

Series Overview



There is a little-known part of history that celebrates four mystical men, Scottish warriors all, who would do anything to protect a wee bairn. It is a tale born of passion, magic, adventure and even time-travel. A tale of a band of warriors who sacrificed everything to keep safe the future of Scotland. Not only did they strive to see their beloved clan not lost to the past but were determined to see a great Scotsman rise up. A powerful man who would someday rule well his country and see that her heart was not lost... Here's to Roibert a Briuis, best known as Robert the Bruce, King of the Scots, one of the most famous warriors of his generation in the Wars of Scottish Independence.

The MacLomain Series

Later Years



Boxed Set
By
Sky Purington

Quest of a Scottish Warrior

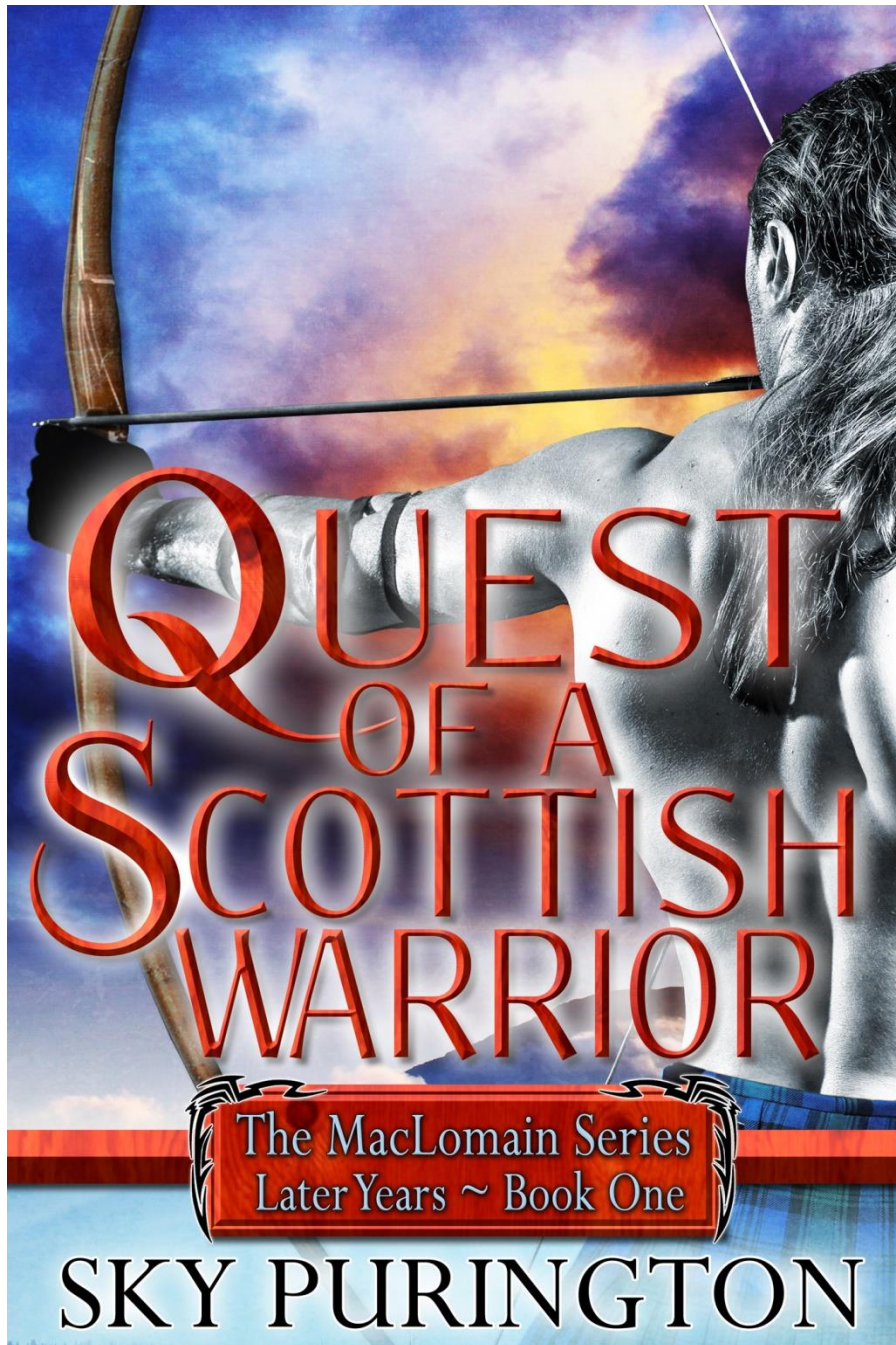


The MacLomain Series- Later Years

Book One

By

Sky Purington



Dedication



This is dedicated to author Sharon A. Donovan. Succeeding in life despite eventual blindness, her love for painting turned to the beautiful masterpieces she created when writing. An inspiration to us all, I will never forget you, my friend.

1957-2012

*“May the wearer of the Claddagh find love,
friendship and loyalty.” ~From The Claddagh Ring by Sharon A. Donovan*

Visit her [website](#) to learn more about Sharon’s memorable books.

Prologue



11 July 1274

Turnberry Castle
The Coast of Kirkoswald Paris
Just North of Ayrshire, Scotland

“BE BORN ALREADY my wee bairn,” Sir Robert VI de Brus muttered and waved over another mug of whisky.

Logan remained silent by his side as the new Norman ruler scanned his surroundings with bleary eyes. Most if not all had their heads down and were likely wishing they could leave as Marjorie, Countess of Carrick, released another blood-curdling scream.

“Too long this takes,” Robert slurred, worry in his voice. “Hours now.”

“Aye, m’laird,” Logan said. “Dinnae fret. Countess Marjorie is a strong lass.”

Theirs was an interesting tale what with the Countess holding Robert captive until he agreed to marry her. He had only come to deliver news that her late husband had been killed in battle, yet it seemed the lass was taken by his good looks. Either way, they had found love despite their unusual beginning and were now getting ready to welcome their second child.

Robert chugged down his newly delivered whisky then sighed. Minutes later, Logan breathed a sigh of relief when the man’s chin rested on his chest, and a loud snore erupted.

He flinched as the Countess released another mournful wail.

Something was wrong.

When an old woman came to the door of the Countess’s chambers and nodded at him, Logan flicked his wrist and strode her way. By the time he entered, none save the woman who called him over knew he had been there. And certainly no one would ever know he’d entered this room. In fact, nobody save the Countess would ever know he had even been in this castle to begin with.

“Logan,” she whimpered and squeezed his hand.

Soaked in sweat, she lay in a large four poster bed with a thin blanket covering her.

“Shh, m’lady, all will be well.” He placed a soothing hand against her clammy forehead, speaking to her even as he chanted within his mind. “We will get yer bairn safely into this world.”

The Countess tried to nod but was far too weak. No matter, the more he chanted, the easier things became for her. His eyes locked with the old woman’s. She nodded and readied herself for delivery.

Not long after, Marjorie released another long wail then slumped back.

At first, there was only silence.

A heart-stopping quiet as everything hung in the balance.

Had the child survived?

Moments later he released a thankful breath when a cry rent the air. The baby lived. After she washed and swaddled the babe, the old woman placed him in the Countess’s waiting arms.

Marjorie murmured a soft greeting to her newborn son. "Welcome, my wee one. Welcome, *Roibert a Briuis*. Might ye be a strong and noble lad."

Logan kissed both her and the bairn on the forehead before he left.

May this be the beginning of a very short quest but somehow he sensed it would not be.

After all, a great man had just been born.

Robert the Bruce, future King of Scotland.

Chapter One

Salem, New Hampshire
2015

CASSIE TURNED DOWN the music as she took exit two off of Route 93. “I thought this trip would take less time, but I guess I was wrong.”

“I told you it was a hike from Winter Harbor to Salem.” Nicole snorted. “I’m surprised your old clunker made it.”

“Shh, quiet.” Cassie patted the steering wheel of her ’87 Chevy Chevette, winked then popped a piece of gum in her mouth. “My baby might hear you.” She nodded at her cell phone. “Damn thing. You need to restart it then get the GPS working again. Meanwhile, I’ll pull over and gas up.”

“Uh huh,” Nicole said absently as she eyed the map on her lap.

Cassie shook her head, hopped out and stretched. It was still hard to believe that she was finally going to meet another long lost Broun relative. Then again, she was sort of surprised it took this long. She had already connected with three others years ago through her ancestry website. Jacqueline, Erin, and Nicole. Since then, they had become fast friends. It helped that they all lived in New England. Cassie in upstate Maine, Erin in Southern Vermont and Jacqueline and Nicole in Massachusetts.

Nicole cranked down the window. “Just got a text from Sean. He’s standing by to FaceTime.”

“Nice. Let him know we’re close.”

Sean O’Conner, or better yet the bookstore he now owned, was the reason she had discovered there were more Brouns in the area. The family name had popped up in an archive associated with his store, so she wasted no time heading that way. As it turned out, the people working at the store knew nothing about it.

Not about to give up so easily, Cassie researched the name of the current owner, and she and Nicole went directly to his house in Winter Harbor. Surprisingly enough, Sean was a tall, good-looking fishing boat captain around their age. Nicole, firecracker that she was, fell hard for him in under a minute.

They explained why they were there and though he seemed hesitant at first, they tossed back a few beers, and he shared why the name Broun was affiliated with his bookstore. He had come by the store through a woman named Cadence who, as it turned out, was related to the Brouns. He had no idea what became of Cadence but gave them her sister, Leslie’s name. Leslie currently resided in North Salem, New Hampshire.

If all that good luck wasn’t enough, he was also in possession of a manuscript that apparently revolved around several Broun cousins. They were able to leaf through it briefly. Titled *The MacLomain Series: Next Generation*, it was about Broun women who traveled back in time to medieval Scotland. Better yet, a clan called the MacLomains. It was pretty fantastical with wizards and dragon-shifters, but intriguing nonetheless.

After they left, Cassie immediately contacted Leslie and told her about the Broun Society she had started on her website and how much she and her three friends would like to meet her. Though Leslie said no at first, she ended up calling back the next day. Not only did she insist they visit but that they stay at her house. No need to rent a room at a motel.

So here they were.

Almost.

Jaqueline and Erin would join them in a few days.

Though Sean wouldn't let them take the manuscript to Leslie, he said he would show it to her via FaceTime.

"I could so use an iced coffee," Nicole chimed through the window.

Cassie put the gas nozzle back on its hook and shut the tank lid. "You got it, sweetie."

Minutes later, Chai tea in hand, she navigated down Rt. 97. Nicole sipped her iced coffee and eyed Cassie's cell. "I'd really like to ask Sean out."

"I bet you would." Cassie shook her head. "Let it go. Long distance relationships never work out."

"He's so hot, though." Nicole pouted. "Could've been cast in the movie, *The Perfect Storm*, that one."

"Yeah, if Clooney didn't land the part." Cassie eyed Nicole. "Did you get the GPS going? I don't hear anything."

"Right, hang on." Within seconds, Google Maps was once more talking to them.

"I still can't believe this place is so close to America's Stonehenge," Cassie said. "We'll definitely have to swing by there before we leave."

Nicole nodded. "Not really my bag but I'm on board if that's what you wanna do, my friend."

Thankfully, it was only another ten minutes or so before they turned off onto a dirt road. They passed a small, ranch-style house, but the GPS told them to keep going.

"Oh wow," Cassie said as they came to the end. A large, freshly painted barn was on the left and on the right, a quaint Colonial overshadowed by an ancient, gnarly oak tree. Autumn was peaking, swathing the land in bright orange, red and yellow.

"Yeah, no kidding wow," Nicole said. "Nothing like pulling your way-past-being-on-its-last-leg car up next to a brand new luxury sports car. Look at that beauty!"

"Sure, gorgeous," Cassie murmured, not paying attention to the other car. Something about this place felt so familiar, as though she had been here before. A golden colored horse with a reddish blond tail and mane trotted out of the forest.

"What the?" she whispered. With small braids interwoven into his long, black hair, a man turned the steed in their direction. Startlingly handsome, he wore a blue and green plaid, a dark tunic, and black boots.

"Dear God, look at him," Nicole said.

"I am." She glanced at her friend. "What's with the Scottish getup, though?"

"Huh?" Nicole's dark red brows slammed together. "Since when are jeans and a t-shirt Scottish?"

Cassie's eyes flew back to the man. She blinked several times. What the *hell*? Gone was the Scotsman and even the horse she had seen. In his place, another man altogether...and another horse. Not to say this one wasn't a fine specimen as well.

Nicole was out of the car before Cassie opened her door. By the time she joined her friend, he was swinging off his horse and smiling at them. "You must be the Brouns who contacted Leslie," he said in greeting. "Welcome, lasses. I'm Bradon."

It was the first time she had ever seen Nicole's jaw drop and her friend speechless. Cassie didn't much blame her. He was pretty hot with his tall, muscular frame and brilliant emerald green eyes. Then there was the thick Scottish burr. That alone could make a woman weak in the knees. Yet she was less interested in his astounding looks and kick-ass accent than she was the fact he was *Scottish* when she had clearly just seen an entirely different Scotsman trot out of the woods.

Cassie gave Nicole a 'snap out of it' pat on her shoulder and shook Bradon's hand. "Nice to meet you. I'm Cassie." She nodded at her awe-struck friend. "And this is Nicole."

Nicole's eyes were wide as she shook his hand. "Nicole. Never Nikkie or Nics or any other variation."

Bradon quirked the corner of his lip. "Nice to meet you, *Nicole*."

Cassie did her best not to chuckle. Nicole was the least uptight of them all but when it came to her name, watch out.

"Ah, you made it."

They turned to the tall, black-haired woman heading their way. Beautiful, her olive-toned skin made her pale green eyes pop. "I'm Leslie." They didn't have a chance to respond before she held out a hand to Cassie. "You must be Cassie."

"I am." She shook her hand; overly aware of the sharp assessment Leslie gave them both as she greeted Nicole. This was a woman that could sum up exactly who a person was in five seconds flat. "I take it you already met my husband."

Nicole blinked a little too rapidly, her eyes struggling to stay off of Bradon.

"We did." Cassie looked around. "This place is gorgeous. Thanks so much for having us."

"Of course. Our pleasure." Leslie chuckled and took Bradon's hand as they headed for the house, tossing over her shoulder, "No worries, Nicole. You can check him out all you want, honey. I don't blame you in the least."

Some women might have been embarrassed by the comment, but Nicole only smiled broadly. "If you insist."

Cassie frowned at Nicole, but it seemed she had nothing to worry about because Leslie only laughed as she escorted them in and winked at Bradon. "Looks like the Broun streak of being over honest that affected me wasn't a one-time deal, eh?"

"Och, my lass, there's not another quite like you. Never has been. Never will be," he murmured and pulled her into his arms.

It didn't seem to bother them in the least that they had just welcomed perfect strangers into their home. No, the two kissed one another long enough that even Nicole had the good grace to look away.

The house was nice. Perhaps around three hundred years old, it had been updated and decorated tastefully.

Leslie eventually and very reluctantly tore herself away from Bradon and led them into the kitchen. "Long drive for you ladies. You thirsty?"

"Sure, thanks," Nicole said.

"Name your poison." Leslie urged them to sit at the kitchen table. "Coffee. Tea. Beer."

Bradon pulled a bottle out of the cabinet and thumped it down on the counter, eying them both. "Or whisky?"

Leslie gave him an odd, fleeting look.

"I just had coffee, so I'm good with beer, thanks," Nicole said.

Cassie eyed the bottle, and though she'd never once tried whisky, she suddenly had an unexplainable craving. Her eyes met Bradon's. "I'll try some of that if you don't mind."

"Not at all." He pulled out a few small glasses and poured before handing her one. Leslie grabbed Nicole a beer then sat down with them at the table.

Cassie sniffed the liquor then took a tiny sip. It burned like hell going down. Eyes watering, she looked at Bradon. "Maybe an ice cube. Seems like it might be better chilled."

"Nay, lass." He eyed her almost as oddly as Leslie had him when he first offered the liquor. "It's best enjoyed as it is. Chilling a good whisky takes from the flavor."

"Enough with whisky." Leslie's eyes locked with Cassie's. "Let's chat about what brought you here to begin with."

"Right. Yeah." Cassie nodded. "Of course." She fished her phone out of her purse as she again explained everything she had told Leslie over the phone. "And there's this manuscript." Eyebrows arched at Leslie, she said, "Sean's waiting to show it to you if you're cool with that."

"Absolutely." Leslie nodded at the phone. "Let's go live."

"Great." When Cassie got Sean on FaceTime, Nicole scooted over and waved into the phone. "Hey there, stranger."

Sean grinned and nodded. "Hey, Nicole."

Then he said hello to Leslie and Bradon when they introduced themselves.

"Thanks again for doing this," Cassie said.

"No prob." He released the kickstand on his iPhone and held up the Next Generation manuscript, explaining, "This was left in your sister's former bookstore, Leslie. I did a deeper search after the girls left. Not sure how it leaked onto the net but somehow a record of not only the Broun name but the existence of this manuscript is in a database for anyone searching out the Scottish Broun clan." He kept flipping the pages. "Seems you can pull it up if you're researching the MacLomain clan too. Leads right to my bookstore."

Bradon made a strange sound but buried it in a shot of whisky.

Cassie watched both Leslie and Bradon's reaction closely. Besides the weird grunt from Bradon, neither was overly responsive. If anything, Leslie was playing it too cool, her expression unwavering.

"Funny thing." Sean set aside the manuscript. "You and your husband are mentioned in this...quite a bit."

"My cousin, McKayla wrote that." Leslie's tone was fairly curt. "Not only is it copyrighted but under contract with a publishing house."

Sean held up his hands and shook his head. "I'm not interested in cashing in on this thing." His expression remained unreadable. "I showed you this to help out Cassie and Nicole. They're interested in their heritage, and I get that. Listen, now that I have confirmation that this belongs to you give me an address, and I'll mail you the manuscript."

Leslie's eyes narrowed. "How do I know you won't copy it first?"

"All right, lass." Before Leslie could say another word, Bradon took the phone from her and left the room.

Leslie scowled. Brows knitted together, she put on black-rimmed chic eyeglasses and turned on her tablet. Fingers flitting over the surface, she peered at the screen. "Who is this guy Sean again?"

"He's really nice. A fishing boat—" Nicole started.

"We just met him, and he's been nothing but helpful," Cassie cut in, frowning at Leslie. "My apologies if all of this, us, and Sean, is too much. That wasn't my intention when I sought you out. I just really wanted to make contact with more Brouns. Sean was an innocent and remarkably helpful bystander."

"Innocent bystander," Leslie murmured, eyes scanning the tablet. "Those don't exist in my world."

Cassie put a hand over Leslie's wrist, stopping her short. "But they do in mine, and I'm asking you to respect that."

When Leslie's incredulous eyes rose to hers, Cassie continued. "Please. History is everything to me. My family heritage more so." She shook her head. "And you are part of my heritage. A person I've only just met but share blood with. That's not only intense but very important to me."

Leslie eyed her for a long, uncomfortable moment before she said, "You do realize that your blood is far removed from mine? And I can't imagine there's much Broun in you. But, as it turns out, I guess there's enough."

What a bizarre thing to say. Cassie banked her rising aggravation at Leslie's somewhat callous declaration. "How could you possibly know that?"

Leslie removed her glasses and pinched the bridge of her nose, whispering, "Because you couldn't *possibly* be here otherwise." She shook her head. "You're just enough Broun to slip through the cracks. Like a sixth or seventh cousin removed."

"Whatever." Nicole stood and shook her head, eyes on Cassie. "Let's scoot, girl. I love that you brought us Brouns together, and I'm all about what you have to offer." She shot Leslie a less-than-impressed look. "But apparently she's *not*. We don't deserve this elitist bullshit."

Leslie arched a disgruntled brow at Nicole. "Hell, we really are related, aren't we?"

Bradon returned and handed the phone to Cassie. "Please dinnae leave. It's been a while since Leslie has...reconnected with blood."

"Too long," Leslie muttered under her breath. Then she motioned with her hand at Nicole. "Sit. Bear with me. This is just a lot to take in is all."

Sean hung up, and Cassie couldn't help but wonder what he and Bradon talked about.

"Yeah, all right." Nicole sank back into her chair and took a swig of beer. As a general rule of thumb, her friend was quick to forgive unless she was truly pissed off.

"*What* is a lot to take in?" Cassie asked Leslie in response to her statement. "I'm a little unclear why us showing up and wanting to connect with our lineage is getting such a strong reaction."

"I'm ordering take-out," Bradon said, obviously trying to ease the tension. "What would you like?"

Leslie's eyes caught Cassie's, a little lost, before she snapped out of it and looked between her and Nicole. "Again, I'm sorry if I've been weird. Just overtired. What do you guys like? Chinese? Pizza? Name it, we'll get it."

"I'm fine with anything," Cassie murmured.

"Total Chinese girl here," Nicole volunteered, clearly moving past her previous discontent.

"Chinese it is then," Bradon said.

Cassie grabbed her purse. "Let me give you some money."

"It's on us," Bradon winked. "Anything for a Broun." Then he left the room.

"So now that we've met," Cassie continued, eyes on Leslie. "We'd love to know anything you might be able to share about our lineage."

Leslie shut off the tablet and crossed her arms over her chest. "I don't know a whole lot save the history of this house and my connection to it."

Cassie got the feeling that Leslie was deliberately vague. Even so, this was more than she expected. "We'd love to hear anything at all."

Leslie hesitated, eyes flickering between them before they landed on Nicole. "You too?"

"Yeah." A strange look passed over Nicole's face. "Definitely."

A long bout of silence passed as Leslie considered them before she nodded and continued. "I can't speak for the history of this house beforehand, but the first Brouns of importance lived here in the early eighteenth century. Rumor has it they were witches. After that, history is a little fuzzy until my cousin, Caitlin moved in. Since then this house has always welcomed Brouns."

Cassie felt like she had been doused with ice water. *Witches?*

Nicole outright laughed. "You're screwing with us about the witches part, right?"

"I'm not screwing with you in the least," Leslie said dryly. Her eyes swung to Cassie. "You're a historian right?"

"Yes," she said slowly.

"And a bit more too, huh?"

Forget being doused with ice water, it shot straight through her veins. "Not sure what you're getting at."

"Why are you so drawn to the Brouns when you're at least ten other nationalities," Leslie said.

"How do you know that?"

Leslie ignored her question. "You can't stay away from Scottish history can you?"

"Actually, I'm drawn to all history out of the United Kingdom. English, Welsh, Irish." When she tried to say Scottish, her throat closed and she shook her head.

Leslie leaned forward, eyes narrowed. "And Scottish. Most especially Scottish I'll bet."

Cassie tried to swallow but ended up coughing instead. To clear her throat, she shot back the whisky and closed her eyes.

"Damn," Leslie muttered.

"What's going on?" Nicole said. "What am I missing?"

Cassie eyed Leslie, who now wore a speculative look. "Good question. What are we missing?"

"Well, I suppose we ought to find out." Leslie stood. "C'mon, let me give you a tour of the house before the food gets here."

This was getting odder and odder. How would a tour of the house further explain things? Yet the minute they entered the living room, her eyes went to the framed pictures on the mantle above the fireplace. One picture, in particular, drew her instantly.

"Oh my God," Cassie murmured, chills racing through her as she walked over to it. "Who is this?"

"That's my cousin, Caitlin," Leslie said softly.

"No, I mean who is the guy she's with?" She shook her head. "He looks so much like..."

"So much like who?" Leslie said when Cassie trailed off.

Cassie frowned. "It was a long drive. I must be overtired."

"While you might be overtired, I suspect whatever you were going to say has nothing to do with exhaustion." Leslie held out the picture. "Here. Hold it."

Suddenly wary, feeling like she was standing on the precipice of something larger than she could comprehend, she shook her head. "I don't think that's such a great idea."

"You need to, Cassie," Nicole murmured.

She glanced at her friend. Nicole's eyes seemed a little distant, as though she was not quite here. "Why?"

Nicole cocked her head. "Why what?"

"You just said I need to hold the picture."

"No, I didn't." Nicole's eyes were clear again. She shook her head. "I think you're definitely wiped, hon."

Leslie kept holding it out. "Please. I insist."

Not wanting to be rude when Leslie was gracious enough to invite them to stay, Cassie pushed past her uneasiness and took it. First, her eyes locked on the man's face but were soon ensnared by the young child sitting on his lap. For a split second, she could have sworn his eyes glowed. But she must have been mistaken because when she blinked, there was no glow.

"The man in the picture is Caitlin's husband, Ferchar," Leslie said softly. "But I'll bet you're far more interested in the child."

Her eyes shot to Leslie. "Why would you say that?"

"Because he's a cute wee bairn, aye?" Bradon said as he entered and set down more drinks.

Nicole grinned as she eyed the picture. "He really is. Check out those blue eyes!" She shook her head. "Looks like he inherited them from his smokin' hot dad, huh?"

"The child's name is Logan." Leslie urged them to sit as Bradon lit a fire. "He was born in this house."

Cassie sipped her whisky and kept staring at the picture, whispering, "Logan."

She was getting that same sense of familiarity she had when they pulled up in front of the house.

"Logan MacLomain," Bradon said with pride. "A good lad. I miss him."

"Me too," Leslie murmured, eyes still on Cassie. "You recognized Ferchar though. Why is that?"

MacLomain? This was getting more and more crazy. Cassie managed to pull her eyes from Logan. "Like I said. Just overtired."

"Humor me," Leslie said. "Please."

"Yeah, I'm curious too." Nicole's pale cedar eyes went from the picture to Cassie's face.

"Okay, fine." She glanced between Leslie and Bradon. "This is gonna sound totally out there but...well, when we first pulled into the driveway I didn't see Bradon coming out of the woods on a horse but another guy entirely."

Cassie explained his attire and features. How much he looked like Ferchar. "He could've stepped right out of *Braveheart*." She shook her head. "Then there was the horse. Really beautiful."

Silence settled over the room, and she didn't miss the strange look that passed between their hosts before Leslie said, "It sounds to me like you've got a touch of the Broun gift."

"Broun gift?"

"Yup," Leslie said matter-of-factly. "Witchcraft."

Oh yay. "You're kidding me, right?"

"Nay," Bradon piped up. "My lass doesnae kid."

"I do on occasion," Leslie defended.

He grinned and shook his head. "Nay."

Leslie's eyes swung to Cassie. "Have you ever ridden a horse?"

"I'd rather hear about witchcraft," Nicole interrupted.

"I'm all set with the witchcraft thing." Cassie was just fine steering clear of that subject. "As to riding a horse? No, never."

"Hmm." Leslie considered her then looked at Bradon. "Looks like you better get busy teaching her."

"I dinnae think there will be much time for that," he murmured.

Leslie arched a brow. "That fast then?"

"Excuse me but what're you two talking about?" Cassie asked, fairly alarmed at this point.

Leslie stood. "Join us, ladies. We want to show you something."

"Okay." Cassie and Nicole followed them. For some reason, the closer she got to the barn, the less and less concerned she became with the bizarre conversation they'd just had. The smell of fresh hay met them at the door. At least seven stalls lined either side.

Cassie and Nicole stopped short when yet another tall, gorgeous guy emerged from one of the stalls. Like Bradon, he had to be around six-foot-five. With shoulder length black hair streaked with dark mahogany highlights, his startling silver-hued blue eyes swept over them with interest.

Bradon nodded at him and made introductions. "This is Darach. He helps me with the horses on occasion."

"Greetings, lasses." Darach cracked a smile that had Nicole leaning against Cassie, no doubt trying to stay on her feet. "'Tis a fine day to meet more wee bonnie Brouns."

"Holy accent," Nicole murmured as she gawked at him.

Cassie narrowed her eyes. Too thick of an accent. She was more than familiar with a Scottish brogue, but his was not only tricky to understand but...old fashioned sounding?

"Though he's taken clan Hamilton's name, like Ferchar and even Bradon, Darach is a MacLomain," Leslie said.

"Really?" Cassie's eyes went from Darach to Bradon. "Both of you are MacLomains then?"

"Aye." Bradon urged them to follow him. "The Brouns and MacLomains cannae get enough of one another."

"So it seems." Cassie eyed the stalls. "You have quite a few horses, don't you?"

"They do." Darach strolled alongside, eyes roaming over her with appreciation. "Four excluding Bradon's. All save his are thoroughbred females we speculate were donated by family."

Speculate? They didn't know for sure? But it was none of her business, so she left it alone.

If Cassie wasn't getting such an edgy feeling the closer they came to the last stall, she would probably be blushing like mad. It was pretty intense having a guy like this checking her out. And he was definitely making a project of it.

"Oh, *look*," Nicole murmured, stopping at a stall.

Cassie eyed the chestnut horse with a dark auburn tail and mane Nicole was admiring. "She's beautiful." She glanced at her friend. "In fact, you'd look great on her." A grin crept onto her face "Similar coloring."

Nicole shook her head. "I don't do horses but something about this one just, I dunno...draws me."

"Erin would think she'd died and gone to Heaven here," Cassie mentioned. Erin was the only one out of the four of them who actually owned a horse.

Darach rested a well-muscled arm on the stall, his eyes torn between Cassie and the horse as he spoke to Nicole. "Her name is Vika. It means, 'from the creek' in Scotland."

"Why was she named that?" Nicole said.

He shrugged. “’Tis hard to know, but I’m sure there's a good story behind it.”

Bradon made another one of his indiscernible sounds and urged Cassie to keep following. As she continued, the feeling of trepidation only increased. By the time she got to the beginning of the last stall on the right, it was nearly impossible to put one foot in front of the other.

Somehow she just *knew* what she was going to see.

Darach wrapped a gentle but supportive hand around her upper arm. “Are you well, lass?”

A little lightheaded, she was grateful for the gesture as her eyes locked with those of the horse in the stall. Just as she thought.

It was the one she had seen the mystery Scotsman riding when they first arrived.

Previous Releases

Best Reading Order



~The MacLomain Series- Early Years~

Highland Defiance- Book One
Highland Persuasion- Book Two
Highland Mystic- Book Three

~The MacLomain Series~

The King's Druidess- Prelude
Fate's Monolith- Book One
Destiny's Denial- Book Two
Sylvan Mist- Book Three

~The MacLomain Series- Next Generation~

Mark of the Highlander- Book One
Vow of the Highlander- Book Two
Wrath of the Highlander- Book Three
Faith of the Highlander- Book Four
Plight of the Highlander- Book Five

~The MacLomain Series- Viking Ancestors~

Viking King- Book One
Viking Claim- Book Two
Viking Heart- Book Three

~The MacLomain Series- Later Years~

Quest of a Scottish Warrior- Book One
Yule's Fallen Angel (spin-off novella)
Honor of a Scottish Warrior- Book Two
Oath of a Scottish Warrior- Book Three
Passion of a Scottish Warrior- Book Four

~The MacLomain Series- Viking Ancestors' Kin~

Rise of a Viking- Book One
Vengeance of a Viking- Book Two
A Viking Holiday- Book 2.5
Soul of a Viking- Book Three

Fury of a Viking- Book Four
Her Wounded Dragon- Book 4.5
Pride of a Viking- Book Five

~The MacLomain Series: A New Beginning~

Sworn to a Highland Laird- Book One
Taken by a Highland Laird- Book Two
Promised to a Highland Laird- Book Three
Avenged by a Highland Laird- Book Four

~Calum's Curse Series~

Sister series to The MacLomain Series. Can stand alone, but is best enjoyed after The MacLomain Series (Books 1-4) which includes The King's Druidess.

The Victorian Lure- Book One
The Georgian Embrace- Book Two
The Tudor Revival- Book Three

~Holiday Tales~

Yule's Fallen Angel
+ Bonus Novelette, Christmas Miracle
A Viking Holiday

~Forsaken Brethren Series~

Independent series unrelated to The MacLomain Series

Darkest Memory- Book One
Heart of Vesuvius- Book Two

About the Author



Sky Purington is the bestselling author of over thirty novels and several novellas. A New Englander born and bred who recently moved to Virginia, Sky was raised hearing stories of folklore, myth, and legend. When combined with a love for nature, romance, and time-travel, elements from the stories of her youth found release in her books.

Purington loves to hear from readers and can be contacted at Sky@SkyPurington.com. Interested in keeping up with Sky's latest news and releases? Either visit Sky's website, www.SkyPurington.com, sign up for her quarterly [newsletter](#), or sign up for personalized text message alerts. Simply text 'skypurington' (no quotes, one word, lowercase) to 74121 or visit Sky's [Sign-up Page](#). Texts will ONLY be sent when there is a new book release. Readers can easily opt out at any time.

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