

Finding Happiness

By : **BeauTristan**

Engaged to be married in less than 5 months, Khara was unhappy. She wasn't sexually attracted to her fiance and was bored in their passionless relationship. But she loved him, meaning she couldn't leave without good cause. Beau and Tristan wanted a third. After their more than 5 year affair, they wanted a woman to share their love with. She was that woman. Now if they could just convince her of that.....

Published on

Booksie

booksie.com/BeauTristan

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Finding Happiness : Chapter 1

His tongue licked at her clit furiously. Her hips raised up with each stroke seeking the orgasm that would be the highlight of this whole fiasco. He slid two fingers deep in her pussy and stroked her g-spot. Her moans came to a peak as she shook violently with her orgasm. He continued to nip at her clit long after to draw out her pleasure. He knew he could satisfy her. He didn't know that this was the only way she found pleasure with him.

He slid up her body and angled his dick at her moist pussy. She closed her eyes as he slid in with one fluid stroke. She kept her eyes closed as he pumped furiously into her. She imagined all the things she could be doing besides laying in her bed having passionless sex with her fiancē. She felt guilty. She knew how much he loved sex with her. Hell, sex in general. But she couldn't find it in her to feel the same. The sex wasn't bad, but she didn't want to have it with him. She found herself dreaming about other men, other scenarios. But she loved him, wouldn't stray or tear apart the life for something as temporary as a sexual fantasy. Her friends told her to talk to him about her fantasies, that maybe he would be willing to help her fulfill a few. She knew otherwise. So she kept quiet.

He was begging for her to cum with him, thinking the moaning she was doing was real. That he had her close to a second orgasm. He was wrong but she wouldn't tell him that. She faked her way through an orgasm as his dick vibrated in her warm pussy, shooting off rope after rope of cum. He leaned down to cuddle and she quickly pushed him off her. His look of disappointment was obvious but she smiled and kissed him. "I have to tinkle, silly." He smiled back and shuffled off to clean himself up.

She quickly cleaned herself up in the bathroom and slipped into her robe. She grabbed a cigarette and walked outside. As she sat in her favorite chair smoking her cigarette, she thought of the years of happiness she was sacrificing. Love had to be enough. It had to be. Because she damn sure wasn't happy.

Chapter 2

A few days later, she sat at a cute little coffee shop just a few blocks from their townhouse. She sipped her triple shot latte while reading the latest erotic novel on tablet. She was a regular at Java Mojo. She came in everyday from 11am to almost 4pm. She wasn't able to work so she spent all day at the coffee shop, reading and distracting herself from her lack friends. She wasn't very social with the staff but everyone knew her name, her order, and her favorite seat. Her syndrome made her a creature of habit. The employees and other regulars waved and spoke to her but let her be. She used her time there to escape the suffocating reality that was her relationship.

It was a normal Tuesday, like every other for the past 11 months. She sat at her chair on her 3rd latte and her second book. She heard the bells over the patio door jingle and she looked up to be nose. She felt all the air get sucked out of her lungs. 6'4, honey blonde hair, and the most mesmerizing green eyes greeted her. He had come in the shop once before, about 4 months ago, also on a Tuesday. He ordered a double Americano. Her memory was weird like that. Last time he wore a grey suit that fitted him to perfection. This time, he had on jeans and pale green shirt. He scanned the room as he stood in the doorway, noticing she was the only other person beside the employees. He grinned at her and walked towards the counter. "Double Americano, for here please." He rumbled out in the sexist voice she had ever heard.

She quickly went back to reading, figuring he would find a seat and enjoy his beverage. A few minutes later she felt a presence across from her and looked up. He was sitting in the arm chair across from her and was grinning at her. She wondered what he wanted. She sat her tablet on her lap and gave him a awkward smile. "Is there something I can help you with?" He chuckled and sipped his drink. She quirked a brow and shrugged. She picked up her tablet and went back to reading. 10 minutes later and he was still sitting there. Her body was hyper aware of him, his soft breaths and his unwavering gaze. It made her uncomfortable since she didn't know his intention. She had been coming here for almost a year and had never been disturbed by the other patrons. Now she had the sexiest man she had seen in years staring at and she didn't know why. She was plainly dressed in black yoga pants, a tie dyed shirt, her favorite beanie, and some simple slip on shoes. She didn't have on any makeup and looked plain in her eyes.

Beau sat across from the quiet creature, watching her read. He had seen her around the area, in the grocery store, at a few local restaurants, usually with a man. He figured it was her fianc  since he noticed the ring. She rarely smiled and seemed quiet. He usually hung out at the coffee shop on weekends or late in the evening. Occasionally he would pop in during the day, to check on his employees and grab a coffee. He owned the shop as a side venture of his chain of restaurants. He loved coffee shops and had finally opened this one a little over a year ago. She started coming in not too long after opening. He would see her riding her bike there every day and he couldn't help but to look forward to seeing her. She was never dressed up, always alone, and sat in the same chair. He could see her from his office across the street and would stare at her for hours. She was gorgeous.

Today, he was off work and decided to see her she would be in the shop. His luck couldn't have been better. The shop was empty and he had her all to himself. It was only 1pm and he was already itching to drag her away from this very public place and take her back to his apartment. He knew Tristan was there Waiting for him to come back. He and Tristan had been an item/best friends for more than 5 years. Tristan was his executive chef at his main restaurant as well as his roommate. Tristan spied her first, the very first day she came into the coffee shop. He immediately went back to Beau to tell him of the melancholy beauty and Beau was intrigued. Tristan was the quiet, shy one while Beau was the outgoing one. While they were a couple behind closed doors, they tended to keep their affairs private. But they had been searching for a third for about two years now and over the past 11 months, had fixated on Khara.

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They wanted her, to share. To live with and love them both. They knew it would be hard to convince her which was why they were approaching her separately. Beau's job was to convince her to have lunch with them. He knew she always left for home at 5 minutes past 4pm and he needed to act quickly. He leaned forward and noticed her fingers twitch. She was aware of him, and he made him rock hard. "I'm hungry, care to join me at the restaurant next door for a light lunch?" she looked up quickly as soon as he started talking. She wasn't prepared for him to say that. "Um, I probably shouldn't. Thank you for the invitation though." She responded quietly while avoiding eye contact. He knew she would say no at first and was prepared. "How about we make a deal. You join me for lunch, and I'll give you free coffee here for life." He knew she was a coffee addict from how many she would consume while here. She blinked rapidly at his offer. Just last week, Jared, her fianc , and her had argued over the amount of money she spent at the coffee shop each month. Maybe she'd get him off her back some if she didn't spend nearly \$300 every month. She tilted her head slightly and studied his lips. She found it incredibly difficult to make eye contact so she would study other areas of peoples face for clues if they were being sincere. His lips didn't twitch so she assumed he wasn't lying. "How could you offer me free coffee? You don't work here." He laughed loudly at this. "I may not be back there making coffee, but I own the building and the coffee shop." She gaped at him and quickly became flustered. "A quick lunch, I must leave by 4. I have a schedule to keep." He grinned in triumph.

He jumped up from his chair and quickly walked back to the counter to drop off his cup. She stood slowly and packed her hoodie bag. He stood at the exit waiting on her to join him. As she slowly strode over to him and held out her hand. "I'm Khara. Can I please have your name?" she asked softly while gazing at his shoulder. He noticed she refused to look into his eyes and was slightly disappointed. "I'm Beau. We'll be meeting my best friend Tristan for lunch. He's the chef there and will be taking off a couple hours to join us." She nodded quickly and hurried past him and out the door.

Tribe was right next door. A relaxed Asian American restaurant with a soothing ocean theme, she had been meaning to come by for a few months but Jared didn't like trying new restaurants. As they walked in, she felt slightly under dressed. Beau paid the other patrons no mind as he strode confidently towards the back of the seating area. He opened a door to a private room and ushered her in quickly. He quickly shuffled her over to a seat near the window and pulled her chair out. He told her to get comfortable while he let his friend know they were there. She placed her bag on the back of her chair and got comfortable. She waited patiently for the gorgeous man and his friend to join her for what could prove to be a very interesting late lunch.

Chapter 3

Beau burst into the kitchen with a wide grin on his face. He immediately spied Tristan in the far back at a small desk. Tristan had designed the kitchen to be spacious with stations for every course. The menu was changed once a week and Tristan ruled his kitchen with an iron fist. Beau quickly walked over to Tristan. "She's her. Is the food ready? She smells divine. Can we have that caramel creation for dessert? Are you ready?" fired out of his mouth in rapid succession. Tristan sat with an amused look on his face. The desk sat in a back corner blocked from view by the main kitchen staff. Tristan reached up and cupped Beau through his jeans. Beau sucked in a harsh breath at the contact. He had been rock hard since sitting across from Khara almost a full hour ago and now that Tristan was cupping him so fiercely, he was ready to explode. Tristan knew he had Beau's full attention. "Babe, calm down. We have it all planned. Relax and enjoy her company. Let's go eat!" Beau smiled down at Tristan and nodded. They both left the small desk area and made their way back to the private dining room. On the way, Tristan informed his head waiter and sous chef that the special lunch they had worked on should be served in 10 minutes and to come collect drink orders in 5 minutes.

Khara jumped when the door to the room burst open revealing a grinning Beau. She nodded at him and looked back at the table, rearranging the table setting and fidgeting with the place setting. When she heard the second set of footsteps, she looked up to get a glimpse of his friend. Once again she was struck speechless. Pitch black hair, hazel eyes, two killer dimples on a 6'2 frame made her want to melt right out the seat. She quickly looked away when she noticed he was staring at her as well. She heard him chuckle but refused to acknowledge it. She immediately noticed that Beau had taken a seat right next to her at the circular table. She felt suffocated by his nearness. He smelt of oranges and cinnamon. He was faintly aware that his knee was touching hers but before she could respond, Tristan sat on her right side just as close. Her nerves were immediately fried. She attempted to scoot back to create some distance but was immediately stilled by a hand on her left knee and a hand on her right hand. Both men were touching her. *'Oh My God'* she thought. Their scent enveloped her and she was instantly moist.

Tristan was sure she wasn't even aware that she had closed her eyes and released a quiet moan the moment they both touched her. His dick sprang to life in his cargo pants. He didn't want to let her go. That little moan was all he needed to solidify his hope that she would be ok being touched by both of them. He felt her pulse speed up under his fingertips and he slowly stroked the back of hand. From where he was sitting he could see Beau slowly stroke his hand a few inches up her inner thigh. She had yet to open her eyes, caught in the sensations. He leaned over and gently whispered in her ear "Relax, love. Enjoy his touch and my voice. Forget everything else." He watched her breathing accelerate. She spine slowly relaxed as Beau drew soft patterns on the inside of her thigh. "You're such a beautiful woman. So soft and tempting. We both want more. We can both give you more. You just have to ask." He whispered to her. She moaned again and it took all of Beau's willpower to not claim her lips. Suddenly the door to the private dining room opened to reveal the waiter approaching. He luckily couldn't quite see what was happening but the noise was enough to snatch Khara out of her dazed state. Both men knew their play time was over for now and slowly retreated to their own area.

The waiter slowly approached the small party and asked what they would like to drink. Both men ordered a rum and coke and were shocked when she asked for a double jack, neat with two lemons. The waiter quickly nodded and hustled to fetch their drinks. Khara took a shuddering breath and began to fidget with her place setting again. Silence fell over the table as both men watched her shuffle her plate and utensils around. "I'm Tristan, love. It's a pleasure to meet you, I've been anxious to for quite some time now." He murmured. Her tiny shocked gasp was enough to prod Beau into talking. "As you know, I own the coffee shop, this restaurant, and the building it's in. My office is across the street and Tristan and I live at the top of this building. We've seen you go to the coffee shop every day for the past 11 months. It would have been kind of hard to not notice such a beautiful woman." She quickly glanced over at him, noticing his disarming smile. She gave a brief smile back and nodded her head. "I guess I'm just a little shocked, since I've one seen you once and I don't

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recall ever seeing him." She said to Beau. He shrugged and grinned. "Tris over there is the quiet one. He likes his kitchen and home. He comes down to Java on weekends sometimes but that's as much socializing as he does." He chuckled. Tristan grunted and softly touched the back of her hand on her lap. "You may not have seen me, but I've seen you. I'm sorry if that makes you uncomfortable."

She quickly nodded. She was trying to sort through what was happening and what she was feeling. She understood the sexual attraction. It was all the other feelings that had her confused. She figured it was time to discuss what had happened earlier. She turned to Tristan and asked him "What was all of that when you guys both sat down? Why would you touch me like that and say those things?" Both men were caught off guard by her direct questioning. They looked at each other and Beau sighed. "We didn't think you would be ready to discuss that just yet. How about we enjoy our drinks and appetizers first and we will discuss it over our entree?" she tilted her head and shook it quickly. "I need to know these things, now please. Not knowing, leaves me tense and unbalanced." Tristan was the one to quickly respond this time. "Love, we don't want to cause you undo stress. We simply don't want to be interrupted during the conversation." She could see the logic in this and decided to agree. "I understand. Do you know how much longer it will be until the entree is served? Its already 1:45 and I have to leave at exactly 4:05." Both men smiled at her agreement but Beau frowned she once again reminded him of her schedule. "Do you have work or a child to pick up?" She quickly shook her head no. "Then what's the rush? Will your fiancÃ© be angry if you aren't home on time?" she shook her head no again before looking at Tristan. Although it was Beau who asked her the questions, she wanted to look at Tristan once more before they turned her away after learning about her condition.

"I haveâ a syndrome. That, along with my OCD, makes it very hard for me to break schedule, to break habit. I may get upset if I can't adhere to my schedule." She looked up to notice both men had scooted closer to her and were peering at her unblinking. "I have Asperger's Syndrome. I won't bore you with details but it makes my mind funny. I can send you both information on it, if you are interested. It's very fascinating reading material. Although, I'm sure neither of you care about Asperger's." She started to mumble under her about the best sites to explain it, but how she couldn't share the information with them because she didn't have their emails. Beau and Tris looked over her head at each other. Neither were put off by the news but it explained a lot. The waiter chose that moment to make an appearance with both their drinks and the appetizers. Silence fell over the table to she quickly gulped own her Jack and asked for another and if they had club soda. Tristan nodded and quickly ordered it for her before the waiter departed again. They all settled down to enjoy their appetizer before the main event could happen over the entree. She was nervous, causing her to fidget. Something that didn't go unnoticed by either man. They knew they wouldn't be able to ease into this discussion and Beau was hoping he wouldn't have to do all the talking.

Chapter 4

Asking a woman to become the third partner in your bisexual relationship with your best friend wasn't easy. And it definitely wasn't something people did every day. Tristan was quite aware of this but didn't care. He wanted her. Knew she was meant for them. He wouldn't allow anything beyond her not wanting them to stop them. He watched her engagement ring glitter in the afternoon sunlight. It was pretty enough, in its own way. It looked odd on her finger to him though. It wasn't the ring they would pick out. And this wasn't a lunch to discuss wedding plans for them. He sighed and continued to nibble on his food. He wasn't really hungry anymore and was mentally trying to prepare himself for the conversation they would be having in a few moments. "When's the wedding?" The question tumbled out of his mouth without his control. Beau looked up at him sharply. She glanced up at him and gave him a timid smile. "December 5th. Why do you ask?" Tristan could only stare down at her face. She was once again staring at his should and he was beginning to wonder if there was a stain there. "I was merely curious of how much time we have to convince you that you shouldn't do it." She tilted her head and gave him a curious stare. "Why shouldn't I do it? Besides being unhappy and sexually dissatisfied, there is love and security there. Isn't that enough?" Both men looked at each other and wondered if she knew what she just confessed to them.

Beau pushed his plate away and softly grabbed her hand. "No, it's not enough. That's called settling, baby. And why should you settle?" She peered over at the joined hands. He was making it feel like tiny little monsters were trying to eat her insides. She had read enough romance novels to know it was called "butterflies" but she had never experienced it before. Even with her fiancÃ©. Everything with them was always very matter of fact. It was always very casual and friendly. Well, except for his voracious sexual appetite. She finally looked into Beau's eyes and he lost his entire train of thought. He had never seen eyes like her. She kept it hidden behind the beautiful hair. Her eyes were like wildfire. Tristan had gorgeous hazel green eyes. But her eyes were amber with a blue ring. He was entranced and speechless.

Tristan wondered what had caught Beau's attention and caused him to suddenly go quiet. He didn't have to wonder long as she quickly turned to him and asked if Beau was ok. He could hear her but, just like Beau, he was getting his first taste of those gorgeous eyes and found he just couldn't speak. Their silence made her extremely uncomfortable. She quickly looked away from them both and excused herself to go to the restroom. Beau was still in a daze as she left but Tristan snapped back to reality when the door closed. "She's it, isn't she? We have to do this right, babe. We have to convince her to at least spend some time with us. Fit us into that 'schedule' she has," he rumbled while gazing at Beau. Beau nodded absently.

They both sat there in silence waiting on her return. While she was gone, their main course was delivered along with refills. As she came strolling back into the room, they both stood until she was seated. She smiled at her plate and happily began to eat. After a few silent moments, she turned to Beau. "Can we now discuss why you guys acted like that earlier? I'm really curious and you said we would." Tristan let out a small giggle at her straight forward questioning.

Beau thought she was simply adorable. He prepared himself for this slightly long speech by gulping down the rest of his rum and coke. "Tristan and I are more than friends. We are lovers. We've been together for 5 years and recently discovered something was missing." She glanced over at her and noticed she was still eating but nodded her head to let him know he was paying attention. "We found that while we enjoyed each other's company, we were missing female companionship. We are both bisexual and have often brought in a woman for a threesome." She peeked over at Tristan who sat quietly through Beau's explanation. He seemed nervous and she wished she knew how to comfort him. But she didn't so she continued to eat her food.

"We've thought over bringing in a permanent third into our relationship. A woman who was ok with sharing us. Equal love and trust between us all. Of course she would have to be ok with me and Tristan engaging in

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sexual activity both with her and with each other. Hopefully she would even be into two guys being together. We realized this would be hard to find but knew it was the answer to our problem." Tristan quickly cut in when Beau went to take a breath. "We noticed you almost eleven months ago and after watching you and lusting after you for months, we decided we wanted you, as our third. We initially decided to approach you but we were put off by your relationship status. We didn't know if you were happy. But after your little speech about being unhappy and unfulfilled, we know we can be everything you need. While you get to be everything we have ever dreamed of." As he finished his blunt speech, both men looked at her to notice she sat frozen, fork in air, staring straight ahead. Beau's eyes quickly snapped to Tristan's and he scowled. "You shocked her! Damn it man, what do we do now?!" Tristan slowly reached out to touch her. As soon as his hand made contact with her shoulder, her fork dropped and she slid her chair back. She looks flustered and her eyes roamed the room wildly. She snatched her bag off the back of her chair. "I have to go. I'm sorry."

Both men sat in shocked silence as she made her way around the table and hurried out of the room. Beau growled at Tristan in pure fury. "If you fucked this up, I'll never forgive you." He stormed out of the room, slamming the door on his way out making everyone in the place jump in fright. Tristan ran his hands through his hair and stared at her as she unhooked her bike from the bike rack and began to pedal away. He knew her harsh reaction was his fault but he knew it needed to be said quickly. Much like pulling off a Band-Aid. He stood up and slowly made his way back to his kitchen. He knew it would be a rough night at home with Beau. He still had dinner service to command and knew it would be a much needed stress reliever.

Khara knew she was breaking her schedule. Her therapist said she had to stop being rude and abandoning situations without explanations when she felt uncomfortable. But, in her defense, she didn't think her therapist ever envisioned her being approached by two men to join them in a weird three way relationship. She could barely function with just one man. How was she supposed to meet the emotional needs of two? She knew she was over thinking this entire thing. She was engaged. Nothing could happen with either man. Jared would be home by 7pm and she had dinner to prepare. There was no point on dwelling on things she couldn't control. She would simply be polite if she encountered either man again. But she couldn't stop herself from imagining both of those extremely gorgeous men touching each other. And touching her. She shook her head. No naughty thoughts. It was Tuesday. Beef for dinner and a boring blow job for Jared afterwards before she stayed up to 4 am reading on the couch, avoiding her fiancÃ© and his need to cuddle.

*****Thank you for reading this far! If anybody is interested in helping me create a cover for this book, please leave me a comment on my page or the story. Heck, just leave a comment in general. I would greatly appreciate it! That is all, you beautiful people!*****

Chapter 5

She sat staring out of the window of the coffee shop, watching the drops of rain race down the window. It was gloomy outside but she had put on her neon green rain coat and matching rain boots and made her way over on foot. It was Friday and she wasn't going to let the rain, or the two extremely gorgeous men sitting across the room, stop her from keeping routine. She had only been there for 45 minutes and was finally starting to dry off when Beau approached her. She knew they were there, she had seen them when she went to get her first coffee. They had been in Java Mojo every day since the "incident" on Tuesday. She wondered if they were missing work but quickly put it from her mind when they didn't approach her. But she knew today was different. There were no other people in the shop and the storm that was brewing outside was going to keep any potential customers away.

She was immediately aware of his presence but refused to look over and acknowledge him. While her mind was rebelling at his closeness, her body was not. Her nipples tightened and she felt moisture pool in her panties. He was perfect. And he knew it. She hoped ignoring him would make him go away but today wasn't her lucky day. Beau sat across from her and watched her look out the window. He knew that she knew he was there and he most definitely knew he was being ignored. He sighed and gazed over at Tristan. Tristan made a shooing motion, telling Beau to hurry up and start the conversation so he could join.

Beau looked back at Khara only to realize she had turned towards him and Tristan. He smiled at her and watched her body tense. He liked that he could put her on edge. She had the both of them wrapped up in this need for her. They had spent all of Wednesday and Thursday reading about Asperger's so they could be better prepared for her next time. It explained her lack of eye contact and her bluntness. They wondered if it would affect the emotional connection they wanted with her, but weren't afraid of working at it with her. Tristan was sure she was perfect and Beau was beginning to agree with him.

"Do you mind if we talk about Tuesday? We realize we might have caught you off guard and Tristan wants to apologize for being such an ass. We really want to get to know you and just hear us out. Please? Pretty please," he asked her softly. She had been looking at his shoes while he spoke and when she looked up, she looked right into his eyes. Beau was once again entranced by her eyes but forced himself to focus on convincing her to speak with them. He couldn't fail and he knew she was skittish without the fiasco from the other day.

She didn't want to give in so easily but she noticed his tense shoulders and the sincerity in his eyes. She quickly averted her gaze, choosing to fiddle with her bracelets. She gave him a quick nod and spied his brilliant smile from the corner of her eye. She wondered why he was happy. Just a moment ago he was looking so forlorn and now it seemed as if the sun was radiating from him. Whatever was the cause, she was glad it happened.

Beau was beyond ecstatic she had agreed, he turned and looked at Trist and quickly nodded his head. Tristan jumped from his seat in the far back corner and made his way to the couch and two chairs near the front window where they sat. He quickly dropped onto the couch next to Beau and grabbed his knee in thanks. Tristan had been beating himself up over the past few days wondering if he had messed everything up for them. Tristan looked over at Khara and found himself wanting to touch her. Being this close and not being able to kiss her was driving him mad. She had the softest looking lips and she wore this delicious smelling vanilla lip gloss. He found himself tightening in his pants. He looked away quickly so he wouldn't scare her with his raging erection.

Beau noticed Tristan was distracted and mentally face palmed. He knew Trist was infatuated but wished he would focus on apologizing so they could escape the prying eyes of the employees and maybe convince her to

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go up to their apartment. He nudged Trist and watched the man snap back to attention. Glad he finally had him back on track, he nudged him again, hoping he would get on with the apology. Tristan did get the hint, for once, and looked down at Khara. She was humming under her breath and twisting a colorful bead bracelet around her wrist.

"Khara, I'm sorry. Like really sorry. I'm great at fucking up but horrible at apologizing. But I am sorry. Really fucking sorry. I shouldn't have just sprung all of it on you like that and I ruined lunch. I hope I didn't permanently scare you away. Maybe we can try lunch again today and you can ask us question or just get to know us." She looked over at him and watched his lips move while he talked. She had the sudden urge to reach over and touch them. His bottom lip looked incredibly soft. Tristan caught her stare and noticed she was focused on his lips. When she unconsciously licked her own, he let out a soft moan. She had yet to respond and he desperately needed an answer. If they sat in the coffee shop any longer he would reach across the small table between them and kiss her. He fisted his hands in his lap and waited.

After what seemed like forever to the two men, but was actually only a few seconds, she tilted her head and looked over at Beau. "I'm quite hungry, I was going to order a pastry from her but maybe we can have lunch again. Should we go next door?" Beau and Trist both let out a sigh of relief. She didn't seem angry and seemed to be ok with spending more time with them. Tristan reached across the table and took her hand. "How about we head up to our place? I can fix us whatever you would like and we don't have to worry about interruptions." He hoped she would agree because he really didn't feel like sharing her right now with anyone or having their few hours of time interrupted by anyone.

Khara knew she shouldn't go to their home but oddly enough felt comfortable with them. She stood up, slipped her on rain boots, shuffled her book and earbuds back into her backpack, and grabbed her raincoat. Beau and Tristan stood quickly, thinking she was going to flee again. Beau went to open his mouth to offer her lunch somewhere else when she quietly mumbled, "If you can make a BLT and French fries, we can go to yours." Both men looked relieved she hadn't run away and she looked at their smiling face in confusion. Why were they so happy? Did they also enjoy BLT's? They were her favorite and she only allowed herself them twice a week. She had one on Monday and she felt she deserved one after her past few days. She had argued with Jared and they weren't speaking. He was upset she had been so unenthusiastic during their sex. She couldn't explain to him that she didn't want to have sex with him without hurting his feelings. She stayed silent during their "argument" and it had pushed him over the edge. He cursed and hollered about her not sharing her feelings with him and said they wouldn't speak until she did. So it had been two days and neither had said a word to the other. She didn't really mind as it finally gave her some peace at home. She went about her schedule like nothing was amiss, not realizing it was driving him mad.

"Which one of you will lead the way? I'm hungry and you offered lunch." Beau laughed at her blunt way of rushing them and turned to walk out of the shop. He noticed she followed him and Trist was bringing up the rear. They stepped outside and the rain immediately hit them. Both men hustled the few feet to the Apartment building entrance while she slowly followed behind. The rain didn't bother her. It was simply water, albeit a bit cold. She followed both men into the building and to the elevators. This building was tall and she wondered how high up they had to go. The elevator dinged and the doors slid open. The small group shuffled in and Tristan reached in front of her and pressed the button for the 57th floor. It wasn't the top but close enough to afford them a great view of downtown Austin, Texas. The ride up was silent, save for her humming softly. When the elevator dinged, she immediately stopped humming. The doors slid open revealing a long hallway with only two doors. She followed them to the door on the right. Trist pulled out a set of keys and unlocked the door. He stepped in and Beau waved her forward. She looked both ways down the hallway before stepping into their home. She knew whatever happened in there would change things. Things she wasn't quite sure she was ready to change.

Chapter 6

Jared took off from work earlier. He knew Khara was strict with her schedule but he was hoping to catch her at that little coffee shop and maybe convince her to come home early. He was upset over their argument but his urge to be closer to her was wearing him down. He loved her. She met all of his requirements for marriage and her syndrome allowed him his freedom since she was pretty guileless. He didn't cheat on her. At least not physically. He sought out the emotional connection they were missing with other women. They knew was with someone but provided the emotional support he needed to continue to be with Khara.

He pulled into the parking lot across from the coffee shop and quickly ran through the rain. He knew she sat in front of the window every day for hours, just drinking coffee and reading. It seemed like all she ever did was read. At home, in bed, all night, even while they were out. She was completely devoted to her reading. They had to move into a larger apartment because of her massive book collection. He sometimes resented the books she read. Hell, they got more of her attention than he did. After being together for almost 2 years and engaged for half that time, he figured she would open up some. But, no. She was as closed to him as the day they met.

As he stepped inside he looked around for her but didn't spot her. Figuring she was probably in the bathroom he took a seat on the couch across from where she normally sat. He figured he'd wait for her to come out and when she did, he would ask her to go home with him. He knew it could lead to another argument since he was trying to break her schedule, but he really just wanted to talk to her and maybe get her hot mouth on him. He had plans this evening and needed a release before he left otherwise he might be tempted while talking to Veronica.

After 15 minutes he began to get worried. She was never one to dally in any task and 15 minutes was a long time to be in the bathroom. He hopped up and walked over to the counter. Rachael, the barista, knew who he was and spied trouble a mile away. She quickly shot off a text to her cousin Beau when he walked in. She knew this man was Khara's fiancé. He had come in with her once or twice and always bothered Khara until she left early. She knew he didn't like coffee or that fact that Khara was here every day. Jared spied the cute little blonde behind the counter and put on his most charming smile. "Hey, have you seen the woman who sits in that front window every day. Comes in about 11 and stays until 4? She my fiancée and I'm trying to surprise her," he said. Rachael wasn't about to tell him that she left with two men on a date and she only had a few seconds to come up with alibi for the nice woman her cousin seemed to be infatuated with. "She got a phone call about 45 minutes ago. Something about a forgotten doctor's appointment. Jumped up and left. Sorry," she said quickly hoping her lie went over smoothly.

Jared looked at the blonde skeptically while he thought over her response. She seemed relaxed enough, not a hint of a lie in her eyes. Khara was known for her extreme disdain for going to her doctor appointments so it wasn't uncommon for her to "conveniently forget" them. He sighed. Well it seems as if he wasn't going to whisk his fiancé away for some much needed relief today. He was driving well over two hours to see Veronica tonight and knew she would come back to the coffee shop after her appointment. He wasn't going to even see her until tomorrow. He thanked the barista and made his way back to his car. This was the first time since they had gotten together that he had gone more than 3 days without sex. He was really hoping he could resist V's charm tonight; otherwise he would be in for worlds of regret come tomorrow.

As soon as he left, Rachael pulled Garrett from the back room to watch the front while she went to call her cousin. She didn't want to get Khara in trouble with her lie and figure the trio needed to know what had just happened. She whipped her phone out of her apron and quickly dialed Beau. He answered on the third ring sounding a bit agitated. "What Rach? I'm a little busy," he said quickly. She smiled and giggled. "I'm sure you are but I thought you might want to know that Khara's fiancé just showed up down here looking for her. I lied and said she left to go to a forgotten doctor's appointment. I was trying help." Beau sucked in a deep

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breath. Khara was currently walking across their expansive living room. He had stepped closer to the kitchen to answer the phone and as soon as he heard Rachael's news his eyes popped over to her. She was completely oblivious and he hated to burst the bubble with this news. "Thanks Rach. Sorry for snapping. Have you guys had any more customers since we left?" "Not a one, boss man," she said in boredom. "Fine, close up shop for the day. Both of you guys will get paid for the day. Go get out the storm," he responded with a smile. He heard her whoop of glee before he hung up.

Now he had to figure out how not to ruin lunch by bringing up her fianc  and his impromptu visit. He knew he had to tell her so she wouldn't be caught off guard if he asked her about later. He watched her walk through the massive dining room again. She seemed completely entranced by everything and looked perfectly at home here. She had taken off her coat and her shoes and was currently sliding across the floor in cute zebra striped socks. He was beginning to notice her love for bright colors and found it cute. He wore muted colors while you couldn't pull Tristan away from his neutrals. She was a bright spot in their dim world and he wanted to keep her there.

She was completely fascinated by their home. She had immediately gotten comfortable and began to explore the massive open space. She pulled her hair out her the small clip and let her bob of blonde curls bounce around her face. She rarely felt comfortable in a space that was set up exactly how she wanted it but this, it felt like home. More than her own home did. The space had to be at least 60 feet from one end to the other. There was a short hallway opposite the front door. She figured this lead to the bedrooms and bathrooms. On the far right was a massive wall of windows that looked straight out into downtown Austin. On the opposite side, was a huge modern kitchen. It gleamed under the lights that Tristan had cut on. The living room was divided into two sitting areas. One side had 3 books shelves and two large round chairs. It was right next to the large windows and she wanted to curl up in one of the massive chairs and read for hours. The other half of the room was a more formal seating area with 2 wing chairs and two matching beige sofas. There was a soft green rug under a massive wrought iron coffee table but a very modern chandelier hung over the seating.

She made her way back to the dining room where Beau stood and looked at his lips. She had the strongest urge to kiss him but knew it wouldn't be a good idea. She was engaged, and she needed to remember that cheating wasn't acceptable. She never really understood the rules of her engagement, since she wasn't particularly fond of Jared. He was the first man who didn't run away screaming when he found out she was different. They had a few things in common and she figured that with her condition, this was as good as it was going to get. She wasn't surprised when he proposed and definitely wasn't excited. She planned the wedding in 3 months and then stopped discussing it altogether. It was going to happen, no need to dwell on it. Now, after meeting these two men, she wanted nothing more than to feel some of the passion she had read about so often. For the first time in two years, she was beginning to wonder if she actually loved Jared. She definitely wasn't happy but she figure security and acceptance was more than she deserved.

Beau watched her stare at his lips but could tell she wasn't quite with them. She had checked out and was thinking too hard. He wanted her to enjoy being with them and feel comfortable enough to unwind. They had disrupted her schedule but she didn't seem to off put by it. He sorely hoped it was because, somewhere, deep inside her, she wanted to spend time with them. He waved a hand in her face and watched as her eyes snapped to him. She painted a beautiful picture standing in his dining room. Her mass of bouncing blonde curls fell from her head just brushing her ears. Her caramel skin glowed under the lights and those eyes, those eyes glittered like rare jewels. She had cute pink tights, those funny zebra socks, and a bright tie dyed shirt. She was staring at him in that discerning way that made his dick throb and his chest constrict. He reached out and grabbed her hand and pulled her into the kitchen. He knew Trist was just about done and wanted to make sure she ate while they talked. Her needs came first and he was damn sure going to see to them today.

Chapter 7

Khara sat on the barstool Beau led her to as he and Tristan flew around the kitchen making sure they had everything for lunch. She watched the two men with curiosity. Both were huge. Beau may have been taller than Tristan but Tristan more than made up for it in muscle. Tristan had on a pair of baggy black sweat pants and grey t-shirt that showed off his arms to perfection. Although she couldn't see it, she was sure he had a 6 pack hiding under those baggy clothes. Beau had on dark wash jeans and pale blue shirt and both were tight. She wondered if they would be offended if she asked them to take their shirts off. She knew it might be seen as a sexual advance but she was honestly just curious as what they would look like.

She was so caught up wondering what they would look like without their shirts, she didn't notice them place a plate in front of her. Beau was asking her what she wanted to drink and had to call her name 3 times before she blinked rapidly and looked up at them. Tristan threw a smirk her way and watched her blush. Beau was still oblivious to her checking them out and thought she was just thinking. "Whatcha want to drink, babe?" She finally caught on to his question and looked over at him. It was beginning to get easier to look them in the eye but it still made her tingle if she held their gaze for too long. "Do you guys have any Coke? I could really use the caffeine since I am missing my coffee." Beau nodded and turned to grab her drink as she started adjusting her place setting. She shuffled her utensils around and adjusted her napkin. She turned her plate so her sandwich was on the left and placed her dipping cup of ketchup 6 inches from the right of plate.

Tristan watched her adjust things and move everything around. He had spent hours on the computer reading about OCD and Asperger's. Neither him nor Beau were neat freaks or picky about how things were set up. They had hired an interior decorator, only picking out their matching reading chairs and mattress. Beau placed their drinks on the bar and sat on the other side of Khara. He looked over at her and watched her take a sip of her coke before digging in. She ate methodically. She was half way through her sandwich before she remembered she wasn't alone. It was the best BLT she had ever had and the fries tasted of heaven. She turned to Tristan and smiled. He was caught off guard by her wide smile and couldn't help but return it. "This is best BLT I've ever had. Thank you. Do you think I can come by twice a week for this? I could buy the supplies. I don't want to impose but this is really good."

Beau burst out laughing and she flinched. She knew eventually they would laugh at her but she didn't figure it would be so soon. They were the ones who sought her out and now they were laughing at her. She quickly pushed herself back from the bar and went to hop down. Tristan grabbed her hand before she could move and her wild eyes flew up to him. "Relax baby bird. He means no harm. He just finds it funny that we have been trying to think of ways to get you to spend time with us and it was as simple as fixing you a sandwich. If we would have known, we would have done it months ago. Right, Beau?" She slowly turned to look at Beau and caught him nodding frantically. "Please don't leave, babe. I wasn't laughing at you. Just laughing at the fact that we now have a way to spend time with you. I'm sorry, babe. Really sorry." She slowly nodded and turned back to her food. "So does this mean I can have my BLT here?" Both guys laughed and she found herself smiling at the sound.

They quickly finished their food and she offered to clean up but was quickly denied by Beau. He grabbed their dishes while Tristan ushered her towards the reading area. As soon as she figured out their destination, she bounded over to the chair closest to the window and dived in. Her reading chair at home wasn't nearly as large since her reading room was full of books and she was often forced to read on the couch so she could stretch out. Tristan gave her a soft smile from the other chair as he watched her get comfortable. She hadn't checked the time in last hour and he wondered if she was aware what time it was. He wasn't going to bring it up until it was closer to 4 if she didn't.

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A few minutes later after a peaceful silence, Beau came strolling over and dived onto the same chair at Trist. He gave him a quick peck before turning to Khara. She watched them with heated eyes. "Can you kiss him again? I've always loved watching guys kiss and I'm rarely in the position to ask two guys to without it being weird. Is that ok?" Beau smiled over at her before turning back to Tristan and grabbing him by the hair. Tristan was instantly hard at her words and fell into the kiss. He nipped at Beau's bottom lip and slid his tongue in to taste the man he loved. Beau moaned into Tristan's mouth and quickly matched his pace. Their lips moved in sync as they tasted each other. Khara had gotten up from the chair and had crawled onto the bottom of their chair. She watched them kiss for minutes and felt she growing aroused. Oh how she wished she could join in.

Tristan was the first to notice she had come in for a closer view and reached out with his right hand to touch her. The moment his hand made contact with her arm she moaned. She was overwhelmed. She felt like she wanted to jump right in the middle of them. Beau pulled back from Tristan due to lack of oxygen only to notice Beau was holding onto Khara's arm. He leaned towards her and watched her pupils' dilate. He leaned towards her face and watched her eyes flash to his moist engorged lips. His lips were swollen and looked absolutely delicious. She didn't move a muscle but felt Tristan's hand tighten on her upper arm. Beau reached out and grabbed the back of her head, much like he did with Tristan but much more gently. "Tell us to stop, love. We won't rush you but won't hold back if you don't want us to," Tristan ground out even though his controlling nature screamed in protest. His logical side knew he had to leave this up to her.

Khara heard him but couldn't bring herself to turn them away. For the first time she couldn't hear the clock ticking in her head and the disconnected feeling she had lived with her entire life was gone. She finally *felt*. She leaned in just a few inches and Beau met her and claimed her lips in a possessive kiss. Every nerve ending in her body came alive and she let out a moan that had both men growling in pleasure. Beau licked and nipped at her lips, begging for entrance. She had only French kissed Jared a few times. She wasn't particularly fond of his lips but Beau's were causing her to feel weak. She felt Tristan move but was so caught up in the kiss she couldn't pry her eyes open to see where he was going.

Beau knew he was in heaven. Tristan's kiss was demanding and Beau was always aware that he wasn't quite in control with him but with Khara, he was the dominant one. She tasted like heaven and he wanted more. He needed to touch more, taste more. He wanted all of her. He felt Tristan stand up and cracked open his eyes. He knew Tristan was sneaky and watched him move behind them. Beau slowly gathered Khara in his arms and she moaned louder than before. He heard Trist softly say fuck and get closer. Beau dragged Khara onto his lap and deepened the kiss. He wanted to devour her and he didn't think she would mind at the moment.

Tristan had never been so hard in his life. His massive erection was pushing at the front of his sweat pants and he knew Beau's must be painful in those sinfully tight jeans. He leaned over her back slowly and pushed the curls off her neck. "She taste delicious, doesn't she baby? Let her up for air, Beau. I want to talk to her." He watched their lips separate and watched her let out a small whine. Beau smiled at her reluctance to separate but knew whatever Trist had planned would make all three of them happy again. Tristan brushed his lips against the back of her neck and watched her back arch. She was so damn responsive. He couldn't wait to get her naked. He knew it wouldn't be today but he hoped it was soon.

"Beau, baby, you like kissing her, huh? Does she taste like heaven? Can you imagine what her pussy taste like? I can. I don't know how long I can wait to find out." Khara let out a moan loud enough to rattle both men. Beau silently asked for permission to touch her and Beau gave a small nod as he continued to run his lips along her neck and behind her ear. He wanted to get her used to being touched by two men at the same time. Both Trist and Beau knew this was going way faster than it should but just couldn't resist. Beau slowly trailed his finger up her sides and let them roam over her soft skin. It was so smooth and perfect. He finally reached right under her breast and watched her suck in a breath. Tristan gave a feral smile over her shoulder at Beau and gave him a silent go ahead. Beau grinned at the permission and pinched her nipples. "OH FUCK!"

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she yelled. Both men knew they had her primed and ready and they weren't about to let her go without an orgasm.

Khara's body was overwhelmed. She had never experienced anything like this before. She was normally unattached from her sexual experiences but she couldn't even remember her own name at this moment. She wanted more of whatever it was they were doing to her. She felt her shirt being lifted and couldn't even find the will to fight. She wanted to reach out for one of them and find their lips but felt like her entire body was jell-o. She felt Tristan pull her shirt over her head and realized she sat in front of them in just her bra. She couldn't even begin to care because as soon as the shirt came off, she felt lips trail down her collarbone and nip at the swell of her breast.

Beau looked at her breast in awe. She was plump and ripe for their mouth. He wanted to suckle at her for hours but wasn't sure how long Tristan was giving him to play. He slowly pulled the cup to her bra down and latched on to her nipples like a babe. She rocked her hips on his lap and he could imagine ripping those tights off her and driving balls deep into her. He wanted to find out if she was as hot as she felt through his jeans. He jumped in shock as he felt a hand travel up his leg and caress them both where it counted. He moaned into her breast and she felt the vibrations clear to her toes. She rocked harder on him and noticed that there was a hand there. She knew it couldn't be Beau's since he was holding her right breast with one and squeezing the left nipple with other so it must be Tristan. She rocked on the hand harder, seeking the release that had been building since she watched them kiss. Tristan knew what she wanted but he wasn't about to let her off that easy.

Beau felt her ripped from his lap and opened his eyes in a panic thinking she had fled from them only to discover on her back with her head laying right on his rock hard dick. He gasped at the contact and grabbed her hair. She felt hands grabbing at her tights and couldn't find it in herself to stop whatever was about to happen. She had been so starved for passion, she wasn't about to turn it away now. All thoughts of Jared, her engagement and ending marriage were far away and she was caught in the heady web these men had woven, just for her.

Tristan whipped her tights down her legs before she could protest and spread her legs wide. She felt very exposed and opened her eyes to look down. Tristan had a feral look in his eyes and he gazed up at them from between her legs. Beau would have giggled under any other circumstance. She had on the cutest yet tiny pair of batman panties. Her golden legs stretched on for days and he could see the wet patch on her panties. He growled wanting to taste her but he knew where this was going and he knew he wasn't going to get a taste today. "Hold her legs for me Beau. I have a taste for dessert and she looks delicious." Beau reached forward and grabbed her behind the knees, never once pulling his eyes from her panties. Her lips looked plump behind the yellow fabric and he could wait to see it bared to them. Tristan grabbed the fabric where it met her wide hips. With power she didn't know he possessed, he ripped her favorite pair of panties. She gasped in both outrage and lust at the display but didn't have the opportunity to protest before she felt his hot breath on her pussy.

Tristan reached under her and pulled the fabric from under her butt. He passed them up to Beau for him to smell. Beau loved to smell women's panties. It was his little kink and Tristan loved to indulge him. Tristan returned his eyes to the feast laid before him. She was wet beyond his wildest dreams. And she waxed. He wasn't sure if she would be and was pleasantly surprised. He ran a finger down the center of her lips and slight grazed her clit. Her back arched and Tristan growled at the pretty display she made. He leaned forward and gently licked her from the bottom to her clit. She growled deep in her throat and shifted her hips, seeking his tongue on her most sensitive place.

Tristan wasn't going to draw this out. He growled deep in his throat and latched on to her clit with a ferocity that shocked even Beau, he sucked at her clit and gently slid a finger in her tight pussy. She was so fucking

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tight he felt like he was about to cum in his pants just imagining being inside her. He felt her tighten around his finger and groaned in approval.

Khara was going out of her mind. She had had her pussy eaten frequently but it had never felt like this. She couldn't form a coherent thought. She could only moan and wiggle in Beau's lap. She turned her head into Beau's lap, not realizing her hot breath was fanning over his throbbing dick. He groaned and grabbed her head. Tristan opened his eyes when he realized Beau had let go of her legs, but couldn't find it in him to demand he grab them when he realized exactly where her mouth was. He grinned into her pussy and slowly pulled back. He continued to pump his finger in and out of her hot channel. "Do you want to help out our Beau, sweetie? You got that hot little mouth right on his dick and I'm sure he would think he died and gone to heaven if you put your mouth on him. You going to help him babe?" She whimpered and nodded. Beau hesitantly looked at Tristan and gave a sigh of relief at his nod. He knew they were rushing her, but as long as she kept giving her permission to continue, they would.

Beau shuffled slightly and unbuttoned his jeans and pulled the zipper down. He was commando underneath and his raging erection sprang out right in front of her mouth. She immediately opened her mouth and suckled on the side of his dick and he let out a shout of pleasure. Tristan grinned into her pussy once again and went back to suckling on her clit. She was distracted from her pleasure so he would go easy on her. He flicked his tongue over her clit in long slow strokes and watched her hips undulate. She was dripping wet. It flowed down his hands, and he couldn't have been happier to feast on her nectar.

Beau, meanwhile was in heaven. She had sucked up his shaft from the base of his dick clear to the head and licked the pre cum. He watched her with bated breath, waiting on her to take him in her mouth. "Go ahead, babe. Take me in. It's what you want." She moaned and did as he instructed. He growled and raised his hips shoving his dick further down her throat; he felt no hesitation as he reached her throat and fisted her hair in his hand. He knew he wouldn't last and wanted her to cum at the same time. "Please make her cum Trist. I can't hold out and I want her to cum with me, please baby." Trist nodded into her pussy and slid another finger in. she tightened her mouth on Beau and moaned at the feeling. She was so close and felt Beau throb in her mouth. Tristan did some sort of magic with his tongue and she came apart.

Tristan quickly pulled his fingers out of her pussy and watched her squirt clear across the room. Beau shouted as his dick erupted in her throat. He watched her suck harder as she came apart between them but never moved from his dick. His entire body twitched and he felt himself go limp. Tristan watched her body flush from the enormous orgasm.

Several minutes later Beau and Khara had finally caught their breath while Tristan softly petted them both. It took him a moment to realize he had cum in his sweatpants. Khara's vision slowly began to focus but her eyelids felt heavy. As she began to drift off, she realized she was right earlier; everything had changed when she walked through their door.

Chapter 8

She slowly came awake and immediately reached to her left to find her lamp. After fumbling around for a few seconds and not finding it she popped her eyes open. She was immediately assaulted with the darkness and the sense that she wasn't in her own room. She knew it was night time and if she wasn't home, something must have happened. Suddenly the memories of her afternoon with the men snapped back to her.

She immediately knew she must be in their bed. She sat up and realized she had on a long sleeve shirt and a pair of boxers. She quickly slipped out of the bed and tried to orientate herself. There were two doors and a glass wall. She moved over to first door and quietly opened it. She was great with a monstrous closet. On what side was what appeared to be Beau's cloths, and the other side held Tristan's. The far back wall was completely empty. She wondered why they would keep a completely empty area in their closet. And turned around and made her way to the other door. She opened it and heard a TV playing and the soft glow of a light from down a hallway. She slowly made her way down the hallway and walked into a small room.

It was the weirdest room she had ever encountered. There were 4 steps up onto a solid wood floor. Almost like a platform. In the middle of the platform there was a sunken area filled with pillows and a soft bottom. Almost like a mattress. It looked so comfortable. She quickly spied Beau lounged out on one side of the circular bed watching what appeared to be cartoons. She quietly made her way up the steps into the room and approached him from behind. Beau felt a presence behind him and thought it was Tristan. "Hey babe, back already? I thought you were going to buy some clothes for her to wear?" She giggled and popped down beside him. He turned and was surprised to find her sitting next to him. He thought for sure she would still be sleeping.

"Hey baby. Whatcha doing up already? We thought you were going to sleep clear through the night." She looked up at him and blinked. "This room is fascinating. What time is it? And where is my bag? I have to make a phone call." She spit it all out so quick that he wasn't sure he heard right. "Ok. All I heard was that you want to know what time it is and you need your bag. Right?" and she quickly nodded. "Gotcha, babe. Let me grab your phone and I think it's about 7:45pm." He quickly hopped over the edge and walked out of the room. She turned back to the TV and attempted to calm down. It was 7:45?! She hadn't broken schedule in well over 5 years. Not even for Jared. And her she was, still out, in another man's clothes, and she hadn't had her evening cigarette. She let out a deep sigh. She was being to stress out and she wondered what Jared would think.

She hoped he wouldn't be angry. They were already fighting and she wasn't sure she could deal with more bickering. She wondered if was even worried about her. He was probably more concerned with where his dinner was. Beau came bounding back in the room with her messenger bag and quickly plopped next to her. "Here you go, babe." She quickly reached out for the bag and opened it. She was almost 2 hours over do for her medicine and needed to take it. "How do I get to the kitchen? I need a glass of water and to be alone for a few minutes." He was caught off guard at her wanting to get away from him so soon. "Uh, the kitchen is down the hall to the right and through the double doors. You can hangout back in the bedroom if you want. I'll keep Tristan out until you find us." She nodded and trotted out of the room.

After getting lost for a few minutes, she finally found the kitchen and began searching for a glass. She found one and quickly filled it with water. She hopped onto a bar stool and pulled her medicine and phone out of her bag. She quickly popped her meds in her mouth and unlocked her phone. She was surprised to see she didn't have a single missed call or text. Jared must be at home fuming. She was curious as to why he hadn't called and quickly dialed his number. After ringing for several seconds, he finally answered. "What is it Khara?" she was caught off guard by his abrupt answer and stumbled over her response. "I'm going to assume this will be one of your weekends out?" She heard him sigh through the line and knew his response. "Should I expect you

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home tomorrow or Sunday. I need to know so I can plan our meals." "I'll be home Sunday night. Don't call me unless it's an emergency," he bit out quickly and hung up on her. She stared at her phone confused for a few seconds before shrugging and placing it back in her bag.

Beau sat in the sunken couch and waited for her to come back. He had texted Tristan and asked him to wait a little while before returning. Tristan was confused, but agreed to come back in 30 minutes. Beau figured she had to call her fiancé to check in and didn't want to do it in front of a man she was technically cheating on him with. He wondered if she felt guilty about what they did earlier and if she would try to distance herself from them. If he didn't know anything else, he knew that was not what he wanted to happen.

He sat silently, staring at the TV, waiting on her to come back. After a few minutes, he quietly got up and wandered towards the kitchen to make sure she was ok. As he approached the living room he found her reorganizing the hanging pot rack over the island. He stood there and watched her for several minutes. She was so focus. She was quietly humming a song that was vaguely familiar and he found her to be the cutest thing. He wondered how Trist would take someone invading his "sanctuary".

Not seconds later he heard the front door unlock and turned to watch Tristan quietly slip in. Tristan spied him immediately and gave him a "What the hell" look because he was standing in the shadows. Beau pointed towards the kitchen and Tristan quickly turned to look and watched Khara compare two pans before hanging one on the pot rack. He smiled and looked back at Beau and mouthed "Creep". Beau couldn't help but burst out laughing at Tristan's playful side.

The sudden noise startled Khara causing her to drop the pan she was holding in fright. She looked back towards the dining room and spied Beau bent over in laughter and Tristan glowering at him with two bags of clothes in his hand. She bent down and picked up the pan before wandering towards the two men. Beau spied her approach and quickly stood up and stopped laughing. She studied the two men and felt conflicted. She wasn't comfortable with touching but had the urge to hug them both. She enjoyed when they were on the couch but wasn't sure how to convey that to them.

"Earlier, wasâ. Nice. I enjoyed it. I'm not sure how I should tell you that. This 'enjoyment' from sex is new to me and I'm slightly confused. I'm rambling again, aren't I? You can tell me to stop. I won't get mad. Jared tells me to hush all the time. But you guys are so much nicer than him. I shouldn't say that about my fiancé, huh?" The both watched her ramble on in amusement. She was so adorable. Tristan felt himself get angry at the mention of her fiancé. He was quite ready to be done with the man so they could get on with being together. She was still mumbling to herself when Beau reached out and grabbed her hand. He gently rubbed her hand between his much bigger one. "It's nothing to worry about babe. You ramble to your heart's content," he said gently. She attempted to make eye contact but that prickly feeling happened as soon as she looked into his eyes and she immediately dropped her gaze. Tristan noticed and moved behind her to hug her. He felt her stiffen but didn't release his hold. After a few seconds he felt her relax and he smiled over at Beau. They were making progress. She enjoyed herself earlier, and was still receptive to their touch.

After a few seconds of being help by Trist, she stepped out of his hold and turned towards him. "Did you bring me clothes? I'm overdue for my second shower and it's a long bike ride home in the dark." Beau laughed behind her but she didn't turn. She stared at the space just above Tristan's eyebrows, her way of faking eye contact. Tristan smiled down at her and passed her the two bags he had dropped on the side table. "These are for you. I kind peaked at your size and tried to find a few things I thought you would like. You can use your bathroom. Just go back down the hall until you reach the double doors on the right. You can leave your stuff in there as well." She quickly nodded and turned. They both watched her wander down the hall and slip through the double doors.

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Beau turned to Trist and quickly leaned in to claim his lips. Trist quickly took control of the kiss and press Beau against the wall. Beau loved it when Trist took control. He knew they couldn't fuck right her on the way but his raging hard on didn't much care. He needed to feel Trist, anyway he could. He broke their kiss and whispered to Trist "Please suck me, babe. Please. I'll beg." Tristan grinned into Beau's neck. He loved taking Beau in his mouth but he wanted to keep the man on edge until later. He had plans for both Beau and Khara and it revolved around Beau not being able to help himself. He slowly backed up and released Beau. Beau almost sobbed in need but he held it in as he watched Tristan grin and walk away. It was going be tortuous to have this boner all night. Damn Trist and his games.

*****Thank you guys for being so patient. my fiance and i just amoved across the country and i was trying to settle down. im posting this from my phone because they still havent come out to connect my internet. Please leave a comment. AGAIN, SORRY FOR THE WAIT!!!!*****

Chapter 9

Khara looked around the bedroom in awe. There was a hug bleached oak bed suspended from the ceiling with matching suspended nightstands. The floors matched the bed frame and there was a large lime green rug in the middle of the floor and matching lime green artwork on each wall. There was a huge bookshelf against one wall and a cute pale blue chair under the window. She couldn't have imagined up a more beautiful room. She walked across the huge space to the one door and found the bathroom. It matched the bed room to perfection. Unbleached floors, pale blue glass tile everywhere and lime green accents. She sat the bags of clothes on the counter and went to cut on the huge glass enclosed shower. After an amazing peaceful shower, she stepped out and quickly dressed. She found a new toothbrush under the sink and vigorously brushed her teeth.

After leaving the bathroom she wandered back into the hall way. She found Beau and Trist lounged in the same sunken couch and watched them from the doorway. Beau was lounged back and tossing chips into his mouth while Tristan fiddled with his phone. She wondered if he played games on his phone. She had become quite obsessed with a few herself, and wondered if he played any of the same ones. Beau was the first to notice her and beckoned her over. She made her way over and sat on the opposite side of the couch from the two men. They both stared at her intensely.

Tristan was quite happy with her outfit. She had on pale pink tights and the most adorable pale blue shirt with a white peace sign on the front. Her socks were a spontaneous purchase, fuzzy zebra slipper socks. Her feet were adorable. He thought everything about her was adorable. He wanted to touch her but knew she probably felt uncomfortable about it. He knew eventually Beau would give in to the urge to touch her again. He would wait until then. He had patience.

Beau lounged back against the couch and watched her with dark eyes. His hard on hadn't went down a bit in the 30 minutes she was gone and all he could think of was burying himself so deep in her that she would forget there was a world outside of their bed. He knew that probably wouldn't happen tonight, and he was ok with that. Didn't stop a man from dreaming, though. He was trying to figure out a way to convince her to stay the night. It was still raining outside and he didn't like the idea of her riding her bike home alone.

"Khara, baby, you want to stay over here tonight, since it's late? Or would you prefer to have one of us drive you home?" He hoped she would just stay. They watched her ponder the question for several minutes. He was beginning to wonder if she was going to answer when she finally nodded her head. "I would like to stay the night and sleep in the hanging bed in the room I showered in. But I also need a ride home to grab some things. I can leave my bike here so I can go in for my coffee tomorrow. Would one of you mind? I'm not very comfortable in cars though. I tend to vomit. Or faint. But it's only a 6 minute car ride. I should make it. I hope. Sorry." Beau was already climbing out the couch and on his way to grab his shoes by the time she was done. Trist watched her in amusement and waited for her to finish. She was still mumbling under her breath, something about a robe, and a "Ziggy", whatever the hell that was.

She finally stopped her rambling, which he was beginning to learn was going to happen just about any time she started talking. She was blushing and looked down. He watched her furrow her brows and look at his chest. "I know I ramble on. I'm weird and my condition makes it difficult for me control my 'word vomit' I often forget other people are in the conversation. I'm sorry if I annoy you. I'll try to be quiet more often." He scooted next to her and grabbed her chin. All she felt was his lips. He mind quieted for a few seconds and she realized in the momentary peace. Trist slowly pulled back and fingered her soft curls. Her hair was still damp from her shower and she smelt of vanilla and fresh fall leaves.

"If you ever annoy me, just know, it won't matter. I'm here, forever, or as long as you will have us. We want to learn those quirks. We aren't '*HIM*'. Please try not to compare us. Now let's go grab whatever it is you need

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from home. Maybe we can grab something to eat while we are out." She nodded and stood. She climbed over the back of the couch and waited for him by the stairs. He met her and reached for her hand. She wasn't sure why he wanted to hold her hand, she was perfectly capable of walking down the 4 four shallow steps by herself. She shrugged and grasped his hand.

After a short trip to the parking garage and several minutes of convincing Khara that He was a perfectly capable driver, Trist had them well on their way to her house. She only lived a short 10 minute ride and he hoped to get this trip done and over with quickly. He wanted her back at their house, where he could forget she was technically promised to another. They pulled in a small block of condos and parked around back. She quickly jumped out before he even had the car in park and darted to a bush. Beau jumped out right after her and all Trist could hear was the sound of her up-chucking her soul. Now he just felt terribly guilty for making her ride in the car. He hoped that they could build up her tolerance for riding in cars since he loved road trips and wanted her to eventually be able to join them.

He quickly threw the car in park and joined the pair standing next to bush that she had just finished emptying her stomach into. He had her hand over her mouth and motioned for them to follow her. She walked over to a door and unlocked it. Both men followed her inside as she led them to an elevator. Beau was trying to hold his laughter because she refused to take her hand off her mouth. The elevator dinged that they had arrived on the 14th floor. She quickly darted off and they followed her down the hall.

Khara knew her breath smelled horrible but she did forewarn them that she might vomit if she rode in the car. She quickly approached the door of her apartment and pulled her key chain out of her bag. She only had 3 keys but more than 20 key chains. She collected them and would change them out every Thursday. She quickly unlocked the door and walked in. She immediately noticed the mess Jared left behind him. Her OCD kicked in and she immediately went to put everything to right. Both men stood in the small entry way and watch Khara shuffle through the apartment, putting things away and rearranging furniture. Both men noticed it looked like things had been deliberately moved around just to bother her.

After a few minutes she remembered she had guests and turned to stare at them with wide eyes. After realizing she was being rude, she pointed to two wing chairs near a far window and ran down a hall. Beau and Tristan sat in chairs and waited for her to return. A few moments later she came back down the hall way. "Sorry. Jared isn't very neat and if I'm not constantly picking him, things get out of control and begin to bother me. I was rude and should probably apologize. So, I apologize. I'm going to grab my things now. Am I coming home tomorrow or Sunday?"

Trist smiled at her and looked at Beau. "You can stay as long as you would like hun. Hell, you never have to leave again. But it's up to you. How about you come home Sunday? Or will he be mad?" she turned around and headed towards the back. Trist immediately stood up to follow her and Beau tagged along behind him. "Jared won't be home until after 6 on Sunday. He goes out of town for 'De-stressing' twice a month for the whole weekend. I never know which weekends. He says its stressful being with someone like me and occasionally he needs to get away from me. Which is fine, because sometimes I get sick of him too." She was packing a bright yellow and turquoise bag with a robe and fuzzy slippers and lotions and other girl stuff. Both men stood in the doorway of the small bedroom and looked around. Everything was white or black. Nothing in the entire room said Khara except a small nightstand under the window that was covered in the beaded bracelets that she always seemed to have on.

After a few minutes of silences, she turned back to the men and said she was ready to go, except she needed Ziggy. Both men had a "What The Hell" look on their face as they followed behind her back to the living room. She passed Trist her duffel bag and went to small dining area that had a standing shade against one wall. She pulled the shade back to reveal a table filled with colorful connecting tubes. There was a cage on the far end and both men stepped closer to see what was there. She tapped twice on the tube and suddenly a tiny little

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hedgehog poked its head out at one end. Khara popped off the top of the cage and reached in and grabbed the tiny little thing. She turned to them with bright eyes and a huge smile. "This is Ziggy the hedgehog, he comes with us, right?" Trist just stared at the albino hedgehog in confusion while Beau broke out in a magical grin. "Damn right he does! I've always wanted a pet!" She smiled and began to pack Ziggy's things. She was unsure what they were going to do all weekend but she hoped it would be relaxing.

Chapter 10

****Short Chapter. Sorry about the wait. Been super busy with a new jo and the big move! thanks for sticking with me! Leave a comment PLEASE!!!! I love hearing what you think of the story so far! Have a great one guys and dolls!*****

Trist rode down the elevator in silence. He had never felt more awkward. Not even when he came out as bisexual to his family or the media. He was carrying a bright purple cage with a hedgehog in it. And Beau was talking to it. What the hell had he gotten himself into? He had no clue that Khara would have a pet or that it would be the "Ziggy" she kept referencing. He had no problem with pets, he just had never owned one and always thought it would be something cool like a Lab or a Doberman. Maybe even Austrian Wolfhound. But a pet hedgehog? Never in his wildest imagination.

Khara meanwhile sat in the other corner counting the beads on her bracelet humming. She had everything she needed for a weekend away from home and was still extremely nervous about breaking her routine. She was trying and figured this would be the first step in branching out of her comfort zone as her therapist so often begged her to try and do. She would be spending the weekend with two men who made her feel strange things. Probably doing things that were most definitely NOT in her schedule. Maybe she could even sleep in! She would try but she was doubtful.

The elevator stopped and Beau happily skipped off chatting away about all the fun things they could this weekend. Trist watched as Khara made her way off the elevator, completely in her own world. He wanted to ask her what she was thinking but figured he would let her think in peace. He was sure she was stressed and hoped that this weekend they could show her how easy living with them could be. It only took him and Beau about 1 month to move in together. He wasn't a patient man by nature but he understood he would probably have to slow down his approach. She was already far more receptive to the entire situation than they thought she would be but that was good. That meant that she was comfortable, which was their goal.

After loading her bag and Ziggy in the car, they started back towards the condo. Beau turned around to ask her if she wanted to grab food while they were out and noticed her nervously twitching and mumbling under her breath. He turned to Beau and whispered "Maybe we should go home and cook or even order out. She's not looking so good." Trist took a quick look in the rear-view mirror and gave a quick nod. He slowed his speed as they neared the parking garage. "Almost there babe. Just a few more seconds." He pulled in to their parking space and watched her once again hop out and rush over to a cover to vomit. He sighed and shook his head. He wondered if it would ever get better.

A few moments later they were shuffling back into the condo. Khara turned to the men, "Where can I set up my stuff? I need to get Ziggy settled in. She doesn't do well with change." Both men were sure it wasn't just Ziggy upset with the change of scenery but didn't want to call Khara out on it. "You can use the room you showered in earlier. Why don't we just call that your room? It's never been used and maybe that will help you get more comfortable," said Beau. She stared at both men in awe. They were offering her personal space? It took Jared months to agree to let her have a little privacy with her reading room. She didn't know why, but it caused her to burst out and smile.

Trist watched that smile bloom across her face and felt his breath catch in his chest. She was just plain fucking gorgeous. And, luckily for them, she didn't even know it. And hopefully they could keep all of that beauty to themselves. They watched her flounce off down the hall with her bag and Ziggy's cage. They could tell that something about giving her a private room had touched her but didn't know why.

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Trist wandered towards the kitchen while Beau went to change. It was late, he was at home, and he damn sure didn't want to spend the evening in jeans. He knew Beau was going to cook and that Khara needed a few quiet moments to herself. He walked into their room and quickly stripped out of his clothes. He laid back on the bed and suddenly images of all three of them naked in this bed assaulted his mind. His dick was suddenly rock hard and painfully throbbing. He reached in boxers and lightly squeezed his dick. He could picture Khara and Trist both paying his dick attention. He wanted Khara's mouth on him and Tristan's hands. The contrast would be fucking mind blowing. He didn't realize he was slowly stroking himself to the wild fantasies in his head. He was so deep in his thought he didn't hear the knock on his door. He was just seconds away from orgasm when he heard the door open and watched Khara stroll in.

Khara immediately stopped once she noticed what Beau was doing. It had been more than 30 minutes since she left them in the hall and she was wondering if they had a few things she needed to set up Ziggy. All she could see was his massive erection and his flushed face. The tip was glistening with pre-cum and he had it wrapped tightly in his fist. She slowly walked over to the edge of bed, never once removing her eyes from his dick. Beau was so caught up in his masturbating, he couldn't find it in himself to be ashamed. He watched her entranced stare. He wanted to beg her to touch him but waited for her to make a move. He watched her hand reached out and her fingertips graze over the tip of his dick. He felt the touch clear to his toes. His entire back arched up and his eyes rolled back.

If she touched him one more time, he was sure to cum as hard as he did earlier. She bent forward at the waist and licked the tip. He grabbed her head and snatched her away. He came with a force he's only felt a few times before. It splattered on her cheek, his leg, and chest. Both were panting a few minutes later and hadn't moved. Neither noticed Trist standing in the doorway.

Chapter 11

His entire body was frozen. While he knew that Beau's lust would eventually pour over. He didn't figure it would happen before dinner. Watching her small pink tongue dart out and lick the head of Beau's dick did the strangest things to him. He wanted to feel that to. It wasn't jealousy. No, he couldn't be jealous watching the two people he loved bring each other pleasure. The thought smacked him so hard he let out a sigh. Love. Shit, he loved her. It hadn't even been a week and he wanted her more than anything he had ever imagined. It was too soon but it was also too late to go back.

His soft sigh was heard by Beau, causing his gaze to snap to Tristan in the door way. He felt his cock jump at the thought of Trist joining them. Maybe get his mouth on Khara delightful pussy while she wrapped those devilish lips around Trist. Yes, that was exactly what he wanted. But after looking at Trist a little bit harder, he knew now wasn't the time. He glanced down to Khara who was resting on his thigh and brushed her beautiful curls back. He noticed Trist walk away from the corner of his eye and knew it was time to clean up and head out for dinner. "Khara, babe, how about you go clean up and we go eat. Is that ok?" he gently asked her. She smiled up at him and nodded. She quickly hopped up and skipped out the room. Well, at least she wasn't upset about what happened. Now, if he could just clean himself up and join his loves in the kitchen. The "L" word didn't scare him. He had been half in love with her for weeks and the past 24 hours only cemented it in his mind.

Khara quickly washed up in the bathroom and made her way to the kitchen. She smelled stir fry and as if her stomach did too, it growled. She sat in the same seat she did earlier and began rearranging the place setting, her OCD and natural fidgeting working overtime. "So I think I just helped Beau masturbate. Is that ok with you?" she blurted out while Trist was still facing the stove. It caught Trist so off guard he dropped the spatula he was holding. He quickly turned to Khara and gave her a wicked smile. "I know you did babe. And I was seconds away from walking behind you, ripping those pants down and shoving myself so deep inside you that you would forget that we weren't one body. So I'd say hell yeah, its ok." Khara was shocked. How did she not know he was there? And why didn't he just fuck her if he wanted to? Jared never held back if he was horny. His needs were always most important, regardless of her level of desire.

Trist watched her study him. After he brief nod, he turned back to the stove. He just needed to make it through dinner. Beau and Trist had a lot to discuss with her after and then maybe they could go back to their bedroom and end the night together. Seconds later, Beau walked into the kitchen and sat next to Khara. They watched Tristan plate the food in silence. After everyone had a plate and Trist was seated on the other side of her, they dug in. Dinner was a quiet affair with only the sounds of them chewing and the silverware scraping the plate. Each wondering what the other was thinking.

Khara finished first, being extremely famished and having missed her scheduled 9:30 meal. She sat in silence while the two men finished and sipped her wine. It was delicious but she wasn't much of a drinker and began to feel its effects after a few sips. By the time the two men were done, Khara had a slight buzz and was feeling talkative. "How will this 'thing' work once Monday comes around? I have to plan my schedule. I like you both but I'm technically engaged and this is considered an affair." Beau almost spit out his wine at her blunt approach to the huge elephant in the room but was grateful she had broached the subject first.

"Maybe you can end the engagement? If you aren't happy, why stay? Let him go and find your happy ending somewhere else," he offered gently. "You mean like with you guys? I don't think Jared will be happy if I just leave him." Trist shook his head. He was amazed. She wasn't saying no but was concerned about how the jackass Jared would feel. "Baby, his happiness isn't your problem. If you want to leave, leave. You can move here, to your own room. Or, we can help you find your own place. Although we would both prefer you here," Trist said gruffly. She wondered why he was upset but shrugged it off. She could never quite figure what was

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with people's rapid mood swings and she had eventually stop trying to.

"How about we all get some rest for the night and we can make a decision Sunday. No rush, no pressure," Beau offered them both. Trist grunted and Khara looked at Beau wide eyed. She had never not been forced to make an immediate decision and was glad not to feel pressured right not. They wanted to completely upheave her set life and that was already causing her psyche great stress. She just wanted to lie down with Ziggy and sleep. She quickly hopped off the barstool and grabbed her plate. She walked over to the sink and started to clean. After washing all the dirty dishes, drying them, and cleaning all the surfaces, she turned to the two beautiful men sitting at the bar watching her.

"I'm going to sleep. I probably won't actually sleep, but I like to lie down at night and read in silence. I get up at 6am. I can make breakfast unless you prefer I don't. Ok?" she rattled off quickly. She was going to start hyperventilating if she stood there being watched any longer. Beau went to stand and she held up a hand. "Please," she whispered. Trist gazed hardened and Beau almost appeared broken. Beau gave her a quiet ok and they watched her book her retreat quickly.

Trist sighed and placed his head in her hands. He didn't quite understand why she ran off but, he knew he wanted to chase after her and make her talk to them. Something had caused her to get a slightly dazed look in her eye and he wanted to fix it. But he knew pushing her was the wrong thing to do right now. He abruptly stood and walked to their room. He stripped at the bed's end and crawled, naked, up to his pillow. He felt open, exposed. He loved her and he wasn't even sure she knew how to love or how to communicate said emotion with them. Everything with her was so, Black and White. But loved blurred things. He knew that her condition would make this whole thing hard, he just wasn't prepared for it make the sex part easy and the talking part so damn hard.

Trist felt Beau slide behind him. He felt the arms he loved so much wrap around him and he finally relaxed. Although the bed felt empty without her, he hoped that she would be joining them soon. He wasn't sure if he could keep his distance for much longer. He craved her, but he didn't want to break her just to have her. He finally began to doze off about 30 minutes later, praying for dreams of their future together.

Chapter 12

Khara couldn't focus on the damn chapter it was giving her fits. She had reread the page twice and still had no clue what it said. All she could focus on was the fact that just down the hall, were Beau and Tristan. And she couldn't quite understand why, but she desperately wanted to go join them. She thought reading and would help her clear her mind but it wasn't. Ziggy was sleep on the pillow next to her and even his comforting presence wasn't helping. She wanted them. And she didn't know what to do other than to go join them.

With a sigh she stood up and snatched Ziggy off the pillow. He yawned and gave her a funny look before curling up in her palm and dozing. Oh how she wished it was that simple for her. She dug around in her backpack and found the pack of cigarettes the bottom. Tossing on her robe and slipping on her house shoes, she made her way to the patio she spied earlier off the back of the kitchen. She hoped there was no alarm, since she didn't have the code and really didn't want to wake up the guys. She slipped outside and quickly lit her cigarette. She knew they were horrible for her but it was her one vice, picked up during her failed attempt at making friends during college.

A few minutes later she was back inside and brushing her teeth. Ziggy was crawling out her robe pocket, hoping it was time to settle down. The little hedgehog had grown used to the late nights with her but apparently he was exhausted from his upheaval from home. She held him while staring at her empty bed. She quickly turned and made her way down the hall to the same room she found Beau in earlier.

The door was cracked and after silently pushing it open, she watched both men sleep. Trist was sleep on his stomach, displaying his powerful back and a monstrous tattoo which she would investigate later. Beau slept hanging half way off the bed and it looked like he drooled. She found it oddly adorable. She made her way to Trist's side of the bed and slipped off her robe. She only had on a tank top and pair of Batman boy shorts. After folding her robe and placing it on the nightstand, she settled Ziggy on top of it and tried to figure out how to climb in the bed without waking either man. The bed itself was huge but both were sleep near the edge. After huffing and puffing for a few seconds she decided to climb into the middle, which had the most open space.

Trist felt the bed move and was immediately awake. Then her scent hit him like a ton of bricks. She was there. In their bed, of her own free will. She came to them. His heart fluttered and he couldn't stop himself from reaching out and pulling her to him. The sudden movement woke Beau, who reached over to smack Trist to get him to stop moving. His hand was met with soft curls and his eyes shot open. He knew it wasn't morning yet because the room was still dark and he was trying to figure out what the hell she was doing here. He was both ecstatic and confused. Tristan had his nose buried in her neck and was inhaling her sweet fragrance. He finally felt peace.

While he felt peace, Khara was on edge. There was a massive erection poking her spine and a grinning Beau in front of her. She wasn't quite sure when she became aroused but she was, and she knew she had to take care of it or she would never get any sleep. Nobody moved for minutes. Trist was smiling, placing small kisses on her neck and Beau had grabbed her hand and was smiling like a loon at her. She began to fidget and Trist thought that maybe she was uncomfortable. He loosed his hold on her and reached down the rub her thighs instead. She stilled completely and he wasn't sure why but he couldn't stop. Her skin was so damn soft. He wanted to touch more and in his deliriously happy state, he couldn't stop himself.

Beau couldn't quite see Trist behind Khara but he was aware when Tristan's touching turned sexual. Her entire body tensed and he heard her soft sigh. As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he could see Trist's hand glide up her inner thigh to the place he most wanted to be. Her fingers gripped Beau's all of a sudden and he felt a jolt go straight to his dick. He had to taste her. Now.

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He slid closer and brushed his fingertips across her nipples. Trist released a soft groan when she arched back into him at Beau's touch. All Khara could do was lay there while both men touched her in ways that were blowing her mind. They ran their hands over her entire body for long minutes. She was a heated puddle of arousal and need and was close to begging them for something she wasn't quite sure she wanted. Suddenly, Beau's mouth was wrapped around her clit and she let out a loud moan.

Beau was in heaven. He dreamed of drowning in her and he finally had the opportunity. He suckled both lips slowly and gently rolled his tongue around her clit. His large hands splayed across her soft belly to hold her still. She began to rock against his face and Trist could only lay there and watch her as she came. Her whole body flushed and her pupils dilated. It was gorgeous. She was gorgeous.

The barely audible trill of her ringtone couldn't be heard over her loud moans of pleasure but the voicemail clicking on was heard loud and clear on Jared's end. He was pissed she wasn't answering and him being drunk didn't help. He threw his phone across the fancy hotel room in Dallas. Sandra would be out the shower soon. To hell with Khara tonight. He'd deal with her when he got back.

Chapter 13

Khara woke up in a daze. She was unsure of where she was, who was touching her and why the sun was on her right and not her left. After blinking rapidly, she finally recalled last night. Both coming back with the boys, and the things they did to her body in this bed. She felt herself start to hyperventilate. She scrambled out of the sheets only to realize she was naked. The edges of her vision darkened and all she could think of was how she allowed things to get so out of control. She needed to know the time and she didn't even know where her phone was. Where the hell was Ziggy? Trist realized the moment she woke up but stayed very still wondering how she would react. He got his answer when he felt her scramble off the bed and heard her panting close to Beau's nightstand, where she had placed her pet, last night. He opened his eyes to find Khara naked and rapidly moving the sheets and blankets.

"Whatcha looking for, my heart?" he whispered. Khara jumped in fright and nearly passed out. Her breathing was already erratic and she felt faint. "What time is it? I need to know the time. And where Ziggy is. It isn't like him to run off and I can't lose him. And could you find my clothes. I need to take my medicine and now my schedule is off and I can't do this. Sweet father forgive me." And suddenly it was quiet. He watched her eyes glaze over and was able to jump across the bed just in time to prevent her from cracking her skull on the nightstand. By the end of her rant, Khara was yelling, finally waking Beau up. He was disoriented and only knew that a naked Trist was draped across his lap holding an unconscious Khara a few inches from the ground. Beau reached down and help Trist pull Khara back into the bed. He settled her on his lap and felt her breath fan across his chest and he looked to Trist in question. "What the hell happened while I was asleep?"

Trist shook his head at Beau all while silently castrating himself and Beau. They had pushed her out of comfort zone too fast. She had a full blown panic attack and it was their fault. While last night had been the things his dreams have been made of, he didn't realize she would react so badly the next morning. It was horrible. How exactly would they fix this? He turned to Beau with the saddest look in his eyes. "She woke up and had a panic attack. I think we pushed too hard, too fast, last night. She was overwhelmed this morning and fainted just before you woke up. I don't know how to fix this one Beau, I'm lost and I just want to explain to her but I know it's not that easy." He ran his hands through his hair and stood up from the large bed. Beau's gaze immediately dropped to Tristan's dick and he felt himself stir under the sheets. This wasn't the time but with Khara in his arms and a naked God a few feet from him, he couldn't help it.

"I want to love her, and touch her. I want to go to that shitty townhouse and grab her stuff and move her here. I don't want to wait for her to be ready to accept us. I can't wait. I'm dying inside not being able to be myself. I want to bury my cock so far in her she forgets how to breathe. I want to make her forget about time. But I can't. I have to wait. And I pushed yesterday and look what I did to her. What the fuck am I supposed to do?" Beau had never seen his soul so broken. Trist was furiously pacing and was making little agitated noises in his throat. Trist was normally the picture of collected. He always had a plan and was prepared for all the little contingencies', But not this time. Khara had stretched Trist to his breaking point. Now it was up to Beau to fix it all. And for once, he was glad to take the lead. Normally, he let Tristan have control over damn near everything, but he realized Trist's domineering ways would only drive Khara away, the exact opposite of what they wanted to happen.

Beau felt Khara start to move in his arms and slowly lowered her back to mattress. He didn't think it would help the situation if she woke up in his arms. And as much as it killed him to let her go, he had to. This would probably be the last time he got to hold her for quite some time. They need to give her space and let her figure this whole thing out without the pressure of a physical relationship. He watched her blink slowly as she regained consciousness. He watched her eyes dart around in panic once again and didn't know exactly what to do to help her calm down. She quickly glanced at his face and then over to Tristan, who had managed to pull on a pair of sweatpants and was standing at the foot of the bed. "Its 7:18am," Trist said when he caught her

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eye. He watched the panic recede slightly and wondered when he would get used to her obsession with the time. She slowly sat up and remember her nudity. She glanced around, searching for her robe and found it draped across the bottom corner of the bed. She crawled over to it and heard a groan from behind her.

Beau watched her ass sway back and forth and she crawled across the bed and couldn't hold back the small groan at the sight. Khara slid off the bed and pulled her robe around her. She turned back to the two men and attempted to give them a bright smile. "Do you know where Ziggy is? He normally sleeps on my pillow but I'm afraid he isn't used to sharing the bed with so many people. I fear he might be a bit lost." Trist smiled at her attempt to be normally when he knew she was panicking on the inside. Beau reached behind him and pulled the prickly little creature from the top of his pillow. He spent half the night trying to keep the damn thing out his hair, which it seemed to want to burrow into. "The little guy is just fine Khara. Here he is." Khara shuffled closer to Beau and gently grabbed Ziggy. "Thank you. I have to keep schedule. Breakfast is at 8:20. Is that ok," she said while glancing at both men. They nodded and she slowly began to back out of the room.

She reached in her robe pocket and felt her phone. She looked down to check the time and saw she had 19 missed called and 12 text messages. She knew they were all from Jared, and she honestly didn't want to get yelled at but as soon as she made it to her room, she began to read through the text. Each one was increasingly angry and she was almost in tears by the last one. He had called her names and was threatening to spank her when he got home, because she didn't answer his calls last night and this morning. She finally finished and knew she had to return home and face Jared. She called his phone and waited for him to answer.

"Where the fuck are you?" she remained silent. "I'm sitting in this little reading room you love so fucking much Khara, trying to figure out where you and that little fucking rat are. See, I came home early, worried that maybe something happened to prevent you from answering my calls. Only to fucking find out you aren't here. Now tell em where you are, you little shit!" he roared down the phone. Khara was crying in earnest by the end and was terrified. Jared had never yelled or cursed at her like that. "I went to visit my doctor yesterday and had to stay overnight at the clinic, so I brought Ziggy. I'm sorry" she stuttered out, hoping the lie would save her. She wasn't used to lying, but some part of her knew the truth wouldn't go over well right now.

"Well I'll just come down to the fucking clinic and collect you then. Give me the address, now," Jared ground out. He was going to have to tighten her up when they got home. She couldn't go off and do whatever she wanted without telling him, even it was for her health. She was his, and her complete dependence on him was essential if he was going to keep her around. She was fucking useless in a relationship but her pussy and mouth were astounding and she was fucking gorgeous. He wouldn't let her try to gain any independence on his watch.

"No thank you, Jared. I have to stay until later. And I have my bike. I can easily ride home. Thank you though. Maybe when I get home I can suck your dick. Ok? I have to go because the doctor is coming. Bye." She quickly hung up the phone turned to head towards the kitchen. She let out a startled gasp when she realized Tristan was standing right behind her. She hoped he hadn't heard that conversation. She was already off schedule and stressed. It was time for breakfast and her medicine and then she would have to say goodbye to the boys, sure that Jared would ground her for some time.

Trist reached over gently pulled the phone from her hands before placing it on the dresser next to them. He turned back to her and watched her look away, still not comfortable with making eye contact. "You let him talk to you like you are worthless, and I can tell you are considering going back, but you can't baby. I can't let you do that. Not when he might hurt you, I wouldn't feel right." She gasped and snapped her head up to meet his eyes. "NO! No, no, no, no, no. Don't do this Tristan, he will be even more angry and I don't want him to use the cane. I need to go home after breakfast. I will be ok. I promise and you and Beau will be ok." She was almost hysterical but Trist just stood there in all his muscular glory and shook his head at her. Not even an

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hour ago he was talking about taking a backseat to Beau but he wasn't about to let her go home to that douche. No way.

He reached out and pulled her into his chest and held her. She was sobbing in fright and he needed her to calm down before he could explain. Beau walked in and was silent. He watched the two stand there and wondered what the hell could have happened while he was downstairs picking up breakfast. He stepped closer and he heard Trist began to whisper to her. "He does not love you if you fear him. That isn't love, baby. That's control. And as much as I don't want you to go, I won't stop you because I'm not like him. I won't control you. But you will hurt both Beau and I deeply if you return to a man I just heard call you names and threaten you. Do you understand? We will not stop you but we will hurt, and wait for you to come home, to us. Ok?" Trist felt her nod into his chest and almost cried. She was going to leave them, he knew it. She was going to go back to that no good piece of shit because she was comfortable. And because they loved her, they wouldn't stop her. Lot of fucking good this was.

Suddenly, he felt her arms wrap around him and he felt her nails dig into his back. She was grasping him so tight it was nearly painful and he felt like she was trying to say goodbye. The tears finally fell and he wasn't sure how he would let her go. He couldn't do it. He just couldn't. It would kill him. He knew it. She started to mumble into his chest and he had to pull her back slightly so he could understand her. She was whimpering "I don't want to go. I don't want to go. I don't want to go," over and over and he almost felt faint. She didn't want to go. She wanted to stay!

Chapter 14

Two Weeks Later

Beau wondered if Tristan was going to come out the room tonight. Beau had barely seen him since she walked out the door. She took their soul with her and Trist immediately stopped functioning. He took an extended leave from the restaurant and hadn't really left her room since. Beau left food outside the room before he left for work and there was always something cooked when he got home, but he couldn't remember the last time he had even seen Tristan's face. It hurt him that he lost both his hear and soul but he couldn't find it in himself to drag Tristan out.

She packed up her stuff, and walked out the door without a backwards glance. Wouldn't even let them give her a ride. She put their numbers in her phone and gave them both a distant hug before she wrecked their entire world. All they could hope was that she would eventually show up to the coffee shop below or at least call them. But neither had happened over the past two weeks and Beau was ready to scream. But instead, he grabbed his suit coat and walked out the loft. He couldn't stand to sit there and remember her in their home. Not when she wasn't coming back.

2 Months After She Left

Beau watched Tristan get dressed. While he was glad he had finally crawled out of Khara's room, he was still hurt by Tristan's complete withdrawal from anything but work. Trist had crawled out the room almost 3 weeks ago, dressed for work. He sat at the breakfast bar and ate the bacon and pancakes Beau had been preparing. He quickly finished, gulped down half a carton of OJ, kissed Beau, and walked out their home. Beau had stood in the middle of the kitchen, completely speechless for what seemed like hours, but was only a few minutes before he snapped out of it and went to work himself. The next three weeks went much the same. Trist slept in Khara's room but wouldn't let Beau in there, was up for breakfast and back for dinner. They had maybe talked a total of 20 minutes, most of which being "I love You"s" or "Have a good day." Beau knew they couldn't push Khara but he was growing desperate. She had one more week or he was going down to that shitty townhouse and dragging her out himself.

It was storming harder than it had all year and there weren't many people out. It was expected to flood and nobody wanted to be caught outside. Racheal was damn lucky she lived in a small one bedroom in the same building. She was hoping Beau would let her close up since they hadn't had a customer since opening almost 4 hours ago. She was sitting there playing Diner Dash on her phone when she heard the chime go off on the front door. she looked up to what appeared to be a drowned rat. The lady had on no shoes, coat, or even long pants for that matter. Racheal walked from behind the counter, thinking maybe it was just one of the local homeless looking for shelter from the storm.

Khara was terrified and knew she had to hide, she wasn't sure if Jared was going to stay gone for long and she had to make it to Beau or Tristan before he figured out she was gone. She had walked the 4 miles to the coffee shop hoping she could hide here until she could call them. She noticed the Beau's cousin, Racheal who made cute drawling in the foam in her drinks. "Is Beau or Tristan around, I desperately need to speak with them, please. And can I please sit in the back, I fear my ex-fiance may come after me and I don't want him to find me here" she whispered brokenly.

Rach jumped in fright realizing what she thought was a hobo was actually that girl that Beau and Trist seemed to be mooning over. She quickly reached out to pull Khara in but was startled when Khara jumped back in fright and curled in on her self. Racheal's eyes widened and she slowed her approach. Khara realized the girl didn't mean to harm her and edged further in the shop. She glanced down at the wet trail she was leaving she

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raised her head to apologize but Rach was too busy in her phone. She wondered if she was calling Beau or Tristan. She desperately hoped she was because Khara needed them now more than ever. The last two months had been a nightmare and she desperately wanted to sleep without wondering if Jared would force her to spread her legs or open her mouth.

Khara followed Racheal in shuffling steps toward what she assumed was the back of the coffee shop. Racheal shuffled Khara into a tiny office and gave her a few of the towels they kept to dry up messes to dry off. Khara couldn't hear Racheal's conversation but she briefly wondered if coming here had been the right decision. Jared had taken her phone, thrown Ziggy out and locked her in the house for nearly two months. She had finally managed to get out while he was gone to Dallas again. She broke the small kitchen window and started the long walk through the rain. She didn't even pack or put clothes on because she knew getting out was more important.

Khara snapped out of her memories when she heard a raised male voice from up front and she began to shake in fright. Once she realized the voice was yelling her name she slowly scooted to the floor and attempted to hide under the tiny desk. The office door burst open and she heard Tristan's sweet voice whisper her name. She slowly crawled from under the desk and stood to find Tristan in tears frantically looking around the room for her. "Trist," she whispered and his gaze snapped to her. He reached out and she immediately curled in on herself, thinking she would be hit again. Trist stood frozen, his hand a few inches from her. She realized he wasn't going to hit her and flung herself into his arms. She was safe. Finally, she was safe.

Chapter 15

*****This chapter is completely unedited, i havent even re-read the damn thing I've been so pressed for time and felt really bad about making you guys wait any longer. So here is something. Which is better than nothing! Thanks for sticking with this you guys!*****

Trist stood in the doorway watching Beau bandage Khara up. After dragging her from under the desk, the convinced her to come upstairs and that Jared wouldn't be able to see her. Beau had told Racheal to go home and lock up. He knew his cousin had never seen him cry and if she didn't leave she was going to get an eyeful. Trist carried Khara like she was a baby all the way upstairs and nearly punched a hole in the wall when he saw the bruises and cuts. She was terrified and mumbling about Ziggly and Beau knew he had to step in to calm her down.

Beau was wrapping her feet when Tristan stepped closer and caught Khara's attention. She peaked over at him and watched the angry roll off of him she couldn't understand why he was so upset. Maybe she had made him angry with her absence. But Jared wouldn't let her leave. "I'm sorry I've been gone. Jared wouldn't let me leave or call. Please don't be angry with me."

Tristan stopped moving and took a deep breath. The urge to punch something was strong. He was ready to do violence to that piece of shit. And Khara sat there think his was angry at her. After a few deep breaths and turned to Khara and gently cupped her face in his hands. "I Love you more than air. Angry doesn't begin to describe how I feel right now. But none of that anger is directed at you. I'm so fucking relieved baby. And I'm never, ever, ever going to let you leave again." He said while caressing her cheeks. "But I have to get Ziggly. I couldn't find him before I left and I have to..."

"You will NOT be going back to that place EVER. For anything or anyone, understand Khara. You can't go back. Please baby, understand why." Beau snapped. Khara had jumped at his tone and sat that in silence, staring. She was completely off kilter right now and need to get some semblance of structure going or she would soon break down.

Trist noticed her breathing accelerate and watched her pupils dilate. Before he could even react her eyes had rolled in to the back of her head and she had fainted. "Fuck!" Beau yelled as caught her from falling face first onto the floor. Trist was right there as Beau carried her over to the exact same chair they had first had a taste of her on. Tristan couldn't help his erection at the thought of having her sprawled out on this very chair again. "A little inappropriate right now, babe" Beau chuckled out. Trist glared at Beau and adjusted himself.

They both stood there, just watching as she tossed fretfully. They had no idea how to get her calm but Trist knew she needed to get her things and have her schedule. She had showed up with nothing so he knew she had nothing with her, including that damn pet or her medicine. Which meant one of them was going to have to go fetch her stuff. "I'm go to go grab her stuff from the assholes house. Don't too much care if he is there or not. Take some photos of her bruises and cuts while I'm gone in case we need to get the police involved." Trist grumbled out. Beau just nodded while he continued to stare at Khara.

Trist walked out the room and a few seconds later Beau heard the front door slam. With a sigh and walked back into the dining room and grabbed the first aid kit and his phone. He had to clean up their love and get those pictures while she was out so he wouldn't have to stress her out once she woke up. He hoped Tristan wouldn't get into any trouble while he was getting her stuff but he knew with Tristan's background, he was looking for trouble and would wait around to find it.

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Trist had made it Khara's old home in record time and sat in his truck watching to see if anyone was there. He could see the open window on the side of the townhouse the Khara has crawled through and now he could fit in it. He noticed there was no car in the drive way and Khara's bike was chained to a small bike rack next front door. After looking around for a few more seconds, he quickly determined no one was out and about in storm and jumped out. He hustled around the side of the house and quickly jumped in the window. He noticed he landed right inside of the dining room and quickly took stock of the house. There was broken glass on the floor and what looked like a burnt breakfast on the table. He spied some reusable shopping bags and quickly grabbed them. He would throw anything that looked Khara related into them and get the hell out as fast as he could. He pushed back the room divider that he knew she kept Ziggy behind and found nothing.

With a sigh he turned and quickly ran up the stairs. He opened the first closed door and found her reading room, he grabbed all the books on the small table and couch and tossed them in a reusable bag. He saw her messenger bag and quickly slung that over his shoulder. He left that room and quickly moved on to the next, which just so happened to be her bedroom. The bed was messy and men's clothes were scattered everywhere. It looked like someone had deliberately messed the room up, just to bother someone. He knew it was that punk's way of messing with Khara and it made his blood boil. He let out a deep breath and quickly went to the closet and stuffed as much clothes of hers in a duffle bag as he could. Next he checked all the medicine with her name on the dresser in the bag and turned to leave. He spied another small closet in the opposite corner and finally realized it was that douche's closet, wondering if that were he hid her damn pet, he kicked in the door and there the damn thing was, sitting on the floor in its cage.

Trist quickly snatched it up and made his way back downstairs. He heard the garage door open and sprinted back towards the dining room. The garage was on the opposite side of the house and the asshole would have to walk through the living room and kitchen to see Tristan. Trist quickly hopped out the window just as he heard a door slam in the house. He full sprinted with all the bags and that damn cage and only hoped he didn't hurt the damn animal in it back to his truck. He slung the bag in the backseat and quickly sat the cage in the passenger as he cranked the car up. As soon as he went to pull off the rain came down in sheets and he knew he had made a clean getaway. Now he just had to get back to his heart and soul and make everything better. Because she had to be ok. Or Tristan didn't know if he would survive

Chapter 16

***** Hi guys. This is the second part of chapter 15! This story is getting some major editing so the new chapters will be a bit on the short side until I can fix all the errors and inconsistencies. And please check out my other two stories, if you don't mind. No pressure lol! Thanks again for reading! Peace and Love!*****

She was so damn beautiful. Beau was lying on the couch wishing they hadn't let her leave 2 months ago. 9 hellish weeks later and this was the Khara they got back. Damn it all to hell. He wanted to punch something and cry at the same time. The past couple of weeks made him realize that Khara was IT. She was the glue that was going to hold him and Tristan together. No her, no them. Tristan wouldn't survive the heartbreak and Beau wasn't sure if he would either.

He vaguely heard the front door close but his gaze never moved. Tristan approached the reading nook and saw that Beau had apparently changed her clothes and finish bandaging Khara up. He sat down the bags and Ziggy's cage. He slowly walked over to where she sat and lowered himself next to her. She was laying on her side, facing Beau, hugging a pillow. He slowly eased the pillow from her grasp and pulled her into his arms. Beau watched the first tear side out of Tristan's eyes and felt his own eyes mist over.

Tristan finally let all the pent up emotions out and found himself crying in her hair. She was finally back in his arms. His body began to shake with sobs and Beau climbed in behind Tristan. Beau had never seen Trist cry. Not when he lost his baby sister, not when he was in physical therapy to repair his shattered legs. Never. And here he was, crying his soul out. Beau hunched over Tristan's back and simply held him. He didn't know what else to do, so he was just there. For both of them. He could only hope Khara woke up soon. He knew they couldn't get her to talk about it right away, but he hoped they could at least make her comfortable enough to stay.

Khara slowly woke up more comfortable than she had been in months. She hoped it wasn't a dream. She couldn't deal with Jared smacking her awake again. Maybe if she was quiet, she could get downstairs before he woke up and make his favorite breakfast. Maybe then he would let her leave the house today. She needed to get back over to Beau and Trist. She missed them terribly and knew she should have never come back.

She first noticed she wasn't in her bed when her pillow moved. She was always a very light sleeper and whenever Jared tried to cuddle her in her sleep, she would instantly wake up and move out of his reach. She was currently lying on a very solid chest that was shaking slightly. Her eyes quickly popped open and she noticed she was staring at a very familiar bookcase. She was really here. She was at their house. In the chair. And one of them was holding her. She let out a small giggle. He was finally here. She didn't quite remember anything but Jared smacking her and then crawling out a window, but somehow, she made it.

Beau heard that sweet giggle and let out a deep sigh of relief. If she was giggling she was ok. He leaned down and whispered "She's awake baby, ease up please," to Trist. Tristan slowly eased back and allowed her some space to move. She turned towards him and gave him a huge grin. He was momentarily stunned. Fuck she was gorgeous. "Hi there, sweetie. How you feeling," Beau asked her with a hesitant smile. She turned to Beau and briefly met his gaze. She the cutest blush she turned back to Tristan and quietly asked, "Can you make me a BLT? I haven't had one since the last time you cooked for me." Tristan gave her a full blown grin and quickly jumped up. "Sure thing babe, anything you want." He said. Khara let out a tiny squeal but quickly reigned her excitement in. "What time is it Beau?" she asked while turning back towards him.

Beau had taken to wearing a watch just so he could always give her time. He figured, whenever she came back, he would never have to figure out the time. "7:42. Trist went and got a few of your things, and one thing

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that will hopefully make you very happy." Khara went to jump up only to have Tristan push her back down. She flinched and curled in on herself. Tristan ground his teeth thinking of that asshole hurting her. "Hey babe, relax. Trist just didn't want you to stand up and hurt your feet. You cut them up pretty bad walking over. Did you step on glass or something?" Beau asked gently. Khara peeked from behind her hands and slowly relaxed.

"I don't remember walking here. I just remember him throwing the pan and then stomping outside. he had done his daily checks of all the windows and doors and I climbed out the window. I don't remember much else until Tristan pulled me from under the table. Is that ok? I'm sorry I don't remember," she whispered. "Its fine babe, just try to relax. Do you need anything? Your medicine, a book, something to drink?" Beau asked. She shook her head and continued to gaze down. She noticed her wrists were void of the color beads she always had on and she looked incomplete. She wondered just how much work it was going to take to get her back whole. They had to let her get comfortable again before they could even dream of making any sort of relationship moves. Sexual or not.

Khara meanwhile was wondering if it would be ok to kiss Beau. He just sat there nibbling on his bottom lip and it made her feel warm. Her pussy was terribly sore from Jared last night but she knew she had missed Beau's touch. With a quiet sigh, she leaned further back into the car and attempted to process what had happened. She had left home, without her meds, no Ziggly, no books. Hell, not even her clothes. How was this supposed to work? She knew she couldn't go back but the mere thought of starting all over had her in an almost full blown panic attack. She squeezed her eyes shut and began to hum her favorite song. She focused on breathing and didn't even notice Beau get up.

After a few moments she felt calm enough to open her eyes and she found the chair across from her filled with familiar bags. With a sharp gasp she sat up and reached for the closet bag. It was her bright messenger bag. She quickly opened it to find her medicine and a few of her bracelets. She quickly slid them on and opened her meds and took two pills with no water. After struggling to swallow them, a glass of water suddenly appeared with a smiling Beau behind it. With a tiny smile she gave him a small thanks and took large gulps from the lemon flavored water.

"Tristan snuck in your old house and grabbed some of your stuff. Including the most important thing," he said as he pulled his hand from behind him to reveal Ziggly sitting in the palm of his hand. Khara let out an ear piercing scream and snatched Ziggly. The small creature squirmed in her hand before settling himself into a tiny ball. Khara began to cry and she clutched her bag and Ziggly. "Could this be real?" she thought. She never imagined getting him back but to have him was overwhelming. She knew she had to thank them somehow. She just didn't know how, yet.

Chapter 17

Tristan happily floated around the kitchen while fixing Khara's dinner. It was getting late and he doubted she would be awake for long after eating. He was humming that tune she would always hum and dancing around the kitchen. Beau leaned against the wall watching his man shake his ass and he couldn't fight the full blown grin. Tristan was smiling, Khara was here, and now hopefully they could move forward with their lives. He was positive they weren't done with that asshole but he was hoping they were on their way to happiness.

Tristan finally realized someone was watching him when he heard a tiny giggle causing both him and Beau to turn around. Khara stood just behind Beau and was apparently laughing at Trist's bad dancing. Trist managed to blush a pretty shade of red that had Beau's dick raring to go. Khara took slow cautious steps towards the island bar and sat in her usual chair.

Tristan had imagined her sitting in that chair for weeks and to finally see her there, grinning at him had his knees weak. His hands were shaking and he doubted eh could finish cooking but he slowly turned around and went back to the stove to check the bacon. Khara picked up humming the song right where Trist left off and wiggled her own little dance moves right in her chair. It was Beau's turn to giggle at the sight of Khara shaking her cute little ass in the chair and Trist shaking his hips at the stove.

Khara suddenly stopped humming and turned to Beau with a full blown grin. "Can we get a dog? A BIG DOG!" she said with excitement. Trist turned around and gave Beau a sharp look. Beau and Trist had once considered getting a dog but felt it would be a bad idea since they both worked so much. But he knew it would be hard for either one of them to tell her no. "Maybe a Mastiff? Or a Wolfhound! Yes! A HUGE white wolfhound and we shall name him Lord Elrond, of Rivendale. Ok?" Khara asked Beau with pleading eyes. Beau was caught off guard by her excitement and nodded his head. Khara squealed and jumped up to give him a hug before letting out a loud shriek when he bruised and cut feet hit the ground.

Tristan was immediately there and Beau was already lifting her back onto the barstool to check her bandages. Khara began to shoo them away saying she was fine before she was given a sharp look from Tristan, causing her to close her mouth. She let the men fuss over her feet until they began talks of going to a hospital. She immediately pushed them both away and began to shake her head while chanting "NO!" loudly. Trist slowly backed away while Beau grabbed her hands and tried to calm her down. "We won't go anywhere you don't want to, love. We can stay right here. Just us," he whispered in her ear until she slowly calmed down. Beau glanced up sharply at Trist. Trist simply nodded back, knowing Beau was telling him to just act normal. They didn't want her to feel pressured to do anything. They enjoyed relaxed Khara and knew they had to be patient.

Tristan turned back to the stove and stared to hum again. After a few moments, Khara slowly relaxed and began to hum along with Trist while slightly bouncing. "So when do you want to get the dog?" Tristan asked, knowing he would do whatever it took to make her smile. Khara let out a small shriek and asked if they could get one tomorrow. Beau and Trist shared a smile and knew that they could worry about everything else tomorrow. Tonight was just for them.

Hours later and Trist found himself watching Khara sleep. She had crashed soon after eating her BLT and they had to carry her to her bed. Now she sprawled out on her bed in nothing but one sock, a tank top and the tiniest pair of green and blue polka dot boy shorts he had ever seen. Her body never failed to amaze him and he found himself palming his dick imagining her riding him into oblivion.

Beau crept up behind Tristan and slid his hand down to his dick. He knew exactly what Trist was thinking. Trist had been watching her sleep since they put her to bed, and Beau knew he would eventually give into his raging lust. Trist let out a low moan a gripped the doorjam. Damn Beau and his sneaky ways. He pushed

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Beau's hand off and attempted to wave him off but Beau refused to be denied.

Beau couldn't even remember the last they had had sex. And now he couldn't stop himself from slowly falling to his knees in front of Trist and slowly pulling down his sweatpants. Tristan's dick popped out and Beau was extremely happy that Trist usually went commando. Beau gazed up at Trist and watched his eyes dart back and forth between the bed and Beau. Beau leaned forward slowly and licked the bead of pre-cum that was hanging from the tip. Trist let out a deep groan that had Beau rock hard. He wanted to please this man so much. Tristan fiercely grabbed Beau's hair and roughly shoved his dick down his throat. He needed to cum quickly so he could focus back on Khara. He was so terrified that she wouldn't be there if he took his eyes off her for even a second.

Beau worked his tongue and mouth over Tristan's entire dick. Saliva was dribbling down his chin and all he could do was grunt around Tristan's vicious thrust. He knew Trist was beyond control and he let him fuck his face. Trist needed it. Neither was even remotely aware that Khara had woken up and was watching them in her doorway. She sat up and watched the quick powerful thrusting of Tristan's hips and the bulge of his dick as it pounded Beau's throat. She felt herself getting wet and in her half sleep, thought that maybe this was all a dream.

Her hand found its way into her panties and she slowly rubbed her fingers over her clit. She wasn't even fully aware she was playing herself but after letting out a moan both men's eyes snapped over to her. She let out a small whine when Tristan's dick popped out of Beau's mouth. Before she could even open her mouth to ask them to keep going, Beau was on her bed and pulling her panties down. She let out a yelp when she felt hands slid up her thighs and suddenly there were two mouths on her dripping pussy. She let out a loud scream and instantly came. Trist sat back after her orgasm and let Beau continue to lick and suckle at her clit.

Trist slowly backed up until he was kneeling at the foot of the bed. He gripped Beau's pants and pulled him away from Khara. Both let out soft groans that had a feral smile creeping onto Tristan's face. All thoughts of rushing her flew out the window at the sight he her wet pussy splayed before him. "Beau, strip her naked. It's time to show Khara just how much we missed her." Beau grinned up at her and crawled over her body. Tristan watched Beau strip her while he slowly shed his pants and shirt. It was time for some fun.

Chapter 18

*****Hi guys! Terribly sorry for the extremely long time in between updates. I got a promotion at work and have been super busy now that we are only 90 days away from my wedding (YAY)! Please forgive me for the terribly short chapter but this whole thing came to me in a dream and I woke up to write it for you guys! ENJOY and COMMENT!!!!!! HAVE A GREAT DAY!*****

Khara couldn't help the deep moan from slipping out of her mouth. She wanted something from these two men and she wasn't sure how to tell them. Her body was vibrating with lust and she couldn't get the words out to tell them what she needed. She knew she should be a bit more cautious but she had never felt more loved and safe than she did since she made it back to her men.

Trist was stuck staring at her body shudder with pleasure. Every time one of them touched her she damn near vibrated. Now she was naked and the dazed look in her eyes was only making his dick feel like a lead pipe. Her pussy was gloriously wet and Beau had her legs spread so wide and he could see it weeping from the foot of the bed. He watched Beau strip and he couldn't help but admire the powerful, lithe muscles in Beau's back. God he loved the man and woman in front of him more than air. He needed to be inside of Beau first though. He has denied Beau physical contact while he was moping in Khara's absence. And he knew that wasn't fair.

Beau was now as naked as the day he was born and Tristan let out a deep growl when Beau knelt on the bed and bent over to suckle at Khara's clit. Trist fisted his dick and slowly began to stroke himself. He couldn't help but watch Beau's lightly tanned skin against Khara's much more golden tone. "Spread you legs Beau. I want to shove my tongue in that beautiful ass." Trist gave a feral grin at Beau's deep moan into Khara's pussy, causing her back to arch and her to shove her pussy further into Beau's mouth. Trist climbed on the bed and tightly grasped both of Beau's ass cheeks. He stared down at the beautiful little pucker and felt his mouth water. He couldn't wait to shove his aching cock deep in that tight hole but knew he wanted to taste it first, and maybe even after.

"Beau, baby, I want you to work her pussy good. By the time I'm done with you I want as many fingers in her delightful pussy as you can fit. Maybe even your whole hand. I want to see her scream." Both Khara and Beau let out deep moans and Trist knew he had them both right where he needed them to be. He planned to have his dick in both of them before the night was over. He spread Beau's ass wide and leaned down and gently probed that beautiful pink pucker. Beau's back arched and he slowed the thrust of his fingers down but Khara wouldn't let him become too distracted. She quickly grabbed his hair and shoved his face deep into her pussy. Beau went back to suckling her clit and shoving 3 fingers deep in side and while lightly grazing her g-spot. Trist had moved down to lick and suckle his balls and was easing two fingers in and out of Beau with slow and steady thrust. Beau was wiggling his hips and grinding his ass on Tristan's fingers when suddenly the fingers were gone. Beau whimpered at the loss but didn't slow up on Khara's clit. She was rolling through small orgasms but knew the big one was coming but she couldn't get Beau to really fuck her with the gloriously long fingers.

Trist leaned back and stroked his cock with the lube while watching Khara beg and plead for Beau to make her come. "Please! God! Beauuuuuuu!" Her voice was so breathy and light and it made him feel like a caged animal. He leaned over Beau's back and gave Khara a feral smile as she gazed up at him. She pulled Beau's cheeks apart and slowly began to slide his massive dick home. Beau had stopped moving and Khara opened her eyes to see Beau's eyes shut tightly while he fisted the sheets in one hand and pressed the tips of his fingers into her g-spot with the other. She looked up and watched the dark glint in Tristan's eyes as he impaled Beau on that beautiful dick. She was entranced and closing in on a mind shattering orgasm. "Beau, fuck her g-spot with those fingers. She's a squirter Beau, don't you want her to come on your face and chest. While I fuck your tight little ass? Do it Beau, make her squirt right in your mouth. Or I won't move. Now." With a smooth pull out he rapidly slammed back in Beau cause the man to shout and shove his fingers so hard

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into Khara's g-spot she squealed as she saw stars.

Trist began a furious pace and Beau started to rock his fingers over Khara's g-spot with quick thrust. Khara and babbling incoherently and lifting her pelvis higher in the air. Beau wasn't going to last and he felt his balls drawing up. Trist his that special spot deep in Beau and he let out a high pitched moan. "Yes baby, moan for me. Make her s squirt while I make you moan. I love how you sound together. The perfect song. Cum, both of you." Beau's whole body began to convulse as he came on command causing his fingers to move furiously over Khara's deepest spot. She suddenly stopped moaning, and froze. Before either man could react, she raised her pelvis high in the air and let out a soundless scream and she squirter right into Beau open mouth. Beau tried to catch some in her mouth but she wouldn't stop squirting. He pelvis kept rising and soon she was squirting her delicious juice clear over Beau's head and onto his back and Tristan's chest. Trist couldn't stop watching her violently beautiful orgasm. He didn't even feel his own orgasm until it flew out of him right into Beau's deep ass. He let out a loud grunt and ground his dick deep in Beau causing Beau's body to shake with the force of his orgasm.

Khara had passed out and her pussy was still contracting and a most delightful way . Trist was nowhere near stated. He had fucked his man, and now it was time to slowly and softly sink into his woman. While Beau sunk into him. He rolled Beau over and kissed him gently. Beau wrapped a hand around Tristan's back and smiled into the kiss. He didn't think he had ever been more happy and content and wanted to stay like this forever. It was perfect. This was perfect. They were perfect.

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