



ROWENA'S
Ghostly
MÉNAGE

BERENGARIA BROWN

Rowena's Ghostly Ménage

Berengaria Brown

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ROWENA'S GHOSTLY MENAGE

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Chapter One

Rowena's heels clicked on the hard concrete floor of the warehouse as she followed the security guard past row after row of shelves—shelves that seemed to extend for miles.

“Here we go, miss, row one sixty-five. ‘W’ will be right down the end. K, N, P, T...ahh there you are, W—Winton. Would you like me to lift the boxes down for you?”

“Yes, please.”

“Right. Winton box one of three. Box two. Box three. There you go. Got your cell phone with you?”

“Yes, why?”

“Here's my card. It's got my direct number on it. You may not want to walk all the way back to the door to buzz me. If you have any questions phone me, it'll be easier.

“Thanks.”

“Will you be all right here? You said you'd be here a long time.”

“Yes, I have to find a paper for my boss. He needs the information by first thing tomorrow, so I'll be here for as long as it takes. But Nathanael should be here soon to help me.”

“How about I go get you a trolley and you can wheel the crates down to the study tables at the end of aisle two hundred? That way you can sit and read in peace.”

“Thank you. That would be great. You’ve been very helpful.”

The security guard bustled off and suddenly it seemed very silent, cold and dark in the warehouse, despite the controlled, mild temperature to preserve the old documents, and the overhead fluorescent lighting.

Shivering, Rowena looked at the first crate. “May as well start looking, I guess. Bet it’s in the last box though. If it’s here at all,” she sighed.

Squatting down, Rowena unbuckled the clasps holding the lid on the large tub, slid it to one side, and lifted up the first folder of papers.

“Shit! This really is going to take all night,” she groaned, staring down at the faded ink and spidery writing. “Brittney, you’d better be telling the truth that old Jabez Winton kept an inventory of all his possessions or I’ll wring your neck tomorrow!”

“Oh yes, she told you truth, but the list isn’t in that crate,” said the ghost. “It’s in the last crate as you so cynically predicted, about half way down, on the right-hand side.”

Jabez Winton, white haired, and with bright, twinkling blue eyes, stood in row one sixty-five leaning against a crate labeled “Thomas, B.J., box four of seven”. Since he’d died in nineteen twenty though, no one could see his ghostly form, and he couldn’t make himself heard unless there was a lot of electrical energy around. He’d scared a couple of people by appearing and speaking during a lightning storm once, but that was several years ago. Rowena intrigued him. He longed to know what was happening with Yvonne’s granddaughter, Brittney. *Hmm, guess that makes her my great-great-great grandniece—or something.*

“Well, when this Nathanael comes, I daresay I’ll find out what’s going on here,” he said, wafting up to the top shelf and settling comfortably on “Untermeyer, box one of one”.

“Hey, Ro, I’ve got the trolley,” came a cheery voice followed by the whistled theme song for a football team.

Rowena shook her head, but stood and smiled as she walked to the end of the row to welcome Nathanael.

Over six feet tall, built like a linebacker, with dark-brown hair and rich, dark chocolate eyes, he really was a totally yummy sight. She still had trouble believing such a strong, handsome man could possibly be interested in ordinary, slightly overweight, and decidedly nerdy her.

Nate grabbed her in a bear hug then picked her up and swung her around, her long, black skirt flying out behind her.

“Hey, honey, we’re here all alone. Now what can we do to entertain ourselves?” He kissed her heartily as he set her on her feet.

“Look through all these crates and find Jabez Winton’s inventory,” she replied sternly, although the laughter in her gray eyes hinted she’d be happy to do other things as well.

“Whatever you say, honey, but I wouldn’t mind fucking you up against these shelves. I’ve always wanted to do something like that.”

“Oh God, me too. Cream dripped from her cunt onto her panties at the very thought of sex here with the yummy Nate. He didn’t even have to touch her to set every nerve ending on fire with lust. Then logic and work reasserted itself. “Well, maybe later. First, let’s get these crates to the study tables at aisle two hundred and go through them. Maybe we’ll get lucky and find it in the very first box.”

Nate easily loaded the heavy crates onto the trolley and wheeled them to the long table against the wall at the end of aisle two hundred. But instead of lifting the first one up onto the table, he wrapped his big, strong hands around Rowena’s waist and placed her there.

“Before we start work, I need a little taste of my honey.” He pushed her legs apart with his hips and pulled her hard against his body.

“Mmm.” She lifted her face into his kiss, snuggling against his hard chest. It was like a wall against her soft breasts. Erotically she rubbed her breasts back and forward across his pecs as he licked the seam of her mouth and slid his tongue inside.

One hand moved around to her ass, pushing her tightly against him so she could feel his cock, huge and hard, against her belly. The other tilted her head to just the right angle so he could deepen the kiss. He thrust his tongue inside her mouth, tangling with hers, then running his behind her teeth and along the inside of her cheeks, before sucking her tongue into his mouth.

“Gotta have you. Can’t wait,” he murmured, pushing her shirt up and freeing her breasts from her bra. His mouth descended onto a breast, sucking the nipple deep inside the warm cavern, rolling it on the roof of his mouth, then scraping his teeth across it.

“Yes. More.” She gripped his arms and rested her head on one broad shoulder.

He lifted his head from her long enough to pull off her shirt and bra, dropping them on the table. Once again he drew the breast deep inside his mouth, sucking hard. The

pull went straight from her nipple to her pussy, lighting a fire in her belly.

Of their own volition, her hands moved to his belt, unbuckling it and lowering the zipper of his jeans. Then she pulled his cock free and lightly ran her thumb over the head, finding a drop of pre-cum already filling the slit.

Nate pushed her long skirt up her legs, bunching it on one side and slid his hand up the inside of her thighs to her cunt. He dipped one finger into her hot clenching core.

“Shit, you’re hot and wet.”

“I want you. I always want you, Nate.”

“God, I want you too, so much.” He pushed her thong to the side and slid his cock deep into her heat in one long, smooth stroke. “You feel so very, very good. Hot, wet, tight. I love you, Ro.”

Rowena wrapped her legs around his waist, digging the heels, of her office pumps into the small of his back. “You’re so big, so hard. You fill me up. Stretch me to the limits. You feel wonderful inside me.”

When Nate wrapped his arms around her, Ro reveled in the feel of his fingers sinking into the flesh of her ass, as he pumped in, then slowly withdrew, only to slam hard into her again. She moved with him, building up the rhythm as he gradually increased his pace. Her nails dug into his shoulders and her heels into his back as she pushed

her hips into him, matching his strokes, the coil of need tightening harder and harder in her belly as she came closer and closer to an orgasm.

He lowered his head and sucked her earlobe into his mouth, biting on it gently so that he felt her shiver with need.

“God that’s hot,” she whispered, rolling her hips in time with his thrusts.

“You’re hot. Just seeing you turns me on.”

His cock seemed thicker and harder than ever so she knew he was close to coming. Rowena squeezed her internal muscles tight, then relaxed them. Then squeezed again.

Nate pushed one hand between their bodies to her clit, and massaged the hardened nub with one long finger. The coil of tension inside her curled tighter and tighter. She was close. So very close. He pulled back a bit from her then pinched her clit as he pumped deep and hard inside her. An orgasm exploded through Rowena firing all her nerve endings, stretching her muscles and making her shake from head to toe.

Nate groaned deeply and cum spurted hard and hot from his cock deep inside her, filling her with stream after stream of his seed. He held her tightly as they shook together for the longest time.

“I love you, Ro. You’re the best thing that ever happened to me.”

“I love you too, Nate. I really do.” She kissed him gently.

Chapter Two

Three hours later, they were tired, dusty and had finished looking through the first box.

“We need a break. I’ll go down to the soda machine on the ground floor and bring us up some drinks, then we’ll take a bit of time out.” Nate loped off on his errand as Rowena sighed and replaced the papers neatly in the first box.

Lying on his stomach on the top of row one hundred ninety-nine, his chin resting on his hands, Jabez shook his head. “Box two isn’t going to help you at all, Rowena. Why not try box three and save yourself some trouble?”

Rowena’s head jerked up and she looked all around. “Nate? Are you playing games? Did you speak?”

Total silence surrounded her. “I’m going nuts all ready and we’ve only done the first box. I’m hearing things. But I could’ve sworn someone spoke.”

“Box three, Rowena. Look at box three.”

Rowena jumped out of her chair and peered down the nearest row. No one was there. She paced to the next row and the next. No one there either. She stood still and listened. Total silence. “I’m definitely going nuts. I really need a caffeine and sugar hit.”

Jabez watched her curiously. “She can’t hear what I am saying, but I truly believe she has an awareness of me being here. I wonder if she has some latent psychic powers, or if it’s the sex. Electrical storms give me energy, so maybe sex gives me energy, too. I certainly feel stronger than before. Maybe I can convince them to fuck again and then tell her where to look.”

Jabez sat up and scanned his body carefully. “I do seem more corporeal than usual. Damn. It must be the sex. They were pretty hot and heavy there for a while. Now how can I convince them to it again?”

Nate returned with four bottles of soda clutched in one hand and a couple of candy bars in the other. He handed her a drink and a candy bar, took a huge gulp of his own soda, unwrapped his candy bar and asked, “Explain it to me properly, Ro. Why, exactly, are we searching all night for this precious inventory?”

“Jabez Winton, whose papers we’re searching, died in nineteen twenty at the ripe old age of eighty. He left everything to his great nephew, Jabez Winton Jr., who died during the Second World War aged thirty, leaving his widow, Elaine and baby girl, Yvonne. Yvonne just died and her granddaughter, Brittney is trying to track down the property from old Jabez because she thinks the neighbors

have been stealing paintings, jewelry and other stuff from Yvonne's house. Family tradition has it that old Jabez had a detailed inventory—that he was a very meticulous and anal old dude with lists and descriptions about absolutely everything.

“Brittney can also personally recall specific items that have definitely disappeared in the last three years. She thinks it's unlikely Yvonne sold them as she had no need for extra money and she loved her possessions. But, she was getting a little hard of hearing and wouldn't have noticed people sneaking in and taking stuff.

“My boss has an appointment tomorrow to ask for a court order to search the neighbor's house and bank statements for evidence of Yvonne's property. Brittney has listed several missing paintings and some jewelry she knows has gone missing quite recently, and they should be very easy to trace. But the case would be much stronger if she actually had Jabez's inventory. So here we are.”

“You really think this is going to work?”

“I'm not the attorney. I don't know. But my boss and Brittney are pretty confident they can pull it off. In one of Yvonne's rooms you can see quite clearly where a painting used to hang on the wall—the paint is faded around that spot. So maybe.”

Nate pulled Rowena onto his knee. “Don't worry, honey. We'll find it.” He nuzzled his head into her neck,

then swiped his tongue behind her ear. “Hmm, you smell and taste so good.”

Rowena shivered, lust running through her like fire. “God, Nate, you turn me on so fast.” She turned in his arms, pressing her breasts against his chest and kissed him gently on the mouth. “You taste pretty good yourself.”

Nate fumbled with the waistband of her skirt, unzipped it and slid his hand down her back, and over her ass. “So hot,” he whispered, his long fingers pushing under her ass and through the soft curls covering her mound.

“Ahh.” Two fingers slid deep into her cunt twisting and curling inside her. “So good.”

Rowena was on fire with need. She rode his fingers hard, encouraging him to push deep inside her, and pulled his head down so she could kiss him properly.

“More,” she breathed, thrusting her tongue deep into his mouth, and pressing her diamond-hard nipples into his chest.

Nate squeezed a third finger into her cunt, twisting and turning them to scrape her walls and press her G-spot. His tongue played with hers as he kissed her back with everything in him.

“Yes!” Rowena came all over his fingers, her cunt pulsing around him and her cream flooding from her pussy. Nate pressed her firmly into his body with his free hand,

while he used his fingers to milk the last of her orgasm from her.

Finally, he slid his fingers out of her and put them up to his mouth. "Delicious," he said slowly licking her nectar off them, one by one. "But I must have you, and with no underwear in the way this time."

He lifted her off his lap, and pulled her skirt and thong to the floor. Obediently, she stepped out of them as he unbuckled his pants and dropped them.

"Against the shelves. I've always had a fantasy about fucking you against shelves."

Rowena folded her arms on the shelf, widened her stance and leaned against the boxes as Nate gripped her ass, sliding deep into her hot, swollen cunt from behind.

"Heavenly. Not going to last long. You're just too hot and tight." Nate gripped her hips tightly with both hands and powered into her, his cock thrusting up high and hard inside her, filling her, stretching her, hitting her nerve endings and making her shiver with the desire to come again.

Nate let go of her hips and held her body in place with one strong arm wrapped around her belly, so he could pinch and twist a nipple with the other hand. He pumped frantically into her, teasing her nipple in time with every thrust.

"Can't hold back much longer." He slid the hand on her belly lower, slipping his fingers into the top of her slit and pressed her clit.

"Oh, yes. Yes. Yes!"

"Come now. Come for me," he ordered, pinching her clit.

And she did, exploding around him, gripping his cock, as he released his iron control and let himself erupt into her with streams of hot cum spurting deep and hard, filling her channel.

"Well done indeed, Nate!" Jabez said, looking at himself with pleasure. His skin was no longer wrinkled and his body was almost visible, sitting on top of row one ninety-nine. Although he couldn't see it, his white hair had started to return to its original golden shade. "I'm sure Rowena will be able to hear me speak now. And maybe, just maybe, your orgasms will be able to give me enough energy to pass through the door and into the light. I wonder... I'd better wait until they are dressed, though, before I speak to them."

"The inventory you need is in box three. About halfway down on the right-hand side," Jabez said, helpfully.

"Bloody hell!" said Nate.

“Holy shit!” Rowena pressed herself back into Nate’s hard body, as she watched a wavering, shimmering figure drift from the end of row one hundred and ninety-nine to the table where they were standing.

“Hold it right there, buddy. I don’t know who or what you are, but you keep away from us.” Nate wrapped an arm protectively around Rowena. As she leaned back into him, the ethereal figure strengthened and became clearer.

“I’m Jabez Winton. The inventory you need is in box three, about halfway down on the right-hand side.”

“You’re dead!”

“Yes, that’s correct. I’ve been dead for ninety years. You may have noticed, I’m a ghost.”

“Well yeah, but—“

“Do you want the inventory or not?”

Nathanael pushed Rowena behind him before he lifted box three onto the counter and unbuckled the lid. Rowena stepped forward and carefully began taking out the papers on the right-hand side.

Jabez drifted over and plucked the correct one out of the pile. “There you are. My inventory completed in nineteen eighteen just before the war started. You should find it quite comprehensive.”

“Why are you here? What’s going on? Why are you helping us?” Rowena sank into a chair and ran a dusty hand through her brown hair.

“I was too slow getting away and missed being called into the light. Gradually my form has gotten weaker and for many years now I haven’t even seen the doorway, much less been able to go through it. Lightning storms give me energy, but they are few and far between, and have never coincided with the door opening.

“Just tonight I’ve learned that sexual energy gives me strength and that’s why I’m able to talk to you.”

“You watched us fuck? Oh God, I’m going to die of embarrassment.”

“Well, you kept your clothes on mostly, or had your back to me, so I didn’t see much, but I was very grateful to you, as it has enabled me to help you. I was going to ask you to make love again so I could try to pass over, but I really want to know what will happen to Brittney and my possessions.”

“I— We—” Rowena drew a deep breath. “Would you mind giving us some privacy for a moment, please?”

Jabez nodded and left.

“The hearing is first thing tomorrow morning. Well, I guess it’s this morning now. It’s after midnight already. There should be some definite news before tomorrow night—that is, tonight.”

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“Yeah, we could come back tonight, no problem.”

“And I'll bring a change of underwear this time.”

Rowena grinned at him.

Chapter Three

Rowena and Nathanael hurried down the long warehouse to row one sixty-five. "Jabez?"

"Right here."

"You don't look eighty—not even fifty. Your hair is blond and your eyes are bright blue. Why don't you look your age?"

"Your energy is making me younger and stronger. You're both vibrating with energy tonight. I take it that means Brittney got her way?"

"And how!"

"Those neighbors were total idiots. Most of the stuff was stacked up in their garage. Not only hadn't they tried to sell it, they hadn't even hidden it. Basically, the police marched in with a copy of the inventory and just ticked the items off one by one."

As they walked down to the study tables Rowena gave Jabez a detailed account of the day's happenings and Brittney's plans for the future.

"I'm so pleased. Brittney deserves the best. She sounds like a clever little thing. I never knew Yvonne. She was just a baby when I died. But young Jabez was smart as a whip and it looks like they both inherited his genes."

“A fair bit of you in them, too. I reckon you were pretty sharp in your day,” replied Nate.

The three stood together at the big table. “How do we do this?” asked Rowena. “I mean, how do you call up the door to the light. Should we hold your hand or something?”

“That might help. I feel much stronger since you two have come into my life. If we hold hands and concentrate on the door opening, perhaps...”

Nate and Rowena each took one of Jabez's hands, then held onto each other. Rowena closed her eyes and pictured a door opening into the next dimension. They stood quite still focusing, but nothing happened.

“Guess we'll have to fuck. You thought that's what gave you the energy to materialize last night.” Nate grinned at Rowena.

“Thank you for this. I've wanted to move on for many years, but I'm glad I stayed now, since I could help you get the family possessions back for Brittney. I'm ready to go now. I'll leave you alone to get started.” Jabez shook Nate's hand and gently brushed a kiss across Rowena's cheek before wafting over the aisle and disappearing toward the far end of the warehouse.

“This seems really weird, having sex like this, but I do hope it works and sets Jabez free.”

“Honey, I’m ready to fuck you at any time of the day or night. You’re so hot and fuckable. But yeah, Jabez helped us, so the least we can do is release him to move on.” Nate pulled Ro into his arms and kissed her eyelids, her nose, her earlobes, and her mouth. Gently at first, then more possessively, licking along her lips before sliding his tongue inside to dance with hers.

Rowena leaned into him, holding onto his arms, and kissed him back passionately, pressing her breasts into his chest. “You light my fire so easily. One touch and I’m yours,” she whispered.

“One touch here?” He held her head and kissed her deeply. “Or here?” He ran his hands across her breasts, pressing against her nipples. “Or maybe here?” He slid one hand inside the waistband of her skirt, across her belly, and into her the soft curls around her pussy.

“Anywhere.”

Nate undid his pants, freed his cock, which was already dark red, engorged and throbbing, then pulled her panties down. He sat on a chair and Rowena stepped over him, sliding onto his cock. She gasped as he filled her and stretched her in the most delicious way possible.

“So good. So hot and tight. You’re perfect, Ro.”

Nate thrust inside her and Rowena cuddled into his chest, then sat up straighter, slowly raising and lowering herself on his shaft.

“God, that feels good.” She rotated her hips a little, then grabbed his shoulders and seductively gyrated in figure eights, so his cock rubbed her G-spot, making her gasp. “Oh yes.”

Nate ran his hands over her hips, then around to grasp her butt cheeks.

“Yes, yes, more.”

Nate thrust high and hard inside her, and Rowena exploded, shaking with release, then flopped against Nate's body like a limp noodle.

He leaned forward and kissed her gently, his cock still hard and unfulfilled inside her.

“Why didn't you let go and come, too? I can feel how hard and tight your balls are and how huge your cock is.”

“Look.” Nate pointed up to row two hundred and there was Jabez, still sitting cross-legged on top of the shelf. His eyes were fixed on the far corner of the warehouse. His body so clear, he appeared almost corporeal. But he was still there.

“Shit! Not enough energy to send him. Damn. Now what do we do?”

“Do you think it'd work if we asked him to join us?”

“What?” You mean hold our hands like we did before?”

“No. Um. Really joined us. Like a ménage. Could you do that?”

“That’s weird. Not icky—but weird. I guess— He’s physically manifested enough to hold hands, and I felt his hand in mine. It wasn’t cold or anything and I felt his kiss, so he is real enough. It certainly wasn’t unpleasant or anything. But—“

“Not if you don’t want to. You’re more important to me than anyone else.”

“It’s not repulsive in any way. It’s just not anything I’d ever thought of. He deserves his future. He deserves to pass over into the light. So yes, we can do it.”

“Jabez, come down and join us. If you’re with us maybe that will work.”

“I can see the door but my body isn’t moving. Maybe it still isn’t my time,” he said sadly.

“Put one hand on my shoulder and one on Nate’s. Let me suck your cock while Nate fucks me. That should provide heaps of energy for you.”

“You’d let me participate? You’ll suck my cock? No one has sucked me for a hundred years! You’d really do that for me?”

“You helped us, so we’ll help you. We want you to be happy. Besides, the scientists say swallowing semen helps keep you young,” Rowena said, pulling Jabez close to her.

In moments Jabez's breeches were unbuttoned and his cock, already growing larger, was poised at Rowena's mouth. She sucked him inside, running her tongue up his shaft and under the head, tickling the sensitive ridge. She felt him gain girth as she played with him. He didn't taste strange, or old, or different. Just like a normal cock of soft skin over hard muscle, although when she ran the tip of her tongue into the eye of his cock there was no pre-cum.

Probably no semen either. After all he's dead, she reasoned.

Soon the three of them developed a rhythm as Nate thrust up inside Rowena, one hand holding her hip firmly, the other resting on Jabez's shoulder. Jabez had a hand around Nate's waist and the other on Rowena's shoulder as he used his hips to control the thrust of his cock into her mouth. Rowena's hands gripped each man's arm as she raised and lowered herself on Nate's huge cock and sucked on Jabez causing his cock to grow steadily under her ministrations.

Rowena could feel how desperately Nate needed to come, how much iron will he was exerting to hold on until she and Jabez were ready. She doubled her efforts, teasing, licking, stroking, and sucking the ghost's cock, relaxing the back of her throat to draw him in as deep as she could, and scraping her teeth over his sensitive head.

Meanwhile, Nate powered up and down inside her, his talented cock scraping her walls, stretching her to the limit, as a coiling spiral of need to come was building in her core.

Finally, the wave of release broke over Rowena. She shook as her orgasm washed over her, causing her cunt muscles to spasm, and milk Nate. He thrust into her as a blast of hot cum surged from his cock deep into her, encouraging her pussy walls to continue the rolling climax.

“Oh, thank you.” Jabez shimmered and floated quickly across the huge warehouse.

Nate and Ro saw golden light shining from the roof, then Jabez waved to them and disappeared.

“He’s gone! He made it.”

“Thanks to you, honey. You made it possible.”

“*We* made it possible. The three of us together.”

“And tomorrow we must buy you an engagement ring. I need you in my bed every night from now on. I want us to spend the rest of our lives and all eternity together too.”

~ The End ~