

The MacLomain Series
Next Generation



Boxed Set
By
Sky Purington

Mark of the Highlander

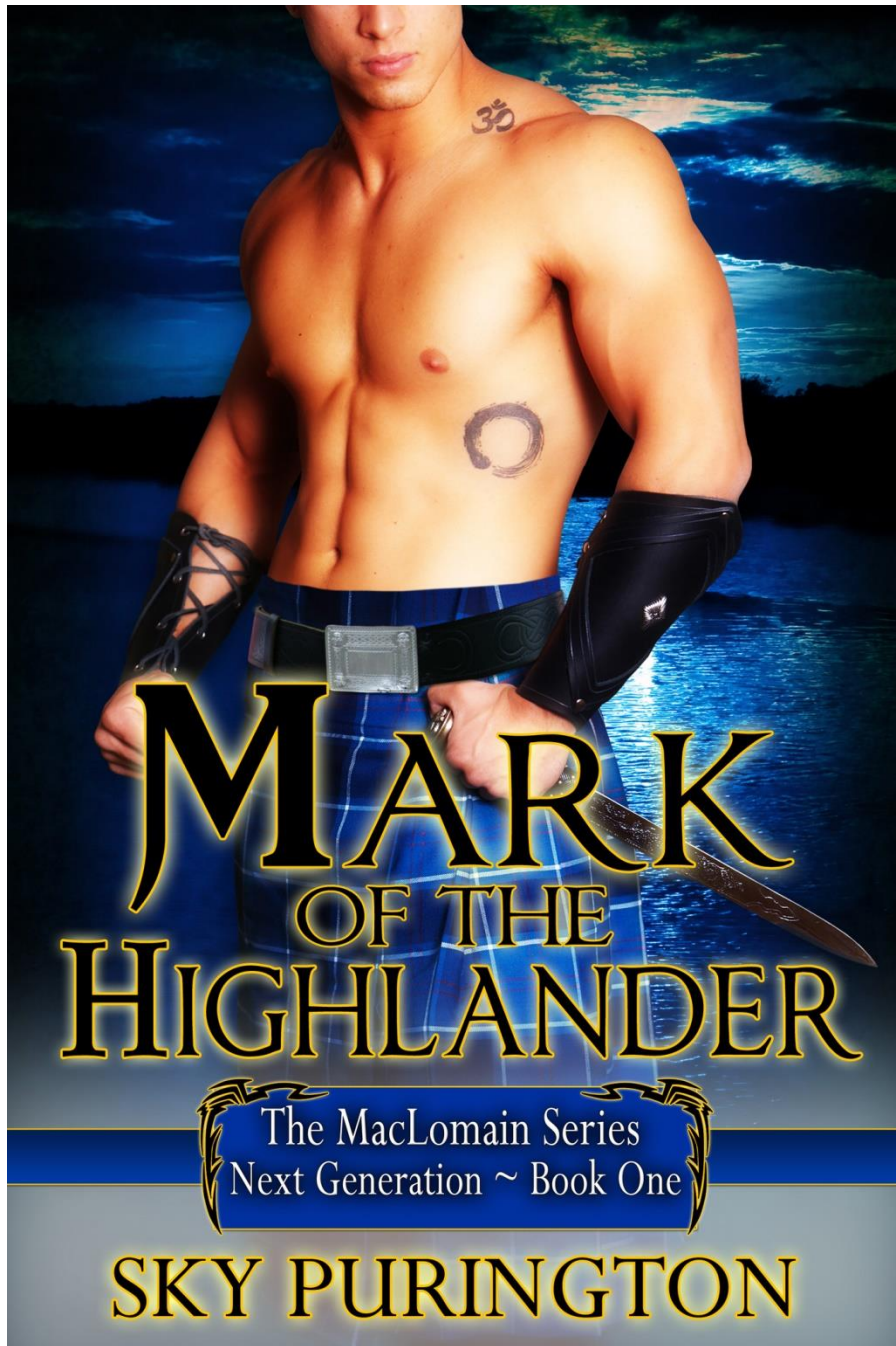


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Book One

By

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Prologue



“’TIS SIMPLE REALLY. Take the dagger and slice her throat.”

“Just like that, run the blade and be done with it?” he said.

A sharpened dagger was pressed into his hand. “Precisely like that.”

With a heavy sigh, he shook his head. “A lad is one thing, a lass another.”

“And that is where you will go wrong every time.”

Frustrated, he clenched the weapon tighter and tried to see her more clearly. At least if he saw her face, he would have something to hold on to. It was important to remember who one murdered. It was crucial to never forget. But did he have it in him this time?

“What a shame. You have not the gumption to do what is necessary.”

“And why again is this necessary? What did she do?”

“’Twas not what she did but what she *will* do.”

A heavy rumble started in his ear. A pressing urge started behind his temple. The calling came as it always did. This was necessary. She must die.

“I see you know the right of it. Dinnae doubt the gods.”

“The gods,” he murmured and nodded.

“Aye, the gods. They urge you to continue.”

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Never before had he hesitated. Never before had he questioned.

“I just wish I knew more,” he whispered.

“Nay, ‘tis the verra reason you were chosen. Because you dinnae ask. You dinnae question.”

Should he, though? When the lass stirred, he clasped the blade tighter.

It was time.

The air thinned. A chill raced over his skin.

It was past time.

He would do this. He *could* do this.

He put his lips against her ear and said, “’Tis for the best.”

Clenching his jaw, blade to her neck, he inhaled the sweet scent of her hair. He knew that smell, *her* smell.

Her eyes opened slowly.

Familiar eyes.

“Nay,” he whispered, shocked. “This cannae be.”

Before his palms grew slick, before he could further doubt, he swiped the blade.

Chapter One

North Salem, New Hampshire
2014

“Just slice the blade and be done with it already.”
“Oh, I don’t know.” Trevor shook his head. “What fun is there in cutting the cake if I can’t smear it in your face when you try to eat it?”

McKayla grinned. “I suppose that’s the beauty of Skype. We chat, pretend, all that good stuff.”

“Look at this.” He pouted and held the cake up to the screen. “I bought it especially for today.”

She licked her lips. “No doubt it’s delicious. You know you didn’t have to.”

“Hey, it’s not every day my best friend lands a book deal.”

“Good timing is all,” she said. “Scottish Highlanders are a hot topic. Women eat them up.”

Trevor chuckled. “In your books they certainly do.”

“Hey, it sells.” McKayla stretched and yawned. “So when are you coming home?”

“Soon I hope.” He frowned. “I just need time off.”

“You always do.”

McKayla kept her voice light, but she was worried. Trevor was determined to rule the world of technology. Though gainfully employed, he had several top companies beating at his door. He was purely half computer geek, half Einstein with a mind most would pay billions for. Clean-cut and handsome with dark brown hair and magnetic green eyes, he had an ambitious hunger few possessed. Even now, as vice-president of one of the top tech companies in the United States, he remained unsatisfied. She’d never met anyone who craved greatness like he did.

But she was concerned it would take its toll.

“Stop that,” he muttered.

“Stop what?”

“You’re worrying about me again, and I wish you wouldn’t.” He set aside the cake, determined. “I’ll book a flight in the near future and visit. It’s been far too long.”

“Please do.” She glanced at the clock. “I have to go soon.”

“I know.” He pulled on a suit jacket. “Me too.”

“I love you.”

He leaned in close to the video camera. “I love you too, sweetheart. Good luck with your meeting. Remember, *you* wrote this book, not them. Fight any changes you don’t agree with.”

“Oh sure,” she said and winked. “Talk soon.” Offering her best ‘I rock’ smile, McKayla blew him a kiss and disconnected.

With a heavy sigh, she sat back and stared out the window. There was still time before the meeting, but she didn’t want to listen to Trevor rave more about her accomplishments. Most people would be over the moon, screaming it from the rooftops. But not her. She didn’t want to talk about it. The truth was the publishing world terrified her. It was a hungry beast that craved money. But she supposed that was the whole point.

Or was it?

She eyed the manuscript on her desk. They were going to try to make adjustments to ensure its popularity.

“Hey there.”

McKayla smiled at her cousin, Sheila, who stood in the doorway. “Hey.”

Breezing in, Sheila plunked down on the bed. “Was that Trevor I heard?”

“The one and only,” she confirmed.

“And how is he?” Sheila answered her own question before McKayla could respond. “Missing you more than ever I’m sure.”

Her cousin thought more existed between her and Trevor than actually did. “Yeah, the distance is hard.” She switched topics. “I need to borrow your car today.”

“Of course.” Sheila waved away the request as if it shouldn’t have been made to begin with and cast a dubious eye at McKayla’s closet. “So what are you going to wear?”

“What they expect,” she assured. “A well-tailored black pantsuit.”

Sheila grinned and her powder blue eyes rounded. “What they expect from *you* are comfy sweats and a worn out sweatshirt.”

McKayla shrugged. “Maybe Leslie does, but not the rest of them.”

“How is your *agent* nowadays?” Sheila asked dryly.

As if she knew they were talking about her, Skype buzzed with an incoming conference call. McKayla bit the corner of her lip and considered ignoring it.

“Go on. Take it,” Sheila said. “But I’m staying. Just don’t tell her I’m here.”

“You’re bad.”

“Yep. Go on.”

Even though Leslie and Sheila were related, they’d been battling one another since childhood. Now they would be living together. McKayla couldn’t imagine it going well. But they all needed a place to live. And as it turned out, their cousin Caitlin MacLomain had a house to rent. Sheila and McKayla had moved in several months ago, and Leslie would be joining them in a few more days.

“Go on, Kay,” Sheila said again.

She hated being stuck between her warring cousins. After a deep, calming breath, McKayla clicked and received the call. Sheila kept out of sight.

“I see you’re not dressed yet,” Leslie said in greeting.

“Nearly.” McKayla nodded toward the closet. “Clothes are ready to go.”

“This meeting is far too important to take for granted. The publishing house has a cover for your book. Have you seen it?”

“Aye, I mean yes.” McKayla often slipped into medieval Scots tongue. It was no wonder considering it was all she wrote lately. “It’s definitely something.” *That* was an understatement. She’d been up all night staring at it. “Who’s the cover model?”

“That’s a good question. I have no idea. But does it really matter? Even without a full face, it makes a stunning impact.” Leslie with her olive-skinned good looks and French-manicured nails leaned in close to the screen. “Do you want that tattoo removed? I mean really, it doesn’t fit the story.”

Sheila rolled her eyes at the computer then held up a sample of the cover, fanning herself with one hand as she gazed at it. She winked at McKayla then stuck her tongue out at Leslie.

McKayla hid her irritation. Granted, she hadn’t tied the tattoo into the story, but the small mark on his upper collarbone suited him. Heck, it was downright sexy. Whether or not it suited the story didn’t really bother her. Nor did it seem to worry the publishing house.

"It's fine," she assured Leslie and made a 'cease and desist' motion with her hand toward Sheila. Sometimes she wanted to strangle the pair of them.

"Maybe so," Leslie muttered. "But it might be worth bringing up in the meeting."

"Maybe," McKayla replied, not intending to do so in the least.

"Either way, I wanted to touch base and let you know that I'll be thinking of you today."

That's all Sheila had to hear. Her face screwed into an angry little ball, and she bounced up, acting as though she'd just entered the room. "And why won't you be there?"

Leslie's eyes narrowed and met Sheila's as she became visible in the camera. "*This* is a private meeting, Sheila."

"Answer my question," Sheila said. "You're her agent. Why won't you be there?"

"Oh no," McKayla said, shaking her head. "This isn't happening. Today is too bloody important." She swung her gaze to Sheila. "Go. Now."

Sheila looked from her to Leslie then back. "Me? Why? *She* should go. Shut off Skype."

"I'm her agent," Leslie reminded her. "If anyone should go it's you."

Already, a headache blossomed. But business was business. Again she said, "Sheila, please hon."

"What was that you said?" Leslie asked.

But McKayla was focused on Sheila who seemed undecided. "I need this day to go smoothly. I can't stand the business end of book deals. You know all I really want to do is write. *Please.*"

Leslie narrowed her eyes and shook her head. "That was strange. Say that again."

Sheila was about to respond, but McKayla continued. "Please don't make me ask again."

Her cousin frowned and looked from her to the computer before she shook her head. "All right then."

After Sheila left, McKayla sunk into her chair and turned her attention back to Leslie. "Her intentions are good."

"No worries. Sheila's, Sheila. We all know that." Leslie's expression was nothing less than confused. "But I'm curious about what you said."

"You heard what I said."

"I did. But what did you mean?"

"Oh, come on. You heard every word. Sheila's just being protective and as usual, a little irritated with you."

"Yeah, I got that from her. But what language were *you* speaking?"

"Seriously? English. Albeit frustrated English when it comes to the two of you."

Leslie shook her head and looked at her watch. "Whatever. I wrote down the words you spoke. It was definitely a foreign dialect. I guess I'll have to research it later. Meanwhile, get dressed and get going." Her eyes rounded before she ended the call. "Now."

McKayla sat back. Foreign dialect? What was she talking about? Maybe Leslie was feeling the stress of the contract more than she was willing to admit. After all, it was big for them both.

As McKayla began to dress, she tried not to dwell on what life would be like with all three of them living under the same roof. Pure hell, she supposed. Her only hope would be frequent visits from Caitlin and Seth. Otherwise, she'd go nuts.

She smiled thinking about them.

Caitlin owned the house, but she'd made it abundantly clear that it belonged to the whole family. And Seth, her paranormal investigator friend, was a light in her oftentimes self-induced seclusion. He wouldn't allow her to get overwhelmed by Sheila and Leslie's drama. Other than

Trevor, Seth really was her favorite person. So in her own little writing world, she counted on five people, Sheila, Leslie, Caitlin, Trevor, and Seth.

She'd bet that was more people than most writers had in their entire social circle.

Pantsuit on, she stared into the mirror. What would the bigwigs think when they looked at her. Oh, here comes another one. Did she look like all the rest? Lord, if she knew. Her pale blond bob hung straight and boring. Her peculiar pale slate gray eyes slanted up a little too far. Trevor had always called them elven eyes. Exasperated, she held a dark red and dark pink shade of lipstick in either hand. *Ick*. Neither suited her. She tossed both aside and smeared a peachy cinnamon shade over her lips.

"McKayla!"

She smiled and sighed with relief. Of course, Seth remembered it was her big day. That's the way he was. He never forgot anything important. Within seconds, he bounded up the stairs and leaned against the doorjamb, a wide smile on his striking face. "I see you're halfway ready."

"Yeah, halfway to calling all this off."

He took in her attire. "The outfit is good enough. The hair will do. The face?" He shook his head. "Could be much better."

Seth grabbed her make-up bag and threw a few items on the bed. "Wipe off what you've put on and use these colors. Then you'll be as gorgeous as ever."

"I hate it all," she reported, sullen.

"Of course you do. But today's meeting means everything."

McKayla fingered the items he'd set aside including brown-black mascara, peach blush and a light, tasteful shade of pink lip gloss. "I can't stand this stuff."

"Up," he ordered. "Stop thinking and start doing. Within a few hours, this'll all be behind you."

Though reluctant, she wiped away the old stuff and started reapplying her make-up. "You've planned a party for me, haven't you?"

"Me?" Seth sat on her bed and leaned back casually. "Never."

"You." She arched a brow at him in the mirror. "Definitely. With Alana away, you're restless. A party would suit your mood."

"It would," he agreed. "Not because my wife's away but because you've accomplished something phenomenal." Though he seemed relaxed, he radiated unspent energy. "Don't you realize that?"

She sighed and finished applying her make-up. "Maybe I will once the meeting's over."

"I know you're not happy unless you're typing away on that computer but consider this. If you don't revel in all this in-between stuff now you might not be so content when you write the next bestseller."

McKayla tossed the lipstick aside. "Don't jinx me. Nothing says *this* will be a bestseller."

"Nope. Nothing does. But I'd put money on it." Seth stood and smiled. "You're gonna do great today. You know that right?"

"Sure," she said absently.

"Seriously, you are," he said, helping McKayla with her jacket.

And he was right. The meeting didn't go too bad.

Nine hours and one very long commute later; it was Seth's warm eyes that greeted her first. He helped her take off her jacket as a foyer full of people yelled, "Congratulations!"

Blushing, she managed a smile. "Thanks, everyone."

"No need to thank us. You deserve it, girl!" Sheila said.

“Yes you do,” Leslie agreed.

“How could you not?” Caitlin added.

McKayla pulled her cousins into a group hug and mumbled, “Thanks,” once more. One way or another, they kept her whole. They, as diverse as they were, made real life a little more bearable. Because if she had her way every last inch of her existence would be part of a medieval Scottish novel. And that just wasn’t good. Or healthy.

When she broke away from her well-meaning family, she came face to face with a portrait size portrayal of her book cover propped up on an easel. Again she found herself staring. Yes, her editors loved it. She loved it. But did it really represent what she’d written?

As if on cue, Caitlin’s husband Ferchar walked up beside her. It was a hard thing not to find him incredibly attractive. Tall, muscled, hot as heck with a deep Scottish brogue, he was impossible to ignore.

“Bloody odd, that mark,” he said.

She touched her collarbone absently. “You mean the one here.”

“Aye. Scots dinnae have marks like that. At least not then.”

McKayla rolled his dialect over in her mind. Though she wrote it, did her words sound as good as they did when they came from his mouth? If in fact he sounded like they did in medieval times. After all, Ferchar was from modern day Scotland.

“The cover artist, or should I say cover model, is responsible for that,” she explained.

Ferchar’s pale blue eyes narrowed, but he didn’t grow too serious. “I’m sure.” He paused and frowned. “I dinnae much like the title.”

McKayla tried not to be offended, but her sensitive nature made it tricky. “The title?”

“Aye.” He shrugged. “*Plight of the Highlander* doesnae seem quite right.”

The writer in her kicked in as she stared at the cover. “But the whole story revolves around his plight. There’s no more perfect title.”

Caitlin came between them. “Is he telling you it’s all wrong, then?”

McKayla frowned. “Yeah, so it seems. What do you think?”

“I think only you should be the judge of what you want to call your book, nobody else.” She wrapped arms around McKayla and Ferchar’s shoulders. “This is a happy day. Let’s step away from serious talk.”

“But now he’s got me thinking,” McKayla murmured.

“Naturally. That’s all you do!” Caitlin grinned. “*Think* too much. So let’s not, eh? Let’s drink, eat and party.”

Ferchar offered her a knee-buckling smile and agreed. “Aye, let’s be merry.”

Yet even as the crowd celebrated, McKayla was eager for the party to be over. She wanted to be back in front of her computer. Another story waited, another Highlander. While the meeting had gone smoother than anticipated, she felt edgy. Even though she’d signed the contract, edits were underway, and she had her release date, something very important was still missing. But what? Everything was ready to go.

“She’s driving me crazy,” Sheila said under her breath.

“She always does,” McKayla responded and shook her head.

Sheila, of course, referred to Leslie, who was now surrounded by three admirers.

“Are we sure she’s even our cousin?” Sheila said, scowling. “She looks nothing like us. And who are those guys anyways?”

“She’s definitely family,” McKayla said. “And not so bad most of the time. As for the guys, I’m not sure. Maybe they’re Seth or Caitlin’s friends. I don’t know who half these people are.”

"Hmph." Sheila frowned. "You're too damn forgiving. She's an arrogant tyrant. Not sure what men see in her."

McKayla did. Leslie was a knock-out. But so was Sheila. Both were constantly dating which made her realize she hadn't gone on a date in far too long. In her defense, it took a lot of focus *and* time to write a book. Still. It would be nice to have a man waiting in the wings. Though that's probably where he'd have to stay while she worked on developing future characters and fleshing out plots.

As if she'd been reading her mind, Sheila said, "It wouldn't hurt you to socialize with a few of the men here tonight. There are a lot of good-looking ones."

"True," McKayla said, eyes narrowed on Seth. "Too many I'd say."

He grinned at her from across the room. These guys were his friends for sure. It seemed he was determined to set her up. Push her into getting out and maybe even to date a little. But as she gazed at all the faces and found a few gazing back, McKayla's stomach grew queasy. The idea of mingling and going through the whole 'get to know you' process suddenly seemed like way too much.

Seth recognized the telltale signs and made his way over. "So you figured me out. I only had the best intentions, sweetie. C'mon, let's go outside and get some fresh air."

She followed him out, and they sat on a bench beneath the old oak tree. A rope swing hung lazily on the opposite branch. The warm summer night felt welcoming. Without a doubt, the old colonial full of life suited her much better from a distance.

"One of these days you're going to have to return to the real world," Seth said.

"I did the real world today. The T's were crossed, the I's dotted."

Seth shook his head. "So you stuck your head out for a sec then retracted." Before she could respond, he cut her off. "Eventually you're going to have to join the rest of us." He nodded at the house. "Outside of here."

Head leaned back, eyes closed, she responded, "It's here that I find them, everyone I need."

When he sighed, she opened her eyes and looked at him. "You know what I mean."

"Real life, McKayla." He glanced around at the yard and once more at the house. "Not just this."

While he was one of her best friends, he was just like the rest, clueless. They lived one life, she another. Why couldn't they understand she was fine living life the way she did. Even if it seemed terribly dull, she was content.

"You say you've read my books, Seth. I'm obviously not bored."

He chuckled. "Matter of opinion."

Yet his eyes swung her way with appreciation. Outside of Trevor, she had no greater fan. Only God knew why because neither man was into reading romance. Still, Seth thought her passion for writing outstanding and Trevor, well, he just loved that she didn't give up on her dream.

"When is Alana due home?" McKayla asked. It was the perfect time to change the subject. She was over talking about her life or lack of one. "You've got to be missing her."

"Like you wouldn't believe." He shook his head. "And she's not coming home soon enough for my taste."

"I still think it's great she's traveled to Europe to scoop up authentic pieces for your house," McKayla said.

"Ah yes, nothing but the best for the Tudor Revival." Though he smiled, she saw the strain around his eyes. He adored his wife. Married only a year, McKayla could truly say she'd never

seen Seth so smitten. Free-spirited and more alive than most, her friend had once prided himself on independence and extreme adventure. Now, when his other half wasn't around things weren't nearly as fun as they used to be. The truth was Alana had not turned Seth into a boring man but into a far more interesting and dynamic one. And perhaps more mature. But she'd never tell *him* that.

"She'll be home soon. Then you'll be back to redecorating." McKayla smirked before issuing a proper pout. "Then you'll be back in Vermont, and I won't see you very much."

"True." He slanted a look at her. "Unless you come up for a few months and work on your next novel at our place."

"Oh, I don't know." The very idea ignited a strange sense of trepidation and her gaze once more settled on the old colonial. This was where she wrote *Plight of the Highlander*. This was the place that marked the beginning of her mental affair with Colin of the MacLeod clan. A man born in the wild, Scottish Highlands when times were perilous and tumultuous. Where men were brave, honorable, loyal and relationships were meaningful. A time before chivalry died. While McKayla always loved elements of medieval history, she still didn't understand why moving into this house had inspired such a sweeping saga.

"I know you're determined to stay here and write," Seth said softly. "I'm sure this house knows as well."

"This house?"

"Yeah, sure. Houses have their own souls. And this one inspires you to write well and often. Why, I've no clue, but it does."

It was hard not to reflect on how mature Seth had become lately. The old Seth would never say anything so profound. At least not on purpose.

"I suppose you're right," she admitted. "The minute I sit down at my computer a whole new world blossoms...one that never existed before. Sort of strange, don't you think?"

A grin split his face. "I don't think anything's strange, love. After all, I hunt ghosts for enjoyment."

"Right." She smiled and nudged his arm lightheartedly. "Weirdo."

He shrugged and threw his arm around her shoulders. "What fun would life be if not for the afterlife, eh?"

"If you say so." She chuckled. "I suppose it can't be much different than being infatuated with a world that only exists in my imagination."

His eyes widened playfully, and he huffed. "Are you saying that ghosts are as made up as the characters in your book?"

"Not to me," she replied, always respectful of his beliefs. "But surely they are to most. Face it; our passions walk a similar but bizarre line."

"Only because you hint at witchcraft in your story," said Caitlin's husband.

McKayla was surprised to find Ferchar sitting on the rope swing. How had she missed him walking out? Never mind sitting so close to them.

"How did you?" she started.

"What?" Ferchar asked.

"I never saw you walk by," she said.

"I did," Seth said. "Maybe you were too engrossed in your thoughts."

McKayla frowned. This sort of thing had been happening a little too regularly. She'd miss small things like people approaching her. While it wasn't overly alarming, she was starting to take note. Granted, she always lost time when she wrote. One reality replaced another. When it

did, time seemed to slip away. But it wasn't normal not to hear someone approach. Was it? Shouldn't she hear something? The sound of a footfall, breathing, anything?

"He's right," Seth said, interrupting her thoughts. "You did add a little witchcraft to your story, right?"

"Yeah, a little. Just enough to flavor the time period."

Ferchar smiled. "I thought it was a nice addition, lass. One that will make a difference."

"A difference?" She cocked her head. "How so?"

"Well, who doesn't like a bit of fantasy in their romance?" Seth offered.

"Most people," she replied. "Straight historical romance usually prevails. I'm still a little surprised I landed a contract on this one."

"Dinnae be," Ferchar said absently. "It will do the world good to ken a wee bit more about what really went on back then."

"What?" she asked, confused. "Of course everything I wrote is purely fictional. Unless..." She eyed him, a little flutter in her stomach. "You know something I don't."

Seth eyed Ferchar as well. McKayla swore she heard a hint of mock amusement when he asked him, "So what *do* you know of a time long gone in your country?"

Ferchar was about to answer when Leslie walked out the front door. She released one last peel of riotous laughter for her admirers before she slammed shut the door, demeanor once more serious. She stopped short in front of them and eyed her notepad. "Okay, so here's what you said this morning."

McKayla frowned. Had it been Sheila who did this she would have rolled her eyes. But it wasn't. It was Leslie. And Leslie was the most level-headed, logical minded person she knew, often to the point of frustration.

She almost said 'huh' but Seth beat her to it. "What do you mean?"

"This morning. On Skype. She was talking to Sheila and me when she started to speak in what turns out to be a very old form of Gaelic."

McKayla's mouth turned dry. "Gaelic?"

"Yes. And a form of Gaelic primarily used in Scotland during the early medieval period." She paused for a moment, her perfectly plucked brows drawing together as her pale green eyes pinned McKayla. "Did you research Gaelic for your book?"

"You know I didn't."

Leslie nodded. "Precisely." Her attention returned to what she'd written. "Though I'm sure the translation isn't exact you said something very close to, 'His is the circle that never connects. A means to let me in. If ever it closes, we are forever lost.'"

A strange chill shot up her spine. What did that mean? "You must've heard me wrong. I don't speak any language but English and a little Spanish."

"May I see it?" Ferchar asked.

When Leslie handed it to him, McKayla got goosebumps. It suddenly felt as though Ferchar and the words written on that paper were interconnected. Why would she think such a thing?

"Do you understand the language?" Leslie asked him.

Ferchar glanced over the words, his expression unchanging when he handed it back to her. "What makes you think I would understand it? They dinnae teach this in Scotland nowadays."

Leslie's shrewd look made it plain she was unconvinced. Strange. Her cousin had a talent for looking straight into a person. When they were kids, Sheila nicknamed her 'soul reader' with good reason. Leslie understood people better than they did themselves. It had always been

uncanny, spooky almost. As an adult, the peculiar gift made her a razor-sharp agent amongst many other things.

Instead of answering Ferchar, Leslie handed the sheet of paper to McKayla. "You should keep it. They're your words."

McKayla stared at the sheet and shook her head. "But they're not. You must've heard garbled words from another Skype channel or something. That happens sometimes."

"Garbled words that sounded so clear and actually translated into something halfway coherent? Not to mention ancient." Leslie shook her head. "Doubt it."

"Definitely crazy," Seth said, peering at the sheet.

The front door opened again, and this time, Caitlin and Sheila stepped out. Laughing about something, they made their way over.

Sheila shook her head at Seth. "How many friends do you have? There have got to be at least twenty single men in the house and, believe me, it isn't big enough for all of them."

Seth shrugged. "I didn't think so many would bite when I put out the Facebook invite."

"Oh shoot, really? A Facebook invite?" McKayla looked skyward. "That meant it hit all your Boston friends. Most from the single scene."

"Uh, *yeah*, kind of the whole point," Seth said.

"Not really," she replied. "The whole point was to celebrate my book contract not invite all of Boston's nightlife to our home."

Sheila snorted and handed her cell phone to McKayla. She'd pulled up the 'event invite' Seth had sent out. There was a picture of her, Sheila and Leslie taken at a party last year. They'd all been feeling pretty good. Their selfie made that apparent. The invite said, "Partying with my girls. Come join the fun!"

"Seth! You made it sound like we're all looking for a good time."

"Well aren't you?" he asked innocently.

Leslie shrugged one shoulder. "I actually *am* having a good time."

"Me too," Sheila said.

McKayla sighed and handed the phone back to her cousin. "You're a sweetie, Seth. Of course, I'm having a good time too."

He was about to respond when headlights appeared down the old dirt road leading to their house. In little time, a silver Land Rover pulled into the driveway.

"Another one of your friends?" Sheila asked.

"No idea," Seth said. "Don't think so."

It took all of two seconds for McKayla to realize who was getting out of the car and only another two for her to run and jump into his waiting arms.

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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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