere for a person, or possibly a ghost, to hide. The voice was

quite soft, so she wondered for a moment if she was hearing things. Then she decided she wasn't quite that crazy yet.

"Where are you, Gillian? I can't see you."

"I don't have a lot of energy or strength. I can't manifest very well."

Tia became aware of the outline of a young woman, rather wavery but visible, leaning against the table quite close to her. She stepped back and sank into the comfy chair.

"What do you want? Why did you write on my computer? Who are you?"

Gillian gave a soft, tinkly little laugh and wafted over to sit almost at Tia's feet.

"Because of your asthma. I told you. As soon as I learned your asthma was life-threatening, I knew you'd understand and help me."

"I feel like I've walked into the middle of a movie. What has my asthma got to do with you? Would you please start from the beginning and tell me what is going on here?"

"I'm Gillian Smith, a distant relative of old John Smith, who had this room before me. I was twenty-two and my brother, Shane, twenty-five when he murdered me six months ago. It was ruled as accidental death, but I want him caught and convicted. Not just of my murder but also of embezzling the family property and stealing all our assets. My inheritance as well as his and what my folks will need to live on in their old age."

"I still don't understand why me and what you think I can do. How did he murder you?"

"The two things are tied together. I have—had—a peanut allergy. A life-threatening peanut allergy. Neither Mom nor Dad like peanuts, so we never had peanuts or peanut butter or anything made of peanuts at home. I was ten and at a sleepover at a girlfriend's before I ate a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. My first and last peanut butter and jelly sandwich ever. Up until then I'd just assumed that since my folks didn't like peanuts, I wouldn't either, and it had never bothered me.

But my friend's mom made us a couple of sandwiches, and I thought, 'Why not? Everyone else likes this stuff.'

"We were sitting out on the back deck, and I took a couple of bites, and I remember thinking, 'This tastes okay, nothing special, though,' when it was like someone grabbed my chest and squeezed real hard. I couldn't breathe. My friend started screaming, and her mom came running, and they called the paramedics.

"Because we were outside, my friend's dad was convinced I'd been bitten by a wasp or something, and he was running around with a jar to catch whatever it was and take it to the emergency room with us. The paramedics said they'd only just arrived in time. Five minutes longer and I would have died.

"So since then I have never eaten anything that could possibly be contaminated by peanuts, and I'm—I was—one of those people who reads every label at the grocery store.

"Six months ago, I found out my brother, Shane, had been steadily emptying all the family accounts. Selling off assets, moving the funds into accounts in his own name offshore, closing down sidelines of the family business. He told our folks the global economic crisis meant we all 'had to tighten our belts,' but that's a load of bullshit. Pardon my French. I went through all the accounts I could get access to, and everything was fine except that he was moving all the money away and closing stuff off.

"I told my folks I didn't think he was doing the right things, and they didn't listen to me, just thought I was jealous of him. I didn't go into details because I didn't want to alert him to what I was doing if they challenged him, but he found out anyway. And two days later, I died in my flat eating dinner. The inquest into my death found a small amount of peanut oil mixed in with my cooking oil, and they labeled it an unfortunate mistake. But it was no mistake. Shane put it there to stop me from collecting enough evidence to take to the police.

"I may be dead, but I'm still collecting evidence, and I have traced several of his bank accounts, including the main one in the Bahamas.

Shane is not as smart as he thinks he is. The US has had a Tax Information Exchange Agreement with the Bahamas since 2006, so if anyone official asks about his account, the banks have to give up the information. And he is not much of a housekeeper, either. I bet if someone got a search warrant, they'd find peanut oil in his house or at least evidence it had been there or he'd bought it or something.

"Please, Tia, will you help me?"

"You mean pass on all this information you have found? Get search warrants organized and stuff like that?"

"Yes. I can e-mail you all the files I've unearthed and where I think there could be more information. You're good friends with Garry, the security guard. He would know which is the right way to approach the police, which branch or division or agency that we can trust to prosecute the case."

Tia looked at the pale, shimmery form of the young woman at her feet. This young woman had done everything she could to see justice done and simply needed a living body to finish the task.

Yet her life was in such a mess at the moment. Everything was so complicated, particularly her relationship with Simeon Szczepanski and Phineas Templeton III. She really, really didn't need anything more to deal with. Those two men had absolutely fucked her brains out last night, and her wits were still somewhat addled. She didn't even know how she could have sat with her nose only inches away from a bunch of chrysanthemums without developing a raging case of asthma, let alone—

"Why didn't the flowers on my desk make me wheeze?"

"Your asthma is under much better control than you give yourself credit for. When was the last time you had a real attack? Not a minor narrowing of the airways, a genuine, full-blown asthma attack?"

"Well—" Tia stopped to think. She used her preventers morning, midday, and evening like most chronic asthmatics. Her relievers went everywhere with her, and she often took a puff during the day. But an attack? "Christmas two years ago."

“And the time before that?”

“Yeah, Christmas two years before that.”

“Now think back to your childhood. How often did you have attacks when you were, say, ten?”

“Every few months on average until I was about seventeen, and more often in spring, then less frequently, gradually growing less and less over the years.

“But that’s irrelevant. Asthma drugs are getting better and better all the time. Doctors are always learning more about prevention. And the older I got, the smarter I became at predicting what would irritate my airways, things that might cause an attack.”

“Asthma is often worse at puberty. Many people learn how to recognize their symptoms and control them, then find it is not nearly as bad as they thought. Effectively they ‘grow out of it.’”

“Yes, I see what you mean. To some extent, I’m still in the mindset of that frightened child instead of accepting the reality of the woman who can, and does, successfully control her illness.”

“Now will you help me?”

“Yes, Gillian, I will. You’ve already done all the work. I just have to talk to a few people and hand over the evidence you’ve collected. Thank you for making me see my world with such clarity. It’s like you’ve taken away a veil that I was keeping between me and the world.”

“You were too close, too involved. I was far enough away to give you some perspective.”

“E-mail me all your evidence. Send it to both my e-mail addresses.” Tia dug in her purse and went to hand her business card to Gillian, only to laugh at herself and lay it flat on the table beside the laptop. “I’ll talk to Garry when it’s quiet this afternoon, or when I finish work today if there isn’t a quiet time. Oh my god, my job! Keziah will be needing to go do her shift at the gym, and I haven’t even eaten yet. What’s the time? I’m late! I’ll come back and talk to

you again tomorrow if I have made any progress, or Monday otherwise.”

Tia raced out the door, clattered down the stairs, and rushed to the elevators. She pressed the buttons urgently even though her brain knew that would not make one arrive any sooner. “Come on, come on, come on,” she muttered, hoping Keziah had managed to find a security guard to watch the desk so she could get to the gym on time.



## **Chapter Four**

Finn burst into Simeon's office with a worried look on his face. "We have to go check on Tia. Right now. Come on."

Simeon grabbed his jacket from the back of his chair and shrugged into it as he followed Finn out the door. "Why, what's happened?"

"The flowers, man. The flowers."

"Huh? Say what?"

"Flowers. We gave her flowers."

"Yes, I got those goldy-brown ones that matched her dress. She looks stunning in that color. So what's your point?"

Finn kept his finger pressed firmly on the elevator call button.

"She's an asthmatic. And we gave her flowers. That's what, you moron."

"Oh shit!" Simeon flung open the door to the stairwell and started running. Finn took his finger off the call button and sprinted after him.

Their feet pounded on the concrete stairs as they rapidly descended past floor after floor, their speed never diminishing until they hurtled out of the door at the concourse level.

Tia was not at the reception desk. Nor was Keziah. One of the young security guards was standing there, his eyes looking hopefully at the bank of elevators. There was no sign of Garry, either.

"Where is she?" demanded Simeon.

"Ms. Keziah had to go to her shift on reception at the gym. She asked me to stay here until Garry and Tia returned."

"No, where's Tia?"

“I cannot say, Mr. Templeton. I only know she went somewhere with Garry.”

“Shit! Shit! Shit!” yelled Simeon, picking up the vase of chrysanthemums and hurling it into the fountain. It hit one of the metal pipes and smashed into hundreds of pieces with a loud crash, followed by a tinkling sound like wind chimes as the pieces of glass dropped to the bottom of the fountain.

Finn wrapped his arms around Simeon. “She’ll be fine. There’ll be an explanation for this. Get a hold of yourself, man.”

“The nearest hospital’s St. Andrews. Garry will have taken her to St. Andrew’s. I’ll get a taxi—”

“First, we’ll phone her.” Finn pulled his cell phone out of his pocket.

“You phone Tia. I’ll phone Gary.”

“I have already phoned Garry, and he’s on his way down. He and Tia were on the fifteenth floor. I have also phoned a cleaning crew to fix the mess in the fountain. Should they send the account to Templeton Techtronics or to your apartment, sir?”

“She’s on the fifteenth floor? She’s okay?” Simeon sighed, then looked rather sheepish. “Send the bill to me, personally, at the apartment. I guess that was a pretty stupid thing to do. But I love her and—”

A cleaning crew and a trolley full of equipment unloaded from one elevator and moved to the fountain as Tia and Garry, talking intently to each other, emerged from another elevator. Tia looked around at all the activity on the concourse and lifted an eyebrow at her men. Finn and Simeon rushed across and gathered her in their arms.

“Are you all right? Where have you been? Why did you leave the desk?”

“I’m so sorry about the flowers. I just thought they looked so pretty with your dress. I never thought of your asthma. I promise I won’t make a stupid mistake like that again.”

“Everything is fine. I’m not the slightest bit wheezy, and I loved the flowers. What happened to the fountain?”

Simeon got a grip on himself, and he and Finn explained everything to her while the guard was doing much the same to Garry.

“I really need to get back to work, and so do you. I’ll explain a lot more to you tonight. That is, if...” Tia hesitated. Was last night really the start of a genuine relationship with these men? It had certainly seemed like it, but maybe she was reading too much into a bunch of flowers, a change of clothes—which she still intended to pay for herself, although it was sweet of them to order it—and their concern when she went missing for a few minutes.

“Come straight to the apartment. We’ll send out for Chinese after we’ve talked. And other things,” Finn replied.

Simeon pulled her into his arms for a passionate kiss as Tia struggled to reply. “Nothing with MSG in it, though.” She was not going to stop being careful about her asthma just because Gillian had opened her eyes to its decreased frequency.

And she really need to think some more about her asthma. Gillian had given her a gift of knowledge she hadn’t had a chance to fully explore yet.

\* \* \* \*

The rest of the day was so busy Tia didn’t have a spare moment to think about everything that had happened. Less than twenty-four hours ago, she’d considered Simeon and Phineas a deliciously hunky pair who were interested in her joining them from time to time, but not as a stable part of her future. After all, they were partnered to each other, and her health made her very wary of establishing a real relationship with anyone. She felt the lifestyle sacrifices a potential partner would need to make were too much for her to ask of anyone. Now everything had been turned on its head. They’d made it quite plain they wanted her to be more than an occasional bedmate, were

prepared to accept her asthma and its constraints, and Gillian had forced her to realize her health was much better than she'd acknowledged.

*Gillian. A ghost. I've been chatting to a ghost I can barely see or hear, and now I'm running around proving she was murdered because her brother had embezzled the family finances! Too much sex really has fried my brain cells.*

*I have to give the keycard back to Keziah. I need to go home and do yesterday's chores as well as today's. And I'd better pack a bag with a change of clothes for tomorrow just in case dinner tonight turns into something more.*

She wiggled her ass on the soft velvet cushion Simeon had brought her when he'd delivered the flowers. It was a little tender, and her thigh muscles were definitely stiff, but if sex was offered tonight, she was oh so ready for it.

Keziah's smiling face popped out of the elevator, and she almost bounced across the concourse to Tia. "I heard all about Simeon smashing the vase of flowers. It was the hot topic in the weight room. What happened with Gillian?"

Tia handed back the keycard and quickly brought her friend up-to-date on the news, but before they could settle into a good chat, a crowd of rowdy schoolchildren erupted from the middle elevator and headed for the fountain.

"Bet you five dollars one of them gets pushed in," laughed Keziah.

"I'm not taking that bet. It's a certainty," Tia replied as Keziah waved and headed for her apartment on the fourteenth floor.

No child ended up in the fountain, but it was a close call. A tiny blonde woman with huge breasts, wearing a tight top, a very short skirt, and six-inch stiletto heels, marched out of an elevator packed with still more small bodies, and, in a voice that could be heard clearly out on the street, ordered, "Line up."

Silence and order was instantly restored. More quietly, she commanded, “Wait here,” and she trotted across to Tia’s desk.

“I’m Fern Mattingly from St. Mark’s Middle School. Wu Lee is meeting us here and take us to the Recreation Level for a lesson on physical fitness.”

“Let me phone her for you. I’m sure she’ll be right down.”

*Wow! She may look like an airhead bimbo, but she’s transformed those kids from a pack of ferals to a host of angels with only two words!*

By the time the kids had headed up to the gym, one of the office owners had phoned Tia for help about who to contact regarding renovating his office space. And the phone was ringing again.

It wasn’t until Finn appeared at her side with a delicious-smelling armload of Chinese food—her tummy rumbled loudly in response—that Tia even realized her shift had finished almost half an hour ago.

“Jeez, I’m starved. I missed lunch. That smells really yummy.”

“Come on up to the apartment so we can eat while it’s still hot.”

While Tia logged off her computer and buzzed Atal to tell him she was leaving, Finn said, “The chef at The Dragon Palace said no one cooks with MSG anymore. He was horrified that anyone might think such a horrible ingredient was in any of his wonderful dishes. He also has a selection that is gluten-free and another choice of items for vegans as well.”

Tia tucked her purse under her arm and grinned at Finn. “So what did this paragon of a chef choose for our dinner?”

“Traditional favorites—honey soy chicken, beef in black bean sauce, sweet and sour pork, two tubs of fried rice, vegetables with wholemeal noodles, steamed vegetables, and vegetables in lemon sauce.”

“Yum, that sounds really nice. But eight dishes for three people? Or have you invited that unruly class of schoolchildren to join us as well?”

Chatting happily, they travelled up to the apartment on the seventeenth floor and served themselves food on the plates Simeon had laid out ready and waiting for them. Simeon had beer and soda set out, but Tia requested plain water.

For ten minutes conversation was sporadic as they enjoyed the excellent food, and then Tia sat back in her chair and rested her hands on her stomach.

“Oh my, I think I ate too much. But it was very good.”

The men’s eyes focused on her hands. Suddenly the atmosphere was very hot as lust burned in their eyes.

“Can I rub your tummy for you?” Finn’s voice was husky with desire.

“I want to help, too.” Simeon was out of his chair and approached her like a leopard on the prowl for its dinner.

Finn pulled her to her feet and turned her to face Simeon so he could unzip the back of the bronze dress.

Simeon ran his fingers through her hair and undid the clasp holding the twist on her head. He laid it on the table, then gently threaded his hands through the long golden strands, massaging her scalp and untangling the knots that had worked their way into her hair.

Tia shivered with lust. The looks on their faces, the heat in their eyes, the touch of their fingers on her, it was all combining to drive the tension in her belly higher, and cream was already dripping from her cunt. She was ready for them, wanted them, needed them inside her again. Now.

Finn slid the dress down her hips and let it drop to the floor as his hands rested on her lower back. Softly and sweetly he kissed up her spine to her bra, unsnapped it, and pulled the straps down her arms. Then his hands cupped her breasts, his fingers running around her areolas and tweaking her nipples.

Simeon’s hands were still on her head, stroking, soothing, massaging.

Tia let her bra drop to the floor and grabbed hold of Simeon's shoulders to steady herself. Need was screaming through her entire body from the intensity of the men's touches.

"Jeez, that feels good."

"It's going to feel even better." Finn's hands were still moving around on her breasts, cupping and stroking, smoothing her skin and rolling her nipples. His mouth laid a trail of soft little kisses across her shoulder to the tender place where neck and shoulder joined, and he sucked the skin there into his mouth before kissing his way up to her ear and nipping at her earlobe.

He nibbled along the ridge there, breathed gently into her ear, and then his tongue ran around the outer shell before he sucked the lobe into his mouth.

Tia was shaking with desire. She started unbuttoning Simeon's shirt as she leaned in to kiss him.

His hands dropped from her head to her panties, and as soon as they broke the kiss, he slid her underwear down her legs until it puddled on the floor at her feet. She lifted one foot to step out of her underwear, and Simeon knelt at her feet to unstrap her sandals and then to lick up her thighs, making her legs quiver even more.

"Can you do a handstand?" asked Finn. "You've always seemed to be pretty well coordinated to me."

"Well sure, I used to be able to do them. It's not the sort of thing I have done for a while, though," she replied, confused.

Simeon dug his wallet out of his back pocket and grabbed a condom from it, then dropped his pants.

"Go on. Do a handstand," urged Finn.

*Yeah, sure, right, whatever. Shouldn't we be taking this into the bedroom, though?* thought Tia bending toward the floor and kicking her feet up into the air.

Simeon caught her legs, tossed them over his shoulders, and then thrust his cock deep into her pussy. The unusual angle of the move

made him sink incredibly deep into her, and her cunt clenched tightly around him.

“So hot! So tight. So perfect,” he moaned, grabbing her hips hard.

Finn scooted along the floor and wiggled under her chest. His arms supported her shoulders so she was no longer holding her own weight, and Simeon thrust into her cunt again.

Finn kissed her, thrusting his tongue into her mouth in time with Simeon’s thrusts into her cunt.

Tia’s mind turned to mush with the sensory overload. Simeon’s cock was touching her G-spot with every thrust. He was buried to the hilt in her, rubbing her walls and filling her completely. Her cunt clenched around him, and her honey was covering his cock. An orgasm was building inside her, tightening all her nerves, firing all her senses. Building up more and more, sending her higher and higher..

“Now!” yelled Simeon as he thrust hard and deep into her cunt, his hands digging into her hips.

Finn let go of her shoulders and pinched her clit with one hand and her nipple with the other, swiveling his head and biting down on her other nipple at the same time.

Tia screamed as an orgasm crashed through her, exploding from her pussy, her breasts, her head.

Simeon thrust into her again, and she felt the hot splash of his semen into the condom as she shook and shivered from her own orgasm still racing through her. Then he withdrew from her, and the guys gently stood her upright and held her tightly as the last powerful waves of climax rolled over her.

Finn picked her up and carried her to the bedroom. Simeon followed them with his arms full of clothing, which he dropped on the chair just inside the door. Then he hurried forward to pull back the coverlet before removing the rest of his clothes.

Finn laid her in the center of the bed, then quickly stripped off his own clothes to join the others. “Are you too sore? Can I play a little?”



Tia tugged him closer to her and kissed him. “Of course you can play. I never knew it was possible to get fucked upside down. What other tricks can you teach me?”

“You may have noticed that I really like your breasts. They’re so round and juicy, the nipples just begging to be sucked.”

Finn straddled her hips and pressed her breasts together with his hands. Then he moved higher up her body and slid his cock in the valley between her breasts, still keeping them pressed together.

Firmly he thrust his hips, pushing his cock up and down between her breasts. Tia grabbed hold of his tanned, muscular arms, and held on for the ride, lowering her head and poking out her tongue to lick the shrouded head of his cock as it rose above the top of her breasts.

Soon they had a rhythm going, him pushing up and her stretching down, grabbing a lick here and a suck there, Finn’s cock growing wider and longer as the teasing grasp of her breasts aroused him further.

Simeon had slid behind Tia’s head and was back to playing with her hair, brushing it off her face, massaging her scalp, and stroking her shoulders and his chest with the long strands.

“Let me suck you. I need more,” Tia whimpered between strokes.

Simeon gathered her hair to one side of her body then slid down the bed alongside her and Finn until he was behind Finn.

“Oh, very nice view here. What shall I do first, hmm?” Nuzzling Finn’s taut ass with his nose and cheeks, Simeon used his fingers to play in Tia’s blonde pussy curls, stroking through them much as he had been doing with her scalp. But he gradually moved closer and closer to her clit, teasing and tempting her along the way. All the while, his mouth was licking and nibbling over Finn’s ass cheeks and lower spine.

Finally Simeon settled into a pattern, his fingers stroking round and around the rim of Finn’s asshole and his tongue now teasing Tia’s clit. As he pushed a finger into Finn’s dark channel, he stroked his tongue into Tia’s pussy.

Tia was thrusting her pussy up into Simeon's mouth, pressing her breast into Finn's hands, straining to get a better taste of Finn's cock. The sensations were building inside her. She wanted to come again, but although she could sense her body's readiness, the peak was out of reach.

Finn's cock was hot and hard against her breast, Simeon's tongue wet and teasing inside her. But she needed more. She needed something.

Simeon pressed his finger deep inside Finn's ass and prodded his prostate at the same time as he bit down on Tia's clit. Both his partners gasped. A stream of hot cum launched from Finn's cock, and Tia was able to catch most of it in her mouth. Keeping his finger deep inside Finn, Simeon slid three fingers of his other hand into Tia and twisted his wrist hard, aiming for her G-spot. He scraped it at his first attempt and sent Tia sailing over the cliff into orgasm.

Tia was not surprised to see spurts of cum shoot from Simeon's cock. The threesome were now so closely linked that the thrill of pleasuring his partners had presumably been enough for him to climax with them.

\* \* \* \*

Simeon relaxed and snuggled tighter against Tia, his arm wrapped across her body and holding Finn, pressing them together, uniting them as closely as was humanly possible.

Today had been such a roller coaster of emotions, from the best sex of his life last night, to waking up with Finn and Tia, then thinking he had lost her, and now with both of them in his arms. This was where they belonged. This was where he wanted them to be forever.

Before he'd met Finn, Simeon had tried sucking his own cock once or twice. It just didn't compare to sucking Finn's. He loved

Finn's unique flavor, the heat of that hard shaft in his mouth, and playing with Finn's foreskin.

But licking Tia's pussy was just as good. Her flavor was quite different, but teasing her clit out of its little hood and sucking her labia into his mouth were divine experiences.

And as for fucking, he loved fucking and being fucked. He liked the heat and naughtiness of ass fucking. He loved the clenching and rippling of Tia's pussy around him.

But nothing, absolutely nothing on Earth, was as erotically carnal as him and Finn both inside Tia together. Nothing could ever compare to the blazing joy that surged through him when they shared sex like that.

They were a triad. They belonged together. He'd found his man and his woman, and no one would ever part them. He wouldn't let anything ever come between them.

Simeon tightened his grip on Tia and Finn and rejoiced in them being as one.

## Chapter Five

“Come on, time for a shower.” Simeon pulled Tia from the bed, and they moved into the bathroom.

He opened the window, turned on the water, then collected a handful of bottles of shampoo and liquid soap.

“Nothing scented,” Tia instructed, grabbing one of the bottles to read the label.

“Nope. They are all fragrance-free, allergy-appropriate, and suitable for newborn babies.”

“Wow, thanks.” Tia smiled at him as he nudged her under the warm spray.

He tilted her head under the water and squirted a big dollop of shampoo onto her hair, then began massaging her scalp and rubbing the fluffy bubbles through her long locks. Wet, her hair was touching her ass.

“Mmm.” She leaned into him. “You’re developing quite a hair fetish, and I love the way you do that. It makes me feel tingly all over.”

“There’s just so much of it, and it’s so soft. I don’t know how you managed to get all the tangles out and pin it up neatly so fast this morning.”

“Practice,” she replied wryly.

Tia took the bottle of liquid soap, poured some into her palm, and began sliding her hands over the solid wall of his chest, then down over his abdomen. Just when she was getting close to interesting territory, he turned her to face the wall. “Nuh-uh. Playtime is over. We need to do some genuine cleanup here. Finn is putting clean

sheets on the bed, and you don't want to be all sticky when you get in them."

"Finn's changing the sheets?"

"Yup and vacuuming both sides of the mattress. We don't want you to start wheezing or anything. You need a decent night's sleep so we can play again tomorrow."

"Again tomorrow?" Tia was beginning to think her brain had gone on vacation, but she hadn't expected to hear these kinds of statements from the men.

Simeon rinsed the soap from her hair and body, then turned the water off.

"Yeah. Haven't you noticed the way Finn calls you 'precious'? You are very precious to us. This isn't a one-night stand or two-night stand thing we've got here. We've both wanted you for months, and we don't aim to let you go. But this is a conversation we need to have when Finn is here, too."

Simeon wrapped a big, fluffy towel about her and handed her a smaller towel to put around her head before getting one for himself and drying off.

She twisted the towel sarong-style over her breasts, then went and got her hairbrush out of her purse. The bed had been remade, and Finn showered while she brushed out her hair and used the hairdryer, then quickly braided it while Simeon watched.

"That's so cool. Your fingers move so fast."

"Now, you promised to tell us what was going on at lunchtime. And then we need to make arrangements for you to move in here with us."

"Move in with you? Whoa, boys, that's moving a bit fast, isn't it?"

"Well, leave that for a moment. Where did you and Garry go? What was so mysterious?" Finn leaned back against the dressing table, and Simeon settled himself more comfortably on the bed as Tia

recounted the message on her computer screen, then her visit with Gillian.

“You said she’s a ghost. You mean an actual, genuine ghost?” asked Simeon.

Tia nodded.

“Yeah, Keith Mahoney—you know, from Mahoney and Richardson on the fifth floor—he was at the commitment ceremony for Amos, Wesley, and Keziah. He said a lot of people saw John Smith’s ghost there. There was a candelabra on the wall behind the table where they cut the cake, and he disappeared into the candle flame at the end of the ceremony. Or that’s what Keith said.”

“And this Gillian is a relative of old John Smith’s?” asked Simeon.

“That’s what she said. Distant relative.”

“I guess that makes sense then.” He nodded.

“Garry is going to deal with it from now on, then?” asked Finn.

“I’ve forwarded the e-mails Gillian sent me to him, and he has a lot of contacts in the police and knew exactly who to be in touch with. I am going to keep visiting Gillian, though, to tell her how things are going. I expect she’ll be able to move on to the next dimension once the situation with her family is settled. She seems as much upset that her brother is robbing their parents as is she about him killing her.”

“He certainly doesn’t sound like ideal brother and son material, that’s for sure. But you aren’t involved in any of this, though?” questioned Finn.

“When it gets to court, I’ll give evidence, but I won’t be mentioning any ghosts. I’ll just say I don’t know who sent me the e-mails, but they signed themselves as Gillian.”

“Court? You aren’t to get drawn into any court case. This Shane has already murdered his sister, and he might come after you!”

“They’ll need me for the chain of evidence stuff. But I promise I won’t be raving on about ghosts. I can’t imagine I’ll be in any danger. Shane will be locked up by then.”

“No!” Both men yelled the word together.

“Stay out of it!” ordered Finn.

“Gillian’s dead. You can’t do anything for her. The police have the evidence, and they’ll see Shane is locked up and the parents get their money back. There’s absolutely no need for you to be involved at all,” added Simeon.

Tia sprang to her feet. “What about Gillian? She wants to go on to the light. She deserves justice and peace.”

“She’ll have all that. The police will deal with it. You’ve already done what she asked of you.”

Tia thought back to how Gillian’s perceptiveness had opened her own eyes to the distinct improvement in her health, the possibility of living a more normal, although still careful, life. “No, I intend to see this through. Gillian came to me. She trusts me to help her. I won’t betray that trust.”

“You aren’t betraying her trust. You’ve already done what she asked you to do. You’ve put the evidence she found in the hands of the correct authorities to deal with it.”

Tia stared at the men. She could understand that they were only thinking of her personal safety. After all, the story of Simeon and the vase of flowers had travelled around the building in a nanosecond! But her personal integrity was the issue here, and she was not about to give up. “I gave my word.”

Both Finn and Simeon started arguing with her, so Tia climbed off the bed, shaking her head at them. The more they yelled at her, the harder her own face grew. Finally she ran over to the pile of clothing Simeon had dropped on the chair and riffled through it, pulling on her panties, bra, and the dress, then sliding into her shoes. She picked up her purse and turned to face them in a room gone suddenly quiet.

“I understand your concern. Do me the honor of respecting my wishes in return.” And she walked out the room, the apartment, and the building, leaving both men standing as still as stone.

\* \* \* \*

“She’ll come round. She’ll be back,” Simeon said to Finn, his wobbly voice belying his confident words.

“I don’t know. She took what we said as an insult to her honor rather than as a plea for her personal safety.”

“She’ll be back,” Simeon repeated, trying to convince them both.

\* \* \* \*

The next week passed very slowly for Tia. She spent Saturday morning with Keziah in the coffee shop on the first level. Afterward, she felt she understood Finn’s and Simeon’s motivations much better, but she was not prepared to change her decision, so that was really the end of it as far as she was concerned.

She cleaned and polished her apartment, shopped, did her chores, and spent several hours chatting to Gillian. Garry had reported back to Tia that the police case against Shane Smith was moving very quickly thanks to all the information Gillian had provided.

Gillian, who had made her face her asthma head-on from today’s perspective, not from her adolescent memories. Tia realized the only time during those whirlwind few days with Finn and Simeon that she’d used her puffer was when the tiny blonde martinet had come to ask for Wu Lee. Fern had been surrounded by a cloud of very expensive, but strongly scented perfume, and as soon as she’d turned her back, Tia had taken a preventative puff. But she hadn’t wheezed nor had her chest tightened. Not even once. And she hadn’t joined the dots to truly assimilate these facts until days later, when focusing on what Gillian had said made her think back to the event.

She really felt a connection with Gillian. They had understood each other, related to each other, on a deep and meaningful level that led to genuine friendship, a real relationship. Except that Gillian was a ghost.



Tia was determined to do her utmost to see that Gillian's brother was caught so her new friend was free to go into the light.

During the evenings, she couldn't stop thinking about Phineas and Simeon. Thinking about how their hands had touched and aroused her, how hard she'd climaxed, and how many orgasms she'd had in such a short time.

They were considerate yet passionate lovers, always ensuring her pleasure. And they were so inventive! That upside-down fuck still made her head whirl and her pussy drip cream when she remembered it.

They were also both highly intelligent to talk to and good fun to be with. Tia remembered some of their conversations and the jokes they'd shared, like Finn being sorry for the color brown, and she couldn't stop smiling.

But there was a problem to solve. And it was an enormous problem, higher and more unsurpassable than Mount Everest. She'd made a promise to Gillian and was not changing her mind, not even for the two nicest, kindest, yummiest men she'd ever met. So that was the end of the story.

Tia threw herself face down on her bed, bunched up the bronze dress in her hands, and cried for the loss of two men she was only just coming to accept that she loved. *But I cannot change my beliefs for them. Even for them I can't do it, and I won't.* She sobbed.

\* \* \* \*

"Damn it, the apartment is so empty without her. We never even got her to move in, yet I miss her like I've lost an arm or a leg or something."

"Me, too. She really is precious to us both. I can't live without you, Finn, but I find I can't live without her, either."

"Yeah, she's so clever we forgot to allow for how caring she is. All the building tenants rely on her advice and go to her first about

things. It's like she's the building HR person as much as the concourse receptionist. It's no wonder that damn ghost asked for her help. She's the perfect amalgamation of beauty and brains."

"I wouldn't care if she was as ugly as sin and as thick as a brick, I just want her back. We have to get her back!" Simeon threw himself into Finn's arms and ground his cock against Finn's. The men's lips met in a harsh, raw, passionate kiss that was all heat and teeth and tongue, with no gentleness in it at all.

Finn pushed Simeon over the kitchen counter, unzipping his pants and reaching for the bottle of virgin olive oil resting there almost in the same movement. Simon dropped his pants, kicked them aside, and spread his legs, resting his forearms on the counter.

Quickly and roughly, Finn drizzled some oil into Simeon's ass, thrust two fingers in, and scissored them, then smeared oil over his own cock. After this minimal amount of preparation, he slammed his cock into Simeon, pressing it past the rim, then pushing it hard and deep inside. Jerkily at first, then picking up a smooth rhythm, Finn thrust into Simeon, his hips hard against the other man's butt, then withdrawing to pull out, only to push back in as hard and deep as he could.

Finn gripped one of Simeon's hips in his left hand, his right joining Simeon's on his cock.

Simeon braced himself over the counter with his left hand, and both of them slid their right hands up and down his cock. Then he continued gripping it while Finn fondled his balls.

Finn's hands brushed over Simeon's, their fingers briefly entwining, before each returned to his task.

Simeon twisted his head around for another kiss, not quite so harsh this time, but still far from gentle. Finn's tongue thrust in Simeon's mouth while their hips kept up their punishing rhythm.

All too soon, the impending orgasm rolled over Finn, his spine tingling, his balls drawing up tight against his cock. Then both cocks

erupted, Finn's deep inside Simeon's hot, wet, dark channel and Simeon's into their two hands.

"Shit, you're hot," Simeon said, leaning back for another kiss.

"Yeah, we haven't lost the old skills at all, have we?"

"No, not a chance. But we still need her back. We have to get her back. Have to make her understand how much she means to us both."

"Yeah. Let's get cleaned up, then make a few plans to do that."

They both kicked off their shoes and stepped out of their pants. While Finn went into the bathroom to get the water warmed up, Simeon dropped their discarded clothing in the bedroom.

They stood under the hot water, and Finn looked up at the new ceiling heater, light, fan, dehumidifier, and his breath caught in his throat.

"Damn it, we have to get her back. Whatever it takes, our lives are incomplete without her."

"Oh yeah, I'm with you on that, but how the fucking hell are we going to do it?"

"We have to make her understand that we love her and want to protect her, but we won't confine her. I just haven't figured out how we do that bit yet." Finn laughed ruefully, then tugged Simeon into his arms.

Simeon hugged Finn back, then gently kissed him. He reached for the shower gel, squirted some on Finn's torso and smoothed it over his muscled chest, then down over his abdomen.

Finn responded by taking a handful of gel and rubbing Simeon's shoulders and upper arms.

The two men stood very close together under the streams of water, kneading each other's backs, teasing each other's asses, sliding their hands over muscled thighs.

Before long, both cocks were standing straight up, looking for attention.

Simeon grabbed both cocks in his hands and rubbed them together.

Finn drizzled a little gel over his hands and joined in, still rubbing both cocks so they rolled and scraped and teased each other.

Finn scarcely noticed as, almost unconsciously, the men mirrored each other's actions, their stances widened and their hips thrusting up into their combined hands. The cocks were almost entwined together, as Finn and Simeon moved their hands faster, in time with their breathing.

"Shit, that's hot," groaned Simeon.

"Damn straight."

Finn felt the telltale tingling at the base of his spine. "I'm going to come."

"Come then," urged Simeon.

Finn leaned in and kissed Simeon passionately as his cock erupted between them, spraying their chests with white, ropey strands of cum. Mere seconds later, Simeon shook and followed him into climax.

"Watching your dick spurt, seeing your jiz on me, shit, that's hot."

Finn pulled Simeon into a hug. "And now we need another shower to get cleaned up."

"Yeah, but I've had an idea. How about we go talk to Amos and Wesley? Ask them how we can reach Tia and explain how much she means to us."

"Damn good idea. Let's do it."

\* \* \* \*

*I need to talk to Keziah again. I need to figure out a way to show the guys how much I miss them and make them understand how important this thing with Gillian is. Keziah's so smart, and besides, she's used to managing two men. I'm sure she'll be able to help me. I can't think of how to do it myself.*

Tia was at her desk, and the concourse was very busy with a constant stream of people coming and going, and most of them seemed to need Tia's help about something or other. She was used to

managing the situation and was happy to be busy, as it stopped her having time to mourn the loss of her relationship, if it had ever actually been a relationship, with Finn and Simeon.

Garry and the security guards also seemed to be very busy. Tia had the distinct impression that there was some kind of security alert on. For a start, several of the evening shift guards were on duty, and normally they would still have been at home asleep at this time of day. Garry hadn't said anything to her, though, and she knew he wouldn't answer if she asked, so she concentrated on her ever-ringing phone and the line of people at her desk.

Finally around 11:30 a.m., the place was quiet, and Tia phoned down to the coffee shop and asked them to send her up a coffee and a sandwich.

"I'll bring it up in about five minutes," Harry replied.

"Thanks."

Tia had settled back in her chair to answer some of the e-mails she'd been too busy to deal with when a husky young man approached her desk. The elevator hadn't pinged, so he must have come up the stairs from the shopping levels below the concourse.

"Hi, can I help you?" Tia smiled at him.

"Bloody oath, you can help me. You can help by getting your filthy, interfering nose out of my business."

"Excuse me?"

"You're the bloody bitch who sicced the cops onto me."

"You're Shane Smith?"

"Dead right I am. And in five minutes, you'll be just plain dead. Now type a nice e-mail to that security bastard friend of yours saying how sorry you are to make up all those lies about me."

Tia left her hands flat on her desk and stood up. "No, I won't do that. They were *not* lies, and I am *not* sorry. You've robbed your family and killed your sister. You deserve to go to jail."

"I deserve that money. I've worked hard for it. That stupid little bitch Gillian couldn't stop me, and neither can you."

Shane started to walk around the desk toward her.

“Come with me, lady. You’re about to go down the stairs. Headfirst. Terrible accident it will be.”

Never taking her eyes from his, Tia used her left hand to knock the handset off her phone and press her finger firmly on the speed dial for the on-duty security officer. With her right hand, she picked up her large, heavy-duty metal stapler. It was the closest thing to a weapon she could reach.

As Shane tried to grab her, Tia slammed her right hand, stapler first, into his groin with every bit of force she could muster. He screamed in a very high pitch, staggered backward, then said, “Bitch. No nice, easy fall down the stairs for you now. I’m going to bash your pretty face in, break your nose, your cheekbones first. Then I’ll push you down the stairs.”

As Shane marched purposefully toward her, Tia slid around the back of her desk away from him.

He was clutching his balls. Tia hoped they hurt! But she kept her eyes on him as his face was full of hatred and she was well aware he’d already killed his own sister. Although by stealth, not face-to-face.

Tia grabbed that thought. Everything he’d done had been done in secret. He’d plotted to take hold of the family money in private. He’d killed Gillian by poisoning her, from a distance. *Maybe he’s a coward!* she thought. *So many bullies are.*

Nevertheless she wasn’t going to let him get close enough to grab her. So she kept the reception counter between them. As he paced forward, she moved away from her workstation over into the center of the concourse, but well away from the stairs.

Spewing vindictive curses, Shane rushed toward her in a lurching run.

“Oh no, you’re not going to catch me that easily,” Tia said, hurling the stapler at his chest. It slammed into him as he was almost level with the fountain. Shane lost his balance, his gait unsteady as his

hands still held his genitals, and tripped forward, banging his legs on the side of the fountain. With a loud splash, Shane fell headfirst into the fountain, making the metal pipes ring.

Tia stood unmoving, her hand still half raised, her jaw dropping, totally oblivious to her phone squawking, “Tia? Tia! Answer me, Tia. What’s happening down there?”

She walked back to her desk and picked up the handset. “Hi, Garry. Shane Smith is here. Can you please send someone down here quickly with handcuffs? He’s in the fountain.” She sank onto her chair, grabbed her puffer, and inhaled deeply.

\* \* \* \*

Shane was still trying to pull himself out of the fountain when all three elevators pinged one after the other and the stairwell door was slammed back against the wall with a crash.

Atal and two night security guards burst out of the stairwell and ran to the fountain. Garry and the young security guard emerged simultaneously from the first elevator, moving at a fast clip.

The second elevator contained Finn and Simeon, who ran to Tia.

Harry emerged last, holding Tia’s black coffee and tuna salad sandwich looking bemusedly at all the activity. “What’s going on?” he asked Tia.

She still held her puffer to her mouth and just shook her head at him.

“Sorry, maybe I should have brought something stronger,” he said handing over the coffee.

\* \* \* \*

Keziah had been called to take over the concourse reception desk, promising to work on her next free afternoon to make up for the shift

she would miss at Mahoney and Richardson, another one of her part-time jobs.

Simeon and Finn accompanied Tia to the police station, the stapler was confiscated as evidence, and Shane condemned himself out of his own mouth by telling everyone who would listen that Tia needed to die because the money ought to be his and she was trying to prevent him from having it.

“Is that why you killed Gillian?” asked Garry in a deceptively quiet and even voice.

“Of course. The bitch expected to get half the money. It’s my money. I worked for it. I deserve it—” and he was off on his rant again.

Tia and Garry went straight from the police station to old John Smith’s room on the fifteenth floor. Phineas and Simeon came, too, as they refused to let Tia out of their sight for a moment.

Gillian was barely present, her voice the merest whisper of sound, her figure the faintest blurry shimmer against the bookshelf. But when Tia explained what had happened, her face lit with a radiant glow.

“I knew you were the right person to contact. I knew you could do this for me. Mom and Dad will be looked after in their old age now.”

“Yes, they will. Shane was pretty stupid really. Most of the money he embezzled has been quite easy to trace. He’s spent very little. In fact, no one knows why he wanted it. He just kept saying it should be his. He didn’t seem to have plans to spend it on anything particular.”

“He always was greedy. When we were children, he insisted on getting a bigger share of everything than me. He used to say it was because I was smaller than him, but I’ve always thought he was just plain greedy. So now I’m free. Now I can go into the light. Thank you, Tia.”

Tia felt a brush against her cheek as if she’d been kissed, although Gillian hadn’t seemed to move. A flickering candle appeared in the center of the ceiling, and a smile glowed on Gillian’s face as she lifted



up to the light. As she flowed into the candle, she turned and waved. Behind her Tia could clearly see a grinning John Smith.

Finn and Simeon wrapped Tia in a bear hug. Finn nodded toward the bed against the wall. "It's time to seal our triune relationship properly. We want to fuck you again. Both of us together. It's been so long, and we've missed you so much. Are you okay with that?"

Tia gently kissed Simeon, then Finn. "Oh yeah, I've missed you both, too."

Garry coughed. All three heads turned toward him, and Tia blushed furiously.

"Way too much information there, folks. I suggest you return to your apartment, and I'll lock up this room and the stairwell."

"Thanks, Garry." Simeon clapped the man on the shoulder, and the three of them headed down the secret stairs, then up to their apartment.

By the time they arrived at their apartment door, they were almost running. Each man had an arm around Tia's waist, wedging her between them. All she could feel were two hot, hard cocks pressing into her.

"I was so worried about you. Damn it, woman, you are precious to us both. I need to kiss and touch every inch of you to remind myself you're safe," said Simeon as he swiped his keycard in the lock.

"We'll do foreplay next time. Right now we both need to be inside you. We need to seal our threesome," added Finn, pulling at her clothes.

"That's what I want too," replied Tia, unbuttoning Finn's shirt.

The men swept her through into the bedroom, and all three fell onto the bed without waiting to pull back the covers. Simeon kicked his shoes off, but Tia and Finn were still wearing theirs.

"Condoms," Tia ordered. She had unzipped Finn's pants and was tugging at Simeon's zipper.

Finn threw Tia's skirt to the floor, then stopped to remove his shoes so he could get his pants off. Simeon flung his own shirt over

his head with one hand while trying to unbutton Tia's shirt with the other. For a few minutes, clothing fell like rain, and there was an ominous sound of ripping fabric before Simeon's pants hit the floor.

Finally they were all naked, and Tia was lying on her stomach with the two men cooperating to stretch her ass.

"That's a mighty fine ass, you've got," whispered Simeon, kissing the rounded globes and pressing sucking bites to the base of her spine.

"And so hot inside. You're burning me up, precious," added Finn, smoothing cool gel around the ring of muscles and along her internal walls.

"I'm ready. I'm more than ready. I need you both inside me right now," Tia demanded.

"That's our bossy woman," laughed Simeon, bracing himself upright against the headboard of the bed.

Finn rolled her over, and Tia climbed onto Simeon's lap. Balancing over his condom-covered cock, she lowered herself inch by inch, her hungry pussy swallowing his very ready penis. Tia sighed happily as her walls stretched to accommodate his generous girth and her cunt gripped him.

"So good," she sighed.

"Too good," he replied. "I'm dying here. Hurry up, Finn."

Simeon crossed his legs under Tia's butt, and he pulled her forward onto his body, tilting her ass up into the air. Finn slid in behind Tia and, slowly, gradually, pressed his cock into her anus. The muscles stretched, opened, and his cock popped through into her dark heat. Finn wrapped his arms around Simeon, stretched his legs forward, and locked his ankles behind Simeon's back, then pushed his cock fully into Tia until he was balls-deep inside her.

Tia tried to wiggle, but both men held her still. "We're both on a knife edge here. We'll explode if you move," explained Finn.

"I want you to explode. I'm so close to coming. I need you both to move. So move, damn it," she begged.

Reassured, the men began a hard, fast pace, pushing in and out together. Holding her almost unmoving between them, grabbing tight to each other's shoulders, they jackhammered in tandem, keeping their timing and rhythm synchronized with each other. Very soon the burning coil of need inside Tia exploded into fireworks. Her cunt and ass clenched on the two cocks inside her, her nails dug into Simeon's shoulders, and she threw her head back and screamed.

Instantly the men relaxed their iron control and followed her into release as spurt after spurt of cum filled the condoms inside her.

Aftershocks fired through Tia, keeping her muscles rippling and pulsing until the men were drained dry.

She rested her head on Simeon's chest, reaching her arms behind her to hold Finn.

"I do love you both. I'm not sure how it happened, but I know it's true."

"We love you too, so very much."

"Finally we can be together forever," added Finn.

Tia knew they still had issues to discuss, and they would all have to make adjustments and compromises. But she also knew they could work out whatever they needed to. After all, they loved each other.

## THE END

<http://berengariasblog.blogspot.com/>

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Variety is the spice of life. Berengaria Brown loves reading erotic romance, all different kinds of erotic romance. A man and a woman, two women, two men and a woman, three men... But since her favorite authors could not write as fast as she could read, one day Berengaria decided to try writing a book herself. While she waited to hear back from the publisher, she wrote another one, and another one. Now Berengaria is a multi-published author with books right across the spectrum of erotic romance. Whatever your taste, Berengaria has a book for you. And she is thrilled to be here at Siren-BookStrand!

*Also by Berengaria Brown*

*Intensity*

Available at  
**BOOKSTRAND.COM**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
**[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)**