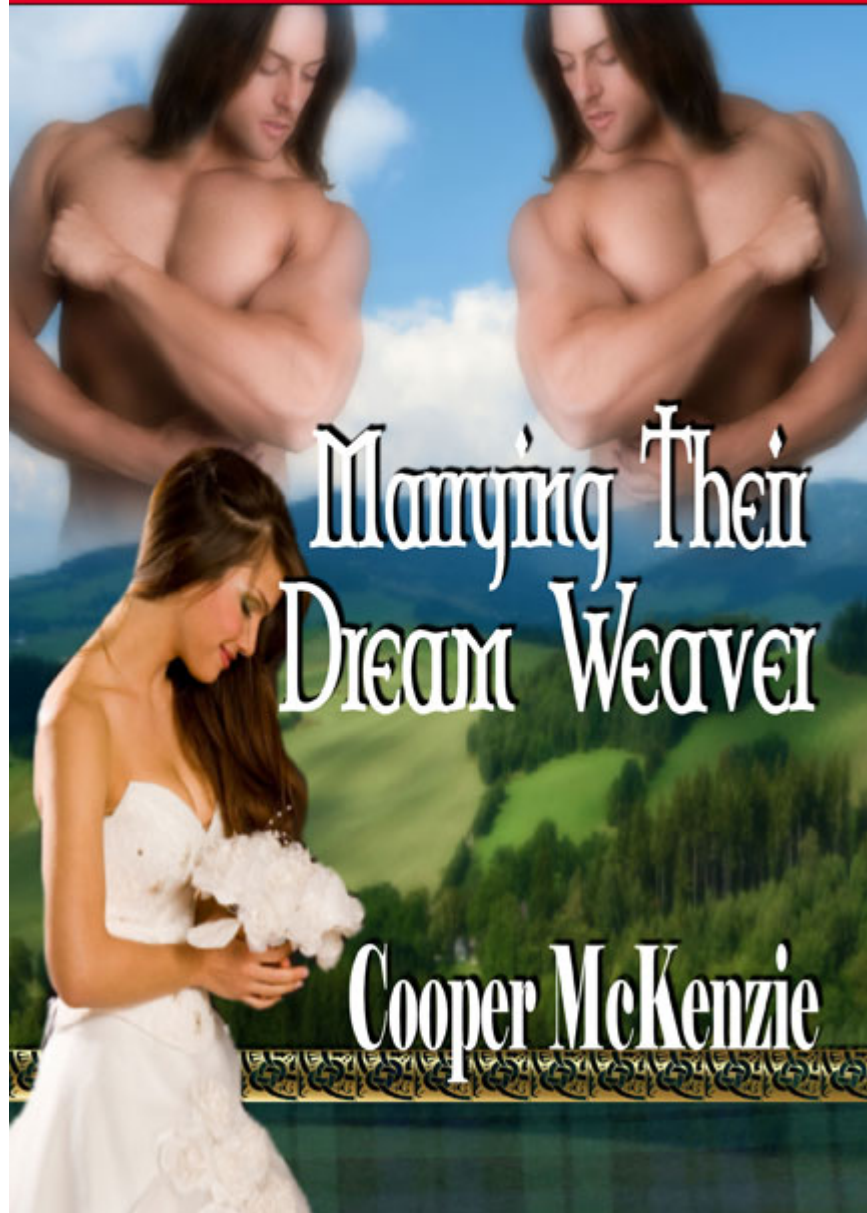


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MARRYING THEIR DREAM WEAVER

Cooper McKenzie

MENAGE AMOUR



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Letter from Cooper McKenzie

Regarding Ebook Piracy

Dear Readers,

I love writing my books and interacting with you, my readers. I love imagining and creating the worlds and characters and situations found in my books. Writing is also my job and I work hard at it.

I get upset when my books are pirated. This means that someone has stolen my work.

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Please respect my hard work and creativity and do not pirate my ebooks.

With deep gratitude,

Cooper McKenzie

DEDICATION

To friends, new and old.

MARRYING THEIR DREAM WEAVER

COOPER MCKENZIE

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Chapter 1

Twenty-four seconds. The end of the stick had turned blue in only twenty-four seconds. It was supposed to take three minutes. Suz Bowen Black stared at the home pregnancy test, her brain not believing what her eyes were seeing.

She was pregnant. She must be *really* pregnant for the wand to change color so fast. She sniffed but couldn't fight the hormonal tears that burst through her defenses to course down her cheeks. She covered her lower abdomen with both hands. She must not be too pregnant. She wasn't showing yet though her bras and her jeans were fitting a little tighter lately.

Of course she was pregnant. She had to be. She and her McKenzie men, Penn and Liam, had been fucking like rabbits on Viagra for months. She'd been fucking one or the other or both of them two, three, four or more times nearly every day since she had returned to Dreamer's Dell. Even using condoms they couldn't beat the odds this long. Three months of massive quantities of the best sex of her life, of course she would get pregnant.

Sliding the test wand with its positive blue tip in the back pocket of her jeans, she shoved the rest of the wrappings deep in a box of trash she'd created from unpacking hundreds of skeins of yarn to

restock her weaving studio. She couldn't think about it. Not now. She would be like Scarlet O'Hara and think about it tomorrow.

Or better yet, she'd put it on the list of things to worry about in three weeks. Starting tomorrow she was going to enjoy the first real vacation she'd had since high school. She'd think about the future once they returned from Scotland.

If they returned. If the world didn't end because Mother Nature hated the shawl she'd created for her to wear to welcome spring to the world at the vernal equinox. Which brought her thoughts back around to the reason she'd escaped to the studio in the first place. Which shawl would she be packing to present to Mother Nature? Though she'd tried to figure out how to pack all nine shawls she'd created, there was only room for two – one for her and one for Mother Nature.

Penn and Liam refused to offer an opinion, assuring her that whatever she chose would be fine. Jubilee thought every one of them was beautiful. Isabella refused to offer an opinion, and Dodge looked at her like she was crazy when she'd asked which one he'd liked best.

She'd been so wrapped up weaving and stressing over the trip, it hadn't occurred to her until the day before that she hadn't had her period in a while. Thinking back, she couldn't remember the last time her body had proven yet again that she was an adult woman. And now she knew why.

Pushing the surprising positive test results and all the complications it held out of her thoughts, Suz turned out the lights. After arming the new security system she locked the studio door and headed to the main house. She couldn't think about babies right now. She couldn't worry about Penn's and Liam's reactions to the news. As the Dream Weaver, she had three hundred years of tradition to continue. Every spring her ancestors had made a shawl for Mother Nature and now it was her duty to continue the practice. If she failed, the world would stop turning.

She held the future of the world in the decision she'd been putting off for days. A decision she absolutely, positively had to make in the

next twelve hours.

Climbing the five steps to the back porch of the farm house she'd inherited along with the title Dream Weaver and the yarn business of the same name from her great-grandmother, Suz wondered if she could get to the sunroom without anyone seeing her. Though she really didn't want to think about it, she needed some time to overcome the shock of the positive pregnant test.

Penn had stayed home from work, claiming he'd cleared his desk and wanted a day to rest before their trip. Jubilee would be flitting around somewhere, cooking or cleaning or fussing over Penn. Liam had left early, making one last visit to the five local farms the company owned to make sure all of his patients were well taken care of during their absence. She wasn't sure he had returned yet or not.

Opening the back door, she eased in and closed it as quietly as she could. After hanging up the shawl she always wore to the studio and slipping off her red Crocs, she took a deep breath. So far so good.

Raising her head, she listened but heard nothing. No pots clanging in the kitchen. No off key singing to pinpoint where Jubilee might be working. She didn't even hear the television in the living room signaling that Penn was in there. The coast was clear.

Like a thief in her own home, Suz slipped down the hall to the wide doorway to the living room. If she could get across the living room and into the sunroom, she'd be safe. Maybe they would think she was still in the studio for awhile longer.

Two steps into the living room, she stopped. No wonder it was quiet. Penn and Jubilee were playing chess. To them the game meant silence and total concentration, though both turned to look at her. Jubilee sat on the couch and Penn on an oversized pillow on the floor opposite her. The game on the coffee table between them looked to be well underway.

As always, she had to stop and stare, amazed that she'd hit the jackpot. Not one but twin lookalike hotties were hers for the taking. Sharp cheekbones and a solid jaw line 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 his shoulders today. Penn usually tied his at the base of his skull, but today it hung free. And those pale blue eyes the color of worn denim. Those eyes had been a part of her dreams for so many lonely years.

“All done?” Jubilee asked before turning her attention back to the board.

“For now.” Suz felt her cheeks burn. “I thought I’d take another look at the shawls.”

Penn pushed to his feet and followed her into the sunroom. “Are ye okay?”

“I’m fine, why?”

“You look, I don’t know, scared or shocked or something. Yer no’ comin’ down with sickness, are ye?” Stopping her with a hand on her shoulder, he turned her and studied her closely.

Sickness? No. Pregnancy? Yep. But she couldn’t tell him. Not now. Not yet.

Suz felt her face flood with color as she tried not to meet his eyes. He could read her eyes as sure as he would the morning paper. He would see that she held a secret. Then he would dig until he forced her to share it.

Then she would have to think about being pregnant and all that encompassed and what it would mean for their relationship. They were a permanent trio, even if they didn’t have wedding rings and vows, but they’d never talked about babies.

She didn’t want her news to force anyone into doing anything they didn’t want, like offer marriage. And she certainly wasn’t going to propose to them. She was old fashioned enough to want them, either one of them, to ask her to get married. That thought led her to the question of which one should she marry? Penn, the CEO of Dreamer’s Dell, Inc.? Or Liam, the Chief Veterinarian Officer? How was she supposed to pick one over the other? She wanted to marry them both, just as she had when she was six years old.

No, keeping the baby a secret for a while longer was just a much better idea.

“Luv?”

“What? No, I’m fine. I’m just stressing about the shawl. How am I supposed to choose just one? Why can’t I take them all and make her choose?”

Penn smiled and pulled her into his wide chest for a hug. Suz closed her eyes as she leaned into his strength. He radiated warmth, but then both men always did. She wasn’t sure if it was their Scottish Highlander blood or not, but they kept her warm each night without using more than a sheet and a light blanket for covers. Anymore and they would all cook.

“Ye read Ruth’s instructions. Ye can take two shawls. One for yerself and one ta present at the appropriate time. But havin’ watched Ruth the past couple of years, I ken ‘tis no’ an easy decision. Ruth always had the same trouble decidin’ as well. At least ye only have nine ta choose from. Last year Ruth had three dozen shawls, and it took nearly two weeks to make her decision.”

“But we’re leaving tomorrow. How am I supposed to choose?” Suz turned in Penn’s embrace and looked at the loom.

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

Four-inch logs formed a cube of nearly six feet. The frame was crude and held together with small wooden stakes, but the inner workings seemed to have been updated at some point over the last few decades. Though the loom appeared rustic, nothing crude had come off of it in many, many years.

Even her own weaving was beautiful though she was still a novice. She’d only been weaving a little over three months, since Ruth’s death in December. That was the day she and Penn and Liam had claimed the magic of the loom. They’d had to claim the loom again just a few weeks earlier after moving it from the studio in the back yard to the sunroom.

After ten years, Suz's ex-husband had terrorized Suz with phone calls before trashing the studio and ruining weeks of weaving. He had been jailed, but days later he'd flipped out, beat a female guard, and tried to convince the world he was a king of some sort and could do whatever he wanted to whomever he wanted. He'd been transferred to a psychiatric facility far from New Bern. No one expected him to be released any time soon.

The studio had been cleaned up and restocked, and a newly installed security system would keep Suz and her weaving safe in the future. Once they came home from their trip abroad, her men would disassemble and move the loom back to the studio. Then they would claim it once again with hot, hot sex. They had to. Otherwise, the loom would not allow anyone to weave.

Suz looked at the shawls hanging over the top bar of the loom's frame. She'd draped them up there, so she could see them side by side. Over the past few days she'd rearranged them and chosen one, then another, then another, before deciding her choices sucked. She'd put all back up again earlier that morning.

"Luv, ye need ta choose. Now." Penn nuzzled her neck with his arms wrapped around her waist.

"I know, but..."

"Close yer eyes."

Obedient to that deep as a well in the desert growl, Suz closed her eyes and allowed him to pull her so she rested against him.

"What's goin' on?" An identical deep voice asked from behind them. Liam had returned from his rounds.

"Suz is makin' her decision."

"Finally. Can I help?"

"Close the curtains."

Suz heard the soft whoosh of the curtains being pulled closed over the wall of windows. A moment later, the front of her body warmed as Liam moved to stand before her.

Opening her eyes, she smiled up at him. "Hello. All finished with

your patients?”

“Aye, lass. I’m all yers for the next three weeks.”

“Mmm, I like the sound of that.” She lifted a hand and stroked it down the front of his blue chambray shirt. Dropping her gaze to below his belt, she watched as the front of his jeans tented in response. “Hmm, looks like you’re happy to be home.” With a grin, she continued her hand down his body until she cupped it over the impressive ridge pushing at his fly. “Yep, very happy.”

Liam groaned in response, pushing his cock more firmly into her hand. “Lass, ye hae no idea.”

With a dark chuckle, Penn took hold of her wrists. He pulled her arms behind her and shackled them together in one large hand. “Back up, brother. We’re here to help her make a verra important decision, no’ sidetrack her yet again.”

Chapter 2

Liam frowned but took two steps back. “Yer a mean bastard, Penn. I jes’ wanted ta play a bit.”

“We’ll play but only after the decision’s been made. Then we’ll finish packing.”

Ever since Suz’s ex-husband had been a nuisance, Suz’s men had become even more protective and dominant than normal, which was saying something. While Penn preferred restraints and blindfolds, Liam preferred an occasional spanking.

What surprised Suz was that she loved whatever they tried, mainly because she knew these two dominated her with love. Which was a long way from what Lucas had done by tearing her down emotionally and physically, trying to control her because he was a mean bastard.

“So, how does this work?” Suz asked as Penn slipped her hands into the opposite sleeves of her sweater so she was effectively cuffed. Pulling her back against him, he slipped one hand up under the front of her sweater and opened the closure on her bra. The other slid down her body to cup her mons.

“Are ye wearing panties?”

His hand massaged her crotch through her jeans, sending ripples of electricity through her. Her lust ignited like a gas line under a flame. She rolled her hips to meet him. In the meantime, the hand under her sweater plucked one nipple until it was peaked, then brushed across her chest to the second one. This one he rolled between thumb and forefinger.

“Uh huh.”

“Socks?”

Suz had to lift a foot to determine the answer. All her senses were focused on what he was doing to her body and not what she wore. How could he short circuit her brain function so quickly? She stared at her bare toes, each one a different color thanks to their decision the night before to paint her toes for her using every color nail polish she owned. Thankfully they'd chosen a sexy, yet sedate by comparison, burgundy to do her fingernails with.

"No."

Suddenly his hot, hard hands were gone, and he stepped back. She was left swaying and in need.

"Choose four shawls ye like least. As ye call them out them we'll each take off a piece of clothing. Once we take them down from the loom, ye'll take off a piece."

Penn stepped around her and moved so he and Liam stood on either side of the loom. Tall, gorgeous Scottish bookends framing the Dream Weaver's loom hung with her shawls. Both men stood with impressive tenting pushing at the zipper of their jeans.

"Suz?"

"What?" She blinked and lifted her gaze from Penn's crotch to his face.

"Choose the first shawl. Now."

Suz turned her attention to the shawls hanging from the top rail of the loom's frame. "The purple and gold."

Both men bent over. Liam pulled off both boots and Penn one sock.

"Why?"

"The only person who would appreciate it will be an ECU fan."

Liam carefully lifted the shawl, folded it and laid it on the daybed. Then the brothers watched her. Penn cocked an eyebrow. "'Tis yer turn, luv."

Suz sighed and dropped her jeans, kicking them away and pulling the hem of her sweater down as far as it would reach. It only reached the top of her thighs, and that wasn't nearly far enough.

“The green and blue.” She pointed over Penn’s shoulder.

The men nodded. Liam pulled off both socks while Penn pulled off his second one. Then Penn removed the shawl and folded it, setting it with the first.

Suz dropped her panties and stepped out of them. “This doesn’t seem very fair. You’re both still fully dressed.”

The men smiled but didn’t respond. They just waited for her next choice.

“The black and cream stripe.”

The men pulled off their shirts leaving them naked from the waist up. Penn dealt with the shawl. With a grin, Suz pulled her arms out of the sleeves. She took off her bra, dropped it on top of her jeans then slid her arms back into the sleeves.

“Tricky.” Liam snarked while Penn merely nodded.

“The green-on-green stripe.”

Together the men dropped their jeans and stepped out of them, leaving them naked and fully aroused.

“Commando, eh? I like it.” Suz smiled.

As Liam pulled down the shawl and folded it, Suz pulled her sweater over her head.

“So that leaves five. What now?” Suz stepped forward, hoping for a group hug. She wanted to feel all that naked male flesh that she knew from experience radiated heat so well.

“Stop.” Penn ordered sharply. “Ye can take one step once ye’ve discarded the next shawl.”

Suz looked at the six feet that separated her from her men. Yep, Liam was right. Penn could be a mean bastard.

“The red one.” Stretching she took as big a step as she could, cutting the distance in half.

“The brown one.” Another large step brought her to stand between the brothers. Reaching out her arms, she could just lay a hand on each of their chests. They were still too far away.

“The yellow one.”

That left two. The first was a plain cream color, her first shawl on the loom once they'd moved it to this room. The second was also cream, but she'd used a thick and thin yarn for the weft and ten inches from each end she'd woven in a rainbow of bold, pure tones. Each stripe was an inch wide.

Once Liam took the yellow shawl down, the brothers each took a step toward her, enveloping her in their heat. She turned to face Liam and spread her legs more than shoulder width apart. He would break first. He always did.

"Now, the final decision. Which one will ye keep and which will ye give away?" Liam asked as he brushed the tip of his hot, hard length up and down her wet and open lower lips. Penn reached around and cupped her breasts, sending electric pulses from nipples to cunt.

Suz stared at the two shawls hanging side by side. Which to give? Which to keep? She wanted to put off the decision, but just then, Liam traced his way down to the open, dripping entrance but didn't slide inside. She could feel the head of his cock right there. When she shifted her hips closer to take him in, he shifted with her.

"I'll keep the cream and give the rainbow away." She growled as she pulled Liam down for a kiss. "Now fuck me."

Liam slid his full length into her, and she screamed as every muscle in her body contracted in an instantaneous orgasm. She hadn't realized she was so close to peaking. Liam froze, allowing her to ride him through the waves of ecstasy. When she finally calmed, she shifted and moaned at the fullness of Liam seated so deep in her now swollen center. Her men were so long, so thick. Would she ever get used to feeling almost too full every time they loved her? Especially when they took her together?

Liam dropped his hands to cup her thighs, lifting her legs off the ground. As always, his strength caught her off guard. With Penn taking the weight of her upper back and shoulders resting against his broad chest, Suz wrapped her legs around Liam and tightened her grip around his neck.

Penn's equally hard shaft slid in the valley between the cheeks of her ass as he nibbled his way across one shoulder and up her neck to whisper her ear. "Yer such a beauty. Come again fer us, luv."

His arms wrapped around her middle. While one hand covered a tit and pluck at her nipple, the other slid to her clit. As his brother drove harder and higher into her, he used two fingers to rub tight circles around the tight knot of nerves, sending her over the top of ecstasy's mountain once again.

"Yes, oh God. Yes." Suz screamed her release again as she felt Liam's cock swell and jerk inside her at the same moment Penn's seed splashed between her back and his belly.

Once the pulsating sexual tension drained away, the brothers knelt then lay on the floor, keeping Suz held tightly between them. They stroked and caressed and kissed whatever parts they could reach as Suz lay stunned as she always did after coming several times.

"Fer a lass who didna ken what an orgasm was not so verra long ago, ye seem ta be makin' up fer lost time." Liam observed as he brushed hair back from her face.

Suz could only smile in response.

* * * *

When they rose and dressed a few minutes later, Suz didn't notice when something fell from her pocket. But Penn did.

"Luv, ye dropped somethin'," he said, picking it up.

When Suz gasped, he studied it, reading the name on the shaft of the stick, then the blue tip. "Suz? Is this right? Are ye..."

"Is she what?" Liam turned holding his boots in one hand and socks in the other. He looked over his brother's shoulder at the white pregnancy test with the blue tip. "Lass?"

Suz dropped her head, not able to meet twin shocked expressions. "Yes," she finally whispered. "I'm pregnant."

The words were barely out of her mouth when the twins fell to

their knees before her. Each man took one of her hands, then laid their other hand over her still flat belly where their baby resided.

She blinked back tears at the twin expressions of adoration and absolute love as they looked from where their hands rested up to her face.

“Will you marry us?”

At their question asked in perfect stereo, Suz’s knees wobbled. She couldn’t answer. She couldn’t think. The shock of their instant, easy acceptance of the pregnancy sent her thoughts reeling. That plus they both wanted to marry her. How could they do that?

Multiple marriages were illegal, but she couldn’t choose one over the other. She loved them both. They were a matched set, and they were all hers. If she couldn’t have them both, maybe she should just say no. They could keep the relationship they had, and keep their love and devotion to each other without the complicated legal ties.

“Lass? What’s wrong?”

“Suz? Dunna ye want ta marry us?”

She looked from one to the other and smiled. “I want to marry you, but I want to marry you both. And that’s not possible.”

“Why not?”

“It’s against the law to be married to more than one person at a time.”

The brothers shared a glance then wrapped themselves around her. Their heads rested just below her breasts, just above where their baby lay. Their acceptance made her heart swell and her body ache for more of what they’d finished just moments before.

“Don’t ye worry. We’ll take care of everything. Ye’ll marry both of us. One way or another. Fer now, ye need ta relax so our baby will grow happy and strong.”

Suz frowned. “That’s another thing. How will we ever figure out who the father of the baby is?”

“Doesna matter. Wouldna be able to tell anyway. We’re identical twins. All yer babies will belong to both of us. Now answer our

question. Will ye marry us and give us all yer love and babies forever?”

Suz smiled through the tears that unexpectedly filled her eyes.
“Yes, you stubborn Scotsmen. Yes, I’ll marry you.”

Chapter 3

Suz stared out the window as the plane slowed and stopped. So far Scotland looked just like the other airports where they'd landed for fuel. But, according to the brothers, they had arrived. They'd finally reached Inverness.

"Welcome ta Scotland, lass." Liam kissed her cheek before unhooking his seatbelt and standing. "How are ye feelin'?"

"I'm okay."

"Alpaca shit."

"Excuse me?" Suz unstrapped herself and stood. Lifting her arms, she stretched as much of her body as she could. What she would give for one of Liam's massages right about now.

"I said alpaca shit. Yer tired of bein' in this flyin' tin can. Yer scared ta death of meetin' the clan. Yer probably also starvin' since ye refused ta eat anythin' and wantin' of a shower and a dozen hours of sleep."

Suz listened, shocked at how accurate he'd come in his assessment. "How did you know?"

He stepped closer, then bent until they were nose to nose. "Yer an open book. Besides, I'm feeling much the same way."

Closing the last inch between them, he brushed a kiss over her lips. Instantly, lust blossomed to life. She wrapped her arms around him and stepped closer until she could brush her pelvis against his.

Liam straightened and stepped back in one move. He looked reluctant as he pulled her arms from around his neck. "Now is no' the time ta be foggin' me brain with sex even though I'd love ta break the bed in a bit more." He waggled his eyes at her as if knowing that

would cause her to blush, which it did.

They'd broken the king-size bed in the bedroom good, spending nearly half the trip naked and under the covers. Of course, part of that time was spent sleeping but only a small part.

Suz looked out the window again. "There's quite a crowd out there. Do you know them? Or is some boy band landing in a few minutes?"

Liam bent to see what she was talking about. She watched as he grew pale before turning to his brother. "Ye gotta see this."

Penn joined them and swore softly when he saw the number of people waiting on the other side of the chain-link fence. "Bloody hell. Let's go home now. We don't even have ta get off the plane. We'll jes' refuel and go. We'll ship Mother Nature her shawl."

Suz giggled. "And not see those sexy knees for days on end? No way. Let's go."

"Luv, if we'd known, we'd be happy ta wear the plaid around the house for ye." Penn nipped her lips as he gave her ass a swat. He relieved her of everything but her shawl and her purse. "The Dream Weaver doesna carry luggage."

She followed Penn down the steps from the plane to the tarmac with Liam close behind. Once on the ground, the men kept her between them as they dealt with customs and security. She wasn't sure if it had to do with their overprotective nature or if there was some threat they knew about but hadn't shared with her.

"Welcome ta Scotland," the customs agent said as he returned her passport.

Suz couldn't help but grin as she studied the first stamp in her brand new passport. Turning, she showed it to Penn. "Look, I'm now an international traveler."

Penn kissed her nose and smiled down at her. "Yes, luv, ye are."

Though the customs agent wanted to unwrap the shawl Suz carried, after a brief conversation, he settled for scanning it with a hand wand before returning it. Suz clutched it to her middle. As the

men were scanned, she prayed her stomach would settle so she didn't throw up on anyone. She felt like buzzards were doing a polka in her stomach which was why she hadn't eaten, but now they were on the ground and she was getting hungry.

As they approached the gate, the twins flanked her, each with a hand against her back. She wasn't sure if it was to prop her up or stop her from backing away from the suddenly quiet crowd that waited on the other side of the fence. She expected to be mobbed by them the moment they passed through the gate. Wasn't that what family did when they had not seen each other in a while?

Instead, the crowd of McKenzie clansmen backed up, opening a path which Penn and Liam guided her down, keeping their pace steady. "Remember what we told ye about the curtsy," Penn spoke softly out of the side of his mouth.

Suz nodded. The curtsy. As a sign of respect, she would curtsy when she met Mother Nature and The McKenzie, the head of the clan. It didn't matter to anyone that he was Penn and Liam's father, there were traditions and protocols to be observed. And a big one at this moment was that she would curtsy. The men even had her practice over the last several weeks after they learned she hadn't curtsied in the last dozen years, since the last time she'd visited with their clansmen.

An older couple stood at the far end of the crowd aisle. Kendrick McKenzie, with silver flecks in his black hair and the familiar worn, denim eyes he'd passed on to his sons, towered over Catherine, the petite, redheaded woman whose hand he held. So this was what her men would look like in twenty or more years. Hmm, gorgeous. Kendrick wore the blue and green plaid of the McKenzie clan, as did Penn and Liam. They'd changed from jeans and T-shirts to the plaid just an hour before on the flight from London. Catherine had a matching tartan shawl wrapped around the shoulders of the navy blue blazer she wore over a crimson dress.

The men stopped her six feet from their parents.

“Now,” Liam whispered as he bowed. On the other side, Penn bowed as well. Suz dropped into a low curtsy and held it until she heard them straighten. Then she stood and wondered if she looked as flustered as she felt.

“We would like to introduce you to Suz Bowen Black, the latest Dream Weaver of Sarah’s line. She’s brought the shawl for the mother of the Earth. Will ye welcome her?”

Penn’s beautiful brogue had deepened as he spoke loud and clear so that the entire congregation could hear his words. The twins straightened and seemed to grow until they towered over her even more than usual.

It was another of those moments when she felt utterly feminine and protected by the pair. Were they expecting trouble from their kinsmen? Or was this all a part of the pomp and ceremony they’d told her about?

“And who would ye be ta be bringin’ The Dream Weaver ta us like this?”

The McKenzie dropped his wife’s hand. He planted his feet shoulder width apart and crossed thick, muscular arms over a broad, broad chest. He glowered as if he didn’t recognize his own sons.

“In keepin’ to the legend of the Sarah’s loom, we’re the McKenzie men who’ve claimed the Dream Weaver.” The brothers answered as one.

Their parents’ eyes widened in surprise before the man nodded. “We welcome ye home ta the land of yer ancestors and praise all the gods fer yer safe journey.”

And just like that, the ceremony ended.

Kendrick and Catherine smiled broadly as the twins rushed them for a hug and a kiss. They first hugged the parent opposite them then traded. Suz remained frozen until The McKenzie turned his attention to her.

“Suz Bowen Black, is it now? I recall ye ta be an outspoken wee thing about knee high who demanded me sons wait until ye grew up

so ye could marry them. Chattered on like a magpie, ye did. Has yer tongue left ye in all the years since we last saw ye?” Kendrick stopped an arm’s distance away.

“No, sir. It, like the rest of me, is weary from keeping your sons content.”

Kendrick looked surprised for a moment, then threw his head back and laughed. All those who heard her response laughed as well. Penn and Liam grew red faced and embarrassed because they knew her comment wasn’t as flippant as it was true.

“Welcome ta Scotland, lassie. And welcome to the clan of McKenzie.” Kendrick took the last step and enclosed her in a bear hug.

She hugged him back, closing her eyes against the tears that threatened. Though she wouldn’t admit it, she missed the comforting hugs of family. Penn and Liam hugged her, but those always seemed to lead to sex. This was a hug of welcome.

When Kendrick released her, Catherine was there to replace him with a kiss and a motherly hug. “Ye’ll fit in jes’ fine,” she whispered softly in Suz’s ear. “Have ye told yer men about the babies?”

Suz pulled back and stared at the woman. “How did you...?”

“We’ll talk later.” Catherine kissed her cheek again before releasing her.

Then the crowd closed in on them.

By the time people stopped hugging her and kissing her and introducing themselves, Suz was overwhelmed, lightheaded, and dizzy. When Liam walked by, she wrapped her hand around his arm and leaned against him heavily. He frowned down at her, then bent and lifted her into his arms. “Excuse me, Da, but we’ve had a long trip and need to find some real food before we expire.”

The crowd quieted down almost the moment Kendrick raised his arms. “We’ll meet at the buses in an hour. If yer late ye’ll have a long walk ahead of ye, Callum.” He shot a look to a black-haired teenager. Several in the crowd snickered as the boy blushed to his ears and

dropped his chin.

Suz looked around and frowned when she saw a beautiful blonde wrapped around Penn like a vine up a tree. The woman was looking at him like she wanted to eat him for dessert. Penn smiled down at her as if he didn't mind her company.

"Liam, who's that woman?"

Liam followed her gaze and swore softly when he saw his brother. "That's Mary Fraser."

"Were she and Penn an item?"

"No, lass. He always knew we were meant for ye, but she's always had her cap set for him."

Suz couldn't explain the white-hot anger that flamed up in her, but she would not have that woman drooling over *her* man. "Put me down."

"Now lass..."

"No, Liam. She's poaching, and I won't have it. Put me down." Suz kept her voice low, not wanting to draw too much attention.

As soon as Liam set her on the ground, she took off. Her anger propelled her through the crowd until she stood before the couple. Penn didn't notice her. His focus was on the abundant breasts threatening to spill out of a low-cut T-shirt that was two sizes too small.

"Get your grubby paws off my man." Suz ordered in a low voice.

The woman flicked a glance in her direction before nuzzling Penn's neck. "Why don't we go somewhere private to catch up," she murmured in a sultry voice that only added to Suz's anger.

"Uh," was all Penn managed as she licked a line up his neck before taking his earlobe between her teeth.

Before anyone realized what was happening, Suz grabbed the woman's hair and pulled. Mary screamed as she fell on her ass. Suz planted clenched fists on hips and leaned over her. "I said get your grubby paws off *my* man."

"You bitch! What the hell do ye think yer doin'?" Mary screeched

as she scrambled to her feet. With a growl she threw herself across the space between them.

Though Mary stood several inches taller, Suz had anger on her side. Just as the other woman was about to tackle her, Suz spun to the side, dragging one leg behind her. Mary tripped over the leg, screaming again as she fell to her hands and knees.

“Stop this. *Now!*” Kendrick bellowed as he stepped between the two women.

Liam wrapped an arm around Suz’s waist to keep her from throwing herself at the woman who slowly regained her feet.

“What the *hell* is going on?” The McKenzie glared at Mary.

“She attacked me for no reason.” Mary batted overly made-up eyes at him before she bent to brush her knees.

“I told you to get your grubby paws off my man.” Suz growled, struggling in Liam’s hold. “Let me go.”

“No’ until ye calm yerself.” Liam’s hold never loosened. “Take a deep breath and settle down.”

At that moment, Penn stepped in front of her. Tilting her chin up so she was looking at him, he frowned as he spoke so only she and Liam could hear. “Calm yerself, luv. ‘Tis no’ good fer the babe fer ye ta be carryin’ on so.”

His voice held that dark thread, the one he used whenever they played their master/master/slave girl games. The voice that melted her will and made her cunt swell and dampen in preparation. As soon as he spoke, her anger drained away, leaving her horny.

“Oh God, I forgot,” Liam muttered as he pulled his arm higher on her body so it wrapped just under her breasts.

Before Suz could think about escape, the brothers closed in on her and made her the filling in their McKenzie brother’s sandwich. The men began stroking her, running their hands up and down her arms and over her shoulders. Liam palmed her breasts, startling a moan from her.

“Shush, luv. We’re yer men. No one’s goin’ ta take us away from

ye,” Penn murmured before kissing the top of her head.

Now that the anger was gone, emotion-filled tears took their place. She sniffed, but the pressure behind her eyes was too strong, and she began to cry.

“Is she all right?” Catherine asked, moving in on one side.

“Aye, jes’ a bit weepy since we willna let her tear Mary apart. She’s overwrought with hunger and tired and all,” Penn said, sharing a telling glance with his brother over Suz’s head.

They were so focused on Suz, they didn’t see Mary turn to Kendrick and curtsy low. “Sire, I wish ta claim Penn McKenzie for me own.”

Everyone in earshot froze.

Kendrick looked at her, then at his sons, not able to form a response to such a request.

Knowing the woman would just keep pushing, Suz pushed out from between the twins and planted herself in front of them. “I’ve already claimed him.”

“Then I’ll claim Liam. Ye can only have one man at a time.” Mary turned to Suz. She put her hands on her hips and leaned forward, clearly the aggressor.

“I claimed them both two dozen years ago. And I have taken them both.” When Suz realized what she’d admitted, her cheeks burned, but she didn’t look away. It didn’t matter what this alley cat thought of her. Or even what Penn’s and Liam’s parents thought of her. All that mattered was that the men were hers, and she would do whatever necessary to keep them.

Mary’s eyes widened in surprise at Suz’s confession before she lifted her chin. “Then I challenge ye for the hand of Penn McKenzie.”

Chapter 4

Gasps of shock rippled through the crowd before silence descended once again. Kendrick glanced at Suz, his expression tense, before he turned back to Mary.

“Are ye sure about this, Mary? Are ye prepared to take up the role of Dream Weaver if ye win yer challenge?”

“Aye. If she willna let him go, then I challenge her.”

“But Mary...” Penn started, but a single glance from his father cut off his protest.

Suz watched, not sure exactly what was happening but knowing this challenge was not a good thing. She tugged on Penn’s sleeve. “Challenge me to what?”

Kendrick looked at her, blinked, and then a small smile began to form. Then he turned to the crowd which had pushed closer around the players of this drama. “Mary Fraser has challenged our own Dream Weaver for the hand of Penn McKenzie.”

Hisses and boos filled the air as the clan let their feelings be known. Kendrick raised his hands for silence before continuing. “Now, since we’ve no’ had such a challenge in more than fifty years, I’m a bit rusty on the finer points. I’m gonna delay the challenge for one week and one day. The morning after the Vernal Ball, we’ll gather again fer this challenge to be answered.” Turning to Mary he said, “Will that satisfy ye?”

Mary glanced around and then nodded. “Aye. I can wait until after the ball. But I wanta be able ta spend time with Penn between now and then.”

Kendrick nodded. “Ye’ll be invited ta all the gatherings, but that’s

the best I can do. The man has work to do while he's here and I'll no' have ye disturbin' that."

Mary nodded again. "Verra well."

Then Kendrick turned to Suz. "Does that meet with yer approval, Dream Weaver?"

Feeling all eyes on her, Suz suddenly felt shy. She had no idea what was going on or what being challenged included and hoped that someone would fill her in soon. She shrugged hoping she didn't look as confused as she felt. "I suppose."

Kendrick nodded. "Then 'tis done. We meet in a week and a day fer the challenge ta be met. Now, be gone and get yerself some food or whatever ye plan ta do before the buses leave."

In less than a minute the crowd had dispersed.

"Now, will someone tell me what this challenge for Penn's hand is all about?"

"Over lunch, luv." Penn wrapped her in a hug. "Ye need ta eat, and we only have an hour. What do ye feel like eating?"

"Do they have a McDonald's? I'd love some Chicken McNuggets and a chocolate shake."

"Aye, they have all sorts of American food here at the airport."

They had almost reached the door to the terminal when Suz realized she'd lost something. "The shawl. I dropped it. Oh my God, I've lost it."

She turned to go back and look for her precious package, but Callum stood in her way. He held the tissue wrapped shawl in both hands. "Miss, ye dropped this and I..."

"Oh thank you, thank you, thank you. You are my hero." Suz flung her arms around the young man and hugged him tight, squashing the wrapped package between them.

When she finally released him, Callum dropped his head, his face flushed with embarrassment. "'Twas nothin', Miss," he mumbled to his shoes.

"It certainly was, Callum. Ye've saved Suz from a meltdown and

the world from endin’.” Liam slapped him on the back so hard the younger man had to take a step forward to keep his balance.

“Will you let me buy you lunch at McDonald’s?” Suz looped her arm around Callum’s.

“I’d be honored,” Callum whispered, his voice cracking.

* * * *

Over chicken nuggets, fries, and chocolate shakes, Suz tried to put the boy at ease. He was so intimidated by his dinner companions, at first he answered in single syllables.

With gentle smiles and questioning, she finally learned that he was a second cousin to Penn and Liam. He was an artist and a poet and hoped one day to be as important as the twins. A shepherd for one of the Dreamer’s Dell highland farms, he also hoped to travel to America after he finished high school in two years and join Dreamer’s Dell Inc. in some way or another.

They had finished their meal and were relaxing and talking when he glanced at the large clock on the wall. “Oh Lordy, we’re late. The buses are gonna leave us behind.”

He jumped from his seat, and after quickly gathering their trash, he carried it away. Suz caught up with him on the wide concourse. “Callum, relax. The buses won’t leave until we get there.” Her wave encompassed the four adults joining them.

The young man blinked and looked at The McKenzie who smiled at him. “Aye, ‘tis true, boyo. They wouldn’t dare leave the Dream Weaver *and* The McKenzie.”

Suz took his arm again, and with Catherine on her other side, the three big men followed as Callum lead the way to the buses.

Not a word was said about their late arrival. The driver just started the bus and drove once they were onboard and seated.

“Thank you,” Catherine said once Callum joined his friends near the back of the bus. The women sat together near the front, and the

men wandered up and down the aisle, catching up with family.

“For what?”

“Keepin’ Callum with us so he wouldna miss the bus. He’s a good lad, but he gets so lost in his thoughts sometimes. I believe he’d forget to come out of a blizzard.”

Suz smiled, but before she could respond, a wide yawn caught her off guard.

“Why dunna ye take a wee nap. It’ll be a good hour before we’re home.” Catherine patted her hand.

Suz nodded and laid her head back, suddenly exhausted.

* * * *

Suz woke to silence and stillness. Though they had traveled for less than a day, it felt like forever since an engine hadn’t been reverberating around or under her. Opening her eyes, she found herself curled up on Penn’s lap, still on the bus.

When she shifted, he tightened his hold, then kissed the top of her head. “Shush, luv. Let’s just sit here a bit. It feels good not to be vibrating, doesna it?”

She nodded. “Where is everyone?”

“The clan’s all gone home. Liam took Ma and Da and will be back fer us in a few minutes.”

“Why didn’t someone wake me when we got here?” Suz asked though she wasn’t too concerned with the answer. She just liked to hear Penn talk, liked to hear the rumble of his chest under her cheek.

“Ye were sleepin’ so pretty no one wanted ta disturb ye.” Penn angled his head so he could look into her eyes. “Ye ken I never meant for this ta happen, don’t ye? I dated Mary Fraser twice way back in school, but it was never serious on my part. I’ve always loved ye, and as soon as we get this challenge business taken care of, Liam and I will be marryin’ our Dream Weaver.”

“Speaking of this challenge business, what exactly did she

challenge me to?”

Penn nuzzled her temple a moment before answering. His breath on her skin sent a shiver through her that set her lust to simmering deep in her pelvis. “We’re no’ sure. That’s why Da set the date fer after the ball. He’s gotta do some researchin’ on what does and does not an acceptable challenge make. Especially with it being between women and all. In the past, challenges were thrown down by men and were physical and usually violent – a knife fight or some kind of test of skills. That’s why Da wants ta see what the rules are and if there’s a different set of rules for women.”

“Why would the rules be different for women?”

Suz ran her hand up his chest, feeling his strength and heat through the soft cotton of his shirt. She loved that his muscles contracted and rippled at her touch. He shifted beneath her, his hard cock pressing into her hip. Before she could distract him too much from their conversation, he lifted her hand from his chest. She raised her eyes to protest, but the words died when she saw how serious his expression was.

He lifted her hand and kissed her finger tips.

“He’s lookin’ fer a loophole because challenges in the past nearly always ended with somebody dead.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

They remained silent and curled together for several lifetimes that lasted on minutes.

“Penn?”

“Aye, luv?”

“I don’t want to die. I don’t want that bitch to take my place at the loom. I want to go back to New Bern now.” She whispered as she tried to burrow deeper into his chest.

“I ken, luv, but ‘tis too late fer that. So we’ll go on from here and hope ta find a way around the death part.”

Penn snuggled her even closer as she began to shiver. The touch

of his warm hands rubbing over her back and arms sent Suz's lust spiraling.

Tilting her head back, she kissed her way up his neck and jaw to his lips. After tracing their outline, she kissed him, sighing when he parted his lips to let her in. The taste of him was like kerosene on a fire, and need burst through her. She didn't care if they were sitting in a bus and anyone walking by could see them. She needed this man now.

Squirming on his lap, she pulled the hem of her skirt until her sex was bare, and she could spread her legs wide. Then she rearranged herself so she knelt over his thighs. As she continued to kiss this man she loved, she reached down and slowly pulled the front of his kilt up until she bared his thighs and that oh-so-masculine area just above.

Breaking the kiss she looked down to his lap. Then she began to giggle.

"What?"

"You're wearing McKenzie tartan boxers?"

"Aye."

"But I thought a Scotsman wore only his shoes under his kilt."

Penn smiled at her. "Luv, most of the time that's true. But when yer facin' yer entire clan as the Dream Weaver's men in a windy airport, 'tis best to be prepared for anything. And if that means wearing boxers under the plaid, we'll suffer the embarrassment fer ye. But only fer ye, our own true luv."

Suz nodded at the wisdom of his words. "I guess we'll just have to work around this little complication. Unless I can talk you into dropping them?"

"You might. What are ye plannin' ta do?" Penn asked with an expectant grin.

"Wait and see, my sexy Scotsman. Wait and see," she replied with a waggle of her eyebrows and a grin.

Chapter 5

Knowing he would give her anything she asked for, Penn reached up and worked the boxers down over his hips to his thighs. The hard, throbbing cock he freed slapped against his lower belly, making him flinch. He was so close to his breaking point it. It wouldn't take much to set him off. He could feel her watching closely and wished he could make the moves sexy, but he was just too damn hungry. So he lifted his hips enough to shove the material out of their way.

"Ooh, that looks like it hurts." Suz climbed off the seat and moved to kneel in the middle aisle. "Come over here so I can kiss it and make it better."

Penn heard himself groan as he shifted to sit at the end of the seat. When had the power shifted between them? He's always been the more dominant one of the three, but here he sat, pushing his shorts to below his knees to make sure she had all the room she needed to play.

Looking down, he saw the head of his cock had turned nearly purple with his need. It wouldn't take much to send him over his peak. He hoped she wasn't planning to just play a bit before leaving him hanging, though he could think of several possible punishments if she tried.

He hissed when one small, cool hand wrapped around the base of his shaft.

"Oh, poor baby. Does it hurt that much? Maybe I shouldn't..."

"Don't even think about no' kissin' it." He growled as fingers of both hands speared through her hair to hold her head. Though in his current position he couldn't lift his hips to push himself into her sweet, hot mouth, he met her gaze. "Please luv," he found himself

pleading.

Suz's cheeky grin transformed into that of a sexy siren as she met his gaze. "Ye'll kiss my hurts later?"

"Absolutely. Kiss them, touch them, fuck them until ye canna feel anything but pleasure."

Suz looked down at his cock. She watched as it twitched once and pearly-white seed began to pool in the slit. Licking her lips, she slowly approached. Swirling her head once around the head, she then licked the life fluid from the tip before giving it a smacking kiss. "There. Does that feel better?"

"More." Penn grunted as his fingers tightened against her skull. "Please, luv, take it all."

He opened his eyes, not remembering when he closed them, to find Suz's pretty, pink lips just an inch from his tip, still pursed. It was one of the hottest visions he could remember. That is until she parted those lips, adjusted, and then closed them around just the head. His heart began to race, and he knew he'd be lucky if he could hold himself together for a minute.

He dropped his head back and arched his back as she slowly slipped more and more of his length into her hot, wet, and silken mouth. Breathing deeply, he tried to think of something else. Something that didn't have to do with the hot woman kneeling before him. He couldn't come up with a single thought that didn't revolve around his love for Suz.

He shifted his hips as best he could, then shifted his legs wider, trying to get closer to this woman he loved with his entire being. He heard a car engine, then felt the bus shift as someone stepped onboard, but he didn't care. He was too close to ecstasy.

"Stop fightin' it, brother, and come already. I want some lovin', too." Liam's demand caused Suz to swallow around him in surprise. That tightening was just what he needed. With a roar, he pushed forward and finished.

Suz didn't lift her head from him until he began to soft. Then she

eased him from her mouth and kissed the tip before looking up with a smile. "Feel better now?"

Penn could only nod. His hands moved from her hair to cup her cheeks as he leaned forward and kissed her, tasting himself on her tongue. "Aye luv, I feel much better. Thank you for givin' me such fine first aid."

Turning her attention to Liam, Suz treated him to the same care and comfort. When the brothers offered to reciprocate, she declined with a smile but accepted their promise of future treatment whenever she wanted.

* * * *

Mary Fraser crouched behind a bush in the shadow of the school building and waited. She waited as everyone else drove off. Penn and the American never made an appearance. She waited until Liam returned and climbed aboard the bus again. Then she waited some more.

When Penn finally stepped off the bus, she started to rise and go to him, intending to invite him home with her. Before she could move around the bush, he turned and lifted the American off the bus.

Mary muttered a dark curse on the woman as Penn lowered her, brushing her down the front of his body before he kissed her. In the middle of the school parking lot. In the middle of the afternoon. What kind of spell had this bitch woven around her man that he would make such a display?

Dropping to her knees, Mary rocked back and forth, fighting the urge to howl out her anger. She clenched her fists so tight that blood dripped from the wounds her razor sharp fingernails cut into her palms. The love she'd carried for Penn since she was eighteen and he twenty welled up in her, but it wasn't the same love she'd felt then. I.

As she watched Liam join them and close the door, she decided she had to get rid of the bitch before the Vernal Ball. Then Penn

would be free to fall in love with her. Her thoughts turned inward, trying to figure a way to destroy the American bitch while making sure that Mother Nature got her shawl.

When she looked up, frustrated that she could come up with no answers, she swore softly. They were leaving, driving away without a thought to her, the woman who would be the end of Catherine's descendancy and the Dream Weaver.

* * * *

Somewhat refreshed from her nap, and excited to be nearing the end of their journey, Suz tried to look everywhere at once. They left Ullapool behind, began to wind their way through and over the craggy mountains around it until they topped one last peak, and began down the other side.

Liam stopped the SUV halfway down. "Welcome ta the keep of the McKenzie clan, lass."

A valley lay before them of green and brown patchwork fields dotted with small cottages. In the center of the valley rose a small hill topped by a huge, stone castle.

"It's beautiful. How could you leave all this to come live in an old farmhouse in New Bern?" She blinked back unexpected tears at what she'd caused them to give up.

"Nay, lass. We left this behind to claim our Dream Weaver. We love that old house in New Bern, and when we get back and the renovations are finished, it will be our home. Maybe someday we'll move back here, but only if ye and the loom come as well. For now we'll visit and sightsee and take care of company business and do our bit ta keep the world turning at the ball next week." Liam patted her thigh before turning his attention back to driving again.

He started forward slowly, startling a nearby flock of sheep that decided to swarm around the SUV. Once the sheep cleared their path, he drove forward until he pulled through a tall, stone fence that

encircled the foot of the hill. He parked the SUV, and they all climbed out.

Suz remained wide eyed as the brothers gave her the tour of the grounds outside the castle. They introduced her again to a distant cousin, the elderly groundskeeper, who in turn introduced his three assistants. Then the old man began to share stories of games played and mischief the twins had gotten into, causing the two men to turn red.

After a good visit, they guided Suz up the walk to the entrance to the castle. The big double wooden doors were closed, but Liam didn't bother to knock. He just opened the door and walked right in.

Suz jaw dropped when she followed and found herself in a large entry way that looked like it came out of last month's Architectural Digest. From here, it didn't look anything like the ancient castle as it did on the outside.

"Are all castles as deceptive as this one?" she asked when Penn took one hand and Liam took the other to pull out away from the front door.

"No. Grandda did most of this and Da finished the job of renovating the interior, so their wives would live here year round." Penn said.

"Hello? We're here," Liam shouted as they headed down a hallway that led under a wide staircase.

A head full of silver-white hair appeared out of a doorway at the far end of the hallway. "Has no one e'er taught ye no' ta carry on so in the house?" The woman hurried forward, throwing herself at Liam.

"Nope. The wolves didn't care how much I carried on." Liam grinned as he dropped Suz's hand, grabbed up the woman, and twirled her once before setting her down for a proper hug and kiss. She only came up to the middle of his chest, but it was clear that he was in awe of her.

"Wheesh, yer a bad one, Liam McKenzie." The woman slapped his arm as soon as he released her. After an equally enthusiastic

greeting from Penn she turned her attention to Suz. “And who do we have here?”

“If ye’d come ta the airport ye’d know,” Liam teased.

“Suz Bowen Black, this is Mattie McKenzie. She runs the house and had a fair hand in raising us. Mattie, Suz is the new Dream Weaver.

“Aye, I heard abou’ Ruth’s passin’. I’m so sorry lassie. For that and that I couldna make these great bruts into better gentlemen for ye.”

Suz smiled and nodded. “I think you did a wonderful job with them, Mattie. Thank you.”

Mattie stepped up and hugged her before Suz knew what was happening. It was a tight hug that left Suz wide eyed and gasping for breath. As the woman stepped back, Suz was amazed at how much she reminded her of sweet, dear Jubilee who ran the house and the three of them like a drill sergeant.

“Yer too kind, lassie. Come have a wee snack and then I’ll show ye to yer room.” Mattie looped her arm around Suz and led her down the hall.

“Hey, what about us?” Liam snarked.

“Ye need ta go and wash first, else ye’ll get nothin’ from my kitchen.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Chapter 6

The twins disappeared down the hall while Mattie pulled Suz into the dining room. Kendrick and Catherine were already seated at the table. Their expressions were welcoming but almost serious.

Suz's stomach clenched as she sat down opposite them. She focused on laying her napkin in her lap just so. She then spent a full minute smoothing it. Knowing she could put it off no longer, she twisted her fingers together in her lap and lifted her gaze. First she met Kendrick's eyes briefly then flicked a glance toward Catherine. Then she dropped her focus to the center of table. Where were her men?

Just then they appeared in the doorway, drawing everyone's attention. They were stopped as they tried to come through the door together. After shoving back and forth for room, Penn entered followed with Liam on his heels.

The men settled into chairs on either side of her, their exuberant exclamation over the "wee snack" Mattie had prepared dissipating the tense silence.

Suz chose a berry filled scone and then spent the next ten minutes picking at it, reducing it to a pile of crumbs while eating very little. She drank two cups of tea though she still felt thirsty and wondered where she could find a large glass of water.

When Penn ran a hand up the inside of her thigh, she pushed it away. His parents were sitting across the table from them, for heaven's sake. She couldn't indulge in sex games now. She was having a hard enough time following the conversation as it was without the further distraction of Penn's fingers in her panties.

Finally Kendrick laid his napkin on the table and rose, signaling the end of this meal. He then excused himself to answer some pressing phone calls while Catherine offered a tour of the keep.

“We could do that, Ma,” Liam pointed out.

“Why don’t ye go and fetch some wood for the gathering room. I’ve a feeling we’ll be needin’ it later.” Catherine gave the order gently. She knew the boys would never deny her request, even if it did mean leaving the two women alone.

The men nodded but grumbled as they left the room.

Suz jumped when Catherine took her arm. “Now that it’s jes’ the two of us, we can relax. I ken yer scared and nervous, but ye dunna need ta be. I’ve known all yer life that ye and me boyos were meant ta be together. But ye hafta tell me, how do ye deal with the snorin’?”

Suz giggled in response. So, her men weren’t the only ones. “Tickle them till they roll over or wake them up and love them. Then I’m so tired I don’t hear them.”

Catherine smiled. “That’s always worked with their father, too. Aye, lassie, ye’ll do jes’ fine. Now come on, I promised ye a tour.

Suz walked through the keep wide eyed, impressed with the renovations. The public rooms open to visitors and tourists remained historically accurate with stone walls and floors, wall sconces for light and huge fireplaces for heat. The handful of rooms where the family actually resided appeared to be right out of a design magazine with insulated walls, carpets, and beautiful furnishings.

When the twins joined them, Catherine was in the middle of a history lesson on the clan. A moment later, a young, thin woman who looked about eighteen entered the room. She approached and handed her a piece of paper then retreated again. “Thank you, Devon.” Catherine opened the paper and read its contents quickly. “If ye’ll excuse me, Suz, it seems there’s a great debate concerning tomorrow night’s seating that I need ta tend ta. I’m sure the boys will take good care of ye.”

“We’ll be fine, Ma.” Liam took Suz hand and lifted it so he could

kiss the back of her hand.

Once Catherine had left the room, the men each claimed one of her hands and led her out of the large formal room and up the main staircase. Instead of stopping on the second floor, they continued to lead her to the third floor.

“Are you sure it’s okay we’re all up here alone?” she whispered, as if afraid the morality police would pop out from behind a curtain or a suit of armor and attack her.

The twins studied her and smiled. Then they began to chuckle.

“Aye, lass, it’s a’right. Ma and Da know we’ve claimed both ye and the loom. We’re meant ta be together, no matter what Mary Fraser says. Now come on, we want ta show you somethin’ special,” Penn said moved ahead, pulling her along in his wake.

At the top of the staircase they came to a thick, wooden door. Penn pushed the door open then walked in. Liam guided Suz ahead of him. He kept one hand wrapped around her waist as if he were afraid she might bolt.

Three steps into the room, Suz stopped suddenly, causing Liam to walk into her. Before she could fall, he wrapped his free arm around her waist and pulled her tight against his front. “Careful, lass. We canna have ye falling. Ye might hurt the babe.”

She felt his cock, long and thick, press against the cheeks of her ass. Instead of the hunger as she normally felt when in such an embrace, a shaft of jealousy stabbed at her. Was that all she was now, a baby factory? Pulling out of his embrace, she crossed to the far side of the room. Which turned out to be quite a walk. This single room encompassed the entire third floor.

One wall held several large armoires which served as closet space. She found the bathroom concealed behind a large screen covered in the blue and green tartan of the McKenzie clan. Looking at the claw foot tub, she absently wondered how soon she could strip off and climb into a hot bath.

“Would ye like ta try that, lass?” Liam stepped in close behind

her. "We could take a bath and then lay down for a wee nap though I'm not sure ye'll get much rest if we do."

"No, thank you." Suz stepped around him and walked away to explore the rest of the room.

* * * *

Liam frowned as she walked away. Something was wrong. She'd been pulling away from him, from them, since they'd stepped off the plane in Inverness. Was she having second thoughts? Didn't she want to love them?

He looked at Penn who met his gaze, shook his head then shrugged. So, he didn't know what was going on either.

"Are ye feelin' a'right, lass?" Liam asked as he slowly followed her across the room. He heard the hurt and confusion in his voice but couldn't help himself. Where Suz was concerned, his emotions lay too close to the surface to deny or hide.

"I'm fine. Tired, but I'm afraid to rest. This is a really nice room. Have you always lived up here?"

She walked past the table they'd used as a desk with the chairs at each end and their old Webster's dictionary and thesaurus piled with some books in the center.

"Da moved us up here when we were about eight years old. Told us this was the only place in the keep he thought would survive our fighting all the time," Penn answered.

Liam grinned at the memory. Their father didn't so much move them up here as carry them with Penn slung over one shoulder and Liam under his opposite arm like a barrel. After dumping them in a pile on the floor, he put his hands on his hips and glared down at them. "From here on out, this is yer room. Ye'll no' be able to destroy it as ye have yer old rooms. When yer mother thinks ye deserve it, we'll bring up some furniture. Until then, sleep where ye will."

It had taken more than a week before beds appeared in the room

while they were at school and a month for the rest of the furniture. By then the boys had come to the realization that sleeping on cold, hard stone floors was not a hell of a lot of fun.

Suz turned from looking at the huge bed that filled another corner of the room. It was even bigger than the king-sized bed they slept in at home. "And did you two always share a bed?"

"Nay, lass," Liam approached but not too close. He didn't want to drive her further away by pressuring her, even though he was tempted to push her into a corner and not let her out until she told him what they'd done wrong. "That's new since our last visit. We used to have double beds on opposite sides of the room. For a couple years when we were teenagers, we even had tape on the floor dividing the room in half. It worked for about half a day until Penn had ta go ta the loo, and I got hungry and couldna get ta the door. We made amends, but the tape stayed down as a reminder that we couldna cut ourselves off from one another."

* * * *

Suz listened to the stories and knew these two men had been raised to think and act together, to love each other first and then to love others. Her fears remained mostly unnamed and hidden in the shadows of her thought, but Suz found she needed their assurances that they would love her forever and that the baby she carried wouldn't come between them. Before she could form any of the questions she carried in her heart, a knock sounded from the open doorway.

"Miss? The McKenzie sent me ta bring ye down to the main hall," A young woman stood in the open doorway. She'd dropped her head until her chin touched her chest. Her hands were clasped behind her back. Was she afraid of looking at them? Or what she might see with the three of them up here alone?

"Thank ye, Devon. Tell him we'll bring her down in two hours."

Liam dismissed her.

Suz heard a thread of steel in Liam's voice and glanced at him. "Liam?"

"We need ta talk before we join the others." Liam strode to the door, closing it firmly in Devon's wide-eyed face.

"What's wrong?" Suz took a step back when she saw a shadow cross both men's expressions. Still wearing their kilts, they looked like they'd stepped off the cover of a historical romance novel. A shiver of want shot through her, and she felt her nipples tighten. But she couldn't have sex with them here. Not now when her presence was being requested downstairs.

"That's what we're wonderin'," Liam said.

"What do you mean?" Suz frowned as they stopped in front of her. They stood shoulder to shoulder an arm's length away.

"The only way this relationship of ours can survive is through communication. What's wrong, luv? Somethin's been botherin' ye since we got off the plane." Penn took a baby step forward and then cupped her cheek with his palm.

A second later Liam shifted closer, and his palm covered her other cheek. "Talk to us, lass. Tell us what's wrong so we can fix it."

Chapter 7

Suz looked from one to the other though they grew blurry through her tears. Blinking, she raised her hands to cup their cheeks as well. “I’m scared.”

“Scared about what, lass?”

Knowing she had their full attention, the words she hadn’t been able to form just a moment before spilled forth. “We’re here in your parents’ home, and you’re coming on to me like we’re back at Dreamer’s Dell alone. I want your parents to like me and not think I’m some kind of slut. I’m scared that I might lose the baby whether or not I take care not to fall.” Her hand automatically went to cover her belly where the baby lay safe and secure. “I’m scared that by the end of this visit you’ll realize you’ve made a mistake and won’t love me anymore. I’m scared that I’m not good enough.”

With that, the tears she fought to hold in pushed hard and then she was sobbing. Dropping her hands from their faces, she turned away in the hopes that she could escape. Only there was no place to escape to.

She took a single step before walking into the wall that was Penn’s chest. When she looked up, she saw through her tears that he wasn’t angry. He was smiling at her. Before she could process what that smile meant, Liam moved in behind her, finishing the McKenzie sandwich.

“Och, luv, ye really should tell us before these worries build up such a head of steam in ye.” With gentle fingers he wiped away her tears. Leaning down, he kissed her forehead then the tip of her nose before gently settling his lips over her mouth.

Behind her, Liam’s hands gently massaged the knots from her

shoulders before tracing his way down her body. "Lass, we are yers, now and always. We're never gonna let ye go. Not until we draw our last breaths, which won't be for many, many, many years, God willing."

Penn took up the assurances. "We didna mean ta make ye uncomfortable. Ma and Da know we're all together, and while I'm sure they hoped we didna have sex in the gathering room in front of the clan, they understand that we're young and in love. Besides, we're Scots and that means we love sex, especially with our woman."

"Now, we'll do everything possible to make sure ye and our baby is as healthy as can be, now and always." Liam continued, dropping his head to lick a line up her neck. When she sighed under their gentle loving touches, he nibbled her ear. "Feel better?"

She nodded, then shook her head. "Now I'm so turned on I'll never be able to face your parents without blushing."

The men canted their hips forward, pressing stone-hard cocks into her front and back.

"We've got two hours. I'm sure we can take care of yer little problem and maybe even get a wee nap in," Penn said as he began unbuttoning her blouse.

In seconds Suz found she'd been efficiently stripped of her clothes. Seconds after that, her men's clothing joined hers on the floor. As Penn pulled the thick comforter from the bed, Liam scooped her up in strong arms and gently laid her in the middle of the bed.

Before she could think about moving off the bed, the brothers joined her. They draped their legs over hers, effectively holding her down. Then they began to suck at her breasts and trace random patterns over whatever skin they could reach.

Liam lifted his head and looked down at her. "I love ye, lass. So damn much." Leaning up, he kissed her, opening his mouth so their lips tangled.

When he finally pulled back, Penn took his place over her. "I love ye, too. More than ye'll ever comprehend." Then he kissed her, deep

and long.

The lust they'd built in her grew into a mushroom cloud, making it impossible to think. "I love you, too. I want you two. I need you both. Now!"

She rolled to her side, so she faced Liam. Lifting her leg, she moved it so far out of their way that her knee brushed his armpit. "In me. Now."

Opening her eyes, she met Liam's worn denim gaze as he shifted lower to place the head of his cock at her entrance. Then he shifted his hips, and the head slid in. At the same moment, she felt the blunt head of Penn's shaft press for entrance at her pucker.

"Now," she breathed. "Please. *I need* you."

She screamed when both thick, solid lengths slid in to the root, then froze. She began to pant to hold off the orgasm that threatened to take her out of herself and to heaven.

She felt Liam brush kisses over her forehead, her eyelids, and her nose as Penn kissed his way across the top of her shoulder and up her neck. Their heat radiated off their bodies like twin furnaces.

"Suz? You okay?"

Without opening her eyes, she smiled. "I'm better than okay. But I need you to move. Fuck me. Hard."

It took a moment for them to respond to her words. When they did, it wasn't with the hard, driving pounding she'd hoped for. Instead, Penn ease out of her back hole until only the head of his shaft remained in her. Then he reversed direction. As he slid home again, Liam pulled from her cunt.

They slowly pistoned in and out of her, one sliding in her and one out, their movements slow and controlled. When she tried to move faster, hoping they would lose control, Penn grabbed her hips while Liam took possession of her upper arm.

"Nay, lass. We'll not be ruttin' at ye like wild animals. We dunna wanta hurt ye."

"When?" Suz panted, fighting their hold.

“When ye’ve healed from birthin’ our baby.” Penn groaned. “Now jes’ relax and let us love ye slow and easy.”

Her orgasm edged closer. When it was so close she could taste Suz reached down and pinched her clit. The sharp pleasure-pain threw her over lust’s edge, and she shook with the ecstasy that barreled through her.

Leaning forward, she latched onto Liam’s nipple and sucked hard. The rippling muscles of her cunt and ass shattered their control. Penn stroked deep three times before he roared his completion. His brother followed him over the abyss on his fourth stroke.

Her release drove away all her fears and worries, leaving Suz lightheaded and drowsy. She watched her men rise to clean up but fell asleep before they returned to the bed.

Chapter 8

Over the next days, parts of Suz's body that didn't usually bother her complained of overuse. Her cheeks grew sore from the perpetual grin she wore for the many, many clansmen who came calling. Her right hand and arm complained each time she waved in response to those they received as they drove around the area visiting farmers and shepherds and dealing with the business that had to be tended to. Her ribs bothered her the most as each and every person who met her, whether a close member of the McKenzie clan or not, had to hug her. Enthusiastically. After all, she was *their* Dream Weaver.

She'd had no clue that the Dream Weaver meant so much to these people. But she came to understand that she was vital to those who lived hand in hand with the Earth and who still embraced so many of the old ways of their pagan ancestors.

* * * *

The morning they were to travel deep into the highlands, Kendrick found them in the kitchen eating breakfast after one last wild romp on the wonderful big bed in their room. He accepted the cup of tea Mattie poured for him before joining them at the table.

"Lassie, I've bad news fer ye."

"You couldn't find anything?" Suz laid her spoon in the bowl of porridge she'd been eating, her appetite gone.

Kendrick shook his head as he sipped his tea. "We found nothing in the history and none of the elders remember any time where women faced each other in a challenge such as this. I'm afraid ye'll

have ta fight her, but we can keep it from being a duel ta the death and instead make it a test of skill. Problem there is that the bitch loves all sports. She's a true outdoorswoman."

Suz began to play with her porridge as the men changed the subject to stories of past challenges that had been passed down through the generations. Her mind whirled, but one question kept nagging at her. It was the same question she'd had since Mary had thrown down the challenge.

"Who decides *how* the challenge will be met?"

Her question silenced the men who stared at her in amazement. As she met each set of pale blue eyes, she watched as the three men began to smile.

Kendrick cleared his throat. "You do. She issued the challenge, but ye will set the terms. If she refuses to meet yer terms, you win. If she accepts, then ye'll face off and..."

"And the winner gets Penn. What if she wins, but Penn refuses?" Suz's eyes narrowed as her smile grew.

"It's a matter of honor, luv. I canna refuse."

"So you're stuck with a crazy bitch you don't love? That's just plain wrong."

"That's the old ways, lassie, but it gives ye all the more reason to win." Kendrick patted her hand.

"Do we have to fight? Or can I choose a test of skill?"

"Ye can choose anythin' ye like, but Mary is a hunter and can run like the wind. She's only a fair cook and spends most weekends down in Inverness, carryin' on like a floozy," Mattie answered as she began to clear the table. "At least that's the story floatin' through the highlands."

Suz nodded but didn't say anything further. If Mary Fraser was such a tomboy, then Suz knew her challenge had to be that of a skill she had that the other woman might not. "How soon are we leaving for Spring Castle? I need to run to town for a few things."

"We'll leave after lunch." Kendrick responded as Liam said, "I'll

drive ye, lass.”

“Thank you, Liam, but no. I’d like to drive myself.” Suz laid her napkin on the table and stood.

“Are ye sure, luv?” Penn asked, watching her closely.

Suz smiled. “I’m sure. You two would be bored and in the way where I’m headed.”

* * * *

Two hours later, Suz wished she’d brought the twins along as the SUV sputtered and died in the middle of the road, which she wasn’t sure was even the right one. She’d driven into town easy enough, remembering the landmarks and turns, but going home, everything looked different and unfamiliar. She thought she missed a turn but couldn’t be sure and there wasn’t anyone around she could ask directions from.

“Come on, baby, please start. I don’t want to be late getting back. I’ve already been gone longer than I’d planned.” She turned the key again, but nothing happened. Glancing at the dashboard, the gas gauge was pointed at full. So why wasn’t the engine working?

She reached into her carryall for her cell, but it wasn’t in the pocket she normally kept it in. Then she remembered Liam had taken it to charge it before they headed into the mountains.

“Damn. Damn, damn, damn.” She slammed fisted hands on the steering wheel in frustration. The violent outburst didn’t do anything but send shafts of pain up her arms. “Okay, smart girl, what now?”

Hike back into town and beg to use a phone was her only option, but the dead SUV was blocking the road. What if someone came along?

“Too damn bad,” she muttered, pulling a notebook and pen from her bag.

After writing a note to explain that she’d headed back to town, Suz slipped the keys under the driver’s floor mat. She climbed out and

slung her carryall over her head so the strap lay diagonally across her chest. Taking a deep breath, she headed back the way she'd come.

She'd only taken a few steps when a shot rang out. Something small and hot slammed into her shoulder, knocking her to the ground. She hit her head on a rock and red-hot pain roared through her, followed by blessed black unconsciousness.

* * * *

Penn opened the front door and stared down at the parking lot for the umpteenth time since Suz had left. With a sigh, he closed it again and returned to pacing the entryway. When Liam appeared a moment later to do the same thing, he snorted. "She's no' back yet."

"Something's wrong." Liam frowned at his lookalike. "We never should have let her go alone."

"Aye, yer right there," Kendrick said as he strode into the room. He shrugged into a jacket as he juggled a long rifle. "Old Malcolm jes' called and said he and his flock came across our SUV with a pretty lady layin' on the ground not too far away. Says she wouldna wake up when he called to her. He didn't wanta get too close because of the sheep."

"Oh shit." The boys raced their father out the door and to the fifteen-passenger van sitting in the drive.

It was normally a half-hour drive to town. The boys held on tight as Kendrick made the drive in half that time. They didn't pass a gray SUV anywhere along the way. Turning around at the edge of town, Kendrick headed back toward the keep. At the second turn, he saw several sheep coming over the hill straight ahead. Instead of turning, he drove toward the sheep, slowing as he approached the flock. Cresting the hill, he saw Old Malcolm. The old shepherd waved his tall staff in greeting before pointing it toward the bottom of the hill.

From the front passenger's seat, Penn saw his mother's SUV. A splash of red and blue lay on the ground beside it. He frowned.

Something was wrong with the scene.

Suz had worn an off-white blazer with her blue outfit when she'd left for town. She'd left her red parka at home in America. So why was she wearing red now? Had she gone shopping and changed clothes? Was that why she hadn't wanted them with her?

Kendrick stopped the van close to the SUV. Liam slid the back door open and was around the front of the van before the engine died. "Oh holy shit," he muttered.

That's when Penn realized she hadn't changed clothes. The red on her clothes was blood.

"Penn, get a blanket and the first aid kit out of the SUV," he ordered, kneeling beside the woman who held their hearts.

Penn nodded and went to do his brother's bidding. Liam was the healer. He would take care of their woman.

"Suz? Lass, ye've gotta wake up now. Open yer eyes and talk ta me," Liam said softly, touching her neck and feeling for a pulse.

Penn opened the back of the SUV and gathered the things Liam asked for. Then he joined his brother who had pulled open her blazer and shirt, popping several buttons in his haste.

"Liam?"

* * * *

Liam nodded. "She's unconscious, but her pulse is strong."

Penn handed him a bottle of water and watched as he rinsed the blood from her chest. The small hole was high on her right shoulder, right next to her collarbone.

Liam looked to Penn then to their father. "She's been shot."

"Can you stop the bleeding?" Kendrick stayed out of the way, his gun at the ready as he scanned the surrounding area, looking for the culprit who had shot the Dream Weaver.

"Aye, but I wanta remove the bullet first."

When Penn handed him a pair of rubber gloves, he pulled them on

in an automatic movement.

“Any forceps in that kit?” Liam pushed down the panic and pulled up every bit of control he could muster. He’d worked on people as a medic in the Army. He’d dealt with injured animals all the time. He had to help his woman.

Penn nodded.

“Hand me an alcohol wipe, then use another ta wipe them off with.”

Liam wiped Suz chest with the wipe, eliciting a moan of discomfort. “Shush, lass, yer safe now.”

“Liam?”

“Aye, lass.”

“Where’s Penn?”

“I’m right here, luv. Now try not to move while Liam takes care of ye.”

“The car died,” she whispered. When Liam reached into the hole in her chest, she screamed before passing out again.

Liam worked quickly, extracting the bullet which Penn cleaned and handed to Kendrick. He then cleaned the wound and bandaged it closed. Once finished, he and Penn stripped the blood soaked clothes off of her, then wrapped her in the blanket and carried her to the van. Liam climbed into the back seat and cradled the unconscious woman against his chest.

Suz didn’t rouse until they were parked at the keep. “Liam?”

“Aye, lass.”

“My shoulder hurts.”

“I ken sweet angel, but I’ve got ye. Yer safe.” He hugged her closer to his chest, careful not to jostle her shoulder as he carried her from the van into the house.

“What happened?”

“Someone shot ye.”

Chapter 9

“Why would someone do that? I thought they liked me.”

Penn stepped in front of them and kissed her hair. “They do like you. They love you.”

Suz frowned at him. “Obviously someone doesn’t like me.”

Penn nodded with a frown. “Only one person in Scotland I know who might be daft enough to do such a thing.”

“Mary Fraser?”

Penn nodded. He stepped out of the way after Liam looked at him then cocked his head. *Shut up already.*

“Hush, now, lass. Ye dunna need ta worry about anything except getting well. The doctor’s on her way, and she’ll fix ye up right as rain,” Liam said as he headed across the entryway.

The rest of the household followed as he easily carried her up two flights of stairs to their third-floor room. It impressed Suz that he wasn’t even breathing hard when he finally stopped by the bed.

Once he laid her down, Suz pushed herself into a sitting position. When the blanket slipped, exposing one shoulder, she looked at the brothers. “Where the hell are my clothes?”

The twins flushed, and they looked at each other while the others laughed.

Suz lifted one hand to the back of her head. “Oww, that hurts.”

“Out. Everyone out.” A short, round woman with a long, white braid pushed her way through the crowd.

While the others turned and hurried out, Penn and Liam remained where they were, standing on either side of Suz. The woman looked at them and pointed with the arm that wasn’t carrying a rather large,

black medical bag. "That means you two, as well. Get out."

"No." The two spoke as one. They crossed their arms and looked like they wouldn't be moved from that spot even if a category five hurricane swept through the room.

The woman looked from one to the other before shifting her gaze to Suz. "I don't mind if it won't bother you."

"They can stay," Suz said through teeth gritted against the pain.

"I'm Sarah McKenzie Ferguson, the doctor around here and yer the Dream Weaver who's gone and got herself shot. Lay back, please. Try ta relax." She helped Suz lay across the foot of the bed with her injured shoulder next to the edge. "You two, get a pan of hot water and some clean bandages. And see if ye canna find some clothes for the gel. Nothing too restricting." Dr. Ferguson ordered in a sharp tone that had the twins racing to do her bidding.

"Now, lassie, let's see what we hae here." The doctor pulled open the blanket then positioned it so as much of Suz was covered while still allowing her access to her shoulder. "Did you take care of this, Liam?"

"Yes, ma'am. Da has the bullet if ye need it for the police," Liam answered from across the room.

"Good job ye did. Now, lassie, I'm going to give ye a local anesthetic so's I can clean the wound ta make sure there's no nasties left inside. Then we'll stitch ye up and ye should be right as rain in a week or so. Ye said yer head hurt, as well?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think I hit it on something when I fell down."

"She was unconscious for at least a half hour," Liam added.

Dr. Ferguson nodded as she gently probed the back of Suz's skull. "Aye, ye got quite a bump there."

She shined a light in Suz's eyes and asked a series of questions, which Suz was able to answer with ease. Finally, the doctor nodded and turned her attention back to the shoulder wound. "Ye have a hard head, lassie. Ye'll have a headache for a bit, but I don't think ye'll have any permanent harm from it. Jes' keep an eye on her. Any

vomiting or dizziness or forgettin' things she shouldn't and ye bring her ta me."

In short order, the doctor had rinsed the cleaned the wound and retrieved the bullet. After closing the wound she fit a sling on Suz's arm.

Once she was done, she handed Liam a small bottle of pills. "Antibiotics to make sure there's no infection," she explained. Turning to Suz, she asked, "Will ye be wantin' something strong for pain?"

Suz shook her head. "No, they make me loopy. I have a high tolerance for pain anyway."

"Probably jes' as well with that conk on the head. Take Ibuprofen or Acetaminophen. Won't upset yer stomach and should work just as well. If the pain doesn't ease up after a couple hours, layer on the other. Liam knows what ta do."

"Will it be all right to travel? We have to go into the highlands this afternoon for a very important meeting." Suz used her left arm to push herself into a sitting position. She didn't tell the doctor they were meeting Mother Nature. Who knows what the doctor would think of her? She might end up in the hospital instead of going on their delivery trek.

"It should be a'right. Jes' dunna lift anythin' with that arm. Rest as much as ye can, and stay well hydrated."

"Yes, ma'am."

* * * *

An hour later they finished packing for their trek into the mountains to the Vernal Ball. "My carryall. The shawl. Where did it get to? Penn? Liam?"

The brothers looked at her, then at each other and began to chuckle. "It's right here, luv." Penn brought the carryall to her from where he'd dropped it just inside the door.

Suz opened the bag and sighed when she saw the soft tissue-paper wrapped package. Pulling it out, she looked it over. "Oh no!"

"What?"

"The paper has bloodstains on it." She tore the paper away from the shawl. Had the blood stained the shawl as well? Had all her hard work been ruined?

Pulling the shawl from the remnants of the paper, she examined every inch of both sides before breathing again. No blood had reached the fabric. "Thank goodness."

She checked the rest of the contents of her bag and the only other thing affected was an erotic romance she'd finished reading on the airplane. Tossing it into the fireplace, she watched it burn while she waited for the brothers.

"Ready, lass?" Liam joined her, wrapping an arm around her waist.

"I think so."

"Scared?" Penn asked.

Suz paused to think. "Not exactly. I'm worried that Mother Nature won't like my shawl though not as much as I was yesterday. I guess getting shot puts a lot of things into perspective. Right now I'm hungry and ready to get this meeting over with so that we can figure out how the three of us can get married and go home."

The brothers grinned as they escorted her from their room. "Aye, luv, getting shot at does put a lot of things in perspective, doesn't it?"

* * * *

That evening, Suz sat between Liam and Penn in the third row of a full room, not caring that she'd been shot less than twelve hours earlier. The layering of Ibuprofen and Tylenol left her body without pain and relaxed but mentally sharp. As the room filled, she looked around with interest at the various colors and designs of the tartans worn. Each plaid represented a different Highland clan. Kendrick sat

on the board with six other older men, all wearing a different and distinctive tartan.

Tonight the clans gathered so that inter-clan difficulties and differences could be worked out. Tomorrow the clans would make the trek to Spring Castle and spend the next night dancing and enjoying each other's company at the Vernal Ball.

As soon as the room settled down, Suz stood. This was the perfect place to answer Mary Fraser's challenge. When everyone was settled and the room quieted, Suz took a deep breath. "I'd like to address the Council, please."

Penn took her hand and tried to pull her back down, but she ignored him. The white-haired chieftain in the center of the council of seven at the front of the room looked over his wire-rimmed glasses at her. "And jes' who are ye?"

"My name is Suz Bowen Black. I am the Dream Weaver. I took my great-grandmother's place at the loom in December."

The crowd erupted in murmurs bodies as the crowd shifted to see her. It was the first time she'd tried using her title and was surprised to see that she wasn't immediately told to sit down because she wasn't a McNeal or a Fraser or a Stewart.

"And what business do ye have with the Council?" the chieftain sitting next to Kendrick asked.

"I've been challenged by Mary Fraser and would like to settle that challenge here and now." She focused on the Council and not the murmuring that was rippling through the room.

"And what has this woman challenged ye fer?" the oldest chieftain asked.

"The hand of Penn McKenzie."

The chieftains conferred for a moment before Kendrick looked over the crowd. "Mary Fraser, come forward."

The woman stood. She'd been seated on the other side of the room several rows back from where Suz and her men sat. When Kendrick nodded to her, Suz pulled two plastic bags from her carryall.

When she stepped past Liam, he ran his hand down her arm and squeezed her hand. "Are ye sure about this, lass?"

Suz nodded before walking to the front of the room.

When she reached the open space between the seated crowd and the council, she performed an inelegant curtsy. Turning to face the crowd, her gaze went to Penn and Liam. They looked concerned and not at all pleased with her. Probably because she didn't tell them of her plan.

Once the two women stood between the crowd and the counsel, Kendrick stood. "There is no law regarding challenges between women. Therefore as the chieftain most closely aligned with the Dream Weaver, we have taken her into the McKenzie clan. Since Mary Fraser made the challenge, the Dream Weaver will choose how the challenge is to be met."

Suz waited until the murmuring died away. Then she turned to face the crowd. "I have chosen a test of skill. The challenge is to needle weave or knit a baby hat. These bags contain everything needed to knit two baby hats including a written pattern, so we'll be knitting the same thing. This pattern shouldn't take more than two hours for even a beginner to finish, so by the end of the evening, the challenge should be finished."

Turning to face the other woman, Suz held out one of the bags. Mary looked at the bag like she was afraid it would turn into a snake if she accepted it.

"Mary? What say ye? Will ye face this test of skill or do ye wish to withdraw yer challenge?" The chieftain wearing the same color plaid as the scarf she wore asked.

Mary's eyes grew wide. She looked at her clan chief, then at Penn, then back at the blue bag Suz offered. Her eyes grew wide. Blood drained from her cheeks, leaving her pale and ill appearing. Her hands fisted as she looked at Suz again.

"Mary?"

Taking a step back, Mary shook her head. "If this is the only test

she can come up with, I'll withdraw the challenge. I expected something better out of her." She muttered as she turned and walked out a side door.

Murmuring and occasional snickers rippled through the crowd but quickly died when Kendrick stood. "Dream Weaver, the challenge has been withdrawn. Penn McKenzie is yer's if ye still want him."

Suz curtsayed again, still a little awkward due to having her right arm wrapped tight to her body. "Thank you for your help. Now I have another problem I'm hoping the Council can advise me about."

"And what would that, be lassie?" the eldest chieftain asked.

"As the Dream Weaver, I need a McKenzie man by my side in order to claim the magic of the Dream Weaver's loom. When I was six years old, I claimed a matched pair of McKenzies, and they agreed to marry me when we all grew up. In December it took all three of us to claim the magic. I want to marry them both. I need you to help me find a way to do that because I'd like to be married before we go back to the States."

The room went silent. The Council stared at her like she was speaking Greek.

"Lassie, are ye sure? Tis not normal ta be wife to two men." The oldest chieftain spoke after looking at the other six.

"I'm sure. I love them both. They love me. I want to marry them both."

"And where are these men?" The old man looked out over the crowd.

Suz didn't have to turn around to know that her men stood up. A few minutes later she felt them move up to stand on either side of her.

"And what say ye? Do ye wish ta marry the Dream Weaver?"

"Aye, sir," the twins answered together, their voices strong.

The Council conferred again before they sat back, and the old man looked at them. "We'll have to discuss this later. Ye'll have our answer before the ball."

"Thank you. Thank you all." Suz curtsayed again then turned and

returned to her seat.

As soon as they were settled in their seats, Penn leaned down and whispered in her ear, “We’ll be punishin’ ye later fer not discussin’ all this with us earlier.”

Suz turned and put her mouth to his ear. “Bring it on, sexy,” she said before taking his earlobe between her lips and tugging on it.

He growled softly when she released him. She grinned when she glanced down and saw a bulge grow under the front of his kilt.

With her business taken care of, Suz opened one of bags she’d taken to the front of the room. Pulling out the knitting needle and yarn, she began to cast on stitches. Once she had the correct number on the needle, she shifted her sling around so she could move her right arm enough to knit. It didn’t bother her shoulder to knit, and it would keep her from getting fidgety while important clan business was carried out.

As the meeting went on and on, pain and exhaustion began to intrude. Putting her knitting away, Suz leaned against Penn, closed her eyes, and fell asleep.

Chapter 10

“Wake up, darlin’,” a dark voice commanded in a gentle tone. “We want ta play before yer duties take ye away from us fer the day.”

It wasn’t the voice as much as the hot, wet tongue drawing circles on her left breast that pulled Suz from sleep. A similar sensation traveled over the skin of her inner thigh, first right, then left. It drew a line from her knee almost to the juncture where her leg joined her body. Almost before she was awake, she was horny. Her cunt dampened and prepared itself for the sexy play her men wanted.

With a noisy sigh she tried to stretch, but found she couldn’t move. Her right arm was bound across her body just under her breasts. Her left arm was stretched over her head. A twist of her wrist confirmed that one of the silk scarves the twins had packed in her suitcase held her secure.

When she tried to shift her legs away from the hot, tickling tongue, she found that they were also bound with silk. Her hips had been lifted up onto pillows of some sort. Her cunt and puckered back hole were on full display to the man between her legs.

Opening her eyes, she saw only swirling reds and purples. They’d blindfolded her with her favorite scarf.

When she made a sound in protest, the lips from her breast lifted. “Good morning, luv.”

Penn. This had to be his idea. He was the leader, the more dominant of the two.

The mouth lifted from her upper thigh and a moment later she felt heat radiating down, though he didn’t touch her. “Good morning, lass. Did you sleep well?”

Liam, the caregiver. He was nearly as dominant as his brother, but also more concerned with her comfort.

“How? Where? What happened?”

“Ye fell asleep during the meetin’ of the clans last night. We brought ye back ta our cabin and undressed ye. Then I secured yer arm across ye pretty chest so ye wouldn’t pull yer stitches in yer sleep. Do ye need anythin’ fer pain?” She heard Liam’s grin as he filled in the blanks for her.

“Begin?”

“Aye, luv. We’re gonna luv our wife-ta-be verra well this mornin’. Afterwards, we’ll have breakfast and then walk up ta Spring Castle and deliver yer beautiful shawl. Then we’ll come back and, if the Council doesna have an answer fer us, we’ll take a nap. Or something.” Penn outlined the morning’s schedule of events in a rough, growly voice before licking his rough tongue over her nipple.

“Oh, okay,” was all she could think to say.

“First, though, take these.”

A pair of pills was held to her lips. She opened and allowed Liam to place them on her tongue. He then lifted her head and offered her a bottle of water. She drank deeply, washing the pills down and easing a thirst she hadn’t realized she felt. When she finished, both brothers pulled away, and she heard them moving around the room.

“Now we want ye ta jes’ lie there and let us do all the work.”

She wasn’t sure who spoke but didn’t care when warm hands began to massage their way her legs.

“That’s right, Suz, just relax and let us take care of ye.”

In minutes they’d worked their way to her upper thighs where they stopped just an inch from her weeping slit. Pulling on her restraints, Suz tried to shift so they would touch her. But the hands disappeared.

A moment later a hot mouth closed over her left breast, taking as much in as it could. After sucking hard enough to leave a mark, the mouth closed around just the areola. Her nipple was hard and sticking

out like a pencil eraser.

When his tongue flicked back and forth over the tip, she moaned and smiled. That little, teasing touch sent electric shots of lust straight to her cunt which clenched and made her crave something to fill its emptiness.

Before she could fully form the thoughts, much less speak the words, a single thick finger parted her lips and pushed deep, filling the void. How did they do that? How did they know what she needed when she barely knew herself?

“So wet. So hot.” The voice came from between her legs right before a hot, wet tongue licked up from entrance to clit.

Suz moaned and shifted, wanting more. Needing more. Only minutes into their play and she was already so close to coming she could taste it. “Please,” she begged.

“What, angel?” The question came from her breast.

“I need...oh God, I need...” She couldn’t finish the statement. She wasn’t sure what she needed and didn’t know what to ask for.

“What do ye need? Ye hafta tell us. We dunna wanta not give ye exactly what ye need.” Those words came from between her legs before the tongue took another swipe between her nether lips. Then he slowly pulled the finger out then replaced it with two.

That fuller feeling pushed her closer to her peak, but his in-and-out movement was so slow she couldn’t find completion.

“More. I need more.” She panted, fisting both hands and rolling her head back and forth on the bed. “Please!”

As soon as the words left her mouth, a hand slid under the fabric securing her arm and pinched her neglected right nipple. At the same time, the mouth on her left breast began to nibble on the nipple. The twin pleasure-pains sent sharp arrows to her cunt. The fingers began to piston in and out, faster and faster, twisting in her at the same time lips closed around her clit, nibbling in the most pleasurable fashion imaginable.

“We’ll find a way to marry ye, one way or another,” the mouth on

her breast promised.

At that moment, Suz didn't care. Marriage didn't matter. She was not going to give up her playful, loving McKenzie men no matter how many women challenged her. They belonged to her. To her and Sarah's loom.

With that revelation, a nervous knot Suz hadn't even realized she carried untied itself. Sure it would be nice to be married, but she didn't need a piece of paper to say that they were a family. All she needed were her McKenzie men.

At that thought, her orgasm rolled over her like an avalanche. She cried out as every muscle in her body contracted, every synapse fired in harmony. As her men continued ministering to her, the orgasm rose and fell, finally leaving her feeling boneless yet energized.

She was the Dream Weaver and these were her men, her loves, and her family.

When she finally came back to knowing what was going on around her, her bindings had been released, and the men were laying on either side of her, cuddling her, stroking her, and loving her. Opening her eyes, she found even the blindfold had been taken away.

Looking from one beautiful face to the other, she smiled, knowing she probably looked like a drunken crazy person. "Good morning, my men."

"Good morning," they responded as one before leaning in and each kissing a cheek.

Pulling back, Penn looked at Liam. "So how do we keep her bandage dry in the shower?"

Suz frowned at them. "Don't you want..."

"Nay, lass. We're fine. We jes' wanted ta make sure ye woke up in a good mood. We want ye nice and relaxed for yer day."

Suz smiled. "You did a good job. I'm so relaxed I don't think I can sit up."

"Good." Penn brushed a kiss over her hair.

"In answer to yer question, we can't. After her shower I'll redo

the bandage,” Liam said, “But one of us will have ta shower with her. I’ll do it.”

“No, I’ll do it.”

The brothers’ heated discussion of who would join Suz in her shower led to a wrestling match of naked brothers which nearly destroyed the room. Liam won after grabbing his brother’s balls and squeezing. It wasn’t a sexual move, but one meant to end the fight expediently. Suz giggled when Penn capitulated with a string of inventive cursing she’d never heard before.

Chapter 11

Just before noon, Suz left the village of clan cabins behind and headed up the hill on the packed dirt road toward Spring Castle. The tissue paper wrapped shawl for Mother Nature was tucked into her sling.

She ignored the people lining the road. She ignored the slight pain in her shoulder that was slowly receding after another pain pill just before she'd left the cabin. She even ignored the two large men who walked beside her. They would walk with her as far as the first gate of the castle where they would wait until she'd made her delivery and returned. Then they would escort her back down the hill.

She was too busy saying prayers. She prayed that she wouldn't mess up, throw up, or piss the silk panties she wore under her favorite ankle-length skirt. She also prayed that Mother Nature liked her gift and deigned to wear it to the ball that evening. She also prayed that someone around her would figure out a way that she could marry both her McKenzie men before they left for Scotland in three days.

Long before she finished, she arrived at the entrance to the castle. The gate stood open as if they were expecting her. Stopping several yards away, she turned to her escorts.

Liam stepped up, bent and brushed a quick, hard kiss on her lips. "Ye'll do fine, lass. I love ye."

"I love you, too," she managed to whisper, though her throat was tight with fear.

As soon as he stepped back, Penn took his place. "Smile, luv, it will be all right. After all, ye are the Dream Weaver." Then he too kissed her hard and fast.

Their kisses, words, and the warm looks of love in their eyes sent shivers of lust through her. But she couldn't strip off and attack them until she'd finished her business with Mother Nature.

Taking a deep breath, she smiled up at her men. "I'll be back in just a few minutes."

"We'll be right here waitin' fer ye," they said in unison.

Suz turned and, with a deep breath that straightened her back and shoulders, walked into Spring Castle. She heard the gates close behind her.

* * * *

Liam watched the solid wood gates close, then reached over and grabbed his brother's arm. "We should have told her."

"Ruth made us promise not to. Every Dream Weaver must learn that secret herself, she said. Remember?"

"Aye, I remember, but I still think we should have told her. She looked so scared."

He felt Penn pull away. With a sigh, Liam followed the other man to the ancient bench sitting by the side of the road.

"She'll be fine. She doesn't realize it, but she's stronger than she, or we, realize." Penn sat down, extended his legs, and crossed his ankles. He looked like he was settling in for a while.

Liam couldn't sit down. He thought he was feeling almost as nervous as he knew Suz had felt. So he paced, walking circles around the bench. Every time he could, he looked toward the castle courtyard, but the gates remained firmly closed. "It's taking too long. All she's supposed to do is hand the shawl to the captain of the guard and then come back out."

"Sit down, brother. This is her first delivery. Mother Nature probably wanted to meet her and express her condolences on Ruth's passin'."

"Aye, I suppose." Liam knew he didn't sound convinced.

Penn grabbed his arm and pulled him onto the bench next to him. “Relax. All will be well. She’ll come out in a few minutes and we’ll go back, and after lunch with the clan, we’ll slip her away into the woods for a little outdoor play.”

“Do ye think she’ll go fer that?” Liam smiled at the thought of bending their beautiful wench over a fallen tree trunk and fucking her brains out while she sucked Penn to completion. “Damn. Now look what ye’ve done.” Liam reached over and punched his brother’s arm.

“Me? I didna do a thing. Yer the one with the dirty mind,” Penn returned.

“Aye, but ye started it.”

* * * *

By the time the gates swung open more than an hour later, Penn was ready to storm the gates and go in after their woman. He’d joined Liam in pacing back and forth across the road and then around the bench.

They’d muttered back and forth that Suz was fine, the world was not about to come to an end, she really had woven a beautiful shawl, and they would find a way to cement their unique relationship with a marriage of some kind.

He froze when Suz appeared and walked through the gates which then closed behind her. Though she was smiling, her eyes looked red rimmed and puffy as if she’d been crying.

“Suz?” Liam said as he reached her.

He pulled her tight to his chest and kissed her. Penn joined them a second later, pushing tight against her back. Since Liam’s arms were already wrapped around her body, he settled his hands on her shoulders and buried his face in her hair. Massaging her shoulders, he felt no tight muscles, no tension from worry.

When Liam finally lifted his lips from hers, Penn turned her and kissed her, parting her lips to allow his tongue to dive deep into her

mouth. He tasted his brother, he tasted fine chocolate, and he tasted Suz. The potent combination sent tiny sparks straight to his cock which inflated like a balloon. When he couldn't take any more without stripping down and taking her right here, he lifted his head. "How did it go?"

Suz slowly opened her eyes and looked up at him, obviously dazed. "Huh?"

"Luv, ye've been in there more than an hour. What happened? How did it go? Did she like the shawl?" Penn released her and took a step back but grabbed her upper arms when she wobbled.

Suz took a deep breath. "It went fine. She wanted to meet me and we talked about Ruth and the others before her. She loved the shawl, said it was beautiful and would perfectly with her dress." Wrapping one hand around Penn's elbow and taking Liam's hand with her other, she turned and started walking down the hill, pulling the two men behind her. "Funny thing, though. I didn't remember the shawl being as beautiful as it was. I mean, I know it was pretty, but it seemed different somehow, more polished."

Penn smiled over her head to his brother. "Must be the magic of the Dream Weaver. Of course yer eyes were a bit prejudice on how pretty it truly was."

"She also had a solution to our marriage problem, if you're willing."

"Oh? And what would that be?" Penn asked.

* * * *

Suz looked from one man to the other. Would they be willing to defy modern day convention and abide by the ways of their ancestors?

"She said she would be willing to join us in a handfasting ceremony. She said it was the ceremony of the pagans. It's normally done for couples, but triads are also using it to bind three lives together."

“But handfasting is normally only for a year and a day. The ancients used it as an engagement,” Liam said, frowning down at her.

“We don’t have to set a time limit or we could come back each year and repeat the ceremony. That way if she gets sick of us or decides she doesn’t want us any longer, she can put an end to us.” Penn observed, looking pensive.

Suz stopped in the middle of the road. She jerked her hands from their hold and settled them on her hips. Planting her feet wide, she frowned at them through eyes full of fury. “Listen here, you two. I love you. Both of you. If you don’t want to be tied to me for the rest of our lives, tell me. I don’t want to handfast for just a year. I want to honor your ancestors and mine with this ceremony. I want a way to tie the three of us together until our last breaths, but I’ll leave it up to you. I’ll be standing at that gate,” she said, pointing toward the castle, “at six o’clock. If you want to be handfasted to me for the rest of our lives, you’ll be there waiting for me.”

With that, she turned and quickstepped down the hill. As she walked away, she thought she heard one of them say, “Hormones?” but she didn’t hear the other respond.

She held her head high and back straight, not wanting them to know how scared she was. She blinked back tears that sprang into her eyes, not sure if they came from anger or fear. She truly was frightened they wouldn’t want her while also so angry she would have clubbed them.

Was it just hormones? Or had she gone crazy from the stress of being the Dream Weaver and her love for two men? She kept walking until she reached the cabin where Catherine and Kendrick sat on the front porch.

“How did it go, lassie?” Kendrick asked as he studied her with a slight frown.

“She loved the shawl, and we talked for a long time about Ruth and the other Dream Weavers. She even offered to perform a handfasting ceremony for us, if we wanted.”

“Now, why didn’t ye think of that? Surely someone on the council could have thought of that.” Catherine glanced at her husband. “Are ye going ta have the ceremony?”

“I don’t know. Penn and Liam didn’t sound too enthusiastic. I’ve given them the afternoon to think about it.” Suz sighed and twisted her fingers together.

She wasn’t sure what had happened or why she’d growled at them, but it was done now.

“Maybe ye should think about it as well,” Kendrick pointed out. “Being tied ta two men isna goin’ ta be an easy life. People will always be lookin’ at ye strange. A handfasting ceremony isn’t as legally binding as a marriage certificate.”

Suz smiled. “I don’t care about legalities. Dodge can do the paperwork so that property settlements and stuff are taken care of. I just want an acknowledgement before family and friends that we love each other and want to spend the rest of our lives together as a family.”

Kendrick nodded. “Sounds like ye’ve thought this out a’ready. I hope me sons realize what a special woman they’ve got.”

“Come inside and eat. I ken ye didna have breakfast and now it’s well past noon. Then ye’ll lay down fer a bit and rest we prepare ye for the ball.” Catherine stood and took Suz by the arm. “Kendrick, go spend the afternoon with yer sons. Talk with them and the council about the handfasting. Knock some sense into your sons.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Kendrick snarked.

Suz wondered if he saluted, but Catherine had pulled her inside and pushed the door closed in his face.

Chapter 12

News spread through the chieftain's compound quickly. By the time Suz woke from her nap, the wives had gathered. They spent the rest of the afternoon preparing Suz for the ball. As they did, each woman offered bits of advice on how to keep a man sexually on edge, interested, and willing to do anything she asked of him.

Suz listened to the news, but her fear still outweighed her excitement. Did they really want her? Were they willing to spend the rest of their lives with a woman who even now wasn't sure what she was doing with her life?

Catherine saw her growing distress and gently ushered the other ladies out of the cabin, reminding them that they, too, needed to dress for the ball. They agreed to leave but would be back in plenty of time to escort Suz to meet her men.

"Okay, what's wrong?" Catherine pushed Suz into a rocking chair and handed her the knitting that Callum had brought from her cabin.

"Am I crazy for wanting this? For wanting both of them? What if they're not there? What if they really don't want me but can't tell me?" Suz sniffed and fought back her tears. After sitting still for a half hour to have her makeup done, she didn't want to ruin it with tears.

Catherine smiled at her. "I felt the same thing just before Kendrick arrived at me parents' door, too impatient to wait for me at the Kirk. It's the same thing every bride feels, jitters. But I know me sons. They're probably pacing new trails in these hills wantin' ta come ta ye."

"But what if..."

“Pshaw, lassie. Those boys love ye so much they canna see straight. They’ve waited a dozen years fer ye ta come back ta them.” Catherine bent down and kissed Suz’s forehead. “Now enough worryin’ over things ye canna control. Ye should be tryin’ ta figure out how soon ye’ll be able ta sneak those two big hulkin’ sons of mine out of the ball and back ta yer cabin ta start the honeymoonin’.”

“Hmm, you’re right. Thank you. For being kind to me and allowing me to claim both of your sons.” Suz stood and hugged the older woman. “Now we need to get you ready for the ball.”

“Och, there’s not much ta do. All I’ve gotta do is run a brush through me hair and pull on me dress, but yer right, ’tis time.”

Well before six o’clock the women gathered again on the porch wearing their ball gowns. As Suz and Catherine emerged from the cabin, a group of men appeared out of the woods. They were dressed in their finest kilts and gillies with white shirts, bow ties, and waist-length tuxedo jackets. They were a handsome lot, from Callum all the way to the eldest chieftain.

Leading the pack were Penn and Liam. While the rest of the men stopped in the middle of the road to the castle, the twins continued marching forward. They didn’t stop until they stood shoulder to shoulder in front of Suz. Then they knelt and each held out a bouquet of creamy white roses.

“Mistress Bowen, we’ve come ta escort ye ta the ball,” they said in unison.

Suz took the roses with a teary smile. Penn rose and kissed her left cheek. Then Liam followed and kissed her right.

“We’ve also come ta demand ye handfast us and be our woman for the rest of our lives,” Penn said as he held out his hand.

“It may not be as modern as a wedding, but we’ve been married to ye in our hearts for so long, this jes’ seems like a formality,” Liam finished as he, too, held out his hand.

The women surrounding them cooed at the twins’ romantic gesture. The men in the road groaned.

Suz smiled. After handing Catherine the roses, she laid one of her hands in each of theirs. Looking around the porch, she said, “Thank you ladies, for everything.”

She allowed her McKenzie men to escort her to Spring Castle for the formality of the handfasting ceremony, though she realized her McKenzie men belonged to their Dream Weaver since she had claimed them twenty-four years before. And she was more than thankful that they had indeed waited for her to grow up.

THE END

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

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