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Ménage Amour



**Cooper
McKenzie**

**Claiming Their
Dream Weaver**



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CLAIMING THEIR DREAM WEAVER

Cooper McKenzie

MENAGE AMOUR



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DEDICATION

To weavers on looms or needles and all those who know the magic of creation. A special thanks to Karen C. who patiently answered my questions about weaving and looms.

CLAIMING THEIR DREAM WEAVER

COOPER MCKENZIE

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Chapter 1

It's time to come home.

Suz Bowen Black's heart dropped to her stomach just before jumping into her throat as she checked the sender of the e-mail. She had to swallow several times to keep from throwing up when she saw her great-grandmother's e-mail address, although Jubilee, her housekeeper and best friend, had probably sent it. Checking the time stamp, she sighed. Only twenty minutes since delivery. *Thank God for the Internet.*

Spinning in her chair at the front desk of the pediatric clinic where she worked as medical secretary and receptionist, she nearly ran over Joyce Leyton, the office manager, in her haste to move.

"Whoa there, Suz. What's happened?"

"I have to take a few days off. My great-grandmother needs me." Suz blinked back the tears that pressed hard for release.

Joyce nodded and took Suz's arm. "Come to my office. She's the one in North Carolina, isn't she?"

Suz nodded and allowed Joyce to lead her into the tiny administrator's office. Suz collapsed into the chair on the visitor's side while Joyce took her seat and began clicking on her computer.

“New Bern. The family’s owned a farm there for more than two-hundred years. Now that it’s just Great Grandmother Ruth and me, I don’t know what’s going to happen.”

“Is there an airport in New Bern?”

“Yes, I think so. If not, then there’s one in Jacksonville.” Suz pulled two tissues from the box on Joyce’s desk and began to shred them in her lap.

Five minutes later Suz left the office with reservations on the four o’clock flight out of Denver heading to Charlotte, where she would catch a commuter flight to New Bern. She had just enough time to go home, change, pack, set Mac, her six-year-old cat, up with food and water for the few days she’d be gone, and get to the airport. She would arrive in New Bern just before midnight, but it was the best any airline could do.

Before she left the office, she clicked back into her e-mail and replied to Ruth’s message.

Hang on, Ruth. I’m on my way.

* * * *

“She’s on her way.” Penn McKenzie looked over his notebook computer at his twin, Liam, standing at the sink washing dishes.

“When?”

“Doesn’t say. Just that she’s on her way.” Penn spent the next few minutes clicking on the computer. “If she catches the four o’clock outta Denver, she’ll arrive near midnight. If no’, it’ll be noon tomorrow.”

“I’ll tell Ruth when I go up.”

The brothers’ eyes met and held a moment of intense communication passing between them before Liam turned away. “I’m no’ lettin’ her go this time. She’s ours, and it’s well past time we invoked *our* claim.”

“Aye, but she’s been away for a lotta years, and life’s no’ been easy fer the lass.”

“And whose fault is that, ye great dolt? You refused to fetch her home once she divorced that lout who got her pregnant and then beat her ’til she lost the babe.”

Taking a deep breath, Liam fought for control. Though she would not arrive for hours and it would be days before they could claim her properly, his cock rested against his thigh hard as the stone that made up Spring Castle back home. But if it killed him, he would hold off to give Suz the time she needed to accept them and their love.

* * * *

“We’re here, sugar, but it don’t look like nobody’s home.”

Suz started when the older black woman turned on the interior light. Her mind had been a dozen light years away, remembering things best left in the past. She smiled as she handed the woman twice the fare on the meter, then waved her off when she tried to give change.

“It’s okay. I have a key.” Ruth had given her the key at her high school graduation with an open invitation to come and visit anytime. She never had.

“Do you want me to wait ’til you get inside?”

Suz opened her door, then struggled to pull her suitcase, hanging bag, and carryall with her as she climbed out. “No, that’s fine. You go on. And thank you.”

“Take care now,” the cabby said as Suz closed the door. She sat and watched a moment until Suz waved for her to go ahead and leave.

This was Dreamer’s Dell. Nothing here that could hurt her.

* * * *

Penn sat on the porch only a few minutes when the cab pulled up

and stopped at the end of the walk. He hoped the cool night air would help him get his hard-on under control before she saw it. Though he wanted nothing more than to claim their woman, he knew Suz would need time to grieve for Ruth and to trust them again before she would allow it.

He watched as she slowed halfway up the walk, no doubt remembering the last time they'd all been together, twelve years earlier. With a smile, he allowed the memory to come forward again.

* * * *

The rest of the family went to Greenville for a basketball game, leaving them at home alone. Suz had been eighteen, a freshman at USC. At twenty-four, they were nearing the end of their tour of duty with the British Army.

Their last day in America before returning to Scotland, and no one was happy about leaving. Penn and Liam had covertly pursued her whenever they found a minute alone, until their grandfather requested a word and had led them to Ruth's studio just an hour before leaving for the game. After explaining a few of the facts about loving and claiming a Dream Weaver, he'd made the twins promise that they would not fuck Suz until she had taken Ruth's place at the loom. Shocked at their grandfather's description of *how* they would have to claim her, the boys both agreed.

But no one had bothered to tell Suz. She'd waited five minutes after the caravan of vans had left for Greenville before tracking them down in the sunroom, where they were trying to figure out a way to keep from acting on the desire they felt and damn the consequences.

"Make me a woman."

"Pardon?" they'd asked as one in amazement.

"Make me a woman. Make me *your* woman."

She pulled her sweater over her head before stripping off her jeans and panties. Before the brothers could do more than swallow hard, she

stood before them naked.

The deep pink nips topping her breasts looked harder and darker than the areolas they sat upon. Her breasts looked almost too big for her frame, but combined with a flat belly, curvy hips, and shapely legs, the twins nearly forgot their promise to Frank.

“Please. I promised my virginity to you, and I want you to have it. Now. Today.”

The boys looked from her to one another and groaned. “We can’t.”

“What?”

“We promised grandda we’d no’ take ye until ye come back here and become the Dream Weaver. Only then will we be able to make ye our woman.”

“Oh. Okay. Well, I guess I’d better...Excuse me.” She gathered her clothes, then ran from the room. The boys heard her sobbing, but couldn’t go to her. If they touched her, even to console her, they would surely break the vow they’d made just an hour before.

After dinner they’d each found a few minutes alone with her. After masterfully kissing her, using lips and tongues and erasing any embarrassment she had felt, they’d each extracted a vow from her.

“We want ye ta promise us that ye’ll no’ come for another man. We want all yer future orgasms, all of them.”

“All right,” Suz agreed, still caught up in the haze of their kisses.

How long should they wait before they could claim her? She’d given them her heart at age six, and now they asked for her future. She didn’t bother to wonder how they would make it work. She was young and innocent and in love with two men.

The next morning as the vans loaded for the trip to the Raleigh airport, the boys stopped her on the front walk, each taking one of her hands before kissing her cheeks and whispering, “Remember your promise.”

When twin tears dropped from her lashes, one to each cheek, they each used the tip of one finger to wipe a tear away. After licking her

fluid from their fingers, they climbed into the van without another glance in her direction.

* * * *

Suz shifted under the heavy weight of her bags as her nipples beaded up and her cunt grew damp at her own memories of Penn and Liam and wonderful kisses followed by gentle rejection. Amazing how even a dozen years later that memory could make her hungry and itchy and wish for things she couldn't have. With a sigh she continued up the stone walk that led to Dreamer's Dell.

Had the McKenzies been notified that Ruth was nearing the end of her run? Would they care?

"Stop thinking about them. You still won't be able to come," she muttered to herself. Hitching her bags higher, she picked up her pace. The order to herself did nothing to stop her cunt from clenching as juice continued to dampen her panties.

She smiled sadly as she ascended the handful of steps to the front porch that encircled the two-and-a-half-story farmhouse. Walking up those steps felt like coming home even though she had visited only a half dozen of times during her life. She could not see the color through the darkness, but knew nothing had changed. The wood siding would be a creamy yellow. The front door remained deep red with a stained glass window dominating the center. Black shutters guarded each window in case a hurricane came calling. The porch floor and five steps leading to it would be slate gray.

In warm weather there would be pots of ferns hanging just above the railing and dozens of pots holding herbs or flowers or medicinal plants. Since it was December, the porch would be empty except for the swing hanging in one corner of the porch and two rocking chairs closer to the front door.

As always, the third step gave a loud squeak as she settled her weight on it. The jarring sound caused a giggle to escape from her.

The step squeaked like that for as long as anyone could remember. New wood or old, nailed in or screwed, it did not matter. The third step always squeaked. It was as if the house told the visitor “Welcome home” in the only way it could.

Her smile grew as she remembered the afternoon of her twelfth summer when she had stepped on every inch of that plank, determined to find somewhere that did not make a noise. Though the repeated squeaking grated on everyone’s nerves, her own included, she never did find any magical silent spot.

Stepping onto the porch, Suz saw a small lamp burning in the living room that offered a golden glow through the window. Was someone still awake? Was Ruth still alive? Or had she grown tired of waiting for her wayward kinswoman to come home?

She sorted through her key ring as she crossed the porch. She slid past the car key, apartment key, and mailbox key to Ruth’s key.

“The door’s a’ready unlocked,” a deep voice announced from her left. She jumped in surprise and dropped her keys.

Suz fought down a screech of surprised terror that balled up just behind her front teeth. Squinting, she peered through the darkness across the porch toward the swing.

A large man sat on the swing. He seemed quite comfortable as his left leg kept the swing moving in a gentle back-and-forth motion. His right leg extended across the seat, a thick, white cast extending from his toes all the way to the hem of what she thought were a pair of boxer shorts.

She could not make out much else, except he appeared otherwise naked, surprising since it was December and the predawn temperature had to be in the forties. Though tempted to reach inside the front door and flip on the porch light, she hesitated. It felt safer to leave the lights out.

“Do I know you?”

Chapter 2

“Aye, luv, ye ken me. I’m Penn McKenzie, and ye claimed me and Liam for yer own when ye were but a wee one.”

The brogue sent shivers through Suz, as it always had. Her sex center flipped into overdrive, and she felt her panties grow wet.

She’d been six when she’d fallen in love with Penn and Liam McKenzie. The clan from both sides of the ocean had gathered for Papa Frank and Mama Ruth’s thirty-fifth anniversary, a second marriage for both, and a celebration that lasted nearly a week.

At twelve, the twins were twice her age, nearly twice her size, but had indulged her every whim, from playing dolls with her to telling her stories of dragons and fairies and heroes. She’d fallen in love with them in about two minutes.

Their last day during that visit at Dreamer’s Dell, she had taken hold of their hands and refused to let go. Looking from one to the other, she made a decision. “Promise me you’ll wait for me. When I grow up, I want to marry you.”

Her statement, in a demanding six-year-old voice, brought all other conversations in the room to a halt. Penn and Liam shifted uncomfortably under all the attention while trying to gently extricate themselves from her grasp.

The twins looked at each other and as one remembered how, six years earlier, how just minutes after seeing her for the first time, they’d each taken a tiny hand between finger and thumb. “We claim ye for our own true love.” Only Ruth had heard them.

This time they’d been drawn to her in a way that made them uncomfortably aware that they were boys and she was not. At this

point in their lives, those feelings were disgusting.

“Promise me!” she repeated when they didn’t answer her at once.

Before either could reply, Papa Frank knelt before her and put his hands on her shoulders. She looked up at him, her green-brown eyes wide and serious.

“Lassie, do ye ken what yer sayin’? Yer claimin’ these two fer all eternity. Is that what ye really want ta do?”

Suz nodded. “Yes, Papa Frank. I love them and want them to be for me only.” She met her great-grandfather’s serious gaze without blinking. “I want to marry them when I grow up and become the Dream Weaver and live here forever.”

“Penn, Liam, she’s invoking a claim. What do ye have ta say?”

“Frank, no. She doesn’t know what she’s doing!” Her mother pushed through the crowd of adults circling them. “She’s a little girl infatuated with two older boys. Besides, she can’t marry them both.” When Frank McKenzie ignored her, she turned to her grandmother. “Stop this! She’s too young. She can’t understand what she’s doing.”

“Hush, child. This is not for us to say. If Suz is to be my replacement at the loom, she’ll need a McKenzie by her side. Having two could only make the Dream Weaver’s magic stronger.”

“Penn? Liam? What say ye?” Frank stood, shifting his hands from Suz’s shoulders to theirs.

Liam looked over Suz’s head at his twin. Pale blue eyes met a moment in silent communication before the boys nodded. As one, they looked at Suz and then to their grandfather. Neither shared that they’d claimed her years before. That was but one of the secrets the twins shared. “Aye, we accept her.”

Suz looked from one brother to the other. “Does that mean yes?”

As the adults around them looked on, Frank smiled down at her. “Yes, Suz. The boys agree to be yours once ye’ve grown up and take yer place at the Dream Weaver’s loom.”

“*Nooooo!* I won’t allow it!” her mother cried as the boys bent and brushed a kiss on Suz’s cheeks.

Suz kissed each of them in return. “I love you,” she’d whispered with each kiss.

“’Tis done,” Frank declared, “Now those headin’ for Scotland need ta leave now else ye’ll miss yer flight.”

Suz had dreamt about pale blue eyes and curly black hair for weeks after the boys left. She’d wanted and wished for eyes that beautiful, but each morning awoke with no change in what she thought of as her own funny-colored eyes. Even now brown and green warred for dominance with tiny gold flecks that seemed to come and go, depending on her mood.

“How long have you been here?” She really wanted to ask how much Ruth and Jubilee had told them and how much editing she could get away with.

“A while,” Penn replied cryptically. He shifted and stood on his one good leg. Then he reached for the pair of crutches leaning against the railing next to the swing.

Just that one word in his deep-as-a-well-in-the-desert brogue set her body to flaming. She swallowed hard as her nipples grew painfully hard, and her cunt dripped. Nothing turned her on like a man with an accent. English, Irish, Australian sent shivers through her, though a Scottish brogue got her wet every time.

Penn arranged himself on his crutches and, leaning heavily on them, he crossed the porch. Suz pulled open the screen door, then reached in to push on the red door with the stained glass panel in which two cardinals sat together in a magnolia tree dusted with snow.

Touching the door, she recalled Ruth telling of the stained glass artist who had exchanged that piece for a summer of room and board. So many such stories Suz didn’t know, so many memories Ruth had not shared because Suz had failed to come and take over as the Dream Weaver.

Instead she’d broken her vow about not having sex, got pregnant the first time at nineteen, and ended up married to a man full of wanderlust and anger. After losing the baby on her twentieth birthday,

Suz divorced the man and spent the next four years growing wilder and wilder as she tried to find a way to orgasm. No matter what she tried or how many men she invited into her bed, she had never been able to orgasm. The knowledge that she'd turned herself into a slut and disappointed so many people kept her from coming home, kept her from returning to the only family left.

She stepped back and held the screen door as Penn approached. In the dim light she couldn't check him out as fully as she wished, but did see that he was, indeed, naked except for the boxers that hung from his narrow hips.

He stopped right in front of her. After planting his crutches, he leaned back against the door frame and opened his arms. "Welcome home, luv."

Suz took the single step that separated them. She sighed as his arms closed around her back. His skin felt cool when she raised her hands and laid them on his thick, muscular biceps. She stopped herself before scolding him about being outside in November with no clothes on. Instead she lay her cheek on his chest and heard his heart beat, strong and steady.

When he began to rub one hand up and down her spine, she snuggled even closer, her nipples hard as pebbles and her cunt clenching in happy response. For the first time in longer than she could remember, she felt desirable.

Then she realized she rubbed like a cat against a man she'd only seen three other times in her life. Lifting her head and intending to step back, she froze when his arms tightened and his head came down. Warm, hard lips covered hers in a kiss that she'd been dreaming of for a dozen years. She sighed as he nipped at her full bottom lip. She eagerly parted her lips when his tongue sought entrance. Hers extended to meet him in a dance that moved back and forth between their open mouths.

When Penn's shaft pressed against her belly, she shifted her hips, amazed at the inferno that shot up in her. She ran one hand down his

side, her goal to claim the hard shaft tenting his boxers. Before she could touch him, he pulled away with a tight sigh.

“Ruth’s in her room waitin’ fer ye. Leave yer bags down here and go on up. Later we’ll talk about...things.”

He released her and took control of his crutches as if he greeted everyone with a hug and a kiss that left Suz fuzzy-brained.

“Are you supposed to be on your feet?”

She followed him through the front door, pausing to close and lock it in an automatic gesture.

“Probably no’, but what the docs dunno won’ hurt me.”

Though she felt him studying her, she didn’t have the courage to meet his gaze. Instead she stared past him. The stairs took up the left half of the hallway. She could see a pink glow from the nightlight in the kitchen at the far end of the hallway. Her gaze went back to the stairs, and she frowned.

“Where are you sleeping? You’re not going up and down these stairs, are you?”

“I’ve taken up residence in that room Ruth calls her sunroom.”

With a nod Suz turned to the stairs as Penn headed down the main hall. Giving in to impulse, she peeked over the handrail and watched him limp away.

The view captivated her, even in the near darkness. Broad shoulders narrowed in a sharp V to slim waist and tight butt. He had a tattoo on the back of his right shoulder about the size of her palm, but she couldn’t tell what it was. The available light emphasized the muscles sculpting his back and leg.

Suz swallowed hard and licked her lips, fighting an urge to whistle. Though the past few minutes betrayed the truth, she’d lived as the equivalent of a Methodist nun for the past six years and had not had an orgasm in twelve.

She watched as Penn disappeared into the kitchen. “Oh, my.”

When she realized she now stared down an empty hallway, she shook herself. No doubt both Penn and Liam were married to strong,

beautiful women who had orgasms regularly. They probably had kids as well. No way they could have reached age thirty-six without someone claiming them, no matter what had happened two dozen years ago in this hallway.

Ignoring Penn's directive, she carried her bags up the stairs to find Liam waiting at the top with his arms crossed over his broad chest. He didn't look happy. Except for the frown, he looked so much like his twin that Suz found her pussy dripping steadily, her panties growing wetter by the minute.

His sharp cheekbones and solid jawline held a ruggedness that would cause any woman to take a second look. Wavy hair blacker than coal fell in waves to lie heavily on his shoulders. And he still had those pale blue eyes that still occasionally came to her in dreams. Everything about the two were identical, except Liam wore no cast on his leg. Instead, his worn jeans lovingly hugged his legs and hips, and the white Oxford shirt buttoned only halfway up his chest, allowing her a peek at bare skin.

"Give me those." He relieved her of her luggage, which he dropped to the floor before turning to her. "Yer getting such an ass whipping if I ever calm down enough so's no' to injure you." He wrapped his arms around her back and pulled her tightly to his chest. Her feet left the ground, and she found herself dangling from his arms.

Pulling her head back to speak to him, her words cut off when his lips covered hers. Lust pulsed from her lips to her pussy. Liam held her easily, and his lips opened to allow his tongue to crowd hers. The kiss tasted so much like and yet so different from Penn's that she knew she'd be able to tell them apart by taste alone. She shifted against him when she felt his long, hard cock press into her belly. When he finally set her back down again, she wobbled for a few seconds, trying to find her balance. Yep, the McKenzie men sure knew how to kiss.

Then his statement filtered through the need fogging her brain.

“What do you mean I’m getting an ass whipping?”

He smiled down at her, but she wasn’t comforted by his expression. “I mean that I’ll be puttin’ ye bare assed across me knee and paddlin’ some sense into ye before we fuck ye into a sexual coma. Ye were supposed ta come ta us years ago. But noooo, ye had to go and marry some...some...idiot who didna luv ye and couldna give ye what ye needed most.”

Suz’s brain still processed the bare-assed-over-his-knee comment, but curiosity got the best of her. “And what is it I needed most?”

“The same ye need ta this day. The same thing ye’ve been missing since ye promised them all ta us. Ye need ta come.”

His blunt assessment of her situation left Suz speechless. Before she could come up with a response, he leaned down and kissed her gently. “Go see Ruth, lass. She’s been waitin’ for ye, but she’s no’ been too lucent.”

He chuckled as she turned away, the sound dark and sexy. A shiver flashed through her from erect nipples to dripping cunt. “Oh, and darlin’, when I’m done with that ass of yers, I’m sure Penn will be wantin’ his turn as well.”

Chapter 3

“So, what do you want, my beautiful Dream Weaver?”

The question, whispered in a voice as thin as the smoke from a single birthday candle, caused Suz’s hot tears to well up and spill over. Suz didn’t bother to wipe them away. Her fingers remained busy cradling Ruth’s frail right hand, hoping to hold her in this life a little longer, though she knew it was an exercise in futility. Dawn approached, and Ruth had woken a few minutes before seeming clear and coherent.

Ruth Amelia Brooks McKenzie Adams McKenzie had outlived three husbands, a son, three daughters, a dozen grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. Except for Suz, her daughter’s daughter’s daughter, she had survived her entire blood descendancy. At one-hundred and four years, nine months, and twenty-five days, she was the oldest person living in Craven County, North Carolina.

“So what do you want?” she asked again when Suz had not answered her.

“I want you to get better so you can teach me about weaving and quilting and life like you’ve always wanted,” she whispered.

It was all she could do not to lay her forehead on the hospital bed and cry like an unhappy newborn. But that would waste time, and crying might harm the antique quilt.

Ruth had made the bridal quilt she lay under when she married Great-Grampa Frank, her third husband, more than forty years before. They’d slept under it until his death twelve years before, and she’d slept under it every night since. Ruth claimed the quilt contained magic—full of love and memories that gave her comfort and happy

dreams each night.

“That is not for you to want. Now what do *you* want?”

Closing her eyes, Suz took a deep breath and asked her heart for an answer that would give Ruth one last reason to smile.

I Want, the game they’d played each time she’d visited Dreamer’s Dell. The first time she’d experienced the magic of *I Want* was her visit at age six. Her first “I want chocolate milk for breakfast” garnered her dreams of chocolate chip boats sailing on a chocolate sea. The next morning a tall glass of chocolate milk sat next to her cereal bowl though no other chocolate could be found anywhere else in the house.

The twins were jealous, but Ruth simply smiled at them. “She is the Dream Weaver,” she’d said as if that explained everything. The boys nodded and did not said another word. Her father, on the other hand, blustered that Suz would grow up to do something practical with her life.

At thirteen the want became “I want Chris Dobson to like me.” That night she’d dreamt about Chris, and the next day after school he asked her to be his girlfriend. That relationship lasted a week and a half until Suz broke it off in the middle of the Christmas dance because she’d discovered Chris became clingy as a spider’s web.

Silent for several more heartbeats, she opened her eyes and looked at Ruth. Her beautiful green, green eyes always brought to mind the pictures of Ireland’s countryside she’d seen in the movies and magazines. Even now, sick in body and tired in life, her eyes glowed.

“I want it all,” she whispered, trying to hold onto a cocky grin as she gave Ruth the same answer she’d offered the afternoon of her high school graduation.

At eighteen, all things seemed possible, and the sheer number of life decisions she had ahead of her looked daunting. Now she was again overwhelmed, but this time because of a dozen years of bad decisions that had gone against Ruth, the McKenzies, and even the practical life her father had wanted for her. She had failed everyone

and carried the guilt like a stone around her neck.

Ruth took a deep breath and released it on a sigh that rattled with fluid. “Too vague. Too broad. What exactly do you want?”

This, too, was part of the game. Be specific and give details. Clarify your wants, wishes, and desires until they became as clear as Ruth’s famous apple jelly.

Knowing she would not give up until satisfied with the answer, Suz shifted on the wooden chair and tightened her grip on Ruth’s cool, dry hand. “All right. I want a good man to love and take care of who will also love and take care of me. I want to quit my soul-sucking job and do something that fulfills me though I have no clue what that might be. I want magic and miracles.”

Once she started confessing the deepest, most secret dreams of her heart, she couldn’t stop. “I want good, no, great, sex with orgasms. Orgasms that leave me unable to move. I want to be able to buy new underwear without worrying how to pay for groceries. I want to be happy.”

Finally knowing it would make Ruth chuckle, she added, “I want world peace, an end to hunger, and a cure for cancer, AIDS, and the common cold.”

As Suz intended, Ruth did laugh, but the short-lived, half-hearted sound ended with fluid-filled coughing.

“And what do you want?” Suz asked, as she always did in her part of the game.

In the past the response had always been “I want all your wants and wishes and dreams to be realized in the very best way possible.” This time she sighed. “I want you to be the Dream Weaver you were born to be. I want you to fulfill the claiming and have peace and joy and true love. *You* are the Dream Weaver now.”

With that pronouncement, she sighed again, closed her eyes, and laid her head back on the pile of pillows propping her up. Her entire body relaxed, only more so. It was as if she’d fallen asleep, but when Suz looked at her chest, hoping to see it rise with her next breath, the

chest did not move again. Looking back to her face she could not help but smile through her tears. Great-Grandma Ruth was finally at peace.

A few minutes later, Liam placed a warm hand on her shoulder. “She was a verra special lady.”

“Yes.”

“Let’s go downstairs for a bit.”

“Don’t we have to call someone? Her doctor? The funeral home?”

“Penn will take care o’ that. For now ye need ta come wit’ me.”

Suz stood and, after kissing Ruth’s cheek, allowed Liam to take her hand and lead her away from the bed. When she turned, she noticed Penn had put on some clothes. He now wore a University of Edinburgh T-shirt and a pair of green sweatpants with the cast leg cut away high on his thigh.

Penn pulled her close and brushed a kiss on her cheek. “I’m sorry, luv. But ken yer no’ alone. Liam and I are here for ye. We’ll no’ be lettin’ ye get away from us this time.”

Suz frowned, but didn’t ask the questions his statement brought to mind. Though involved with many men, she’d never taken on two at once. These two made it sound like she would be taking them both on and the three of them would be making their own little family. At that moment, the suggestion didn’t sound like such a bad idea. But how would she explain them to her friends back in Denver? Or would they expect her to move to Scotland with them?

Once in the hallway, Liam stopped her and took a long, hard look at her. “Yer near ta droppin’. Get a shower and into yer sleepin’ clothes before ye come down. By then Penn should be done with his calls, and we’ll eat breakfast before ye sleep.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Suz sighed, for the first time in a dozen years feeling small and delicate and cared for.

* * * *

Penn finished the calls and then settled into the chair Suz had used

most of the night. “Safe journey, Ruth. We’ll take care of Suz. She’ll no’ be alone anymore. If I have my way, we’ll invoke the Dream Weaver’s magic before yer laid in the ground. And we’ll make sure she takes yer place at the loom.” He stood and, after kissing her cool cheek, lifted the sheet to cover her face.

He’d listened as the shower on the other side of the wall came on, then went off a few minutes later. He listened as her bedroom door opened and closed. He waited for her to come out and head downstairs, but she never emerged. Was she all right?

Liam met him in the hallway. “You okay?”

Penn nodded. “It’ll be an hour or more before they come for her. Suz finished her shower a bit ago. Probably doin’ all those women things men arena supposed to ken about.”

“I’ll check.” Liam turned and headed down the hall.

Liam paused outside the door to Suz’s room, his head cocked to one side, when Penn joined him. Penn lifted his hand to knock, but Liam grabbed his wrist before he could strike wood.

Soft whimpers came from the other side of the door.

“She’s no’ cryin’, is she?”

“No.”

The mewling sounds were heartbreaking.

Liam reached for the knob, surprised when it turned under his touch. As he eased the door open a few inches, the soft crying more audible now, they heard her whispering.

“Please. Oh God. Just one. Please let me have one.”

The doors swung open silently. “Oh, sweet Jesus!” The brothers whispered in unison.

Suz lay naked in the center of the king-size bed. One hand mauled a breast while the other manipulated the vibrator humming at top speed between her legs. Her eyes closed, her head thrashed from side to side as she tortured herself.

Mesmerized, Penn headed to the right side of the bed. Liam moved to stand on the other side of the bed. After another look at the

women lying between them, the men's gazes met, and they nodded in silent agreement. Their woman hurt, and only they could relieve her of this distress.

* * * *

She felt it there, just beyond her reach. But no matter what Suz tried, relief would not come close enough for her to climb on and ride it to completion. It was as if a glass window separated her from her orgasm. She could see it there on the other side of the glass, but she could not touch it.

She thought she'd heard someone speak, but her lust held her too distracted to figure out their words. She had to come. She had to untie the knots of sexual frustration that grew exponentially every time McKenzie hands touched her since her arrival.

She hadn't meant to get into this life-or-death pursuit of orgasm now. She'd finished her shower and meant to dress and join the brothers in the kitchen to discuss what needed to be done in preparation for Ruth's funeral. At least until she pulled the oversized T-shirt and leggings she slept in out of her suitcase and her pink gel vibrator fell out onto the bed.

The lust simmering in her core boiled over. Still naked, she crawled into the center of the bed on yet another quest for the allusive orgasm. Here at Dreamer's Dell, with Penn and Liam close at hand, surely she'd be able to reach fulfillment. But still she ached and remained hot, horny, and in serious need.

When both sides of the bed dipped at once, Suz opened her eyes and looked from one side to the other as Penn and Liam crawled closer and lay down beside her. They edged close enough for her to feel their heat, but not close enough to touch her.

"Help me! Please!" She whimpered as tears rolled from the corners of her eyes. She was so close, but still unable to cross over.

"Shhh, baby. We'll take care o' ye. But ye've got to calm down a

bit.” Liam took her hand off the vibrator and then the one from her breast. He pulled them over her head and held them easily in one hand.

Penn pulled the imitation phallus from her wet pussy and frowned at it. “Ye won’ be needin’ this anymore,” he growled as he turned it off and tossed it over his shoulder.

“*Nooooo!*” Suz thrashed between them, trying to pull her arms free from Liam’s gentle, but unyielding, restraint.

“Shush, lass. Ye’ve gotta calm yerself. We don’t want ta hurt ye.”

Suz had no idea who murmured to her. She didn’t care. She only knew she had to come before she totally lost her mind. “*Please!*”

“All right, luv. Let go. Come fer us.”

With that, twin mouths closed over her breasts. Just the touch of those lips on her skin sent shafts of electric pleasure from tit to cunt, and she came. The glass that kept her from climaxing shattered as release slammed through her.

Muscles strained, and her body arched until only her heels and her head remained on the bed. A high, keening cry filled the room and went on and on and on.

Chapter 4

As soon as Suz pitched over the edge, Liam raised his head, releasing the sweet tasting tit to stare at his brother. He knew he had the same horrified expression on his face that he saw on Penn's.

“What the bloody hell did we do to her?”

Pulling back, they waited, hoping she would calm enough to talk to them. How had she survived a dozen years without an orgasm? Why hadn't she come to them before? Why hadn't she shot them the moment she saw them again? Why didn't she hate them?

His heart bled at the thought that she suffered because they'd been stupid idiots who'd demanded the only thing they could think of to keep her pure for them. Obviously their ill-conceived plan had backfired.

The high-pitched wail eased, and Suz slowly lowered her body back to the mattress, though she remained far from relaxed. Her hips continued to rise and fall as if fucking someone, though nothing filled her. Opening her eyes, she looked at them through her tears, but he wasn't sure she saw them. “Please! Another!”

Liam looked back at Penn. “We can't leave her like this.”

“Hands and mouths only?”

Liam nodded. Then they turned their full attention to the woman between them.

* * * *

The first orgasm rolled over her like a fully-loaded freight train. It barely eased before her body demanded another. Someone spoke

above her, his tone tortured. Though she wanted to assure him that all would be well, she couldn't. She wasn't sure she would survive this intense hunger that stripped her of everything civilized to leave her a quivering mass of lust and desire.

She felt them back away. They couldn't leave, not yet. She needed them. She had to go over again. And again. And again as many times as it took for this overwhelming cramping ache in her center to release its grip.

"Please! Another! Do something!"

She heard them confer, but couldn't make sense of their words. She didn't care what they did as long as they gave her another orgasm.

A moment later, Liam leaned over her and kissed her. One hot, hard hand trailed up the center of her abdomen to cover the tit closest to him. He lifted his head and whispered hoarsely. "It's a'right, lass. We'll take ye ta heaven as many times as ye need. Give it over and come, Suz. You never have to deny yourself again, not with us."

He massaged her breast, her nipple brushing his palm. Then he took the hard tip between two fingers and rolled it back and forth.

In the meantime, Penn started high on her chest trailing his fingers in the opposite direction until he reached the wet fur covering her pussy. His fingers combed through the hair to the puffy lips covering her clit. She felt his fingers run down the center cleft from clit to cunt and back again before pressing hard on the exposed bundles of nerves.

She cried into Liam's mouth as ecstasy claimed her again. How could they do this to her so easily? She'd rubbed and pinched and stroked those same bits of flesh countless time with no such results.

They gentled her after each orgasm, then built her to another one. She lost count how many times she flew over the edge with her releases. Finally so drained she thought she'd melted into the mattress, she opened her eyes to find Liam between her legs, two fingers deep in her core as he lapped up her juices. Penn cradled her

against his chest, his fingers plucking gently at her nipples.

When she looked down at him, content and almost coherent, Liam licked her one last time with the flat of his tongue. She watched as he eased his fingers from her body and moved up to lie beside her.

“Feel better, lass?”

“I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to move again.” She shifted against Penn and felt his hard shaft press into her ass through his sweats. “But what about you two? Don’t you need some relief?” She reached toward them, wanting to feel them against her.

Their hands stopped her well before she could touch them. “No, luv. Now that yer more relaxed, ye need food and sleep.” Penn kissed her shoulder before easing out from under her and rolling to the side of the bed. “Why don’t ye clean up, and I’ll fix breakfast. The funeral home people should be here soon.” After settling on his crutches, Penn made his way out of the bedroom.

“I don’t think I can stand up.”

“’Tis a’right, lass. I’ll take care of ye.” Liam climbed from the bed and disappeared into the bathroom.

* * * *

Once in the bathroom, Liam stared hard at the mirror’s reflection. Covering the bulge pushing at the zipper of his jeans with one hand, he squeezed, hard. “Ye dunna deserve release. Not after what she’s suffered. Not until she’s at the loom and claiming her place as the Dream Weaver.”

It took several more minutes before he could gather the things he needed and return to the bedroom.

* * * *

Suz drifted, too drained to move or think. Being relaxed and post-orgasmic felt *so* good. All the knots that had tied her up for so long

were gone, blown away by the touch of two blue-eyed Scots.

She jerked when a warm cloth touched her shoulder. Opening her eyes, she found Liam leaning over her, gently wiping her down, cleaning her up. He moved quickly, efficiently, as if he'd done this before. Even when he cleaned between her legs, he didn't bother to stop and play. Once he finished and had dried her just as efficiently, he lifted her easily from the bed and carried her from her room.

"Where are we going?"

"Yer bed's a mess, and we have ta change the linens. Fer now, ye'll sleep in my room." He smiled down at her as he walked across the hall into another room. He set her on her feet, then helped her don a T-shirt from his dresser before pulling back the covers from the bed and helping her lie down. Once she settled under the covers, he sat facing her for a moment, but didn't meet her sleepy gaze. "Do ye remember the legend of the Dream Weaver?"

"I haven't heard that story in years. Are you going to tell me a bedtime story?"

Liam didn't answer her question, but looked deep into her eyes as he began to speak.

"More than three hundred years ago, a young girl named Sarah was sent to apprentice with the weaver in the next village. Sarah loved weavin' and learned quickly. The weaver knew that Sarah was the one foretold of in the Dream Weaver legend handed down from the beginnin' of weaving. The legend said there would be a woman who would take the most common threads and create unimaginable beauty. The Dream Weaver, and all the weavers in her line, would be gifted if they fulfilled the claimin' of the loom's magic.

"During Sarah's last winter as an apprentice, she met a man named McKenzie. They fell in love, and one night as she worked at the loom, McKenzie came to her and loved her at the loom. As they climaxed, both with a hand upon the loom, they felt the magic swirl around them and fill Sarah. That winter Sarah had to weave a shawl for Mother Nature to wear during a special ceremony welcomin'

spring to the world.

“The legend goes that the more beautiful the shawl, the happier Mother Nature will be, and thus the better the plantin’ and harvestin’ will be for the year. ‘Tis also said that if a shawl is no’ delivered, spring will never arrive, and the world will come to an end.

“After couplin’ with McKenzie at the loom, Sarah’s weavin’ took on a magical beauty. Since then, the Dream Weavers must claim the magic of the loom while fuckin’ the McKenzie man who holds her heart. Once they invoke the magic, the Dream Weaver is tasked each winter with designin’ and weavin’ a special shawl for Mother Nature to wear to welcome spring into the world.

“‘Tis now yer time. Ye *are* the Dream Weaver, and ’tis time to claim yer McKenzie men and invoke the magic of Sarah’s loom.”

Suz was nearly asleep when he turned over the hand he held and placed a kiss in the center of her palm. “What do ye want, Dream Weaver?”

She didn’t question the familiar wording of his question, but found herself ever practical in her response. “I want to be completely rested on four hours of sleep so I can deal with preparation for Ruth’s death and whatever needs to be done. How about you? What do you want?”

“I want all your wants and wishes and dreams to be realized in the best way possible,” he answered without hesitation. “Now, sleep. I’ll see ye in four hours.”

She wasn’t sure his gentle tone or the familiar ring of Ruth’s response to her question comforted her more, but she nodded and closed her eyes, allowing sleep to carry her away.

* * * *

Penn made it as far as the living room before guilt made him wobbly. He collapsed onto the couch and, with head in hand, cursed himself for ever making their woman promise them all her orgasms

without promising her the same. He grunted, knowing if they'd made that same promise, they would have been away from her for less than a fortnight before dragging her from school and making her their own.

"It's over, and now ye've gotta make it up to her," he muttered to himself as Liam entered the room.

"They'll be no pressurin' her."

"Then how are we to make it up to her? Where is she? Isna she hungry?"

"She's sleepin'. She'll be up in a couple of hours. Once she wakes we need to court her like the lady she is, not just grab her up like one o' Jubilee's biscuits."

Before Penn could argue, the doorbell sounded.

Chapter 5

It always took Suz a few second to realize she was really awake. That short time where she floated in the belief that all things were possible, where magic existed, if only for that moment. In that short time between sleep and awake, as she snuggled deeper into her pillow, she often wondered what her life would be like if she'd not given in to her father's dictates to lead a practical life.

A moment later an icy guilt blew the magic out of her dreams. Penn and Liam had selflessly driven her over the orgasmic edge time after time, but refused to allow her to deal with their erections. Instead, Liam had cleaned her up and, after putting her in his bed, told her the legend of the Dream Weaver.

Why had they treated her so well without demanding anything in return? No man had ever given so selflessly without expecting at least as much in return. Didn't they want to have sex with her?

Opening her eyes, she found the room bright with sunlight from windows that looked into the backyard. A glance at the clock across the room showed eleven forty-five. Obviously morning, but which morning? Had she slept four hours or twenty-eight?

Pushing off the covers, Suz rolled out of bed, groaning when her muscles twinged in protest. Drawn by the sunlight and her first daytime look at Dreamer's Dell in a dozen years, she studied the view for several long moments. She noted a few changes, a road to the far right of the home field that led to a new barn. Her gaze went time and again to Ruth's studio.

She had to go and introduce herself to the loom. She had to see if the loom would accept her as its new mistress. For the first time in her

life, she didn't question the practicality of the intended action. She just acted on it.

Feeling a need to touch the McKenzie men as well as the pull of the loom, she crossed the hall to her room to get dressed. She was surprised to find the bed remade with clean, dry bedding.

Pulling off the shirt she wore, she held it to her nose and breathed deeply. Liam's scent made her nipples peak as a shiver raced through her. Tossing it on a chair, she wondered if he would miss it. Turning to her suitcase, she bypassed underwear. Instead she pulled on a tight-fitting ivory tank top with crocheted lace trim. She normally wore it under her suit, but today she felt daring and wanted to push her McKenzie men into acting. She then pulled on an ankle-length broomstick skirt the same shade of blue as their eyes. Slipping her feet into black ballet slippers, she left the bedroom.

She reached the bottom step when the doorbell chimed. She went to answer it, though she wasn't sure she was up to facing Ruth's friends. At least not without Penn or Liam beside her.

Opening the front door wearing what she hoped would be a welcoming expression, the knots she carried since getting Ruth's e-mail pulled tighter. What was she doing here? Maybe she could hide in the studio this afternoon while Ruth's friends paid their respects.

The woman standing on the porch stood barely five feet tall and wore an ankle-length, burgundy velvet skirt with an ivory V-neck sweater that clung to her generous Rubenesque curves. She wore a woven shawl in a swirling rainbow of colors thrown carelessly around her shoulders. Her pure white hair, styled in a military flattop, would do any Marine drill instructor proud.

As soon as Suz saw her, fear skittered away like a cockroach when a light is turned on. "Jubilee!" Maybe things would not be so bad after all.

"Suz? Surely this isn't little Suz who dreamt of chocolate chip sailboats and conquering the world with two McKenzie men by her side?" Jubilee stepped into the house and pulled Suz into a hug that

left her breathless. “You’ve been away too long, child. And now Ruth is gone before you could be properly trained,” Jubilee said without releasing her.

Suz returned her embrace, relaxing into her and gaining strength for the challenging days ahead.

When she finally released her, Suz took a step back and used the hem of her skirt to wipe away the tear that trickled down her cheek. “Would you like some coffee?” she asked as Jubilee unwrapped her shawl and tossed it over the banister.

“No need to wait on me. I’m here to help.” With that, Jubilee swept down the hall.

Suz trailed after her, not knowing what else to do. Jubilee was here and taking charge as she always had. Penn sat alone in the kitchen, frowning at his laptop. The white cast was gone, replaced by a much lighter black splint held in place with Velcro straps.

“Good morning, Penn,” Jubilee said as she entered the kitchen. “How is the leg today?”

“Doc says it’s healin’ fine, but says I have to wear this contraption for a couple more weeks. But at least now I can walk on it.”

“Maybe next time you’ll think twice about attempting such an incredibly stupid and dangerous stunt.”

“What did he do?” Suz couldn’t help but ask.

“He thought he’d play cowboy and tried riding a mechanical bull in Jacksonville. Doesn’t realize he’s getting too old for such silliness,” Jubilee snarked. “Where’s your brother?”

“I’m right here.” Liam walked in from the hallway as Jubilee walked out, her arms full of clean laundry. “Hello lass, how are ye feeling?” Liam stopped beside Suz.

She looked up at him as he wrapped both arms around her back. After snuggling her into his chest, he lowered his head and kissed her. His lips were warm and gentle against hers, giving her just a moment to adjust to his touch before his tongue traced the seam of her lips, seeking entrance. She parted her lips and tasted coffee and peppermint

and Liam. That, along with the scent of man and spicy cologne, sent her senses into overload. Her nipples hardened, and her cream began to fill her cunt.

When he finally released her, Suz wobbled as she tried to regain her balance. "I'm fine, I think." She stared up at Liam, who had a smoldering glow in his pale blue eyes and a satisfied smile on his lips.

"Hey, I want one of those," Penn snarked from his seat at the table.

Suz crossed to him. She leaned over to kiss him when he pulled her off-balance and settled her in his lap, his arms wrapped around her body, one hand on her hip, which kept her from sliding away.

"Did ye sleep well?" he asked once he had her positioned how he wanted her.

"Yes, thanks. What day is it?"

"Tha's good. Ye've slept four hours, just like ye wanted. Now, give me my good mornin' kiss."

Penn wrapped one muscular arm around her back to support her while his free hand cupped her cheek. "Yer so beautiful. Even more now that yer relaxed and smiling."

Suz felt his shaft against her hip move, growing long and hard. "You and Liam look horny," she whispered with a saucy grin as she slid her hand down the center of his chest. She rubbed one finger down his shaft as far as she could reach.

Penn's groan came from deep in his chest as he closed the distance and kissed her. While Liam's kiss had overloaded her senses with warmth and gentleness, Penn ravaged her. His mouth felt hot and hard and demanding as his tongue darted in and out, tangling with hers. He tasted of cinnamon and coffee and dark, exotic sex.

Suz moaned as lust blossomed and flowered in her pelvis. She didn't try to fight it down or contain it. The knowledge that these two could fulfill her need had her rubbing her pebble-hard nipples against Penn's muscular chest.

Warmth surrounded her as Liam knelt beside them. His hand slid

up her leg, pushing her long skirt with it. He paused for only a moment at her knees.

Penn played with her breasts, first one, then the other, his expression growing tighter. “Oh, luv, what ye do to us,” he whispered against her mouth. “What do ye want, baby?”

Suz pulled away to look from one to the other. “Make me your woman.” With one arm wrapped around Penn, she used her other to pull Liam closer so she could kiss him as he continued his journey up her leg.

When he reached the apex of her thighs, he tore his lips from hers and looked her to Penn. “She’ no’ wearin’ panties,” he murmured hoarsely.

“Why bother? I cannot afford to buy new ones this week if you decided to tear them all off of me.”

The men stared at her, then burst out laughing. They continued chuckling as they snuggled closer.

“Yer probably right about the tearin’ part, though ye can afford as many pair of panties as ye might ever want to buy,” Liam finally said.

“Though we’d prefer ye stay just as ye are,” Penn added as he lowered his head to nip at her breasts.

“Penn, Liam, you two need to leave. Now.” Jubilee pushed Liam off-balance, causing him to pull his fingers from where he toyed with Suz’s nether lips. “Suz is going to eat her breakfast, and then she’s going to the studio for the afternoon. I’ll deal with the phone and anyone who comes to the door.”

Penn released her with a sigh, then stood. He accepted the cane Jubilee handed him.

Liam held a chair for Suz, and once she was settled, they kissed her cheeks in tandem. “We’ll see ye in the studio in twenty minutes.”

Suz watched, confused, as they walked out of the room. Then she turned to Jubilee. “What just happened?”

Jubilee didn’t answer right away. First she set a plate with several slices of extra crisp bacon and two over easy eggs in front of Suz.

Then she filled a mug with hot chocolate and set that next to a glass of orange juice. “The first time you three come together *has* to be at the loom in accordance with tradition. They’re so on fire for you, they’re not even thinking straight.”

“Why?” Suz asked as she dug into her breakfast. She was starving and knew that she would need her strength for the afternoon ahead. Once they got her alone, she knew no one would be eating anything until the lust building between them was completely satisfied.

Jubilee wasn’t the one she should be asking these questions to, but she still felt a little shy about getting into any serious conversations with Penn and Liam. Especially when it came to lust, love, and the claiming to come.

“Child, they’ve been in love with you since the first moment they laid eyes on you, thirty years ago. The only reason they didn’t claim you twelve years ago was that Frank made them promise to wait until you’d finished college. He tried to keep the peace with your father, who demanded you have a college education.”

“But I didn’t finish college. I broke a promise and ended up pregnant and married to a man who didn’t love me. And then I spent the next two years screwing almost anything that had a cock.” Suz blinked back guilty tears. “How can they love me? I’m horrible.”

“Shh, child. It hurt them when they found out about the baby and the other man, but they also felt guilty because they hadn’t made the same promise they asked of you. If they had, I think you three would have been back here claiming the loom and each other before the end of that first summer. But they wanted you to come to them. It nearly killed them when you disappeared. When you finally got in touch with Ruth, they rejoiced that you were safe, but growled with frustration because Ruth refused to tell them where you lived.”

“I made her promise not to.”

“And she kept that promise until yesterday, when she asked them to bring you home.”

“What am I going to do, Jubilee?”

“Do you love them?”

“I’ve dreamt about both of them most of my life. How can the three of us live here, love here, be here together?”

Jubilee took the empty plate away, carrying it to the sink and washing it automatically. “It’s not that hard. You just do it. You live, you love, you weave, and let the rest sort itself out. But I wouldn’t suggest a three-way on the front lawn. Mrs. Nicholas across the street might take offense.”

Suz giggled at the thought of taking both men outside where nosy Mrs. Nicholas could see them. “What about you? Are you all right with this?”

“Child, I’ve known the three of you were meant to be together since the time you wouldn’t let anyone else but the twins console you when a goat knocked you down. Love is love, and I believe you’ll get three times the love from those two. Now go on. It’s time for you to go to the loom.”

Suz rose, and when she passed Jubilee, the older woman hugged her with a knowing grin. “I’ll leave a casserole warming in the oven for whenever you three decide you’re hungry for more than each other.”

“Jubilee!”

“Don’t give me that, child. I’ve been married for thirty-seven years. I’ve heard all of Ruth’s stories of your family. I have a real good idea what those two are planning. Go on and enjoy.” Jubilee winked as she pushed Suz toward the hallway.

Chapter 6

At the back door, Suz paused just long enough to take one of the colorful shawls hanging from the coat rack before opening the back door. As she wrapped herself in the warm cloth, she hurried down the porch stairs and started down the stone walk. All at once the need grew stronger and she couldn't wait any longer to see Ruth's studio and the loom.

She passed the oversized triple garage and upstairs apartment with barely a glance. Then she remembered that Penn and Liam had stayed in the second floor overflow guest quarters the last time they had all visited Dreamer's Dell a dozen years ago. Ruth and Frank had tried to keep them apart, though the twins pursued her, using stealth and slyness no doubt learned from girls and in the military. They would magically appear as she walked the farm or collected eggs. But they never did more than hold her hand or kiss and hug her. The last morning of their visit, Frank had taken the twins to the studio for nearly an hour before leaving the trio alone for the afternoon. When she'd stripped and offered herself to them, they'd declined, telling her they could not take her until she was ready to become the Dream Weaver.

So what now? Would they take her? If the erections she'd felt earlier gave any indication, they both seemed very interested. But they hadn't tried anything beyond easing her sexual pain and frustration. If she did claim them both, how would she live and love and be with two men? How would she explain this to the world? What happened if she got pregnant? How would they raise children? Why hadn't they let her touch them? Didn't they want to have sex with

her?

The thought of sex and her McKenzie men sent little shivers through her. As soon as she introduced herself to the loom, she would return to the house, find Penn and Liam, and claim them as her very own. It was way past time they came together.

Behind the large garage sat a rough-hewn A-frame chicken coop surrounded by a five-foot-high wire fence. It radiated an air of emptiness and neglect. There were no chickens in the yard, for which Suz was grateful. During her visits as a child, she would try to help Jubilee gather eggs, getting pecked once or twice for every egg she'd collected

Only a short walk farther down the stone path sat Ruth's studio. There were other buildings beyond the studio, but this one pulled at her as if she were a trout being reeled in by a fisherman.

Two steps lead up to a six-by-six covered stoop to the locked door, but the key would be close by. Taking a chance, she pulled open the lid on the flat-top mailbox beside the door painted with sunflowers and morning glory vines. Inside she found a small brass key on a heavy chain with a plastic sunflower as a fob. She used the key to unlock the door and then returned it to the mailbox.

Stepping inside, Suz's eyes flitted around the room like hungry honeybees in a field of ripe clover. She didn't know where to look first. Turning a circle, trying to see everything at once, Suz got dizzy. Little had changed in the years since she'd been here last. The shelves remained full of colorful threads and yarns. The idea wall opposite still covered with notes and designs and pictures culled from magazines. Some so old they were in black-and-white, others more current and colorful. The far wall consisted of windows that filled the room with natural light. Finally she focused her attention on the main attraction.

The Dream Weaver's loom that had passed through her family from woman to woman for more than three hundred years.

Four-inch logs formed a cube of nearly six feet. The frame was

crude and held together with small wooden stakes, but the inner workings seemed to have been updated at some point over the last few decades. Knotting her fists in the shawl wrapped tightly around her body, she knew that no matter the appearance of the loom, nothing crude had come off of it in many, many years.

Suz approached as if in a trance, not sure if it was the forgotten and unknown women of her bloodline who had sat here in the past or something else that guided her as she slid onto the smooth wooden bench. She'd only had a few stolen moments with Ruth in this room and had no knowledge of the parts and mechanics of the loom, but she knew. It was her destiny to sit on this bench, at this loom, just as generations of women before her had.

She would also marry a McKenzie man and give birth to the Dream Weaver who would one day take her place at this loom. She would weave beautiful shawls for Mother Nature to wear each spring, and there would be dancing. But how could she choose just one man to spend her life with when she loved them both?

The loom was strung with a thin, fuzzy, cream yarn. "The warp," she whispered as a long-forgotten lesson flooded forth. The warp consisted of the long threads strung in the loom. The weft was the thread woven back and forth.

Lying across the warp was a small pink envelope with Suz's name scrawled across the front. After opening the envelope, she pulled out a single sheet of matching pink paper. She read the note quickly the first time, then slower the second.

Darling Suz — As each generation has done for the one who takes her place at the loom, I ask that your first project be a shawl for me to wear to my grave. I have prepared everything as my mother did for me and her mother did for her. All that's left for you to do is the weaving. I know you can do this for me for you are the Dream Weaver. Love, Ruth

PS — Let Liam and Penn show you true love as it was always

meant to be between the three of you.

“Suz?”

“Lass, are you a’right?”

Suz jumped and spun on the bench as her McKenzie men stepped into the studio. Liam closed the door and twisted the lock. Her eyes widened, and Ruth’s note fluttered to the ground when she saw they’d changed clothes. Instantly her mouth went dry, her breasts begged to be sucked, and her cunt yearned to be filled by either or both of the Scotsmen standing before her. The McKenzie men had come to claim their Dream Weaver.

“Oh my God.”

Was this how that first McKenzie looked when he’d come to Sarah? No wonder she’d claimed him right there at the loom that night. Men in kilts were *hot!*

The blue-and-green McKenzie dress tartan carried narrow threads of black and white overlaid in it. These two wore the knee-length kilts with an ease she doubted any other man she’d ever known could carry off. She was surprised to see that the kilt was all they wore. Their feet and legs were bare, except for Penn’s black splint. Bare chests as well, showing off broad, tanned chests sculpted with muscles. With their hair loose, she could almost imagine them running through the Highlands with Braveheart.

“I would have changed if I’d known...” She stood from the bench and swallowed hard to keep from drooling. Moving slowly, she crossed the room and circled her men, wanting to check out Penn’s tattoo now that she had light to see.

“Yer perfect, jes’ the way ye are.”

“Aye, perfect.”

Suz stopped behind them and looked. They each had a tattoo on their right shoulder blade. It looked like a crude drawing of an angel. It looked familiar, very familiar. Then she remembered. She’d drawn this angel twice during their visit when she was twelve. She’d given

each twin a copy as they left that year, making them promise to keep the angel with them so she could keep them safe. It had been a childish demand that she'd never expected them to fulfill, especially in such a permanent manner.

"My angel?" She touched the tattoo, first on Penn's back, then Liam's.

"Nay, lass, our angel. Ye gave her ta us."

"I can't believe you got her tattooed on your shoulders."

"Ye told us we had to keep her with us to keep us safe. We decided this was the best way to keep her close."

"You have my angel on your shoulder," Suz murmured again, touched that they'd gone so far in granting her preteen wish.

"When did you have it done?"

"As soon as we got home. Mum nearly skinned us, but Da understood. When we were in the Army, we had words with a couple of blokes who wanted to copy her as a squad tattoo, but that would have made her less special. They didna understand she's *our* angel."

By the time Suz made her way around them after admiring their equally muscled backs, tears filled her eyes. They had carried her with them all this time. She looked them up and down as she finished circling, noting that while their kilts fit them perfectly, their fronts did not lay as flat as designed. Liam carried a length of matching tartan over one arm while Penn carried a basket covered with a dishcloth.

Feeling the need to lighten the moment, she grinned. "I've always wondered, what does a Scotsman wear under his kilt?"

When they took a step toward her, she backed up one, their serious expressions rocking her. All at once she wasn't as sure of the situation as she should have been. Looking from one set of blue eyes to the other, she found them blazing blue fire, and suddenly her confidence soared. No matter what, they would never hurt her. They moved forward again, and she countered, wanting to tease them just a little. Otherwise she'd throw herself at their feet and beg them to fuck her hard and fast.

With her next step back, the bench in front of the loom caught her behind the knee, and she sat down. Two racing heartbeats later, Penn straddled the bench next to her while Liam knelt before her, pushing her knees wide to make room for his chest in between. The hem of her skirt rose as her legs parted until her knees peeked out.

Penn wrapped one arm around her back and snuggled her into his chest. “We’ve loved ye all yer life and were so stupid to demand ye save all yer orgasms for us. Can ye ever forgive us for denying ye pleasure all those years?”

Suz smiled as electric shivers raced through her body from just being near them. What would happen when they came together? Just the thought boggled her mind. “I’ll forgive you if you promise never to deny me another one.”

“Never, luv. We’ll make ye come every day from now until we’re laid out for the ground.” Penn growled in her ear as his hand slowly rubbed up and down her back.

Liam looked up at her, his hands slowly rubbing up the outside of her legs from knees to hips and back again, keeping the cloth of her skirt between their skin. She wished he would hurry up and slide his hands under the skirt so she could feel him skin to skin.

“Has anyone ever taken ye in yer sexy ass before, lass?”

“No.”

“Have ye ever had two men at the same time?”

“No.”

“Are ye willin’ ta spend the rest of yer life with us, letting us pleasure ye and spoil ye and take care of ye?”

“With *both* of us?”

“Yes.”

Suz answered their questions without hesitation. She knew nothing about their lives or how they would make this work, but it didn’t matter. She wanted nothing more than to spend the rest of her life loving them, learning about them, making them happy.

Being with these two felt right. They were meant to be. But she

had a question or two of her own that needed to be answered before they went any further.

“Do you forgive me for breaking my promise to save my virginity for you? For getting pregnant by another man and marrying him?”

“O’ course.”

“Aye.”

“Will you be okay with sharing me?”

“Only with him.”

“And with no other.”

“So what do we do now?” Suz lifted her head from Penn’s shoulder and looked from one to the other.

Liam leaned up and kissed her, gently, deeply, and the electric currents thrummed higher. Need and lust gathered low in her belly. Penn slipped a hand under her shirt to cup a breast in his warm palm.

“Put yerself in our hands, luv. We’ll take good care of ye.”

“Okay.” She relaxed, leaning more fully into Penn’s embrace.

Liam reached for the hem of her shirt. “The first thing we need ta do is get rid of all these clothes so we can play. Then we’ll stretch yer ass so’s we can both take ye on this bench ta invoke the Dream Weaver’s magic.” Penn released her breast as Liam pulled the shirt over her head and tossed it on the table behind him. Penn’s hand returned to cover her breast again, and he began to roll her nipple between two fingers.

“At the same time?” Suz felt her eyes go wide at the thought of one in her pussy and the other in her ass. It boggled her.

“Aye, lass, together.”

Liam raised her skirt and bunched it in her lap. There was so much material her clit was hidden from his view, but he seemed to know exactly where to find it. She felt two fingers explore and then gently spread her pussy lips. She could smell herself as she felt juice dripping from her empty cunt. She grit her teeth as his fingers grazed her from clit to the warm entrance of her womanhood and back again. On his next trip south, he slid two fingers into her to the second

knuckle. She arched her back, and she gasped in surprise at the fullness.

She clung to his fingers, too tight to be the kind of loose woman she claimed to be. “When was the last time a man found his way inside ye?” he asked gently, his voice dropping even deeper to sound more like an animal growl.

“Six years.”

Chapter 7

Liam twisted his fingers inside her slick cunt as he met her gaze, shocked by her answer. “And here ye said ye were a slut. Sounds ta me like yer damn near a virgin again.”

He watched Penn turn her face to his and kiss her deeply. She didn’t fight when Liam pulled her hips closer to the edge of the bench. He heard her moan into Penn’s mouth when he lowered his head and began to lap at the cream dripping from her core.

Instantly orgasm exploded over her like a tsunami. She tore her lips from Penn’s and cried out as Liam skillfully twisted and tasted. Once she peaked, he refused to stop and let her pleasure ease off before she peaked again.

Penn cuddled her as she calmed, rubbing her bare breasts and belly, murmuring to her. “Can ye take off yer skirt, luv?” he asked. “Or do we need to help ye?”

Shaking from her release, Suz pushed to her feet, but swayed. Liam steadied her with strong hands on her shoulders. Taking hold of the elastic waistband, she pushed the skirt to her knees and released it. Twin male groans sounded as it fell to the floor and she stepped out of the circle of fabric.

“Now you.”

She met Liam’s hot blue gaze, watching as he fumbled with the buckles and buttons before unwrapping the kilt from his waist and tossing it away. Her breath caught at the cock that came into view. Long, thick with a broad head, it extended up his abdomen such a distance that Suz wasn’t sure she’d be able to take him all. Turning to

Penn, she found he'd tossed his kilt away as well. Like his twin he was impressive in size and shape.

She didn't say a word, but her wide-eyed, wary expression spoke volumes.

"Dunna worry, lass. We'll take good care o' ye." Liam said as he lifted her ease and settled her on the bench so she straddled Penn's lap.

Penn kissed her deeply, wrapping his arms around her back. Then he shifted and lay back, taking her with him. .

* * * *

Liam watched as Penn lay back, carrying Suz with him, and wondered if he could hold on long enough to complete this claiming. His cock stood up so hard it hurt. The sight of Suz's beautiful ass spread while over Penn's lap didn't help his control a bit. That plus the knowledge that she had not been with a man in six years had him breathing high in his chest.

Reaching into the basket, he took several deep breaths. He had to keep himself under control or she'd be hurt. That was the one thing he never, ever wanted to do again. No harm would come to his woman from them or anyone else if he could help it.

He watched Suz shift on Penn, rubbing her wet, open lips against his cock. One glance told Liam that his brother was in the same shape only worse because his cock experienced those sexy little moves up close and personal.

Liam liberally lubed his fingers, knowing the next few minutes would either break the mood or make it that much better. "Suz, lass, ye gotta relax now. I'm gonna spread yer little ass so ye can take me."

Her only response was a throaty moan.

Penn held her tight and took her lips to distract her. Liam used his free hand to rub up and down her back, hoping the stroking would help her relax.

“Okay, darlin’, take a deep breath and relax.” Liam took a deep breath himself as he pushed one finger through the tight star of her ass. Once the tip passed through the ring of muscle, he continued to move slowly forward until he was in to the second knuckle. Then he held fast. She squeezed him so tight. He couldn’t wait until it was his cock she tightened her sexy little ass around.

* * * *

Suz tore her lips from Penn’s and began panting. “Oww, oh God. It’s too big.” Suddenly all thoughts of everything were gone, and her entire focus shifted to having her back hole invaded.

“Take deep breaths, luv. Relax yer ass.” Penn’s arms, which had held her tight, now shifted. The band around her waist dropped a few more inches, and then he began to stroke her from neck to waist, long, soothing touches that took her mind off her ass.

“Mmmm,” she murmured as the pain and burning changed in character as Liam eased the rest of his finger in, then twisted it inside her. “More.”

She felt the finger stroke inside her and relaxed further, her hips starting to move with him. She bucked when he added a second finger, then relaxed again under his gentle ministrations. She growled when two fingers of his other hand dipped into her dripping cunt before continuing on to circle the knotted bundles of nerves that made up her clit.

As another climax shattered over her, he circled and pinched those nerves while pulling two fingers from her ass only to reenter with three, which he drove home in one motion. “Oh God, yes! More. I need you both in me. *Now!*”

“Yer wish is our command.” With Liam’s fingers still planted deep in her ass, Penn sat up, still holding Suz tight to his chest. With a hand under each cheek, he lifted her up his chest until his cock slid down between her lips to her drooling entrance. “Kiss me, luv.”

Following his commands, she found herself transforming. She was no longer Suz, the hardworking medical secretary who had closed herself off emotionally and physically from the world. She became a creature of lust, her entire focus between her legs. She wanted this. She needed this. She had to have this right now.

Wrapping her arms around Penn's shoulders, she kissed him as her fingers tangled in his hair. She felt Penn's blunt-tipped cock nudge her open, and then he eased her down over his shaft. Before he was fully seated, Liam's fingers pulled from her dark hole, and surprisingly, she mourned the loss. At least until she felt the head of his shaft nudge its way through the now-loosened ring of muscle.

"Fuck. Oh God, she's tight," Penn growled into her mouth.

"Ye should feel her ass. I'll no' be able ta hold on long," Liam returned as he slowly pushed completely inside.

Suz couldn't speak, couldn't tell them how good it felt. All she could do was experience having her McKenzie men planted so deep in her she thought she felt their shafts nudging at her heart.

Once both seated fully inside her, they stilled, giving her a moment to adjust to the unnatural fullness.

The pain she'd felt earlier had transformed into a heated fullness, but Suz couldn't stand their stillness. She needed to move. Arching her back against Liam, then bowing forward, she was able to move her hips just enough to shift on the twin cocks that filled her.

"Give me yer hand, Suz." Liam held out his left hand so she could see it between them and the loom.

Slowly she pulled her hand from Penn's hair and laid it in Liam's open palm. .

He took both of their hands and laid them on the front bar of the loom with his larger hand covering half of her smaller one. Penn's hand followed and covered the other half of her hand so that both men touched her and all three of them were connected with the loom. Then they began to fuck her.

They moved slowly in a coordinated rhythm where Liam slid out

as Penn slid in. Then they reversed the motion. Suz writhed between them, feeling wild and untamed and wanting more.

“Faster. Harder. More.”

She chanted the three words as they moved faster and faster, harder and harder within her. So caught up in what was happening in her body, she almost missed the magic that happened under their hands.

The wood that had been cool under her palm heated up, and a warm tingling traveled from her fingertips up to spread throughout her entire body. Her eyes closed, and she could see the women who'd preceded her at the loom. Starting with her great-grandmother, she saw flashes of each of the more than twenty women who had sat at the loom before her. She saw them, and as they looked at her she became filled with their knowledge of weaving and life and love. When she reached Sarah, the original Dream Weaver, Sarah looked at her over the shoulder of the original McKenzie man as they loved at the loom the first night she invoked the magic.

“Ye’ll be the best of us all, girl. With these glorious men beside ye, ye are the Dream Weaver. Love them well, and be happy. That’s the real secret of being the Dream Weaver. To be happy and well loved.”

When the images in her head stopped, her lust peaked, and she climaxed harder than she ever had before. The muscles of her cunt and ass clamped down on the cocks that filled her, milking them to their own completion. Penn and Liam thrust home once more and held themselves deep inside her, their cries harmonized with her own. Their seed pulsed, sending a fire through her that caused a second orgasm to roll over her.

She collapsed completely, thankful that her McKenzie men kept her from pitching to the floor. She felt them, Liam’s hand gently cupping a breast, Penn’s slowly rubbing up and down her thigh, gentling her, bringing her slowly back to Earth.

Their other hands still held her to the loom, but even that hold had

eased, as if they were afraid to let go.

“Did you see them?” she whispered as she licked a drop of sweat from Penn’s neck before resting her forehead against his chest. “All the Dream Weavers from Ruth back to Sarah? Did you see them?”

With her free arm, she reached around behind her and rubbed up and down Liam from ass cheeks to waist. Then she reached around for Penn and did the same thing.

“Aye, luv. We saw them,” one of the brothers assured her.

“I love you both so much. I’m so glad we did this. I’m glad we’re all here together.” Her words slurred as she relaxed into unconsciousness.

Penn kissed the top of her head. “We love ye, too, darlin’. So damn much.”

Liam brushed a kiss over the back of her neck, which had her sighing. “Aye, lass, we love ye like none other.”

She felt Liam let go of the loom, ease out of her dark passage, and leave the bench. He disappeared into the storage room, returning a few minutes later with a warm, wet cloth. He cleaned her up with an amazing gentleness, then lifted her from Penn’s lap. While Penn limped into the other room, Liam sat in the rolling office chair with her curled in his lap.

After drifting with orgasmic pleasure that made her weak, she tensed as realization of what they’d just done hit home. “I’ve got ye, lass. All is well. I luv ye so much it near kills me ta think...”

“Shh, Liam. The past is done and gone. Oh God. I’ve got to get busy.” She tried to push from his lap, but he wouldn’t let her go, his arm an immovable band around her middle.

“What do ye mean ye’ve gotta get busy?” Penn asked as he returned to the room, looking a little strained from the exertion of walking around without his cane.

“That note on the floor. It was on the loom. Ruth wanted me to weave her a shawl to be buried in.”

Penn picked up the note and read it. He passed it to Liam. Suz’s

gaze went to the loom. It was threaded and ready to go. The basket sat under the bench just as always, full of shuttles wound with fuzzy yarn in a rainbow of colors.

Liam released her to pace in front of the loom as he read the note. Then both men looked at her.

“How can she ask this of me? I’m not a weaver. I haven’t been in this room in a dozen years. I have no experience, no proper lessons since I was a child. How am I supposed to weave the shawl that she will wear for eternity?”

All at once the fear that had shadowed her forever roared like a dragon. Her father’s voice demanding she be practical echoed in her brain. Even now his deep voice continued telling her she wasn’t creative, she wasn’t good for any job except one in an office doing someone else’s bidding.

She couldn’t do this. She would never be good enough to make Ruth’s burial shawl. She would never be good enough to keep Liam and Penn happy. And then she would end up alone again.

“I can’t do this.” She brushed away the single tear, then turned and ran for the door.

Liam beat her to it, blocking it with his body. “Lass, lass, calm yerself.” He wrapped his arms around her squirming body. A moment later Penn came up behind her and pressed close so she couldn’t move.

With them so close to her, pressing skin on skin, her father’s voice raging at her faded, and she heard them murmuring to her in a language she couldn’t understand. But the combination of their heat and their hands massaging whatever skin they could reach eased the urge to run.

She stopped fighting their hold as sadness filled her. Then she wrapped her arms around Liam’s waist and started to cry. Ruth was dead. She could not teach her all she needed to know. She’d never been close to her father’s family, didn’t know where half of them lived anymore, and now Ruth was gone.

She didn't realize she'd spoken her thoughts out loud until Liam lifted her chin so he could see her. "Look at me."

Blinking her eyes open, she saw him staring down at her, blue eyes fierce in expression and so beautiful. "Yer no' alone. We're yer family now. Penn and me. We'll take care of ye, and ye'll take care o' us, and we'll all be happy together."

"Aye," Penn said, lowering his head to rub his cheek against hers. "And if ye think ye'll be runnin' around Dreamer's Dell naked, ye'd better think again. We'll be the only ones seein' ye in this state o' undress."

Suz calmed under their words, growing still, and then felt them against her. Shifting, she leaned against Penn until he stepped back. She stepped sideways and then turned to face them. "Can I do this?" She sounded like she had as a six-year-old asking them if they loved her.

Penn took her left hand, and Liam took her right. Lifting them to their lips, they brushed kisses over her knuckles before turning and kissing the palms and then holding them against their chests, over their hearts. "Ye can do anythin' ye set yer mind ta doin'." They replied as one, the words rumbling under her fingertips, sending shivers through her arms and straight to her heart.

Looking from one set of worn denim blue eyes to the other, Suz felt their confidence seep in and grow inside her. With a deep breath, she nodded and pulled her hands from theirs. Dropping them to pat their butts, she grinned. "I need to get to work. I only have until tomorrow morning to do this."

Penn stopped her before she could slide onto the bench. "Ye might want ta dress first. Just in case anyone comes out ta pay their respects."

As she pulled on her skirt and tank top, she watched the men dress. "Will you wear your kilts to the funeral?"

"If ye wish," Penn said. "We have suits if ye'd rather us no' be quite so exotic."

Her pussy clenched as her mind's eye dressed them in full Scotsman mode. "No suits. I want Ruth's friends to know that the McKenzies are in attendance."

The men nodded before Liam picked up a length of the family tartan and handed it to Penn. Then both men approached and knelt before her.

"Would ye wear this? It'll show ye belong ta us."

Suz blinked back tears as she accepted the length of cloth. "I'd be honored. I love you both so much."

Opening the cloth, she saw it was wider than Ruth's shawls, and longer, too. Wrapping it around her shoulders, she hugged them individually, first Penn and then Liam, and then wrapped one arm around each of them and held them both close for a moment before releasing them and turning to the loom.

Instead of sitting down and going to work, which—though tempting—was scary, Suz retrieved the shawl she hung up when she came in. Ignoring the men who watched her closely, she laid it out on the table and studied it. She noted the color blends as well as how Ruth had started and ended the stripes. She also noted that the fringe was made from the warps knotted together in groups of five.

With a sigh, she turned to the loom and felt the pull again. It was as if the loom had become a powerful magnet and she was covered in metal.

"I can do this," she whispered.

Without another glance in their direction, Suz slid onto the bench. Lifting the basket of shuttles onto the bench beside her, she picked up the pink-yarn-filled shuttle and went to work.

* * * *

Penn watched Suz change and felt himself grow hard again as she shifted from lover to weaver. It was as if a new, stronger personality had taken root. He looked to Liam, who watched as well, renewed

hunger growing in his eyes. “Suddenly I’m feeling about as useful as teats on a bull.”

“Aye. So what do we do about it?”

When Suz slid onto the bench, he motioned for Liam to follow him outside. “She’s not goin’ anywhere. I say we go and check in with Jubilee, see if she needs any help. We also need ta get into some warmer clothes,” he said as a cool breeze blew up his kilt.

“Ye always were a wimp.”

Penn growled as Liam took off running, flipping up the back of his kilt to moon his brother.

Chapter 8

It took her the longest time to complete the first three rows. The first time she'd pulled them too tightly, and the warp angled together, crooked. The second time they were too loose. Each time Suz had to reverse the process of weaving to start again. Finally she felt satisfied with the beginning. After that she continued, slowly growing more confident as she developed a slow rhythm. She discovered it soothed her to toss the shuttle with one hand, catch it with the other, then pull the beater bar forward. As the beater bar pushed back, her foot alternated between the treadle pedals.

These pedals, much like piano foot pedals, raised and lowered half the warp threads so the weft thread went straight back and forth between them. By alternating the treadles, the weft was trapped, and the weaving process continued.

She would win no prizes for technique or speed, but she was weaving. The thing that surprised her most about the entire process had to be the way it felt. It felt natural. It felt good. It felt as if she'd come to a place that she'd never been before, but a place she was meant to be.

Not sure of anything but the back and forth of the shuttle through the warp, she did not work on anything but getting the weaving straight and even. She did not think about changing colors or design until she'd emptied the shuttle of pink yarn. The same time she ran out of the weft thread, she ran out of room to throw the shuttle back and forth. She did not know how to move the fabric forward to make more room to weave more.

Once the last inch of pink yarn spun out, she returned the empty

shuttle to the basket and picked through the basket to find the next color she would use. This shawl would be less striped and more color blocked, but she wanted to use the colors Ruth liked.

Thinking back, she remembered Ruth always liked pastels. She always wore pale pinks and purples, soft spring greens, and pale denim blues. Those colors filled in the basket as well as a soft, lemony yellow and several shuttles filled with the same cream as the warp.

Sliding from the bench, Suz took a few moments to stretch her lower back, stiff from sitting for so long. Movement also reminded her that she'd participated in other recreational activities she was unaccustomed to. She went in search of a tape measure and found one dangling by a hook on the wall next to the door. After measuring the weaving, she frowned, unimpressed to find she'd created only ten inches of material. Measuring Ruth's shawl she found it to be six feet long. She had a long way to go.

She looked at her wrist to check the time, but only found bare skin. Her watch lay by the sink in the bathroom. Looking across the room and out the windows, she could tell it was late afternoon. She had no clue how long she'd been working.

Suz slid back onto the bench, but then slid off again. If she wanted to do right by Ruth and her last request, she needed a plan. Looking at the basket of shuttles and then the loom, she didn't want to stop. This was fun, and she wanted to make Ruth a beautiful shawl, but she had only about eighteen hours until the visitation at the funeral home.

Wrapping the McKenzie tartan around her, she headed to the house. She needed help.

Entering the back door, Suz heard several low voices coming from the living room. Hopefully there weren't too many visitors because she really wasn't feeling up to entertaining. She wanted to get back to the weaving, but she was thirsty.

Stepping into the kitchen, she saw several cakes and pies on the table and several covered dishes on the countertops. There was also a

pad with names and a description of each food visitors had dropped off.

Suz retrieved a can of soda from the refrigerator, noting the shelves contained more dishes. Popping the top, she drank deeply. Once her thirst abated, she headed to the living room. It did not surprise her to find that Jubilee and the twins were not alone.

She paused in the doorway, not sure she should intrude. Maybe she should go upstairs and clean up. She could still smell Liam and Penn on her and wondered if anyone would be able to guess from her appearance that they'd had what she could only call the kinkiest sex of her life.

She found Liam and then Penn across the room and felt a shaft of heat roar through her. She noticed they'd changed from their kilts into slacks and button-up shirts, looking very appropriate for entertaining, while she still wore her tank top and full skirt with nothing on between. Taking a step back, she fought the urge to run upstairs and hide. Then she battled the urge to cross the room and crawl into a lap. She didn't care which lap. She just wanted one of them to hold her.

Liam met her gaze and smiled, his blue eyes glowing. Penn looked at her and winked, crooking one finger in a "come here" gesture. Then Jubilee saw her.

"Suz, oh good, you got something to drink. This is Isabella and Dodge. They take care of the business end of Dream's Dell, Inc." Jubilee made the introductions as she crossed the room.

When she reached Suz, she hugged her and whispered in her ear, "Are you okay?"

Suz returned the hug and sighed when Jubilee wouldn't release her until she'd answered the question. "I'm fine, though I may be walking funny."

When Jubilee finally released her, she turned her attention to their guests.

The woman, Isabella, appeared about forty, a head taller than Suz and supermodel thin. She wore black yoga pants and a black-and-red

leopard-print T-shirt that clung to her svelte size-six body like a second skin. Her flawless makeup and stylish, carefree hairstyle of auburn curls made Suz feel downright dowdy and in serious need of a makeover.

Dodge towered over her, at least six-and-a-half feet of bearlike presence. His shaggy brown hair was threaded liberally with gray, and his kind mud-brown eyes met hers with a sadness she could empathize with. He wore a rumpled navy suit with a cream-colored shirt and Dockers.

As the others continued talking, Suz crossed to the old wooden rocker next to the fireplace and sat down. She always loved this chair with its tall, carved, fan-shaped back and warm honey-maple color. She'd made Ruth promise to give it to her sometime in the future. Ruth agreed with a chuckle. "It's yours right now, child, but if it's all right, I'd like to use it for a while longer."

Once seated, she put the chair in motion and gently rocked. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, then let it out in a rush. Her muscles relaxed, and the nervousness she'd felt drained away. She remained silent as the others talked about business and how Ruth's death would affect future sales.

The need to create still strong and pulsing in her, Suz reached down and found Ruth's knitting basket on the floor. Picking it up and setting it in her lap, she sorted through the contents. There were several hand-wound balls of pastel yarn, their free ends tangled around one another as if trying to weave themselves into something. She picked through the bottom of the basket until she found a double-pointed circular knitting needle she could work with. With the ease of practice, she cast on forty-eight stitches and began to knit. As she moved those stitches from one needle to the other in a classic knit-two-purl-two ribbing pattern, she felt the same peace settle over her she'd felt just moments ago sitting at the loom.

She was beginning the third row when she realized the conversation across the room had stopped. She looked up to find five

pairs of eyes staring at her.

“What?”

Penn, kicked back in Ruth’s recliner, recovered first. “What’s that yer makin’?”

“I’m knitting a baby hat.” She continued working the needles and yarn in a rhythmic *click-click* that soothed her. “I donate them to hospital nurseries.”

The soft pink yarn that unwound from the ball of yarn in her lap through the fingers of her right hand to the needles provided the same comfort it did each time she picked up yarn and needles. There was a sense of creative control that came with taking knitting needles and a ball of yarn and going to work.

“Did Ruth teach you?” Isabella asked, trying to sound casual, but failing miserably.

Suz frowned as she thought back through the handful of visits she’d had at Dreamer’s Dell. “She might have tried, but my parents would not let me continue after we went home. I learned in college. I needed an arts credit, and I didn’t want to learn how to throw pots. The only other choice was knitting. I liked it a lot, and my instructor said I had a natural talent. I got an A in the course.”

“Nature versus nurture?” Dodge spoke for the first time.

Isabella watched her fingers as she pushed the point of the right needle through the loop on the tip of the left needle, wrap the yarn around the tip of the needle, and then scoop it back through. After transferring the resultant loop to the right needle, she started the process all over again, stitch after stitch down the row. “Could be, but it *is* in her genes,” she said.

“What’s in my genes?” Suz turned the knitting and began the next row.

“Being the Dream Weaver,” Liam said while Penn replied, “Being creative.”

“All my life my father told me I didn’t have a creative bone in my body.”

“And what did your mother say?” Isabella asked.

Suz shrugged. “She never had an opinion. Why? Oh yeah, Ruth was my mother’s grandmother and not my father’s.”

Penn nodded. “Aye, yer father was a practical man who could no’ understand the magic that runs through yer maternal bloodline. He scoffed at Ruth every time she said ye would be her successor. He’s the reason ye didna take over at eighteen. Ruth and Frank didna want to interfere with yer raisin’, though we all knew ye would eventually take yer proper place.”

“That’s the past.” Liam sent a sharp look at his brother before standing and making his way around the room to kneel at Suz’s feet. “How did the weavin’ go?”

Suz pushed away the bad feelings talk of her father filled her with. Her needles moved even faster until she’d calmed. She smiled as Liam watched her, his gaze going from her face to her hands and back again. “It went really well. But I’ve hit a snag and need some help.”

Before Liam could reply, Jubilee broke in. “After dinner. Right now you all are going to wash up and then come into the kitchen to eat.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Penn and Liam held her back until the others were out of earshot. With Penn on her right and Liam to her left, they each wrapped an arm around her and hugged her close to their big, warm, hard bodies.

“Are ye a’right, lass?”

“We didna hurt ye, did we?”

Suz closed her eyes and rested her head against Liam’s shoulder, soaking in their strength. Before she could answer, a yawn overtook her. “I’m fine. I’m better than fine. But I’m not sure I’ll be up to a repeat of that performance for a day or two.”

Liam brushed a kiss on her forehead. “Whenever, wherever, whatever ye want ta do. All ye have to do is ask.”

Penn kissed her cheek. “Anything, luv.”

They squeezed her between them for a moment, and Suz felt more

than comforted. She felt loved. Warmth filled her, and she absently wondered when she'd last felt this way.

“Can we go eat now? I’m hungry.”

“Yer wish is our command.” Each man took a hand, and after brushing kisses over her knuckles, they headed to the kitchen, where Jubilee had set up a buffet while Isabella and Dodge set the table in the dining room.

Chapter 9

Dinner was packed with laughter and enlightenment. Suz learned that Isabella worked as Ruth's attorney for more than ten years and that Dodge acted as her accountant and money manager for nearly as long. She was, in fact, facing the board of directors of Dreamer's Dell, Inc.

She also discovered that Penn was a businessman of the first order who'd talked Ruth into expanding Dreamer's Dell into more than just a one-woman operation. They'd imported Scottish sheep and goats, as well as alpaca from South America, and raised the animals for their wool. Liam was a licensed veterinarian who cared for the animals as well as oversaw the management of the five Dreamer's Dell farms that supplied the Dreamer's Dell Spinning Company with fleece. In the past five years, they'd turned Dreamer's Dell into a brand name, which in the world of spinning, weaving, and knitting, stood for high quality wool, fibers, and yarns.

By the time they'd consumed a delicious apple pie, Suz was overwhelmed with information and intimidated that they had done so much with their lives while she labored at a job she hated that barely kept her head above water.

"I hate to eat and run, but I need to get back to the loom if I want to finish Ruth's shawl before the viewing," Suz said, pushing from her chair. She needed to get away from this group, be alone with her growing inferiority complex.

"Of course, child. Penn will help you with the loom while Liam helps me clean up." Jubilee assigned duties as she piled plates together.

“If you could just tell me how, I should be able to figure it out.”

“Luv, I’ll come out and help ye. ’Tis no chore.”

* * * *

Sitting beside her at the table, Penn could feel Suz drawing into herself as Isabella and Jubilee bragged about the changes and improvements he and Liam had brought about. She’d grown sad and quiet as she destroyed her slice of pie after taking a token bite to agree that it was delicious. When Jubilee assigned him to help Suz with the loom, he wanted to dance. He couldn’t wait to kiss her and more before she returned to her work.

As they slowly walked to the studio, he wondered how much more than kissing he could do, though he remained silent until he saw what she’d accomplished. Looking at the fabric she’d woven, he was impressed. Ruth herself couldn’t have done a better job.

“This is beautiful. Ye’ve taken ta yer new position as Dream Weaver verra well.”

Suz blushed under his words and shook her head. “It’s okay, I guess.”

Penn pulled her to stand in front of him and bent so they were eye to eye. “Do ye trust me?”

“Yes.”

“Then I want ye to ignore whatever voice is in yer head tellin’ ye anything else. This is beautiful. Yer beautiful. And creative. And so damn sexy I want ta strip ye right here and now and love ye ’til neither of us can walk.”

He closed the small space between them and kissed her. His hands ran across her shoulders, down her arms, then up her back as he eased her closer until their bodies were pressed together. Her lips opened under his, and he took advantage, pressing deep and tangling his tongue with hers as his hands dropped to cup the cheeks of her ass.

“What about Liam?” she whispered when he released her mouth

for a moment.

“Luv, we’ll each be wantin’ ta spend time alone with ye. I just pray to all that holy that ye’ll be wantin’ ta spend time with us as well.”

Then she smiled. “I think I’d like that. But not now. I have to get back to weaving Ruth’s shawl.”

He brushed a kiss on her lips before releasing her with a wink and a grin.

“In a minute, luv. First I’m going to lap up your cream. The scent of it near drove me crazy durin’ dinner.”

Penn helped her to sit on the bench, then lean back against the breast beam of the loom for balance. Going to his knees in front of her, he ducked under her skirt and worked his way up between her thighs. He pulled her bottom closer to the edge of the bench and spread her thighs wider as he took deep breaths and filled his lungs with her unique scent. Closing in, he licked her from cunt to clit, savoring her taste, driving her higher and higher until she grabbed his head and came with a cry. He eased her back from the heavens before pulling out from under her skirt.

Seeing a contented smile on her lips, he retrieved a large clean towel from a pile on the shelf just inside the storage room.

“Stand up for a minute, luv.”

She stood on wobbly legs as he spread the towel over the center of the bench. After showing her how to advance the fabric on the loom, he helped her settle on the bench, her bare crotch on the towel with her skirt draped out of the way.

“Why?”

“Trust me, luv.”

* * * *

Knowing his hope for their future as lovers untied some of the nervous knots in her stomach. To have him lick her to orgasm relaxed

her so she could think beyond the itchy need in her cunt.

It only took a few minutes for Penn to show her how to advance the fabric. Pull this pin on the uptake beam and that pin on the warp beam, and then wind the fabric on the uptake beam until she had it where she wanted before replacing the pins in their holes to hold everything tight again.

Though tempted to talk her design out with him for his approval, she had a feeling he would tell her that she was the designer and creator. "I am the Dream Weaver. I can do this," she murmured as she settled on the bench, her focus back on the weaving and not the man who settled in the rolling chair behind her.

Picking up a shuttle full of cream thread, she went back to work, visualizing the color block pattern with narrow stripes of cream separating the colors.

She was not surprised to find her speed picked up considerably as she focused on the work. However, the lust tightening the apex of her thighs as she worked caught her by surprise. Her sex center rubbed on the towel as she shifted from side to side to toss and catch the shuttle, then leaned forward to pull the beater bar. Intently focused on the job at hand, she never heard Penn leave the studio.

Three hours later she was halfway through the pale blue, the last color of the rainbow color block shawl, when she realized she felt horny. So horny that she couldn't concentrate any longer. Her crotch, as well as the towel she sat upon, was soaked. Her clit begged for attention. When hot, hard fingers reached around her chest and under her shirt to take possession of her beaded nipples, she jumped in surprise. The fingers gently plucked at her, sending shivers of lusty electricity from breasts to pelvis.

"Oh God, that feels good." Closing her eyes, she leaned back to give him room.

"'Tis time ta come inside, lass." Liam supported her weight easily, playing with her tits as he nuzzled and licked the sweet spot where neck joined shoulder.

“I can’t leave now. I’m almost done.”

“Ye’ll finish in the morning. Ye need ta rest now.”

“What if I don’t want to rest now?” The last thing her body wanted was rest.

Suz shifted her hips to rock against the bench. If she leaned forward just a little more, maybe she could get enough pressure on her clit to throw her over the edge. She tried, but it wasn’t right.

Pulling her skirt up over her thighs and out of the way, she started when Liam grabbed her hands before she could stroke her clit.

“No, I need to come. Please, Liam. I’m so close.”

“Nay, lass. Ye’ll no’ be doin’ it yerself. Yer orgasms belong to us, remember? I’ll help ye cross over.”

Liam shackled both of her hands in his left hand and pulled them to her left shoulder while his right hand eased between her thighs to cup her mound. A moment later, two fingers slid deep into her hot, slick core while his thumb stroked and circled her clit.

In seconds Suz pitched over into orgasm, crying out as her entire body throbbed with the completion. Before she calmed enough to ask for a little more time, Liam shifted her on the bench. He slid one arm under her knees and the other around her back. Cuddling her close to his broad, muscular chest, he easily lifted her from the bench.

“But...”

“’Tis time ta come ta bed with yer men.”

Suz was too drained to fight him. She felt tired, and he was only looking out for her. She didn’t have the heart to tell him that she wasn’t sure she would be able to stay awake for another round of sex with her men no matter how hot it remained between them.

Curling into his chest, the last thing she remembered was Liam murmuring into her ear as he carried her from the studio. “Sleep, lass. Let us take care o’ ye. All’s right in the world now that ye’ve taken us ta yer own.”

Chapter 10

The first thing Suz noticed when she woke up was that she felt relaxed and well rested, though parts of her felt like she'd worked out for hours. For a girl who didn't exercise unless she had to, this kind of muscle stiffness felt foreign.

The next thing she realized was that she did not have her nightshirt on. She never slept without clothes, at the very minimum panties and an oversized T-shirt.

Finally she noticed the heat. She was curled on her right side, but felt so warm. It reminded her of a time the winter before when she'd piled every blanket she owned on the bed. But there was no weight of blankets on her. Her mind drifted, and she mused that she lay inside a giant people toaster with heating elements in front and behind.

With a sigh she shifted, planning to assess which pain plagued her the most. That's when she felt them. Two hands gently massaged the flesh they covered, one on a breast, the other on the cheek of her ass.

She opened her eyes and fell headfirst into a pair of pale blue eyes the color of well-worn denim.

"Good mornin', lass."

"Good morning, Liam," she whispered, face flushing at the memory of what they'd done the previous afternoon. Had that really been her?

She'd taken this man in her back hole while Penn had filled her pussy. As she flew toward her climax she'd seen all the women who'd sat at the loom before her. She'd taken both men in her and loved them both.

Feeling the fullness in her heart, she acknowledged that she had

loved them her entire life. She couldn't explain why or how. She didn't care. She loved them, and if the glow in Liam's eyes was anything to go by, they had grown fond of her as well. What surprised her was that, even sore and relaxed, she felt her center growing warm, wet, and wanting just from the memory of loving them.

"Good mornin', luv" preceded hard, hot lips kissing, licking, and nibbling on her neck.

"Good morning, Penn. How's your leg this morning?"

"Well I won' be runnin' with the bulls, but I'm healing. How are ye feeling?"

Lowering her eyes from Liam's gaze, she lied. "I'm fine."

Immediately Liam swatted her butt.

Yelping, she raised startled eyes to his. "Why did you do that?"

"Yer lyin'. I can see in yer eyes that yer sore and hurtin'. Dunna lie ta us, lass. We luv ye and will take care of ye. And after yesterday, it'd be a miracle if ye weren't hurtin'."

Suz closed her eyes, fighting the emotional tears his caring words brought on. "All right, I'm not fine. I'm sore from our little..."

"Oh, so hot and sexy claimin' of the loom and each other?" Penn offered, his voice dropping an octave as his cock jumped to attention against her back.

"And my back and shoulders and chest are sore from weaving, and I don't know how I'll be able to get on the plane tomorrow afternoon..."

"Plane? Where ye be goin'?" Liam wiped away a tear that escaped almost before Suz realized it tracked down her cheek.

"I have to go back to Denver. I have to get back to work. I have bills to pay. I have responsibilities." Suz sniffed and tried to drop her chin, but Liam cupped a hand around her jaw and held her head up. He waited to speak until she raised her gaze to meet his once again.

"Lass, ye canna leave. Yer the Dream Weaver, and yer place is here at Dreamer's Dell. With us."

"But my job—"

“They can find someone else. But we canna find another woman to take yer place here. Ye belong ta us now. Yer our Dream Weaver.”

Knowing he spoke the truth, but not sure how she felt about it, Suz rolled to her stomach and buried her face in a pillow. She wasn't sure if she wanted to smother herself or just hide with the hope that they would leave her alone. If nothing else, she needed to go back, get Mac and her clothes, and deal with her apartment. She also needed to quit her job in person. After six years, she owed Joyce that much.

She felt them moving, then gasped when cool liquid dribbled down her spine from shoulders to tailbone.

Four hands held her down when she tried to move. “Shh, luv, relax and let us soothe some of those aches for ye,” Penn murmured as the hands began to spread the lotion over her skin.

As their fingers manipulated her muscles gently, but firmly, the knots began to loosen. The brothers continued until she felt like jelly from the neck down, though they ignored the cleft between her ass cheeks and the weeping cunt below.

Suz was of no help when they gently rolled her over and applied the same thorough massage treatment to the front of her body. They eased every sore muscle while at the same time igniting a lust that centered in her tits and cunt.

“How's that, lass? Feel better?”

“Yes. No. Oh, hell, I don't know.”

“What do ye want?”

Close enough to the edge to be crazy, but not so close that she could cross over on her own, Suz opened her eyes to find Liam and Penn leaning over her, their expressions tight and hungry.

“I want you.”

“Ah, luv, ye've got us. Hearts, minds, and souls.”

“Yes, but can I have your bodies?”

Liam growled as he moved between her legs. Penn leaned in to kiss her. “Anything ye want, luv.”

“Can I taste you?” she whispered. Her concentration shattered

when Liam's tongue swiped over her, from puckered star up to circle the bundle of nerves that formed her clit. "Oh God, that's good."

Penn smiled as their tongues tangled. A moment later, he pulled away. Fisting his cock, he moved to his knees so it lined up with her warm and waiting mouth.

"Open up, darlin'. Let me feel that sassy tongue on my cock."

Suz licked her lips before opening her mouth and swirling her tongue around the head of Penn's cock. He tasted so good she couldn't stop herself. She shifted closer to take him deeper and deeper. Her tongue swirled and tasted and savored every inch. She took as much of him as she could fit into her mouth without choking.

Liam pulled away from her pussy, and her protest was muffled, as was her loud moan when his cock eased its way into her. He pushed deep, pulled out until only the head remained inside her, then pushed his entire length into her. Once seated fully, she felt him freeze.

"God, her mouth is heaven." Penn groaned, his fingers threading through her hair to tighten around her skull.

Arching her hips, Suz tried to get Liam to move as she bobbed on Penn. Yes, she needed to come, but more importantly, she needed them to lose control. She needed to give them as much pleasure as they'd given her.

Pulling clear from Penn, she growled, "Move, dammit," before taking Penn as deep as she could and swallowing once he was deep in her mouth

"Oh, hell. Tha's no' fair." Penn's hips jerked once, twice, and she felt his seed pulsing down her throat.

She savored his taste and the knowledge that she turned him on that much. Once he finished and she'd licked him clean, he pulled away to collapse beside her. Then she turned her attention to Liam. Arching her hips into his thrusts, she raised her hands to pluck at his nipples. "Come for me, Liam."

With that she threw her head back as her own completely unexpected orgasm rolled over her. A heartbeat later she felt Liam's

cock jerk inside her.

Liam collapsed over her, rolling so they lay face-to-face, still connected. Penn snuggled up close behind her, and they dozed.

When Suz woke next, she found herself alone. A bottle of Tylenol and a cold Pepsi sat on the nightstand. The sheets still felt warm, so she knew her men hadn't been gone long.

Sitting up, Suz took two Tylenol, then drank deeply from the Pepsi. Then she looked at the clock, which sent her into action. Crawling out of bed, she noticed she was back in the guest room she'd first been assigned to. Probably because this room held a king-size bed and had plenty of room for the three of them to sleep together. She found the clothes she'd worn the day before neatly draped over a chair. She hesitated only a moment before pulling them on again. She'd come back to shower and change before heading to the funeral home later. Right now she had to finish Ruth's shawl.

Chapter 11

“It’s finished,” Suz announced as she trimmed the last too-long thread from the fringe.

Picking the shawl up and burying her face in it, she fought to control her tears. She’d done it. She’d finished the shawl that Ruth requested. Wrapping it around herself, Suz went into the storage room and stood before the antique cheval mirror in the corner to study it.

The colors would be beautiful on Ruth. The stripes weren’t exactly equal, but less than an inch of difference between them. The narrow cream stripes that separated the colors seemed to enhance the pastel tones while adding a few extra inches to the length.

Suz felt triumphant as she took the finished shawl off the loom. While tying the warp threads so they created fringe, she decided maybe she was meant to be a weaver. She’d loved the work and looked forward to learning all aspects of the weaving process.

As she’d worked, she decided that she had to go home to Denver to close out the last chapter of her life before getting too caught up in this new life. It was long past time for her to stop floating along the river of life, letting the currents push her where they would. By taking action, she would become an active participant in life and start to guide her own destiny.

Unwrapping the shawl from around her shoulders, she hugged it to her chest. Then she returned to the main room. After touching the loom in farewell, she turned off the lights, twisted the lock on the door, and headed to the house.

She knew Penn and Liam would be happy to send someone to deal with closing her apartment and shipping her life to North

Carolina, but she didn't want that. She needed to cut those ties herself. She only hoped her men would understand and let her go.

Entering the back door, she listened, but heard no noises. The brothers must still be out dealing with their work so they could be free for the visitation hours. Suz laid the shawl over the banister. All at once she was starving, though her pussy sent signals that food wasn't all she hungered for. Would she always leave the loom horny? Was that why the Dream Weaver always had a McKenzie man by her side? To soothe the ache that weaving put in her?

Maybe she'd be able to talk whichever brother showed up first into joining her in the shower. With a grin she headed for the kitchen needing to appease her stomach before addressing the hunger of her sex.

* * * *

When Suz came down the stairs that afternoon, ready to head to the funeral home for the visitation hours, she felt ready to share her plans with her men. She'd talked a reluctant Jubilee into giving her a ride to the airport after the funeral.

It wouldn't take long to quit her job, pack up her belongings, and give away everything she wouldn't be bringing with her. She still hadn't figured out what to do about Mac, but was thinking about bringing him back with her. He'd love the farm, though she wasn't sure how he'd respond to Penn and Liam.

All she had to do now was figure out how to tell the McKenzie brothers she had to leave.

When she saw the men in question waiting in the living room, she had to stop a moment to catch her breath. McKenzie men in jeans and T-shirts were hot. In only kilts they became orgasm-inspiring. In dark suits, looking every inch the successful businessmen they were, they made her heart flutter

"Wow," Suz breathed as she circled them before reaching up to

straighten Liam's red tie, which went well with his navy blue suit, and brush a speck from the shoulder of Penn's black suit. "You're...you're beautiful." She blinked back tears and wished she had time to lose ten pounds and go shopping. Wearing an ill-fitting black skirt and white blouse that showed off every one of her extra pounds just added to the inadequacy she felt.

"Nay, lass. We're just us. Yer the one who's beautiful." Liam cupped her jaw, his thumb brushing a tear that rolled down her cheek, before wrapping the McKenzie tartan shawl around her shoulders.

"Ye did an incredible job on this shawl for Ruth," Penn added, draping that shawl over his arm as Liam gently guided her out of the house before she could consider running back upstairs and hiding.

"Aye, 'tis beautiful work. Ruth would be so proud of ye."

* * * *

For the rest of the day they stayed close by her side. One or the other always remained within touching distance, usually with a palm resting at her waist or their fingers threaded through hers or an arm draped over her shoulders. She didn't know if they realized it or not, but the more they touched her, the more she wanted them. They had become an addiction that she hoped would last a lifetime.

Suz found herself the object of close scrutiny on numerous occasions, mostly from women, but a few men as well who wondered which brother she was with. By the end of the evening, she felt tired and horny and her feet hurt.

"Ignore them. They're jealous," Penn whispered in her ear as a beautiful woman brushed up against Liam, then patted his butt with clear invitation in her eyes. A gold wedding band glinted on her left hand.

Suz stared at the scene with narrowed eyes, tempted to rip the woman's arm off and beat her with it. With a glance her way, Liam leaned over and said something to the woman before turning and

heading their direction. The woman paled as she watched him walk away. A moment later she made a quick exit.

By the time he reached them, he was chuckling and shaking his head.

“What did you say to her?” Suz asked.

“She asked me if either of us was available. I told her we were both spoken for and that we didn’t share our women, except with each other.”

Suz giggled. “You are bad.”

“As bad as ye want me ta be, lass.” Liam smiled at her as his hand brushed down her arm to tangle their fingers together. “Are ye ready ta go home?”

“One minute.” Leaving them behind, she went into the alcove where Ruth lay, the rainbow shawl carefully wrapped around her shoulders.

As she’d known, the colors proved to be perfect for Ruth. She’d overheard several people commenting on the beauty of the shawl, though she hadn’t revealed herself as the weaver. It was still too new to claim a position so diametrically opposed to the rest of her life.

Suz stood for a moment, allowing her tears to fall freely. She couldn’t say the words that filled her heart. Finally she laid her hand over Ruth’s clasped hands. “I love you, Ruth. I’ll be the best Dream Weaver I can, and I promise I’ll do all I can to make my McKenzie men happy.”

A feeling of warmth and peace flowed over her. With a sigh and sad smile, she turned to return where her men waited. Threading an arm through each of theirs, she allowed them to guide her out of the funeral home to the black SUV outside.

Suz wasn’t surprised when Pastor Joseph straightened from where he’d been leaning against his car next to the SUV. He was a middle-aged man with graying hair and a large, bulky presence. He might be reassuring in a ministerial sort of way, but he brought to Suz’s mind an overzealous follower of the Southern Baptist religion.

“Mrs. Black, I was wondering if I could speak to you for a moment.”

“Of course.”

The nervous knots in her stomach jerked tight. The hamburger and fries she’d gulped down earlier threatened to make a return appearance, even before the minister spoke.

“Alone, please?” He looked from her to the large, silent men flanking her.

“Whatever ye have ta say to Suz concerns us.” Liam’s voice sounded too soft and controlled for Suz to believe he was all right.

The older man shifted under twin laser-sharp looks. Finally he focused on Suz.

“Well, um, you see...I was wondering which man will be escorting you to the funeral tomorrow?”

Suz cocked her head as she tried to unravel the meaning behind his question. “They both will be accompanying me.”

“I’ve been hearing odd comments all evening and just received a call from Tina Potter about the three of you being together and sharing women. As I’m sure you are aware, the church frowns on such behavior. I’m afraid I cannot condone such carrying on in my church. Think of your great-grandmother.”

Before Suz could respond, Penn stepped forward, putting his body between her and the minister. “Pastor Joseph, my brother and I will both be with Suz tomorrow. As Ruth’s business associates and her step-grandsons, ’tis our duty and our pleasure to watch over her only living relative. Anything ye may have been told this evening sounds ta me like gossip pure and simple.”

“So you’re not all three having an affair?”

“Frankly, sir, that is none of your business.” Anger flared in Suz at his small-minded, petty attitude. “I am appalled that a man of God would ask such a question.”

“Yes, well, um...I’ll see you at the church tomorrow. Good night.”

“Good evening.”

No one moved until Pastor Joseph walked away and climbed into his car.

Suz wanted to follow and give him a talking to about gossips, tolerance, and the church staying out of people’s bedrooms, but Liam wrapped an arm around her, guiding her to the front seat of the SUV. After she settled, he climbed into the back while Penn got into the driver’s seat.

“It’s no’ worth it, lass. We’re livin’ in the Bible Belt, and no’ everyone’s as progressive as they should be.”

Suz didn’t answer until they were halfway home. “So how do we deal with this in the future?”

“Same way we just did. It’s no one else’s concern how we run our lives as long as we obey the laws of the land and pay our taxes on time.” Penn threaded his fingers through hers before lifting their joined hands to kiss her knuckles.

“Ye dunna need anyone’s approval on what ye do with yer life, lass, though we hope ye can see us in yer future.” Liam reached over the seat to massage her tense shoulders.

Suz whimpered as he ground his fingers against her knotted muscles. By the time they parked at Dreamer’s Dell, Suz was so relaxed she’d nearly fallen asleep. She continued drifting as Liam carried her into the house and up the stairs.

Once in their bedroom, he stripped off her clothes and handed them to Penn, who hung them up. Once naked, he tucked her into the center of their bed. Then he stripped and, after tossing his clothes into a pile on the floor, he joined her. Penn followed a moment later. In minutes they cuddled together and fell asleep.

Chapter 12

Suz looked around the church fellowship hall and knew it was time to go. Her flight home left in a little over an hour, and she needed to check in. Catching Jubilee's eye, she nodded, then waited until the other woman did the same.

With a smile to the strangers sitting with her, sharing stories of Ruth's life, she stood. "Excuse me."

She crossed the room, trying to look casual and not raise anyone's suspicions. She had not told Penn and Liam that she was leaving, so the next few minutes would be tricky.

She still wasn't sure why she didn't just tell them, fight it out, and then go, but she didn't. She didn't like conflict and planned to be back in a couple of days anyway.

She had almost reached the door to the hallway when Liam took her hand and stopped her. True to their word, they had worn their full Scottish clan regalia and had been the hit of both the funeral and luncheon that followed. Just the sight of them sent shivers racing through her. If only she had the time to take them home and fuck them until all their bones melted. But that would have to wait until her return.

"Ye okay, lass?"

"I'm fine. Just headed to the ladies' room." She gave him a bright smile without looking into his eyes as she squeezed the hand that held hers. "I'll be back in a few."

"All right, lass." He brushed a kiss on her cheek before releasing her.

Turning away, Suz blinked back unexpected tears as she pushed

her way out of the room. Once in the hallway, she opened the closet and pulled out her oversized carryall. Since she was coming back, she had no need for a suitcase. Slinging the bag over her shoulder, she headed for the parking lot, sending up a prayer that Liam didn't come looking for her too soon.

She had to go home today. Mac was probably flipping out by now. She'd never left him alone this long before.

* * * *

"I'm not sure this is a good idea," Jubilee said as they waited in line for Suz to go through the security screening station. "Those boys are going to go ape shit when they figure out what you've done."

"It'll be fine. I'll be back in a couple of days, but I *have* to close this chapter of my life. They've done so much for me already, but I have to do this for me. I love them, Jubilee. Tell them I'll call when I get home, though with a three-hour layover in Charlotte, it might be late." Suz put her bag on the belt before turning and hugging the older woman. "Take care of my men."

Jubilee returned her hug. "You hurry back because I don't know how long I'll be able to keep those boys from going out there after you."

Suz nodded, then turned away when the guard called her forward. It was time for her to go through security.

She made it through security all right, but while waiting for the boarding call, she couldn't stop the guilt from welling up and swamping her. Combined with the feeling that she would never be good enough for her McKenzie men and the delayed reaction to Ruth's passing, she couldn't stop the tears that began to roll down her cheeks.

* * * *

Penn and Liam found Jubilee in the parking lot climbing out of her car.

“She left, didn’t she?” Penn asked.

“Yes, she’s gone back to Denver. She loves you and said she will be back in a couple of days, but she claims this is something she had to do for herself.”

“Why did she do it?” Liam asked, his eyes bright with tears he refused to shed.

“I think she’s feeling very confused and more than a little inferior. Unfortunately we haven’t helped.”

“Huh?” Liam asked as Penn said, “What do you mean?”

They spent the next few minutes as Jubilee enlightened them to the realities of loving a woman who’d spent her entire life denying her true self. By the time she finished speaking, the twins were in tears, hurting for the woman they loved, but now knew they didn’t really understand.

“Okay, so what do we do now?”

“Well, if it was me, I’d break out that fancy shmancy airplane that Dodge talked the board into leasing last year. With the crazy flights Suz scheduled, you might just beat her to Denver.”

By the time she finished speaking, Liam had dug out his cell phone while Penn pulled out the car keys. Each man then kissed a cheek before heading for the SUV. They would go after her, but not looking like they just jumped out of a costume shop.

* * * *

When Suz pulled into her apartment complex late that night, a giant black cloud of depression held her firmly within its grip. Ruth was gone, and she’d probably lost the two men she’d loved all her life.

She frowned when she reached her apartment. Someone had parked in her parking space. She didn’t recognize the silver luxury

sedan, but growled under her breath. Looking around, she found only one other space—at the far end of the parking lot.

After parking, she dragged her carryall out of the car before heading to her apartment. Shivers rattled her bones by the time she got inside. The tartan shawl was fine in North Carolina, but not nearly warm enough for Colorado in December.

She opened the door and stepped inside her dark apartment, half afraid to turn on the lights and see what damage Mac had inflicted while she was gone. Closing the door, she leaned her head against the panel and sighed. She planned to snuggle with Mac until he forgave her, then crawl into bed for at least twelve hours of sleep. Tomorrow she would focus on everything she needed to do to close this chapter of her life.

Taking another deep breath, she pushed from the door, turned, and started across the darkened apartment. “Hey Mac, I’m home, baby.”

She screamed and jumped when the light flashed on, blinding her for a few seconds. “And just who the hell is Mac?”

Suz blinked several times to adjust to the light, then took a step back when she saw that Mac was not the only breathing thing in her apartment waiting for her to come home. Penn lounged on the couch, his hand still on the lamp. Liam sat in the rocking chair nearby. Neither man looked happy.

“How? When? What?” Lifting a hand to her head, she rubbed at the pain thumping at her forehead. Then she wiped the latest tears from her eyes. This was the last place she wanted them to be.

Liam stood and slowly crossed to her. “If ye really wanted to come here so bad, we could’ve brought ye. We got here a couple hours ago in the company jet.” He stopped just out of arm’s reach.

Suz fought the urge to jump into his arms and wrap herself around him. “Why?”

Penn stood and joined them, standing shoulder to shoulder with his brother. “Yer our woman. Yer doin’ probably the hardest thing anyone has to do, starting over again. We didna want ye ta have ta do

it alone.”

“Don’t you hate me? I left. I walked away without telling you anything.” Suz’s tears started again, and she turned away.

It hurt her heart to look at them. They looked beautiful in their jeans and button-down shirts and cowboy boots. She was a mess, still wearing the ill-fitting clothes she’d worn for Ruth’s viewing and funeral. She’d been on planes or waiting in airports for more than nine hours, and she wanted a shower and something strong and alcoholic that might stop her tears. Since she didn’t have anything like that in the house, she would settle for a hot chocolate with double marshmallows for now.

“Lass, we could never hate ye. Yer our woman. Our Dream Weaver. Our own true love.” She heard them move forward, and then she found herself pulled back against two broad, muscular chests with thick, hard arms wrapped around her middle, holding her tight.

“But ye do have a paddling coming,” Penn growled as he buried his head into her neck while Liam turned her face up to his.

“Aye, several,” Liam murmured before claiming her lips.

Love seeping into her pores from their touch, Suz gave herself up to them. They could do with her as they pleased. Whatever punishment they would inflict, she knew she’d more than deserved. Turning in their arms, she wrapped one arm around each of them and held on tight.

She felt Liam hook his fingers in her skirt’s waistband and then push it down her body until it pooled around her feet. A moment later her panties disappeared. Penn pulled her blouse over her head, then unhooked her bra and slipped it off as well. In seconds she stood between them, naked.

Liam lifted her easily and carried her to the bedroom, where he sat down and tossed her head down over his lap. Before she could think to protest the treatment, his hand came down on her left cheek, sending hot pain shafting through her, causing her to cry out with surprise. The punishment continued, fast and hard, with the pain

turning into something more as her ass heated to red hot. Her nipples tightened further, growing painfully hard. Her cunt dampened, and she felt her muscles tightening in preparation for a giant orgasm. Drops of hot liquid splashing on the skin of her back brought her back to reality way before she was ready.

“Liam?” She panted, trying not to scream with the pain and pleasure shooting through her.

Two more punishing slaps would have sent her over the edge, but he stopped. Instead he lifted her to sit across his lap. He buried his face in her chest and wrapped his arms around her back. “God, lass, don’t ever do anythin’ like that again. It near killed me to think ye’d left us.”

From one heartbeat to the next, her orgasm backed off, allowing her to think. Liam’s jeans felt rough against her bottom, but she didn’t protest. He was hurting, and only she could ease his pain.

Suz cradled his head into her body, kissing his hair and rubbing one hand up and down his back. His cock pushed against her hard, and she wished she could sheath him. If only his jeans weren’t in her way. “I didn’t leave for good. I just had to come and take care of Mac and close my apartment and quit my job. I couldn’t let you do this for me. I had to do it myself.”

She slipped off his lap and knelt between his widespread thighs. After opening his jeans, she eased his hard cock out. She circled the head with one finger, loving the wetness that coated it. She lowered her head and swirled her tongue over the tip, tasting his life fluid. The cock in her hands jumped, and twin groans filled the room.

She glanced over her shoulder at Penn, who stared at her through tear-bright eyes. He’d opened his own jeans and shoved them to his thighs and now fisted his own long, hard erection. The depression that threatened to be the death of her just an hour before dissipated like smoke in a high wind. She held out an arm to him. He knelt behind her and wrapped his arms around her.

Suz reached up and jerked Penn’s jeans down to his ankles, then

turned her attention to showing him how much she loved them. Penn fisted his fingers in her hair as she gently traced the thick vein from tip to root. Her lust responding to the masculine scent of her man, she wiggled her ass at Liam, hoping he'd get the hint. She traced her way back up Penn's shaft when she felt a thick knob press into her wet, open entrance.

The orgasm that had threatened her moments earlier returned with a vengeance. She took Penn's shaft fully as Liam filled her. The rhythm they found was fast and hard and carried her over the edge in minutes. She smiled through her tears when she heard both men cry out their completion just seconds later.

Their lust and love momentarily sated, the men stripped off their clothes and piled Suz into the full-size bed between them. As they cuddled and recovered, Suz tried to explain why she'd left them.

"I love you both so much, but I had to do this for myself. You are both so...so...perfect, and I'm nothing but a screw-up. I needed to do this to prove to myself that maybe, someday, I'll be good enough for you," she admitted softly as she stared across the room at the only picture she had of the three of them. She had been six, they twelve, and the three of them stood together on the front porch of the house at Dreamer's Dell, the boys towering over her much as they did to this day.

The men tried to protest, but she shook her head. She needed them to understand where she was coming from. "It's like my whole life I've just been passing time, waiting for something. I just didn't realize what I was waiting for until Ruth called me home to take her place at the loom. I've been waiting for this. For you. For us. Thing is, while I floated along in a dead-end job, a dead-end life, being miserable, you two went out and accomplished things. You've built an incredible company. I'm not worthy of you. I don't have anything to offer. Except my love. And I do love you. Both of you. So very much."

Both men rose over her to look deep into her eyes. Penn leaned down and kissed her gently. "Darlin' Suz, yer luv is all we ever

wanted. Yer love, yer happiness, yer body next to ours. Ye. We built the company for ye, so we could all be together in everything. We love you.”

Liam followed a moment later. “We don’t expect ye to do anything ye dunna want ta do. Yer life so far hasna been a picnic, and we want to change that. We want ta make the rest of yer life a joy. We want to love ye, take care of ye, and be with ye always. But, before we can do that, we need to know one thing.”

Suz stared in amazement at the two men. They offered her everything she wanted on a gold platter. “And what’s that?”

“Who is this Mac person ye keep talking about?”

“And why didna ye tell us about him before now?”

Suz smiled, then climbed over Liam and out of the bed. Crouching on the floor, she looked under the bed. “Come here, sweetie. It’s okay. I want you to meet someone.”

It took a few more minutes of coaxing before she straightened. In her arms sat a small black fur ball who looked at them with a curious though disdainful expression. His eyes were pale blue and seemed familiar.

“It’s a cat.”

“Yes, this is McKenzie. Mac the Cat. He’s the reason I *had* to come back today. I left him a big bowl of food and water and his box, but I’ve never left him for more than three days before.”

“How old is he, luv?” Penn reached out a finger so Mac the Cat could sniff his scent.

“Six years. I got him right after the divorce finalized. The apartment manager doesn’t know about him because I’m not supposed to have a pet,” she said as Penn gently petted the cat and then Liam followed suit.

Mac seemed to accept the two men easily, as if he knew they were important to his lady. When she finally released him, Mac headed out of the bedroom and settled down in his second favorite spot, the back of the couch. From there he could watch her move about the

apartment and always be ready whenever she went into the kitchen.

“So, lass, will ye let us help ye get through the next few days? Or do ye want us ta go back to Dreamer’s Dell?” Liam asked as he pulled her back where she belonged, between them.

“I’d invite you to stay, but this bed...”

“We’ve got a hotel suite with a king-size bed that will be much more comfortable for what we’ve got in mind. Let’s feed yer cat, and we’ll come back tomorrow to deal with whatever needs dealing with.” Penn ran one hand up and down her side from hip to armpit and back again.

“I’m so glad I claimed you when I was six.”

The brothers grinned at her.

Penn brushed a quick kiss on her lips. “Darlin’, we claimed ye long before that.”

“You did? When?”

Liam then leaned in for a kiss. “The first time we saw ye. Ye were but six weeks old. Even then we knew we would be together forever. It just took us thirty years to finalize our claim of yer love.”

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cooper McKenzie always thought she had been born a hundred years too late, but appreciates air conditioning, computers, and other conveniences of modern-day living. She enjoys the slower pace of New Bern, North Carolina as well as the history and small town community found there. In addition to dreaming up her next story, Cooper enjoys reading everything except scary books, singing in her church choir and needle-weaving. She loves hearing from readers at coopermckenzie@ymail.com.

Her website is www.coopermckenzie.webs.com

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