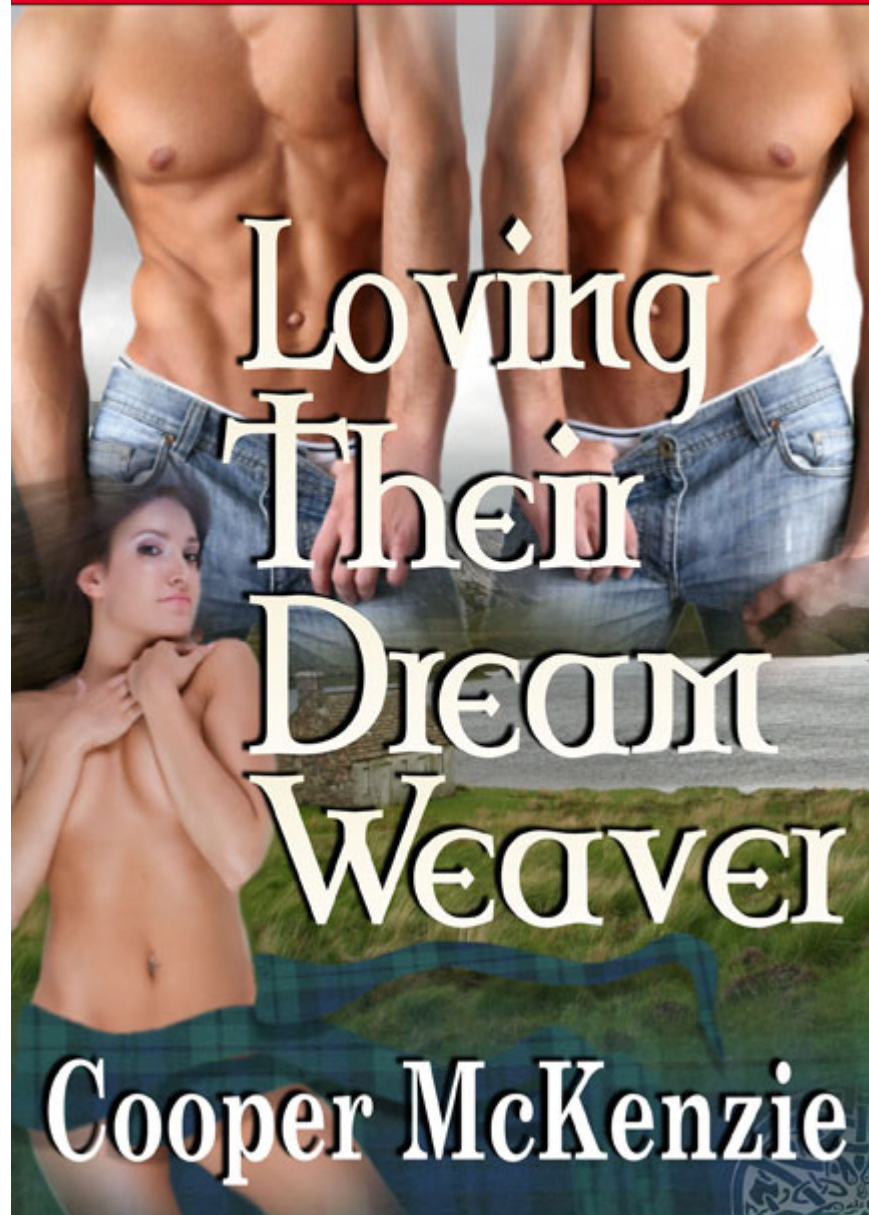


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LOVING THEIR DREAM WEAVER

Cooper McKenzie

MENAGE AMOUR



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With deep gratitude,
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DEDICATION

Many thanks to all who have believed in me over the years, even when I wasn't so sure myself.

LOVING THEIR DREAM WEAVER

COOPER MCKENZIE

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Prologue

“I have to quit.”

They were some of the hardest words Suz Bowen Black had spoken in her thirty years. Meeting Joyce Leyton’s shocked gaze proved almost as difficult.

“Of course you do. I’d quit, too, if I had a man as gorgeous as the one you walked in holding hands with waiting for me.” The pediatric clinic office manager leaned back in her chair and smiled. “Is it serious between you two?”

Suz felt her cheeks heat. Penn McKenzie had insisted on coming with her while she quit her job. She thought he would wait in the car, but he had climbed out and held her hand securely as they entered the clinic where she worked as a medical secretary and receptionist. She’d left him sitting at her desk with orders not to touch or read anything while she met with Joyce for this most difficult discussion.

“He’s one of the reasons.” The other big one she would not share with Joyce was Penn’s twin, Liam. He had headed to her apartment to feed Mac, her cat, and meet with the movers about packing and shipping her life to New Bern. “My great-grandmother died and I’ve inherited the family business. I’m moving to North Carolina.”

“I’m sorry about your great-grandmother, but congratulations on

the business. I guess you won't be needing a job recommendation, huh? And a gorgeous guy on top of it all. Way to go, Suz. You deserve it. I hope he keeps you very, very happy."

Suz smiled for the first time since walking into the building. "I'm pretty sure a recommendation isn't necessary, but thank you. And thanks for this job. I've really liked working here. I'm sorry I didn't give you more notice."

Joyce chuckled as she stood and walked around her desk. "It's all right, Suz. We're going to miss you, but I understand. I hope that man waiting out there is everything you want him to be. All the best for your future."

An hour later Penn picked up the box holding the personal items from her desk and tucked it under one arm. He wrapped the other one around her shoulder and guided her out. "All right, luv?" He brushed a kiss on her temple.

Suz nodded, biting her lip. Taking a deep breath, she forced a smile. "Yes, I'm fine."

With a flurry of goodbyes and well wishes following them, Suz led the way out of the clinic, heading to her new life as the Dream Weaver.

As Suz settled into the driver's seat of her car, Joyce's words came back to her. Between the two of them, Penn and Liam were more than everything she'd ever dreamed of. The question that haunted her was, could she be everything THEY wanted?

Chapter 1

Suz stared across the backyard at Ruth's studio. It had been six weeks since the last Dream Weaver had died. Ruth Amelia Brooks McKenzie Adams McKenzie had been 104 years old and had outlived her entire descendency, with the single exception of Suz.

The day of Ruth's death, Suz had claimed the magic of the loom in order to continue the line of Dream Weavers that stretched back more than three hundred years to Sarah, the original Dream Weaver. Her first assignment had been to produce Ruth's burial shawl. In doing that, she found that she loved sitting at the loom, throwing the shuttle and creating something beautiful for her great-grandmother. Those who had seen it during Ruth's viewing and funeral wondered if Ruth had woven it herself. Only a handful of people knew the truth.

Since returning from Denver five weeks before, Suz had not been back in the studio. She couldn't. She could not take Ruth's place at the loom permanently. She wasn't creative like her great-grandmother.

At first she'd put it off as she settled in, blending her things and the McKenzies' things with Ruth's classic country décor in the farmhouse. That had lasted four days. She'd spent another handful writing notes and dealing with the aftermath of Ruth's funeral.

Thankfully, Isabella, Ruth's supermodel-looking attorney, took on the role of family spokeswoman and handled the many requests for phone and on-camera interviews. Those interviews resulted in another deluge of condolence cards and letters which had kept Suz busy for another week.

Things had now calmed and she was getting bored. It was time to

get serious about stepping into her role as the Dream Weaver. She did not want to think that she only had six weeks remaining until she, Penn, and Liam left for Scotland.

Once in Scotland, they would spend a few days visiting Penn and Liam's family before trekking deep into the wilds of the Highlands. There she would deliver her first shawl to Mother Nature. She was bound by three hundred years of tradition to make and deliver a shawl each spring.

Each winter since Sarah had claimed the loom three centuries before, the Dream Weaver wove a shawl for Mother Nature to wear in celebration of spring's arrival. The Dream Weaver legend proclaimed that without the shawl, spring would not arrive and the world would perish in an endless winter. The future of the world sat on the Dream Weaver's shoulders.

"What are you thinking about, luv?" Penn wrapped his arms around her middle. He held her weight easily when she leaned back and rested her head against his broad chest.

"Lass? Are ye all right?" Liam asked as he leaned in and brushed a kiss on her cheek.

Taking a deep breath, Suz released a sigh. "I'm okay. I guess."

The men spun her so they could see her face. Each wrapped an arm around her, Penn around her waist and Liam her shoulders. Their identical expressions contained equal parts concern, caring, and love.

"It doesna sound like yer okay. What's up, lass?" Liam asked, brushing a strand of hair from her cheek.

She looked at them and blinked, reminding herself that she was supposed to be seeing double. They were identical twins, after all. Sharp cheekbones and solid jaw lines held a ruggedness that would cause any woman to take a second look. Wavy hair blacker than coal fell in waves to lay heavily on their shoulders, though Penn had pulled his back with a string tied at the base of his skull. And those pale blue eyes the color of worn denim. Those eyes had been a part of her dreams for so many years. Even as thirty-six year old men, these two

were identical in every way.

“What happens if I can’t do it? What if Ruth was wrong and I’m not meant to be the Dream Weaver?”

Penn smiled gently before leaning in to kiss her. “I’m sure every Dream Weaver since Sarah wondered the same thing. All ye have to do is try. We’ve claimed the loom and ye have the knowledge of three hundred years of women who’ve sat there before ye running through yer blood.”

“I’m scared,” Suz admitted, dropping her chin to her chest. “The thought that I could bring the world to an end by not pleasing Mother Nature with my weaving is really, really scary.”

The brothers cuddled her between them, pulling her even closer, surrounding her. Their long, thick erections pressed into her hips and she lost her train of thought.

“You’ll be fine, lass. Ignore those nasty voices tellin’ ye that ye can’t. We ken. Ye’ll be fine. Just relax and try. Yer creative spirit will break out and ye’ll be surprised at what will happen.”

Suz nodded. She would try as soon as she found the courage to cross the yard and enter Ruth’s—no, her—studio.

“I’ll be in my office all day doing paperwork if ye need me, luv.” Penn kissed her deeply before releasing her and walking out the back door.

“I’ll be in and out so call me cell if ye need me.” Liam kissed her just as deeply before following his brother out the door. Together they headed to the barn and office complex across the meadow where the Dream’s Dell, Inc. offices were located.

Penn was the president and CFO of the company. His days were filled with the business side of the yarn industry—paperwork, phone calls, and meeting the growing demands for Dream Weaver yarns.

Liam oversaw the management of the five local farms that supplied the sheep, goat, and alpaca fibers to the company’s spinning factory. He kept their four-legged suppliers happy and healthy. Penn and Liam had taken the Dream Weaver’s one-woman weaving

operation and built it into a multimillion dollar international company recognized throughout the world for fine yarns.

With her men off to start their days, Suz stared past the triple car garage with its upstairs apartment, to the outbuilding that housed the heart and soul of Dreamer's Dell, Inc. The Dream Weaver's studio. Ruth's studio. Her studio.

Only Suz had no training in weaving or in what the position of Dream Weaver entailed. She had not been raised to nurture her creative side. Her father had always demanded that she live a practical and realistic life. He'd turned her into a type-A workaholic like he'd been.

She'd gone to college to work on a business degree but left after getting pregnant at nineteen. She'd married Luke Black then found out he was emotionally and physically abusive. He'd grown angry, bitter, and frustrated that no matter what he tried, she could not orgasm. He didn't understand that she was pre-destined to only orgasm for Penn and Liam. She'd divorced Luke after he'd beat her, causing her to miscarry the baby.

After divorcing him, she'd gone wild for awhile chasing after her elusive orgasm. Finally she gave up and focused on survival. She'd worked one realistic yet boring job after another, trying to be practical and keep the bills paid. She'd kept her nose to the grindstone and her shoulder to the wheel and ignored the sadness that wrapped itself around her like a heavy cloak. She grew to hate her life and what she had become.

Then Ruth had called her home to Dreamer's Dell, just in time to say her goodbyes before the old woman died. Suz had claimed the loom, the McKenzie twins, and her position as the Dream Weaver. She had quit her job and moved from Denver to New Bern, North Carolina but now felt lost, like a balloon let loose in the wind. Without a time card to punch or a supervisor to report to, she drifted through her days.

Penn and Liam would never push her, but she knew they worried.

She worried. Hell, she was scared to death.

What if she couldn't do it? What if Mother Nature hated the shawl she created? Spring would never come, the world would end, and it would be all her fault.

Tears welled and blurred her vision. She hated being afraid. She had been afraid of so many things for so long.

She felt an unfamiliar pull. A need to sit before the loom, throw a shuttle, and pull at the beater bar. She felt the urge to create.

"All you can do is try," she murmured to herself as she reached for one of the shawls hanging from the pegboard on the wall near the back door. She knew she had to do something before the tension that had been building in her gut caused her to implode.

Sliding her feet into red Crocs, she wrapped the shawl around her shoulders and opened the back door. Her jeans and sweater kept most of the morning chill at bay. The winter had been unusually mild and she wondered if she would ever again wear the heavy winter parka she'd worn each winter in Denver.

She hurried down the stone path to Ruth's studio. She didn't glance toward the office complex across the meadow where Penn's office was located. She didn't look toward the parking lot to pick out Liam's truck. She focused on getting to the studio.

She had a month and a half until she had to deliver Mother Nature's shawl. If she screwed up the first one, she would try again. But she had to get her ass into gear, get into the studio, and try.

She slowed as she reached the two steps that led to the covered stoop. It amazed her that this fifteen-by-thirty foot building housed the keystone of the entire Dreamer's Dell, Inc. empire.

Reaching into the flat-top mailbox, painted with sunflowers and morning glory vines, she retrieved the small brass key with its plastic sunflower fob and unlocked the door. Returning the key to its place, she opened the door and stepped into what she had to now think of as her office.

Flipping on the lights, Suz was surprised to see that the room

appeared almost exactly as it had when she'd walked out after finishing Ruth's burial shawl. Only the loom was different.

At some point, Penn and Liam must have come in and reconnected the warp threads to the apron rod so the loom was ready for her to weave on again.

"But how am I supposed to know what to weave?"

Closing the door, she hung her shawl on an empty hook then turned to the room. As they had the first time she had entered six weeks before, her eyes flitted around the room like hungry bees in a room of ripe clover. She didn't know where to look first. Turning a circle trying to see everything at once, Suz got dizzy.

Nothing else had changed since her last visit. The shelves were still full of colorful spools of threads and yarns. The idea wall was covered with Ruth's notes, designs, and pictures culled from magazines. Some were so old they were in black and white, others more current and colorful. The far wall of windows filled the room with natural light and a view of the meadow and tree line that surrounded the Dream's Dell home farm. Finally she turned to the main attraction of the room.

The Dream Weaver's loom. The loom that had passed down through women of her family 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. The inner workings had been updated at some point over the years.

Suz circled the room. She fought the urge to clean and organize instead of create. Cleaning would erase Ruth's presence in the studio. Right now Suz needed Ruth's influence any way she could get it, since she couldn't call upon her wisdom and advice any other way.

On a lower shelf in the bookcase, Suz saw a number of thick notebooks. Each carried a label that read "Designs, Patterns, Thoughts, Etc." and a number. A thinner notebook had a bright pink sticky on it. Leaning close, she saw Ruth's neat handwriting.

Dear Suz, Read this one first. It will help. Love, Ruth

Chapter 2

Pulling the notebook from the shelf, Suz settled into the rolling chair. Opening the notebook, she began to read. The first page was a letter from Ruth, assuring her that all would be well and no matter what her father had drummed into her, all she had to do was relax. The creativity would come.

The pages that followed contained everything she needed to know regarding the care, feeding, and maintenance of the loom, as well as her own creativity as the Dream Weaver. She'd even included sage advice about dealing with a McKenzie man.

After skimming through the entire notebook, Suz stood and stretched. She walked around the loom, caressing the wood and the smooth logs, the soft warp threads and in general, getting reacquainted with her new work partner.

"All right, old chap. It's you and me with Penn and Liam to back us up. We *are* going to weave beautiful things."

According to the notebook, her first task would be to dress the loom and wind weft yarn onto the bobbins that fit into the shuttles. Ruth advised her to prepare more than she needed because it was quite frustrating to have to stop in the middle of a project because she'd run out of weft thread.

Looking at the shelves of colorful yarns and threads, Suz was drawn to a cone of yarn that was the same cream color already laced onto on the loom as the warp. Pulling that cone of yarn from its shelf, she set to work winding yarn onto the bobbins. The basket under the bench was full of the empty bobbins she'd used to weave Ruth's shawl, so she decided to use them. Since this shawl would be similar

in length and width, she filled the same number of bobbins.

Once she'd filled them, she piled them into the basket and then set the basket under the bench which kept it close at hand when she needed a new bobbin but out of the way. After picking up the first shuttle, she took a deep breath and went to work.

* * * *

She had no idea how much time had passed when she realized she had developed a serious problem only a McKenzie man could solve. Carefully laying the shuttle across the soft fabric she'd woven, she slid off the bench and walked to the wall phone. After consulting the card of phone numbers taped to the wall next to it, she lifted the handset and dialed.

"This is Liam."

"Where are you?" she asked, her voice sounding tense, yet low and sultry.

"The barn. Why?"

"I need you in the studio."

"Is something wrong, lass? Are ye hurt?"

Suz shifted so the center seam of her jeans rubbed over her slit. The action sent jolts of electricity through her, causing her belly to contract. She would have touched herself but knew from past experience that she could not give herself an orgasm. She'd promised all her orgasms to Penn and Liam a dozen years before and had not come without one of them touching her since that day.

"Yes, something's wrong. No, I'm not injured. I've been weaving. I *need* you in the studio. If you're too busy, send Penn, but one of you needs to come here. *Now*." She heard the bitchy tone in her voice, but couldn't change it. She was in pain and only they could help her ease it.

Liam chuckled in her ear. "Aye, lass. Someone will be there in a wee bit."

As she waited, Suz pulled the curtains over the wall of windows so they wouldn't give a free show to the workers who took care of the farm. Then she stripped off her clothes. She couldn't decide if she should sit on the chair or lay across the bench when the door opened. Liam was breathing heavily and there was an impressive bulge behind the zipper of his jeans as he stepped inside and closed the door.

"So yer hot and horny, eh?" He unzipped his jeans, allowing his long thick length to pop out at her. He sat in the rolling office chair and pulled off his cowboy boots. "Come here, lass. Let's see if we can't do somethin' ta scratch yer itch."

"Penn's not coming?" Suz crossed to stand in front of him. He lifted his hips from the chair and shoved his jeans to his knees.

"No, he's out of the office dealin' with some problem or other."

"He won't be upset about this, will he?"

She didn't want anyone to be hurt, angry, or jealous. She just wanted to love the men she'd claimed for her own when she'd been six years old. They'd been twice her age and twice her size, but had agreed when she'd demanded they promise to wait for her to grow up so she could marry them. She'd found out only after they'd followed her back home to Denver that they had laid claim to her even before then. She'd been only six weeks old when they'd seen her for the first time and knew she would be theirs forever.

* * * *

Liam caught the worry in her tone and expression. Wrapping his arms around her back, he rested his chin between her fabulous tits and looked up her chest into her troubled green eyes. "No, lass. He'll no' be jealous. He'll just wish he'd been here ta help. There'll be times that one or the other of us will be with ye alone. As long as ye dunna favor one o'er the other too much or try to play us off each other, we'll be fine."

Breathing in her fresh, clean scent, he licked and nibbled his way

around one breast before taking the hard pink tip between his lips and sucking hard.

When her knees buckled a few seconds later, he lifted her over his lap to straddle him. As she settled over his powerful thighs, his lips never lost hold of her pebble hard nipple. Leaving one arm wrapped around her back, a finger from his other hand traced over her hip then down the cleft of her ass, between her spread thighs.

“Lass, yer soppin’ wet.”

She murmured into his hair, but he couldn’t make out the words.

He slid two fingers into her pussy then brushed the pad of his thumb between the bare, puffy lips that protected her clit. His cock was hard enough to pound nails, but this wasn’t about him. This was about the responsive woman in his arms finding her ultimate pleasure from just his touch.

He tightened his hold, and she went up like a Roman candle as he slid another finger into her core. She arched her back over the arm wrapped around her, head thrown back, screaming as her orgasm overwhelmed her.

Pulling his fingers from her, he used both hands to lift her enough to fit the flared head of his steel-hard cock to her wide-open entrance. With a deep sigh he lowered her down over his shaft until he was fully sheathed inside her steamy wet heat.

Her still-spasming walls tightened around his length in rippling contractions as her orgasm rolled on and on. Finally she settled into his chest. Though she’d found release, she did not relax. She continued to tremble in his arms, muscles still tight and needy.

“Oh lass, ye feel glorious wrapped like hot silk around me cock.”

She didn’t answer, just snuggled her face into his neck.

He clenched his jaw to try to maintain some kind of control. He wanted to thrust hard and fast, but moving too soon might hurt her. That was the last thing he ever wanted to do.

“Suz? Are ye okay?” He asked a moment later when the trembling stopped and she lay quiet in his embrace.

“Yes and no,” she whispered, her voice soft and hoarse.

Shifting against him, she licked his nipple, which sent an electric shaft of need straight to his hard cock. He clenched his teeth so hard he thought he might break a tooth if he couldn’t move soon. Very soon. A moment later she lifted her head and looked at him through glazed, lust-filled eyes. The swirling brown and green fought the gold flecks for dominance.

“I need you to fuck me good.” Placing her hand on his shoulders, she began a slow slide up and down his stone-hard shaft.

“Ye have me, lass. As long as ye need me. Now and forever.”

Liam dropped his hands to her hips to help her ride his shaft. What started as a gentle coupling quickly spiraled to a racing gallop for completion as Suz rode him faster and faster. Soon her screams harmonized with his own deep growl of release as they came within a heartbeat of each other.

* * * *

Suz collapsed after her second orgasm, amazed the top of her head had not exploded off her body. The sexual knots that had tied her in were now completely unraveled. She felt loose, almost too loose. Only Liam’s strong arms holding her secure to his chest kept her from puddling to the floor like a skein of unwound yarn.

She smiled when he brushed a kiss over her temple. “Feel better now?” His deep voice rumbled in her ear.

“Mmm hmm.” She was incapable of thinking, much less forming words. All she wanted now was to sit here for the next year or two, breath in Liam’s masculine scent, and feel him holding her.

“Can ye tell me what brought this on? Not that I mind, but ye sounded like a crazed woman on the phone.” Liam chuckled as he ran his hands up and down her back, soothing himself and loving his woman, giving her what he instinctively knew they both needed.

“I was weaving. My jeans rubbed me in all the right spots to

excite me, but I knew I couldn't get myself off. When I couldn't stand it any longer, I called you."

Leaning forward, she licked the skin where his neck flared into his shoulder. He tasted salty, musky, and male. Licking again, she closed her eyes and savored the flavor. He'd become an addiction she hoped she never grew tired of.

"Do ye feel better now?"

"Yes, thank you. Very much. I hope I didn't take you away from anything important."

"No, lass. I was doin' paperwork. I'm grateful to put it off. Can I see what ye've been workin' on?"

"I guess."

"First, get dressed. I don't want ye ta catch a chill."

Suz nodded as he lifted her easily off of his lap. He held her steady until she found her footing. Getting a hand towel from the stack on a nearby shelf, she gently wiped them both dry. Before Liam could pull his boxers and jeans up, she leaned over and kissed the tip of his softening cock.

After she dressed, she showed Liam the cream-colored shawl she had begun. As he admired her work and praised her growing skill, his cell phone rang. He flipped it open, answering automatically.

"This is Liam. Uh huh. I'll be there in fifteen."

Hanging up, he wrapped both arms around Suz and pulled her into his chest, one of her favorite places to be. "I have to go. One of the alpacas is about to become a first-time mommy and seems to be having a little trouble."

"Okay. I hope it goes well. Love you."

"I love you, lass. Any time I can help with anything, jes' let me know."

He raised his eyebrows in a comically menacing leer. He brushed another kiss in her hair. After one last squeeze, he released her and left.

Closing her eyes, Suz wrapped her arms around her chest to hold

onto the feeling of love and protective caring she felt every time either of her men held her. Then she returned to the loom, still wearing a contented smile. Life was good with her McKenzie men.

Chapter 3

The sharp trill of the phone coincided with another bobbin running out of yarn several hours later. Laying the empty shuttle across the weaving, Suz slid from the bench to answer the wall phone.

“Hello?”

“Prepare yourself, bitch. I’m coming for what’s mine.”

Suz barely processed the man’s words before the phone clicked in her ear. She pulled the phone from her ear and frowned at it.

“Had to be kids,” she muttered as she hung up. She glanced at her watch when her stomach gurgled and clenched and her cunt knotted with reawakened sexual hunger.. “Oh wow, where did the time go?”

Carrying the thin instruction notebook, as well as the first of Ruth’s numbered design notebooks, she locked the studio and headed to the house. She didn’t see the tall, lean figure standing in the thick brush of the tree line as she hurried across the yard toward the house where lights glowed in several rooms.

Entering the back door, she hung up her shawl and kicked off her shoes. “Hello? Honeys, I’m home.” Smelling something delicious in the air, she wondered if the meal could wait long enough for her men to scratch the itch she’d developed from her afternoon of weaving.

“Welcome home, luv.” Penn appeared in the open doorway to the kitchen. “Did you have a good day?”

He wore his University of Edinburgh shirt and sweatpants, looking scrumptious. Lust flared, her sexual hunger overrode her physical hunger. All she could think of was feeling him inside her.

Dropping the notebooks to the floor, she stepped close, reaching for the elastic waistband of his sweats. She pushed his pants down his

legs until they fell to his ankles. His cock, which had been half hard the moment before, slammed to attention as she watched and licked her lips.

Wrapping one hand around the base of his long, hard length, she cupped his scrotum in her other palm and placed a delicate kiss at the tip. When a drop of pearly fluid appeared, she licked it up, savoring his salty sweet flavor. She felt his hands thread through her hair and tighten against her skull.

“Mmmm, good.”

Opening her mouth wider, she licked and swirled her tongue around his length as she descended over him. Bobbing several times, she continued savoring his length, taste, and texture until she felt the tightening of his balls. With one last lick up his shaft, she pulled away.

“Suz, luv. Please. Don’t. Stop.” He groaned as she brushed a kiss on the head and stood.

“Come with me.”

Taking his hand in hers, she led him through the kitchen into the dining room. He shuffled behind her, his free hand wrapped around his cock, stroking slowly.

The antique table in this room would easily accommodate a dozen people, but sat empty most of the time. They preferred the casual hominess of eating in the kitchen. After throwing back the white lace table cloth, Suz reached for her jeans. In seconds, she kicked them off and laid face-down on the table.

Looking over her shoulder at Penn, she winked. “Fuck me, Penn. Hard and fast.”

Penn froze as Suz spread her legs farther and then wiggled her beautiful ass at him. “Come on, sweetie. Fuck me. Please, Penn. I need it bad.”

Feeling as if he’d entered his best dream, Penn reached out and rubbed the tips of two fingers over one cheek of her ass. She was so soft and silky. His cock throbbed painfully, demanding to know what

he was waiting for. His brain had no answer, but he hesitated just the same.

“Please, Penn. I need you to fuck me.”

“Ye’d better do it, brother. She’s so wound up she’s hurtin’.” Liam spoke softly from the kitchen doorway.

“What’s happened to her?” Penn breathed, turning his head to meet his brother’s gaze.

“She’s been weaving. She called me to the studio earlier. I’ll finish dinner.”

Returning his attention to the woman laid out before him, Penn watched her hips arch as she tried to hump the edge of the table. He rubbed one hand up and down her spine as his other hand slid down the cleft of her ass to find her open, wet cunt.

“Shhh, baby. ‘Tis a’right. I’ll take good care of ye.”

He bent and brushed kisses down her spine to the twin dimples where her ass divided. The hand between her legs cupped her mons, finding her entire crotch drenched. Kneeling behind her, his tongue traced the line down between her cheeks. He paused to rim her rosette before moving to her open pussy.

“Mmmm.” She purred, arching her back to meet his tongue.

After lapping at the juices he found there, he moved forward to find her clit. Two fingers slid into her as he teased the bundle of nerves. When she was this wound up, focused attention on any of her hot spots set her off like a string of firecrackers.

Wrapping his free arm around the back of her waist to hold her down against the table and keep her still, he rolled his lips over his teeth then gently nibbled at her clit. At the same moment he slid a third finger into her cunt then held tight.

* * * *

“Oh. My. God.”

Suz screamed as one of the most intense orgasms she’d ever felt

slammed through her. Every muscle in her body contracted as fiery lust blazed from her core out to her fingers and toes, then back again to her pleasure center. Even her hair tingled with the release.

She felt Penn ease his fingers out of her cunt, but before she could miss his touch, he pushed his cock into her grasping wet emptiness. He slid in fully with one thrust, filling her to capacity. Her orgasm, like waves of water in a tilt box, rolled back and forth through her. Her vagina rippled along the length of his cock. When he began to drive into her, the waves gathered and strengthened until she peaked again. He thrust into her three more times before following her over the cliff into nirvana.

She murmured her appreciation as he brought her down slowly. She sighed as he eased from her, still brushing his hands over her to calm her until she lay on the table like a puddle of goo. She was so relaxed she could not move.

He kissed his way up her spine. When he reached her neck, he brushed her hair aside so he could look at her face. “Feel better, luv?”

“Mmmm,” was all she could manage and even that was released on a sigh.

She didn’t fight when he pulled her to stand, though she wasn’t sure she could hold herself up. She didn’t have to. He picked her up and carried her. She curled into his chest and closed her eyes, not caring where they were going.

A moment later, Penn sat down and she felt something soft and fuzzy covering her. Opening her eyes, she found they were in the living room, sitting in her comfort chair. This was the only piece of furniture she’d brought from Denver.

She’d bought the chair the day she’d found out she was pregnant with another man’s baby. It was colorful and beautiful and never matched any other furniture she’d ever owned, but as soon as she’d seen it she knew she had to have it. Her ex-husband had hated it and wanted her to get rid of it, but she refused, keeping it even after she lost the baby and divorced the husband. Every time she sat in it she

felt happy, less worried.

Penn and Liam thought it was a great chair. They liked it best when they sat in it and she curled up in their laps.

“So, ye were weavin’, eh?” Penn asked as he brushed hair away from her face.

“Yes. A cream-colored shawl. I think it’s going to be pretty. I should finish it tomorrow. When I do, can you show me how to restring the loom?”

“Hmmm, no. I don’t think so. We like having to come help you with yer weaving.”

“Dinner’s ready,” Liam said from the doorway before disappearing back down the hall to the kitchen.

“Sounds good,” Suz said as her stomach set up a loud grumbling. Dropping her head to keep Penn from seeing her embarrassment, she moved to climb from his lap.

She heard him chuckle as he gathered her close. “Sounds like somebody’s hungry for more than jes’ me.” Standing, he carried her, still wrapped in the blanket, to the kitchen.

“I forgot to eat lunch,” she admitted softly.

“Ye forgot ta eat?” Liam turned from the table, where he’d just set down a bowl of something that smelled wonderful.

“Yes. My mind was on weaving, not food.”

Penn eased her down his body until she stood on her own two feet. He helped her pull on her sweater and jeans, then tossed her bra and panties into the laundry basket. Once she was dressed again, he brushed a kiss on the tip of her nose.

“We’re goin’ ta have ta do something about that, brother. We canna hae our Dream Weaver fallin’ down from lack of nourishment.”

“Aye, canna have that.” Liam held Suz’s chair for her before sitting down next to her. “Dunna worry lass, we’ll take proper care of ye.”

Yes, but will you love me forever no matter how bad I screw things up? Suz wanted to ask. Instead she nodded and turned her

attention to the dinner of beef stew and rolls that Jubilee, the motherly housekeeper they'd inherited from Ruth, had left for them.

By the time they finished eating, Suz felt her muscles protesting their overuse. The muscles of her back, shoulders, and upper arms contracted painfully, causing her to cry out when she tried to stand.

"Lass?" Liam took the dishes she held and set them back on the table.

Penn reached for her, wanting to comfort her. "What the hell?"

"No! Don't touch me!" She cried out as she eased back down into her chair, eyes closed against the pain.

"What's happened?"

She wasn't sure who asked the question and didn't care. Gritting her teeth, she swallowed down another cry of pain and took deep breaths. It took several minutes, but the pain finally eased off enough for her to speak.

"I am sadly out of shape and spent too much time at the loom today."

"Oh, lass." Liam leaned in and nuzzled her neck in sympathy. Even that gentle touch caused her to whimper in pain. He stood and headed for a cupboard above the sink. A moment later he held two capsules to her lips. "Tylenol."

She opened her mouth and took them, then drank the water from the glass he held to her lips. "Thanks."

"A hot bath and then bed for you, luv." Penn said as he stood and stacked dishes.

"It's too early for bed."

When he reached for her with a determined expression and a deep-chested grumbly growl, Suz paled. She'd never heard that noise before. "All right. I'll go. Could you please bring those notebooks upstairs for me? If I'm going to be bed-bound at least I can do some reading."

"Nay, lass. Yer gonna rest," Liam said, as he cleared the table.

"I will rest, but I can also read, can't I?"

Both men shook their heads.

“The work day is over. Ye can study tomorrow since ye won’t be weavin’.” Penn spoke as he helped her to stand.

Her groan as she changed positions caused both men to go pale. Once she was on her feet, the burning ache along her overused muscles simmered. She found she could walk without too much pain, as long as she didn’t swing her arms too far in any direction. Trying to pick up the notebooks sent a burning protest through her arms and shoulders.

Penn took the books out of her hands and returned them to the counter. He then guided her out of the kitchen and up the stairs, with a firm hand placed in the middle of her back. Instead of the bathroom across from the room they shared, he turned her toward the master suite.

Per Ruth’s instructions, this suite had been stripped of its furnishings the day after her funeral. It would remain empty until their trip to Scotland. While they were away, the entire house would be painted and redecorated to their preferences. They’d already met with an interior designer friend of Ruth’s several times and discussed colors, swatches, and furniture with which the master suite would be decorated. Ruth’s plan was for this to be a retreat. Everything would be ready when they returned from this first trip together.

The master bathroom was a new change in the dozen years since Suz’s last visit. Ruth had converted the small bedroom next door into a spa bathroom, complete with a walk-in shower big enough to hold a party in and an oversized Jacuzzi tub. There was even a closet big enough for them to share.

Penn turned on the water to fill the tub. “I’ll be right back.” He kissed her cheek before disappearing out the door that led to the hallway.

Suz unfastened her jeans and peeled them off easily enough, but couldn’t get her sweater off without gasping with the pain. Penn returned before she finished.

A stack of towels filled his arms and several bottles dangled from his fingers. He set the bottles on the ledge that surrounded the Jacuzzi and dropped the towels to the floor. Then he turned his attention to Suz.

“Need some help?”

At her nod, he stepped closer. After helping her pull her arms from the sleeves, he lifted the sweater over her head and dropped it to the floor on top of her jeans. Then he stripped off his own clothes. After helping her into the tub, he turned on the jets and climbed in beside her before turning off the running water.

“God, that feels good.” She moaned as the hot water surrounded her. She didn’t fight when he maneuvered her to sit between his legs then to lean back against his wide, muscular chest. He wrapped his arms around her and laced his fingers together over her middle.

“Mmmm, it surely does.”

“Got room for one more?” Liam asked as he entered the room, already naked.

He climbed in and sat opposite them, pulling Suz’s feet into his lap. Picking up the left one, he began to massage it, starting with her toes. When he reached her ankle, he put it down and started on the right.

Suz closed her eyes as his manipulations on her feet relaxed every muscle in her body. She didn’t even try to fight down her moans of appreciation. It felt so damn good. She could feel her cunt opening in preparation, yearning for something hard and male to fill it.

When he reached her right ankle, he continued up that leg until he reached her knee. Then he switched and worked his way up her left leg. Shifting closer so he could reach higher, he massaged his way up her left leg until he reached her cleft. Then he turned his attention back to the right leg, doing the same. By the time he finished, she felt so relaxed she wasn’t sure she’d be able to walk anywhere.

“Sit up, luv.” Penn helped her to sit up. Liam pulled her forward until she lay sprawled across his powerful chest.

As soon as she was situated with her head resting just under his chin, Penn began rubbing the cheeks of her ass then slowly rose up her body. His hands fanned out over her back, massaging and rubbing away the tightness. When he found a particularly tight muscle—and there were many—he focused and continued pressing tight circles over the knot until it loosened. Then he would move onto the next one.

Suz slowly relaxed under their ministrations. She allowed her mind to drift and then shut down all together. They wouldn't hurt her. With one last deep breath, she drifted off as Penn worked his way down her arms.

Chapter 4

“She’s asleep.” Liam breathed.

“Aye, I expected as much.”

Penn brushed her hair out of the way then kissed the back of her neck before climbing from the tub. After wiping himself dry, he held out his arms for their love. Liam stood, cradling the sleeping woman against his chest, and stepped from the tub. Between them, they had Suz dried in minutes. Then he carried her to their bedroom.

Penn pulled back the covers so his brother could lay her down. He pulled the covers over her and tucked her in before brushing a kiss on her cheek. “Good night, lass. Sweet dreams.”

* * * *

Suz woke feeling rested and relaxed. The last thing she remembered was Penn rubbing her back in the tub. Shifting her shoulders and back just a bit, she found her muscles were a little sore but nothing like they’d been the night before. Taking further inventory, her cunt felt wet and itchy and in need of a man or two to scratch her good and hard.

“Good morning, lass. How are ye feeling?” Liam kissed her forehead and shifted, rubbing his erection against her belly.

“Mmmm, itchy.”

She felt a shifting behind her and another long, thick shaft pressed between the cheeks of her ass. “Itchy, ye say? Anything we can do about it?” Penn whispered in her ear before kissing the skin just below it.

Opening her eyes, she grinned. “Uh huh.”

Sitting up, she pushed on Liam’s chest until he lay back. She threw a leg over him and shifted to straddle his hips. His solid length nestled between her puffy lower lips, her juices drooling over his length.

“I need you. Now.”

Her gaze went from Liam to Penn and back, including them both in her hunger.

“You’ve got us, luv.” Penn sat up, his worn denim blue eyes glowing hot as he watched her.

Suz rose up on her knees as she wrapped one hand around Liam’s solid shaft. Two heartbeats later, she fit the broad head into the entrance of her cunt and wiggled her hips, welcoming him into her body. Taking a deep breath, she slid slowly down his cock until he was fully sheathed within her.

“Oooo, lass. Yer so wet. So hot.” Liam groaned as he reached up, palming her breasts.

Penn shifted to kneel beside them. “Where do ye want me, luv? Head or tail?”

Suz leaned toward him and traced the outline of his lips with the tip of her tongue. “Your choice,” she whispered. Easing back, she grinned and licked her lips in anticipation.

Penn groaned as he fisted his cock, drawing his hand slowly from tip to root. “Do ye have any idea what that little tongue does to me? To us?” His eyes narrowed as his hand traveled up the length of his shaft and back again.

“Why don’t you tell me about it, stud.”

She leaned down and opened her lips to take in just the head of his cock. When he hissed in response, she smiled, then reached for his hips to pull him closer until he was fully embedded in her mouth. She heard Liam groan as he watched the sexy scene playing out just above him.

With both men filling her, Suz soon lost the ability to think. She

could only feel the lust growing as her body moved back and forth between the men who surrounded her with their love. As her body tightened and prepared for orgasm, she felt them stiffen as they followed her to the edge.

Liam's thrusts grew faster, harder, and even deeper. His last thrust rubbed her just the right way, and she screamed her completion just as he growled his own. At the same moment Penn roared with his own release.

A few racing heartbeats later, they all collapsed on the bed and cuddled together. Outside the window, the sun broke over the horizon to begin another day.

"Good morning, boys," she murmured, before drifting off to sleep again.

* * * *

"Did you come for him, bitch? Soon you'll come for me. I'm coming for what's mine." Click.

Suz hung up the phone with a shiver. Okay, so the first call hadn't been a prank. Someone was messing with her. But who? And why?

It had been a week since the first call. Every day a call came, usually after her McKenzie visitor, today being Liam,—had left to return to his own responsibilities.

After her first day in the studio, the brothers had decided that whoever was free at noon would bring her a meal and then fuck her until she was able to think past her lusty needs. At the end of the day, if she'd continued weaving, the other ministered to her needs before dinner. At night they retired to bed early to play even more. It was a workable solution, though Suz wondered if she wasn't becoming a pain in their asses.

When the door opened suddenly, Suz jumped and screamed. The caller had made good on his threat. He was here. But what did he

want?

Her eyes widened when Liam crossed the room in three long strides and wrapped her in strong arms as he looked around for the threat. After holding her close for a minute, he eased back until he could see her face.

“Lass? What’s frightened ye?”

Suz met his searching gaze for a moment before dropping her chin and hiding her face in his shirt. He felt so good wrapped around her. She curled even closer, wondering what he would do if she opened up his shirt and crawled through to his skin to hide from the world.

“There was another call. It scared me.”

“What kind of a call?” Liam picked her up and sat in the office chair, cuddling her closer as he ran one hand up and down her back to soothe her.

“He asked if I’d come for you. Then he said he was coming for what was his.” Suz whispered as she rubbed her cheek against Liam’s shirt and breathed in his masculine scent. He smelled of heat, sex, barn, and spicy male. It was a combination that never failed to turn her on.

“This isna the first call, is it?”

“No. He’s called the last six days, too.”

Liam didn’t say anything further, but she felt his hold tighten around her and every muscle in him tense. He then took a deep breath and relaxed. Murmuring in a language she didn’t understand, he held her, caressed her, and comforted her. When she stopped trembling, she climbed down from his lap. She’d always been strong and able to take care of herself. Why were these crank calls upsetting her so much?

“And why haven’t ye told us about this?” Liam watched as she went to the wall of windows and pulled open the curtains. Sunlight brightened the room, but she didn’t turn to look at him.

“I’m such a bother already. I thought whoever it is would stop.”

She circled the loom and paused before the shelves where

hundreds of spools of weaving threads waited to be used. She hated feeling weak and hated interrupting their days with her sexual needs. Blinking back tears of frustration, she stared at the colors, though she would never admit that all she could see was a blurry rainbow. She didn't jump or try to fight when Liam turned her to face him. He lifted her chin with one finger as he bent down until they stood nose to nose.

"What do ye mean, yer a bother? Yer our woman, our Dream Weaver, our love. Of course yer no' a bother."

"I interrupt your day, make you stop what you're doing to come here and fuck my tension away. I'm not even sure what I'm doing and yet you . . . you . . ." Her words trailed off as tears of unexplained sadness welled up and choked her.

"Oh, sweet Suz. It's all right. Yer no bother. Truth tell, I'm been hard all mornin', jes' waiting fer ye ta call." He murmured into her hair and held her while she wept.

Finally her sadness eased and she pulled back. Grabbing a towel from the shelf, she wiped at the wet spot on his shirt before drying her tears. "I'm okay now." She tried to sound strong and confident, but knew she didn't fool either of them. "Why did you come back?"

"I've lost me phone."

Thankful for something else to focus on, Suz went into tracker mode, eventually finding his cell phone in the basket of shuttles under the loom's bench. Picking it up, she handed it to him with a faint smile. "I believe this is yours?"

Liam accepted the phone and returned it to his belt before pulling her in for another hug. "Are ye gonna be okay out here alone this afternoon?"

Suz shrugged. "I'll be fine. I thought I'd read through a couple more of Ruth's notebooks. My back is a little stiff today."

She'd finished five shawls using various techniques she'd learned by reading Ruth's design notebooks and using her own color choices. With each new thing she learned, her confidence grew, but she still

was not sure she'd woven anything so spectacular that Mother Nature would love it. And she only had a few weeks left.

Liam shook his head. "No, yer takin' the afternoon off. Ye can come with me ta see the babies."

"Babies?" Suz perked up. She loved babies.

"Aye, lass, babies. But first ye'll hae ta change into jeans and boots. We'll talk about yer phone calls this evening with Penn. Then we'll talk about yer punishment for keeping somethin' like this from us."

Liam laced their fingers together. After locking the studio, they headed to the house so she could change clothes. Neither noticed the figure dressed in a hooded sweatshirt and faded jeans watching them from behind the chicken coop. Once they entered the house and closed the door, he kicked a hole in the side of the coop.

* * * *

"And why haven't ye tol' us about these calls before now?" Penn asked that night after dinner, his voice deceptively dark and low. He crossed the room to stand right in front of her, his eyes never straying from hers.

This was as close to a temper as she'd seen in either of them since their trip to Denver. Then, fear and hurt feelings had driven their temper. Now Penn was just plain mad.

"At first I thought it was just a crank caller. But he's called every day for a week. I didn't tell you because, well, truth is I didn't want to be a bother." Suz dropped her gaze from his glowering pale blue-gray orbs to the carpet.

"A bother? A *bother*? How could ye think ye'd be a bother? Yer the Dream Weaver. What would the world do without ye? What would *we* do without ye?" Penn circled the room then returned to pull her up into his chest. Hugging her tight, he buried his face into the curve between her neck and shoulder. She felt him tremble and then a

hot wetness burned against her skin. “I love you,” he murmured as he shifted her. One arm spanned her waist to hold her firmly in place.

“Oww!” She cried out when a large, hot hand smacked her left ass cheek. Hard. The next moment, a matching slap connected with her right cheek.

Suz struggled to fight her way out of his one-armed hold, but he held her easily.

“Penn, that’s enough,” Liam said quietly, several long, pain-filled minutes later.

“Is it? I’m not so sure. She doesna seem ta have much faith in us.” Penn growled, though the spanking did stop. His hand began to massage her bottom instead, easing the pain that burned through her entire body and settled low in her pleasure center.

Suz dropped her forehead to his shoulder and moaned as the pain of the spanking transformed, blossoming into lust for more than just his hand on her butt. She wanted all of him, all of *them*. Sliding a hand between her and Penn, she cupped the large erection that pushed hard at the zipper of his jeans. Before she could work the button in his waistband, he took hold of her wrist and pulled her hand from his body.

“No.”

He set her back on her feet then stepped out of reach. His worn denim blue eyes narrowed, his expression still less than pleased with her. Suz retreated to Ruth’s rocking chair by the fireplace. She sat down, hissing when her sore bottom came in contact with the wooden seat. Tense now, and horny from the spanking, she picked up her knitting from the basket on the floor beside the chair, hoping the yarn play would calm her.

The baby hat was a quick, easy project that kept her hands busy and her mind free to think of other things. Creating with the yarn and needles by either knitting, crocheting, or weaving relaxed her in a way she couldn’t explain. Unfortunately, she didn’t have the brain cells necessary to concentrate on anything tonight. All her focus was on the

lust that Penn had incited with his spanking. Until meeting her McKenzie men, she'd never been turned on by pain. But with these two, anything they did to her seemed to flip her into lust. Right now she needed to be fucked long, hard, and without mercy.

She ignored Penn as he paced the room, just a trace of a limp left over after recovering from a broken leg. She glanced once at Liam. He'd settled on the couch across the room. He, too, looked serious, though more concerned than angry.

"Ye'll no' go ta the studio alone again. One of us will be with ye until we figure out who's been callin' ye and what they want. In fact, I'm not sure I want ye goin' anywhere outside the house alone until this git is caught."

Suz stared at him, appalled that he would go so far as to bar her from going outside alone. Before she could explode out of her chair with indignant outrage, she closed her eyes and took a slow deep breath. Thinking back over the past weeks, she'd rarely been alone since their return from Denver, except for the time she'd spent in the studio. If they weren't here, Jubilee was, cleaning and cooking and offering advise whenever it was called for. On a few occasions, even Dodge and Isabella, the other two members of the Dreamer's Dell, Inc., board of directors, had dropped by for a few hours to share what they knew of the workings of Dreamer's Dell, Inc.

"There is a simpler solution."

"And what's that?"

"Get me a cell phone and take the land line out of the studio. Then he won't be able to call anymore."

Silence filled the room as they contemplated her logical suggestion. Then Liam began to chuckle. "Why didn't ye think of that, brother?"

"Shut up, Liam."

Chapter 5

Penn wondered if she would think him weak if he fell at her feet and begged forgiveness. He'd spanked her harder and longer than he should have, but fear at losing her as well as anger at himself for not properly protecting her drove him.

The more he spanked her, the higher his fear and temper flared. If Liam hadn't stopped him, he wasn't sure where it would have taken them. As little as his beautiful lover was, he could have done real damage. After exchanging a glance with Liam who gave a half nod in agreement, Penn focused on getting this serious business out of the way before turning his attention to treating their woman to a night of loving she'd not soon forget.

"Liam will take ye to get a cell phone in the morning. I'll have that studio line disconnected immediately. If *anything* like this happens again, I want ta hear about it the first time it happens, not a week later. Understand?"

Suz nodded as she laid her knitting back in the basket. "Yes, Penn. I'm sorry I didn't tell you earlier. How can I make it up to you?" Pushing to her feet, she took the two steps that separated them and wrapped herself around him. She rubbed against him and pushed everything but the mind-fogging lust for her from his brain.

"Liam, get me the toy box." Penn met his brother's gaze. After another moment of silent communication, he looked back down at the woman in his arms. "Do you trust us? Do you understand we'd never hurt ye?" He rubbed his hands up and down her back before cupping them under her butt and pulling her against his body.

Her eyes widened before she nodded. "Yes, Penn. I trust you."

She wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist. That position rubbed her wet, wide open slit against the erection pushing at the front of his jeans.

He kissed her deeply then turned and carried her out of the living room and up the stairs. Neither of them saw the hooded figure appear just outside the front window.

By the time Penn carried her through the bedroom door, Suz was ready to rip his clothes off and beg for him to fuck her. Liam was already there, placing a deep red trunk on the dresser. He lifted the lid and began to sort through the contents.

Penn laid her on the bed and waited for Liam to join them. Suz looked from one to the other as Liam laid several items on the nightstand. Closing her eyes, she didn't try to make sense of what she saw in his hands. She didn't care as long as they eased the itchy feeling that burned deep in her cunt.

"That's right lass, keep those eyes closed," Liam murmured before putting something cool and soft over her eyes and wrapping it around her head.

Opening her eyes, she found they'd blindfolded her. This was something new. They were creative lovers, but she wasn't sure she was going to enjoy not knowing who was touching her when. "Liam, no."

"Suz, yes." He kissed her, his tongue driving hard into her mouth as his fingers pinched a nipple through her clothes. "Relax and let us take care of ye. Trust us. We'll keep ye safe and make ye verra happy."

Hands pulled her sweater up to her armpits. A hot tongue licked up the center of her belly, driving all thoughts from her mind.

"Mmmm, okay."

At her acquiescence, all hands touching her pulled away. She heard rustling of clothes, then nothing. She knew they were both there. She could feel them looking at her. Why didn't they *do* something?

A moment later, she felt the hands again, but didn't know who was doing what. One set of hands stripped off her sweater and bra while the other dealt with her socks, jeans, and damp panties.

Once she was naked, her hands were caught and raised over her head. Before she understood what was going on, her wrists were tied together and secured to the headboard. The hands pulled away again, and she was left drifting. Though she knew they were still close by, fear expanded in her chest.

"Please. I need to touch you." She pulled against her bonds, panic curling in her stomach. What if they left her like this?

"Shhh. We'll no' leave ye alone. We take good care of what's ours." Two fingers brushed over her bottom lip before dipping inside.

Grateful for the contact, Suz closed her mouth over the fingers, sucking on them as if on a cock. She moaned around the fingers as lips closed over one nipple. More fingers rolled and flicked the other.

Hands, lips, and tongues explored her, touched her, and tasted her, driving her to the edge of sexual insanity. They drove her higher and higher but always slowed, stopped, or pulled away, keeping her poised right on the edge of orgasm.

They kept her ready but never gave her that last touch or lick or nudge that would send her screaming into bliss. The feeling brought back into sharp focus the agony she'd carried for a dozen years when she'd been unable to orgasm no matter what she tried.

"Please. I need . . . Oh god, please."

Suz began to thrash when the two fingers circling her clit lifted a single second too soon. Bending her knees, she lifted her hips, trying to find the hand that she knew was right there.

Tears filled her eyes and ran down into her hair. Suz tried desperately to find some thread of control, but they had shown her bliss. Once upon a time, not so very long ago, she could live without finding the peace only an orgasm offered. But no longer. They had spoiled her and she needed to come.

"What do ye need, sweetheart? What do ye want?"

The whispered voice and new endearment didn't help her identify the speaker, but at that point she didn't care about anything but reaching orgasm. A release she could achieve only at their command.

"I need you. I need you both. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I didn't tell you. I do trust you. I love you. Please. Please help me."

She screamed and arched her body when a long, thick, hot shaft of engorged Scottish male slid full length into her on the first thrust. Once fully seated, he did not move. Instead, she felt a pull on her hands and then they were free from their restraints.

She reached for her blindfold, but a hand stopped her. "Nay, sweets. Leave it on and just feel us lovin' ye. Trust us to bring ye pleasure." Again that dark whispered voice.

She nodded, understanding that they would keep her safe from harm. She squeaked when the man atop her slid his arms around her middle then rolled so she lay across his chest. When she tried to push up so she could ride his shaft, he held tight and kissed her hair. "Lay still. Relax. Let us take care of ye."

Other hands rubbed her ass, massaging both globes, parting them to see the puckered hole between. "Ah, sweetheart, yer so beautiful. Even with yer ass bright pink from punishment. Now jes' relax."

A moment later, a cold, wet finger circled then gently pushed deep into her back hole. After sliding in and out several times, the digit withdrew before returning a moment later to repeat the action. This time as soon as the finger left her ass, something else—bigger, rounder, and harder than a finger—began to penetrate her anus. Suddenly fearful, she tightened her muscles and tried to pull away.

The arms that held her tightened across her back. "Shhh baby. 'Tis a plug ta help stretch that fine, sweet ass. Relax and let it in. Then I'll fuck ye good."

Suz nodded. She dropped her head to the sweat-dampened chest beneath her. With several deep breaths, she focused on relaxing. It was difficult, but the hands rubbing up and down her back and the whispered words of encouragement and praise helped. Finally the

plug seated fully in her.

“Good girl.” Hands helped her sit up straighter, the plug changing positions and sending sparkling showers of need through her, keeping her right on the edge.

As soon as she found her balance, she began to ride up and down the thick cock. She felt warmth behind her, then a hard chest against her back. Hands gripped her hips, helping her move as others plucked at her nipples and palmed her breasts. In a handful of heartbeats, she catapulted over the peak and came with a loud cry. Arching her back, she rested her head against the chest behind her. The first orgasm barely retreated when they drove her to a second. As she screamed out her completion, the man beneath her roared with her. Suz collapsed down onto his chest.

“Don’t go to sleep, sweetheart. Yer no’ done yet.”

Hands raised her hips so that the softening cock that filled her withdrew. Before she could miss it, she was filled again from behind. He thrust deep and hard in a fast tempo that somehow ignited her fire once again. Fingers rolled her nipples, and one hand slid down between her legs. Two fingers found her clit and plucked at it before pinching and rolling it. The sharp erotic pain shot through Suz, sending her screaming over the edge just as the man behind her thrust deep once more time and pulsed his seed within her.

He pulled out and moved away as Suz collapsed. The man beneath her rolled so that she lay on her side then he climbed from the bed as well. She didn’t open her eyes when they removed the blindfold and pulled the blankets over to cover her. She just snuggled deeper into her pillow and sighed with contentment.

* * * *

“Do ye think she understands now?” Liam asked once they were dressed again and headed downstairs.

Penn smiled. “If not, we’ll jes’ show her again. With her history

‘tis no wonder she has a hard time trusting. Besides, I don’t think she realized it was punishment. Maybe next time we shouldna let her come so soon. How long should we leave the plug in?”

“Till morning. She’ll be fine. Come on. Jubilee made cookies this afternoon.”

Chapter 6

Suz and Liam spent the next morning away from Dreamer's Dell, shopping.

First stop was the cell phone provider. Liam had to drag her away from the free phones to the display of phones that did everything except cook dinner. "Though ye dunna ken it yet, yer an important lass now. Ye need a phone that will do more than jes' make calls." He spoke patiently, sounding almost amused at her thriftiness.

She finally agreed and then spent five minutes deciding on the color. Next stop was the farm supply store where Liam arranged for the delivery of a truck load of feed to the home farm as soon as they could load up the truck.

Suz then dragged him to the mall where she demanded that he buy her panties to replace the numerous pairs the twins had destroyed since they'd come back into her life.

"If ye quit wearin' the blasted things, we wouldna have to tear them from ye. No one would mind. I know I like knowin' yer bare under yer clothes for me. Means I can get at ye anytime I like." He raised his eyebrows and leered as she blushed bright pink.

"No. We're buying panties, and you will not ruin these."

Liam sighed when he saw the determined set of her chin. She was not going to give up this battle. "Only if I get ta help choose them, though I canna promise not to ruin a few."

With an expression that announced in no uncertain terms that she was not happy, Suz nodded. "As long as they're not all see through, scratchy lace thongs."

"Agreed."

He surprised her by choosing only two thongs—one in black silk, the other red lace—and neither were scratchy. The rest of the two dozen pairs were a rainbow of sensible panties, though sexier than she'd ever chosen for herself. From bikinis to French cut and lacy boy cut, Liam made sure each pair was different in either color or style.

When it came time to check out, she fought the urge to growl when the gorgeous young saleswoman openly flirted with Liam. For his part, he ignored her suggestive comments, batting eyelashes, and coquettish smiles. When the woman gave up and focused on her work, Suz relaxed. She tried not to gasp when she announced the total from their panty shopping.

Liam handed over his credit card before turning to Suz and pulling her in for a hug. "I'll expect ye to model them fer us this evening. Every pair."

The squeak emerged before Suz could fight it down. She turned her burning face away, wishing she could hide.

Liam accepted the bag and wrapped his free arm around Suz. "Now, lass, is there anythin' else ye need?"

"No. I don't think so." She was afraid to ask for anything else, seeing how overboard Liam had gone on buying panties.

"I'm hungry. Let's eat before we head back to the dell."

After lunch at a popular Greek restaurant, they returned to Dreamer's Dell. Liam parked the truck in the barn parking lot then retrieved the dreaded paperwork from his office. Just that morning, Penn demanded he finish a stack of overdue paperwork or else he'd be sleeping in the barn with the pregnant ewes. They headed to the house to drop off the shopping bag containing Suz's panties.

While there, Suz also changed out of her jeans into one of her ankle-length broomstick skirts. She'd realized after that first day of weaving that the skirts were more comfortable than jeans, both while sitting at the loom and when the boys joined her for their sexual playtime. Especially when she went commando underneath. The jeans were warmer, but they rubbed in all the right places, making her twice

as horny in half the time. That delighted her boys but was not helpful when trying to make progress on her weaving.

Suz hoped to finish one more shawl before she took all that she'd finished off the loom. She was about at the end of the warp and hoped there was just enough for one more. Once the loom was empty, Penn and Liam would redress it for her with new warp threads so she could start weaving again. Her skills were growing and she was growing more confident, but she still didn't think anything she'd woven so far was good enough. She wasn't sure *she* was good enough to please Mother Nature, but as her men kept telling her all she could do was try.

Suz unlocked the studio door with the key from the mailbox and then, as always, returned it to the mailbox before pushing open the door. As soon as she stepped inside she knew something was very, very wrong. Looking around, she could barely make sense out of what she saw. Then the heat and an acrid, stomach-turning stench overwhelmed her. Her eyes filled with protective tears and her stomach rolled.

"What the hell?" She froze two steps into the studio, but Liam walked into her back, pushing her two steps further.

"What the fuck is that stench?" Liam growled as he grabbed her and retreated back outside.

As soon as they were outside, Suz leaned over the porch railing and threw up her lunch. By the time she emptied her stomach, she had time to process the horror she'd walked into.

Someone had trashed the studio. Papers, books, and cones of yarn had been tossed all over the room. Ruth's idea board had been jerked down from the wall. There was something off about the loom, though she couldn't put her finger on what without going back inside to look at it again. And she did not want to go back inside.

"Lass, are ye okay?" Liam rubbed his hand up and down her back as she rested heavily against the railing, shocked and afraid to move.

"Who could have done that? Why would anyone *want* to do that?"

Suz straightened and allowed him to wrap her in a hug. She stood still in his arms, afraid to return his embrace. Someone wanted to hurt her. First the phone calls and now they'd trashed the studio.

"I don't ken, but I'm gonna find out."

He lifted her into his arms then carried her down the two steps to the walk and across the meadow to the barn. He'd have to talk to Penn about adding a stone path from the barn to the studio, since there was already one from the house to the barn and the house to the studio.

Closing her eyes, Suz rested her head against his chest, feeling the familiar darkness settle over her. She recognized the depression and didn't know how to fight it.

After she'd left Luke, she'd tried diet, exercise, herbal supplements, even prescription antidepressants, but nothing had worked to fully eradicate the shadows that haunted her. They had eased the longer she'd been away from him and the more she focused on finding peace. Only in the past weeks had the grayness completely disappeared. Only since she'd claimed her McKenzie men and started on this new life path.

She heard Liam murmuring in her ear. She couldn't make out his words, but his tone was threaded with equal parts fear, anger, and concern.

Before she realized where they were going, Liam carried her into an office and gently set her on a couch. A moment later, a soft blanket was tucked around her, and Liam brushed hair back from her face.

"What's goin' on?" Penn turned from his computer with a frown.

They ignored him.

"Liam, the shawls. Make sure the shawls are okay," she whispered as her eyes fluttered shut. "Something's wrong with the loom."

"Shhh, lass. Ye stay here with Penn. I'll see ta the studio."

* * * *

After she nodded and her eyes closed, Liam kissed her cheek. He

stood and motioned for his brother to follow him into the hall. Once there, he pulled the door closed behind them.

“What the hell’s happened?”

“Someone broke into the studio. Trashed the place and from the smell, I think they doused it with some of that liquid recycled animal fertilizer the boys are using on the fields. I need ye ta take care of our sweet angel while I deal with the police and see exactly how bad it is.”

Penn nodded, his expression growing hard. “Call Roane and see about getting some kind of security system in place today.”

Liam nodded. “Don’t leave her alone. I think she’s gone into shock or somethin.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll take care of her. You deal with the studio.”

Liam nodded then headed for the door. “I’ll call as soon as I ken anythin.”

* * * *

Penn paused as he headed back into his office. Suz hadn’t moved, though he saw she was trembling. Instead of returning to his desk, he settled next to her on the couch. Lifting her onto his lap, he cuddled her close and wrapped his arms tight around her.

“Penn?”

“Yes, luv?”

“I’m sorry.”

Frowning in confusion, he snuggled her even closer, resting his cheek on the top of her head. “Whatever for? This isna yer fault.”

“You can’t know that.” She whispered, her voice breaking. The tremors continued and grew stronger. Then she began to cry.

Penn didn’t hush her or try to assure her that everything would be all right. He just held her, rubbing her back and occasionally rubbing his cheek against her hair.

After she calmed, he kissed her hair before shifting her to lay on the couch. She settled easily with one small murmur.

Leaning over her, he kissed her temple. “I love ye, sweets. Sleep now. I’ll be right back.”

Suz didn’t answer. She was already asleep.

* * * *

Liam’s first call was to the police, who agreed to send an officer out. Then he called Roane, a cousin who’d been with them in the military. He worked for a local security company and agreed to come by as soon as he could rearrange a few afternoon appointments.

Instead of going back to the studio, Liam went in search of Hank Jeffries, his right hand and foreman of the home farm. The older man was overseeing several workers who were loading feed bags from the farm store delivery truck into the feed storage area of the barn.

One glance at Liam’s expression, Hank frowned in concern and joined Liam just out of earshot of the others.

“What’s up?” He asked, cocking his left hip to take the weight off his right. He needed a knee replacement but refused, saying it was the wrong time of year for him to be laid up for a couple of months. It had been the wrong time for the last year and a half.

“Has anyone been messing with that new fertilizer the boys are puttin’ out?”

Hank’s frown deepened. “The new guy was asking a lot of questions about the process, but I ain’t seen him go near that building. He just seemed curious. Why?”

Liam filled him in on the vandalism. When he finished, Hank’s black expression worried him. For a man whose favorite saying translated “no worries” and came from a Disney movie, he looked like he wanted to kill someone.

“How’s Miz Suz taking it?”

“She’s upset. Penn’s with her, but I think seeing the studio trashed like that triggered something else in her. Something from her past.”

Before Hank could respond, a police car pulled into the parking

lot. One uniformed officer climbed out and headed in toward them.

“Mr. McKenzie?”

Liam nodded. He paused in the doorway before turning back to Hank. “I want to talk to the new guy. Today. Before he leaves.”

Hank nodded silently.

Liam briefed the officer on the series of telephone calls Suz received as they crossed the meadow to the studio. Since he’d left the door open earlier, the stench reached them long before they arrived at the doorway.

The officer stopped when the smell grew too strong. “It smells like we’re going to need gas masks and a HazMat team. I can’t go in there like this.”

Liam nodded as they headed back. “Any idea how long it will take to get what ye need?”

“We have gas masks back at the station. I’ll get a couple then come back. I’ll call the CSI unit out and we’ll go in together. We don’t have a HazMat team locally. Tell you the truth, I’m not sure who you’d call to clean up something like this.”

“Bring a couple extra masks. Me brother and I will be going in with ye.” Liam clenched his jaw to keep from demanding the officer get on with it right now. The man was just doing his job. He didn’t care that Suz needed the studio cleaned up and ready to use tomorrow, if not sooner.

Chapter 7

A distant memory crashed through the protective barriers Suz had erected against them years ago. The horror of the similarities between that time and this rose up to choke her. She woke with a gasp.

“Suz, luv, it’s all right. Yer safe, baby.” Penn’s deep voice warned she wasn’t alone just before a gentle hand brushed hair from her face. A moment later, the couch by her hip dipped as he sat down next to her.

“Penn?” She lay still, afraid to open her eyes.

“Yes, luv. I’m here. We’re in my office.”

“How is she?” Liam’s voice came from somewhere down around her feet.

Opening her eyes, she met Penn’s worried expression before turning her gaze to Liam. “I’m fine. How’s my loom? He didn’t break it, did he?”

She quickly pushed herself up, folding her legs to her chest and wrapping her arms around them. She closed her eyes as dark spots swam across her vision. Taking several deep breaths, she forced herself to stabilize.

Liam didn’t answer as he came around the couch to sit beside her. Penn settled on her other side. They snuggled her between them as their hands rubbed over her shoulders, arms, and legs, soothing her. Watching them a moment, she saw the contact gave them peace, as well. Was it really that bad?

“He killed it, didn’t he? He broke it so bad it can’t be fixed. What are we going to do? What about the shawls? Did he ruin them, too?”

“Shhh, lass. I don’t know if he damaged the loom. The police

wouldna let me go inside ta see. They need some special equipment so they can go in and see what all's been done." Liam kissed her hair as he stroked her arm. Picking up her hand, he kissed the palm before licking it, a move that normally made Suz giggle. This time it barely elicited a smile. "Dunna worry, we'll take care of it all."

"Do ye ken who's behind this, luv?" Pen asked, as he nuzzled her neck.

Suz closed her eyes and nodded, a single tear trailing down her cheek. "I think I might, but I don't understand why."

"Who? Who would do such a thing?"

"Luke."

"Yer ex-husband?"

Suz nodded and buried her face in her knees. When she finally spoke, her words were muffled.

"He did something similar to this before. The last day I was with him, he got mad because he'd found out I had opened a savings account and hadn't told him about it. It was my escape fund. I knew if I told him I had saved five hundred dollars so that I could leave him, he would take it and blow it on something like a new television, or stereo system, or a fishing pole. After I left for work, he trashed the apartment, tore apart books, and smashed dishes. He piled my clothes in the middle of the living room then pissed and shit all over them. He turned the heat way up and left. I had it almost cleaned up when he came home, drunk and mean. That was the night he beat me so bad I miscarried the baby. As soon as I left the hospital, I moved and found a lawyer that helped me divorce him. I never saw him again. But thinking about the phone calls and now this, it just seems like something Luke would do."

"What do ye think he's coming for?"

"Money, probably. We always lived paycheck to paycheck, with nothing in savings. He always said that when Ruth died and I got the business, we'd be set for life. I guess he heard about Ruth dying."

She didn't see the twin dark expressions glowering above her. Nor

did she see the understanding as they put together all the puzzle pieces and finally understood why she had not come home to Dreamer's Dell and claimed the loom before now.

"Luv, ye've nothin' to fear. We'll find him. He willna hurt ye." Penn murmured before brushing kisses over her hair. "For now, I think we need to head up to the house."

Suz nodded, but didn't move.

"Come here, lass." Liam stood before her, picking her up from the couch. He kissed her temple then settled her against his broad chest. "We'll head to the house and see if Jubilee has any more cookies."

"Save me some, Suz." Penn begged as they left his office.

* * * *

An hour later, Liam followed the detective and CSI technician into the studio. Penn follow just behind. As soon as the four men entered the studio, the room seemed to shrink.

"I can't work like this," the CSI tech said. He turned to the McKenzie brothers. "You need to leave so we can work."

Liam shook his head. "I need to look at the loom first. I'll just be a minute."

"Don't touch anything, if you can help it. And try not to step in anything liquid."

Liam nodded as he carefully crossed the room. He stopped at the bench and stared at the take-up bar where Suz's hard work was carefully wound up and stored.

This was where the smell originated from. Whoever had trashed the place had soaked the weaving in fertilizer and apparently smeared something solid along the warp threads, as well. They would not be able to salvage the shawls. Looking over the rest of the antique loom, he determined that nothing else had been touched. Just the weaving had been ruined.

Clenching his fists, Liam turned and picked his way back across

the room. He remained careful of where he placed his size 12 cowboy boots. Penn stood just outside on the stoop, watching closely as the two officers took pictures, made copious notes and sketches, and looked over the wreckage.

“Ruined?”

Liam nodded without a word.

* * * *

Penn wondered how the hell he would break the news that all the hard work Suz had put in these last couple of weeks, the sore muscles and stiff back, had all been for nothing. Looking at the house, he was surprised that she wasn’t pacing the back porch, waiting for news. His eyes swept the back of the house. She stood at the kitchen window, her arms crossed over stomach, her expression strangely blank. Thank God for Jubilee, who had dragged her into the house.

* * * *

Liam remained in the open doorway until the police finished their investigation. Once they’d documented every inch of the room then sketched, measured, and dusted likely surfaces for fingerprints, he walked them back to the parking lot near the barn.

“Is it all right to start cleaning up now?”

“As I said, I think you’ll need to call the EPA for their opinion, but we’ve got all we need.” The detective stripped off his mask and gloves, handing them to the technician. “Do you know of anyone who might be capable of doing something like this? Y’all have any enemies?”

Liam shook his head, not sure whether or not to point the finger at Suz’s ex. “If we think of anyone, we’ll let you know.”

The detective nodded. “Unfortunately, unless we find fingerprints or someone confesses, we’ll probably never know who did this.”

After seeing the men off, Liam walked into the barn and kicked a hole into one of the empty pens they used to hold pregnant females. Then he dropped to his knees, bowed his head, and shook. He couldn't return to the house just yet. He couldn't let Suz see him this out of control.

Bending forward, he pounded his fists on the concrete floor until the rage receded. Remembering a wedding photo Ruth had once shown him of Suz and the bastard, he visualized that the floor was the bastard who had destroyed all of Suz's hard work.

Once he was calm again, he pushed to his feet. Turning, he found Hank standing behind him, watching him with a wary expression. "You done?" the older man asked.

Liam nodded with a deep calming breath.

Hank returned the nod. "Let's get those hands cleaned up before you head to the house. Miz Suz doesn't need to deal with that, too."

Liam followed Hank into the animal treatment room at the back of the barn. His emotions were still shaky, but he felt better able to deal with whatever the next hours held.

"The new guy, Aaron, left early. Said he had a doctor's appointment. I'll send him to you as soon as he arrives in the morning."

Hank pulled out the first-aid kit Liam kept stocked for humans while Liam washed his hands, gritting his teeth as the water ran over the cuts. It took only a few minutes to cleanse the wounds. Hank bandaged both hands after liberally spreading antibiotic cream over the cuts.

"Until we have a security system installed, I want someone watchin' the studio. Joe, Mark, or Bill." Liam named the three men who had been with them the longest and who he knew could be trusted.

"Already done."

* * * *

Suz felt her heart shred as Penn shared the news that all of the weaving was ruined. She knew being creative couldn't be as easy as just sitting at the loom and letting herself do it. Of course something, someone, would come between her and the life she'd realized was the right one.

Closing her eyes, she again saw the vision of the vandalized studio. Then the scene morphed to the living room Luke had damaged a decade before. Instead of scaring her, the destruction of her work filled her with determination. Somehow, some way, she would weave a shawl for Mother Nature and deliver it on time and completed.

As Jubilee and Penn reassured her that everything would work out, she opened her eyes and set her jaw. "How soon can we get the loom cleaned up and moved?"

Penn stared at her. "Moved? You want to move the loom?"

"We can move it into the sunroom now that you're not sleeping there."

"It's been out in that studio for more than fifty years. I'm not even sure you *can* move it." Jubilee broke in, wringing her hands. "What if moving it screws up the magic?"

Suz ignored her and began to pace the kitchen from sink to refrigerator and back again. "I'll need new yarns. Every color you can get, as soon as you can get them. The loom will need to be cleaned with bleach or something to cut the smell. Jubilee, we'll need any weaver friends of Ruth's who know anything about taking a loom apart and putting it back together again. The bench will need to be cleaned, as well. Oh, and I'll need new shuttles and bobbins, too. And shelves in the sunroom for the new yarns. We need to get the loom stripped—tonight, if possible. The doors and windows need to be opened and the heat turned off. Someone will have to keep watch in the back yard so this bastard doesn't come back and burn the building down. The design notebooks will need to be copied and rebound. Thankfully, Ruth's instruction book wasn't out there."

Penn grabbed a pad and pen and began making notes. He watched as she paced, amazed. He wished Liam had been here to witness it. In the last few minutes, right before his eyes, Suz had *become* the Dream Weaver.

Chapter 8

It took Penn, Liam, and several weavers, who had been trained by Ruth, a week to disassemble, thoroughly clean, then reassemble the loom. As they took the loom apart, each piece was numbered with a permanent marker where the number wouldn't show, and the pieces were then added to the diagram and blueprints two artists were drawing.

Once the loom was back in working order in the sunroom, Suz went to Raleigh with Jubilee and the women, who were now weaving teachers or professional weavers themselves, to buy the supplies she needed to get back to work. She also spent a day with the Dreamer's Dell sales rep and ordered replacement yarns, including two hundred and fifty cones of cream thread to be used as warp threads.

As Liam expected, the farm hand Aaron never returned to work. He informed the police detective, who took the report with little interest. They also shared the information with Roane, who offered to track him down. While McKenzie men were law-abiding, this was personal. Unless necessary, they decided to deal with it themselves. The police had ranked this as a low priority case and didn't care that Suz's work would keep the world turning.

The evening the loom was back together, redressed, and ready to work, they invited everyone who had helped to a thank you dinner. A local restaurant catered the chicken and pork BBQ along with potato salad, coleslaw, Brunswick stew, and hushpuppies. Jubilee made apple pie and chocolate cake for dessert.

It wasn't until everyone had gone home that Suz walked into the sunroom alone for the first time. She circled the loom, rubbed the

wood, and felt the history of the grain. She slid onto the bench and picked up a shuttle half-full of cream yarn from the basket under the bench. She would work for an hour or so before heading to bed with the boys. Maybe tonight she could entice them to help her soothe another hunger that nibbled at her, now that her worry over the loom was receding.

She sat and cradled the shuttle to her chest before leaning forward. She needed to get to work and weave. She had only a few weeks until they left for Scotland and so much work to do. The loom was dressed with enough warp for six shawls and her goal was to finish all six before they left. Once she completed them, she would then choose the best of the lot to offer to Mother Nature.

Leaning forward, she frowned when the air around the warp threads seemed to grow solid and repel her hand, keeping her from touching the shuttle to the warp. She tried again and again, but each time it was as if an invisible barrier kept her from throwing the shuttle. Had moving the loom destroyed her connection to it? Had she killed the magic? Had the past days of worry and work and calling in favors been for nothing?

Sliding from the bench, Suz returned the shuttle to the basket and walked out of the room. She needed answers that only Ruth could give her, but Ruth was gone. How was she supposed to keep the world spinning if the loom refused her touch?

She found Penn and Liam in the kitchen finishing the clean up. She didn't realize she was crying until they looked at her, then put down what they were doing and engulfed her in a McKenzie brothers sandwich.

"What's wrong, lass?" Liam tilted her head up so he could wipe her tears away.

"I can't weave."

"What do ye mean?"

"I can't weave. The loom won't let me."

Liam looked at Penn and they shared a moment of their silent

communication before turning their attention back to her.

“Show us, luv.” Penn took her hand and led her to the sunroom, with Liam following behind.

Suz got situated on the bench with the brothers on either side. She picked up a shuttle and demonstrated how she could only get so far before stopping.

“Let me try.”

Liam took the shuttle, but he too could only make it so far before hitting an invisible barrier. The same thing happened when Penn made an attempt.

“Hmmm,” he said, walking all the way around the loom and trying the same thing from the back. Again, he was repelled. “I wonder . . .”

“Wonder what?”

“I wonder if Suz needs to claim the loom again. There were a lot of strange hands touching it, taking it apart, cleaning, and then putting it back together again. Do ye ken if there’s anythin’ in Ruth’s guide?”

“I don’t know. I’m not even sure where I left it.”

“I’ll check upstairs,” Liam volunteered while Suz and Penn searched the first floor.

It was discovered in the dining room, under a stack of unopened mail. Handing the mail to Penn, Suz carried the notebook to the living room and curled up on the couch, determined to find an answer. The men joined her after finishing in the kitchen. They turned on the classic movie channel and got caught up in a World War II movie marathon.

It was nearly dawn before Suz closed the book with a weary sigh. “Nothing.” She’d read the book cover to cover, but Ruth said nothing about what to do if the loom refused to allow the Dream Weaver to work.

“We could always try it and see. Couldn’t hurt.”

“We’re too tired.” Suz said, then sniffed and wiped at the tears that flooded her eyes and ran down her cheeks. “What happens if . . .”

“Dunna think like that, lass. It will be fine. We’ll claim the loom again. Ye’ll get to work and everythin’ will be fine.” Liam scooped her up from the couch and carried her up the stairs. Penn followed a moment later after turning out the lights and checking to make sure the doors were locked and the new security system armed.

* * * *

The next morning, Suz carried a basket of empty bobbins and shuttles to the barn, along with a cone of the cream yarn that Penn and Liam had used to dress the loom. There had been so many people around for so long, she needed a little peace and quiet. She needed to think about the loom and what not being able to touch the warp meant. Liam was making the rounds of the farms to check on all his babies, so his office would be empty.

She was surprised when she was able to leave the house and get to his office without seeing anyone. She closed herself into Liam’s office with a grin. Maybe—just maybe—she could wind bobbins without anyone asking her a question she didn’t have an answer for.

She was in the office an hour before the door opened and Liam entered with a naughty gleam in his eye. “I wondered where ye were. Hiding from the world? Or waiting for me? I miss ye. Ye’ve got me cock trained and it’s need of a little lovin.’”

“Mmmm, sounds like a good time for a break.” Suz put down the last bobbin she was winding and reached for her sweater. In seconds she was naked.

As she stripped, Liam pulled off his boots and then dropped his jeans before settling into the executive office chair.

Suz crawled into his lap and settled over him. “Mmmm. So good.”

“Ride me, lass.” Liam took her hips in his hands and helped her to slide down over him.

Suz purred as he slid in, filling her to capacity. He was hot and hard and felt oh so good. Laying her hands on his chest, she began to

bob up and down his hard shaft. Playing with his nipples, she began to move faster and faster until the spiral of lust tightened around low in her belly.

“Come with me, Liam. Now,” she screamed as the tight spiral exploded into climax. Liam roared as he climaxed just a few short strokes later.

Suz collapsed against Liam, resting her head on his shoulder as she tried to regain the strength to stand.

“Now that’s how I like to see a woman. Naked and giving pleasure. Have you told him you can’t get off no matter what he does to you, sweet cheeks?”

* * * *

“Who the hell are you?” Liam growled, twisting the chair around to stare at the intruder. Twisting again, he grabbed Suz skirt off the floor and draped it over her back to cover their naked bits.

“Luke? What the hell are you doing here?” Suz pushed away from Liam’s chest and turned to look over her shoulder at the man who’d walked into Liam’s office like he owned it.

“Luke? Yer ex?” Liam asked, holding her as she tried to turn and stand while they were still intimately connected. She pulled at his still semi-inflated cock in a way that wasn’t pleasant. “What the hell’s he doin’ here?”

Suz couldn’t answer his questions, so she focused on the man now leaning against the wall by the door. He’d crossed his arms and looked like he was planning to stay awhile. “What the hell are you doing here?”

“I saw that Ruth had passed. I wanted to pay my respects. Besides, you owe me and I’m here to collect. I want what’s mine.” Luke spoke as if he popped in to see his ex-wife on a regular basis.

He spoke bullshit, and everyone in the room knew it.

Suz squirmed, and Liam winced as the move twisted his shaft.

Pulling her close, he held her tight as he rubbed a cheek against hers. He whispered so only she could hear. "Lass, if ye dunna stop yer bound to hurt one of us. I'm partial to ALL our parts staying happy so we can play again later."

Suz froze then turned to stare at him. Nodding her understanding, she relaxed into his embrace. "Sorry about that. I like all your bits right where they are, too."

Laying her head on his shoulder, she rubbed her hands up and down his sides to soothe him. He breathed in her clean, fresh scent and sighed. She was perfect. Perfect size, perfect lover, perfect in every way. So good, so sexy.

He brushed a kiss over her temple, and then shifted his attention to the man across the room. "Step outside and close the door. We'll be there in a few minutes." Liam's deep voice remained deceptively soft, though his tone allowed no room for argument.

"Don't be shy on my account. I've seen her naked before."

"Get out," Liam growled through clenched teeth.

* * * *

Suz kept her head on Liam's shoulder until she heard the door open then close again. Only then did she carefully raise her body until Liam's cock dropped free. Climbing from his lap, she reached for her clothes. After using several paper towels to wipe up, she dressed.

"Lass." Liam began once they were both fully clothed again.

"What?"

"I'm sorry. I should've locked the door."

Suz turned to stare at the man who, along with his equally beautiful and caring twin, filled her heart and life with his love. He'd apologized because her ex-husband was an asshole who didn't have the sense to be embarrassed when walking into such an intimate situation.

"It's not your fault, Liam. We should have taken this"—she

waved to the office chair she was now tempted to have bronzed—
“back to the house. Besides, who knew Luke would show up now?”

She crossed the small space that separated them and wrapped her arms around his back. He felt so good to her. If only Penn were here to complete their trinity.

He chuckled as he hugged her. “We’ll do better next time. For now, let’s deal with whatever your ex-husband is here about.” Threading his fingers through hers, he led the way to the door.

“You don’t think it’s just about paying his respects, do you?”

Liam paused with his free hand on the doorknob. “When was the last time you saw him?”

Suz had to think a long ways back for that information. “More than ten years. The day I miscarried. Once out of the hospital, I moved out and found a lawyer. He’s never tried to contact me until now.”

Liam nodded with a sad expression. “He’s no’ here to pay respects. He wants money.”

“But I don’t have any money.”

* * * *

Liam stared at her, amazed. How could she not understand that she now owned a multi-million dollar yarn and fiber company? Releasing her hand, he wrapped his arm around her back and pulled her close enough to kiss the top of her head. “Lassie, yer worth about fifteen million dollars. But he’ll no’ get a cent as long as Penn and I have breathe in our bodies.”

Before Suz could respond, Liam opened the door. After flipping off the lights, he guided Suz out. As he pulled the door closed behind them, he wondered how he could keep Suz safe and rid themselves of this nuisance without getting any blood on his clothes. If only Penn were here. He was the diplomat. Liam preferred to act first and apologize later.

Chapter 9

The man stood a dozen feet from the front of the barn, studying the numerous outbuildings as if taking an appraisal of the farm. Liam walked out with Suz tucked securely under one arm, taking his time so he had a moment to study the stranger.

He too was tall and lean. He looked sickly and in need of a haircut. His faded jeans showed holes worn through in several places and the brown leather jacket he wore zipped to the collar had seen better days. His sneakers looked equally aged with mismatched laces. Yep, he was looking for money. Maybe Liam wouldn't beat him up, but he wasn't going to let him get close to *his* woman, either.

It wasn't until Luke turned back to face them that Liam realized the man had a weapon. Dropping his arm from around Suz's shoulders, he shifted, putting his body between her and the hand gun.

"So, yer here to pay yer respects to Ruth?"

Liam planted his feet shoulder-width apart and crossed his arms over his chest. He was twice the other man's size, but that little silver hand piece was an equalizer.

"Yes. I also want to speak with Suz about a pact we made when we were married. She owes me. I came for what's mine."

"For six horrible months ten years ago? Yeah, right." Suz muttered just loud enough for everyone to hear.

* * * *

Penn slowed his approach from the house when he saw the silver flash of a gun. He stepped up to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with his

brother after winking at a wide-eyed and pale Suz. Turning his attention to the man holding the gun, he mirrored his brother's stance. "Sounds to me like Suz doesna wanta visit with ye."

Before the stranger could respond, Hank stepped around the side of the barn. "Aaron? What the hell do you think you're doing?"

* * * *

All at once, the pieces of the puzzle fit together and Suz gasped. "Oh my God."

White hot rage burst in her like a nuclear mushroom cloud. Luke was Aaron. He really was responsible for the phone calls, trashing her studio, and ruining the shawls she'd worked so hard to create. He was responsible for her not sleeping for the last week and for Penn and Liam having to take time away from their jobs to move the loom. He was responsible for it all, but she wasn't going to let him get away with it.

Shoving her way between Penn and Liam, the anger carried her forward across the open space between the twins and Luke. "You made those phone calls? You trashed the studio? *You ruined my work?*"

The anger grew so hot, hard, and fast she wondered if her head would pop off from the pressure.

The men remained frozen, not expecting her to become the aggressor. Luke stared at her wide-eyed. He'd never seen her in a temper, but back then he'd beat it out of her. But today she was beyond angry. She was a woman on a mission. As the Dream Weaver, she was responsible for that loom and he'd damaged it. He'd destroyed a piece of her soul when he'd poured the fertilizer on her weaving.

She moved so fast, Luke didn't have a chance to react. She didn't think about the gun in his hand before she planted her left leg solidly underneath her then kicked high and hard with her right. Her aim was

straight and true, and she caught him square between the legs, crushing his cock and testicles into his pelvis. Dropping her right foot to the ground, she stepped forward as she pulled back her arm, curled her hand into a fist, and swung, slamming her fist into his nose.

She watched as his eyes widened with amazement and pain before he dropped the weapon to the ground. His eyes then rolled back in his head and he fell backward, unconscious. Only then did the pain in her hand reach her brain. She cradled her hand as she frowned down at him. As blood dripped from his nose, he curled into a ball, both hands instinctively reaching between his legs to protect his genitals.

She stood over him and glared. "Nobody screws up my loom and my weaving and gets away with it. *Nobody!*"

Before she could kick him again, Penn grabbed her shoulders and turned her to face him. A moment later, she was dangling from his shoulder. From that vantage point she didn't see Hank pick up the gun and hand it to Roane, who appeared from a car that had pulled just moments before. Nor did she see the shocked expressions all four men wore.

Penn and Liam looked at each and each nodded. The Dream Weaver was in full force and it was time for her to bond with the loom once again.

"Who does he think he's messing with? Thinks he can get away with ruining my work and then demand money? Stupid ass." She continued muttering as Penn carried her toward the house with Liam following close behind. They were almost to the porch when she realized she was hanging from his shoulder. "Where are we going? What are you doing? Put me down!" Suz swatted at his ass as he carried her up the steps to the back porch.

Liam swatted her ass. "Be still. He doesn't want to drop ye."

Suz stopped her wiggling and arched her back, but she couldn't see him. Turning her head to the left, she saw Jubilee in the kitchen doorway, grinning as she wiped her hands.

"I'll be gone in two minutes," the older woman said, grinning

broadly.

Suz felt her face burning as Penn carried her through the living room and into the sunroom.

“Lock the door then pull the curtains” Penn ordered as he set Suz down. He pulled her against his chest and kissed her while Liam attended to gaining them some privacy.

Suz allowed his kiss, though her hand still hurt. Her arms traveled up his chest and wrapped around his neck as she opened her mouth and let him in. One hand slid down her back to cup her ass, pulling her so close, a piece of paper would not have fit between them. The hard, hot length of his shaft heated her belly even with his pants and her jeans between them.

“God, I’ve missed this, lass.” He murmured as he released her.

Liam stepped in to kiss her, as well. The fingers of one hand threaded through her hair to hold her head still as his other arm pulled her close so she could feel his arousal as well.

“I need you. Both of you. Please. Let’s claim the loom.” Suz whispered, not sure they heard her or not.

“Aye luv, and we both need you.” Penn reached for the hem of her sweater and pulled it over her head as Liam pulled down her skirt.

A moment later, their clothes hit the floor and then they were skin-to-skin, with Penn pressing against her front and Liam her back. He spread kisses over her shoulder as Penn reclaimed her lips.

Suz felt overwhelmed and nearly beyond the capacity of thought when Penn pulled back and looked at her. “Where do ye want me, luv?”

Remembering that Liam had taken her ass the last time they’d claimed the loom, she smiled. “I want you in my ass this time, Penn.”

* * * *

He grinned as his cock throbbed its happiness. “Thank ye, luv. That’s just where I’d like to be.”

Taking a step back, he turned her so Liam could love her. His heart filled as his brother lifted her, his hands cupped under her beautiful ass. She wrapped her legs and arms around him and began to hunch against him, rubbing her clit against the length of his cock.

Penn reached for a small basket they'd tucked onto a shelf the day before. Pulling out the bottle of lube and the hand towel, he quickly prepared himself. This claiming was going to be fast and hot. They were all too emotional and close to the edge to tease or drag out the loving.

* * * *

Liam sat on the bench, so close to coming he prayed he could hold on until Penn joined them. For a man who'd always prided himself on his ability to control his orgasm, he felt like his head was going to blow off his body if he didn't get inside Suz real soon.

"Lass, ye've shredded me control." He growled as he lifted her up his body until he could suckle a nipple. That put her open, wet warmth just above the head of his cock.

Suz only moaned in response, stabbing her fingers through his hair and holding him securely to her breast. She groaned a protest when he lifted his lips from her body. Her eyes met his and grew impossibly wide when he lowered her down onto his throbbing erection.

"God, ye feel like heaven." He grinned as she settled fully over him. Then he locked his jaw as she shifted, rubbing her clit against him. "Penn, ye gotta join us now. I don't know how long I can hold back."

"Lay back and spread her wide. I'm more than ready," came the growled reply.

Chapter 10

Penn watched as Liam lay back on the bench, pulling Suz with him. He moved to the end of the bench and found her spread wide and looking oh, so lovely. While Liam held her still, he quickly spread lube over her puckered star and then slipped one finger inside.

“Ah lass, yer so beautiful.” He leaned up and laid a line of kisses down her spine as he added more lube, along with a second finger, and then a third.

“Now, Penn. Take me now.” Suz panted, breathy with need.

“A’right luv. Relax yer ass and let me in.”

He rubbed one hand up and down her back as his other hand took hold of his cock and guided it. Closing his eyes, he fought the urge to slam home as fast as he could. Instead, he inched past her tight ring of muscle as slowly as he could manage. By the time he was fully seated, sweat was rolling off of him and he was sure he would die if he had to hold back more than a few seconds.

“Luv, how are ye feeling?”

* * * *

Suz panted, trying to relax while trying not to move away, as Penn filled her back hole. With Liam already filling her cunt to capacity, she was stretched to a pleased pain by the time Penn’s abdomen pressed against her ass.

“Move. Now. I need to...” Suz pleaded as Penn wrapped his hands around her hips.

She couldn’t help him as he began to move her hips so she rose

and fell, advancing on one brother's cock while the other brother's retreated. Penn moved her slowly, carefully, trying not to hurt her. But it wasn't enough. Not nearly enough.

"Harder. More. Now." She growled, reaching up and pinching Liam's budded nipples.

When Penn began moving her faster, rougher, Liam pulled one hand from his chest and laid it on the loom. "Penn, give us yer hand."

The brothers laid their hands over hers, all clutching at the wood underneath as Suz slammed her hips back and forth between theirs.

"I'm so close. So close. *Now!*" She ended on a scream as the orgasm that had been swirling around her like a cyclone closed over her. It picked her up and threw her over the edge into a bliss she wasn't sure she'd survive.

The wood immediately heated up under their hands and, as before, a warm tingling traveled from her fingertips to spread throughout her entire body. She closed her eyes and saw each of 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 they smiled back, each sharing their love for weaving and for their McKenzie man who had made such a thing possible. 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 night she invoked the original magic of the loom.

"Good for you, girl. Every time the loom is moved, it must be claimed again. Also, every time ye need to strengthen the magic. Remember to love yer men well and let them fuss over ye once in awhile. That's what makes a McKenzie man so special, the fussin'."

When the images in her head stopped, the lust that had been rolling through her peaked again, taking her even higher than before. The muscles of her cunt and ass clamped down on the cocks filling her. The brothers slammed home one last time, holding themselves deep inside her as their growls harmonized with her scream of

completion. Their seed pulsed, sending hot, sparkling fire through her, prolong her orgasm until she was certain she would not survive.

Finally the visions stopped and the orgasm retreated, leaving her unable to move, to think, to do anything more than breathe. She didn't try to stop him when Penn gently pulled from her and went to clean up. He came back a few minutes later and cleaned her before kissing each ass cheek.

Liam lay under her, radiating heat. She didn't have the strength to fight when he wrapped his arms around her and sat up, lifting her until he fell from her core. After using a damp towel to wipe up, he rearranged them on the bench so that she sat in front of him, facing the loom.

"Try to weave now." He murmured, rubbing his face in her hair as his arms wrapped around her middle.

Suz picked up the shuttle she'd left on the loom and, taking a deep breath, played with the appropriate peddles. After wrapping the weft thread around the take up bar to hold it snug, she threw the shuttle.

The shuttle slipped between the warp threads easily, the bobbin dropping thread. She caught it with her other hand. "It worked!" Pulling on the beater bar, she went on to quickly complete several more rows.

Turning her head, she looked from Liam to Penn, who'd slid onto the bench next to them. "I can weave again! Thank you." She kissed Liam first, and then leaned to kiss Penn.

"Ye might want to make a note in that guide of Ruth's about this so that the future Dream Weavers will ken," Penn advised.

Suz nodded. "Later. Right now I need to do some weaving."

"No. Right now we're gonna talk about what the hell just happened out there in front of the barn." Liam lifted her from the loom and carried her to the daybed in the corner. Somehow they all fit, with her in the middle of a McKenzie sandwich. "I canna believe ye did such a dangerous stunt." He murmured into her hair. "The man had a gun and ye walked up to him like it was an ice cream cone.

What were ye thinkin,' lass?"

They leaned over her with remnants of terror in their expressions. She'd done it again. She'd charged forward instead of letting them take care of her.

She shrugged and dropped her gaze. "I wasn't thinking. I just got so mad. All I wanted to do was hurt him like he'd hurt the loom. He'd destroyed weeks of weaving and trashed the studio and scared me and . . . I'm sorry."

"She truly has become the Dream Weaver," Penn said. "To put the loom and the weaving before her own life, she truly *is* the Dream Weaver."

Liam nodded and then began to chuckle. "Where did you learn to kick like that?"

"College. I was the kicker on the coed intramural football team."

That brought a smile to Penn's lips. "'Twas a verra good kick and just what the moment called for. But next time, how about we try to talk first before ye blast the bad guys away with yer lethal moves."

"God, please dunna let there be a next time," Liam said as he settled even closer to Suz.

"So what happens now?"

"Roane is dealin' with yer ex even as we lay here. The company's doing well, but we need ta get ye more involved in the workings." Liam looked at his brother with a grin. "She thinks she doesna have any money."

Penn grunted with a matching smile. "Luv, ye own a grand company. Yer worth millions and millions. Unfortunately, this might not be the last time somethin' like this happens. We'll have ta watch over ye ta make sure no one else tries to steal ye away from us." He ran his hand up and down her side and she could feel he was relaxing.

"God, help us all," Liam interjected, as he kissed and nibbled her neck.

"That's not what I meant."

"What do ye mean, luv?" Penn kissed her cheek as he slipped his

hand down her body to play with a nipple.

“The studio’s cleaned and defunked. Do we have to move the loom back to the studio right away?”

Liam looked at Penn in another of their moments of silent communication. Then he dropped a kiss on her nose. “It can wait until we get back from our trip. For now, ye need ta concentrate on weaving a beautiful shawl for Mother Nature and lettin’ us love on our beautiful Dream Weaver. Especially since we’re leavin’ for Scotland in three weeks.”

That tidbit of information had Suz sitting up and trying to climb over Penn. He grabbed her and brought her back between them. “And where do ye think yer goin’?”

“I’ve got to get to work. I only have three weeks.”

“It can wait, luv. At least until ye’ve worn us out.” He pulled her in and kissed her and then proceeded to show her how much they really did love their Dream Weaver.

THE END

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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.

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