

Fury of a Viking



The MacLomain Series: Viking Ancestors' Kin

Book 4

By

Sky Purington

Chapter One



Winter Harbor, Maine

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SHE SHOULD LEAVE. Just walk away from all this. Go home. Back to what she knew. What she was good at. The dead. *Not* the living.

Shannon checked her watch and frowned. Cameron should have called or texted by now. He knew she liked to be kept updated. To be assured everything was okay. Especially considering what had been happening lately.

She eyed the picture hanging on her wall as she laced up her boots. Titled, ‘Fury’ it was one of several in her sister, Cybil’s *Dragons of Winter Harbor* collection. An unusual photograph, it captured the full moon shining over the ocean in the wake of a bad storm. Prisms of blue, a dragon appeared to materialize out of nowhere. Anger burned in its eyes, caught by the reflection of lunar light on the water.

“I don’t blame you for being so furious, dragon,” she muttered under her breath as she started on the other lace. Though determined to ignore it, her eyes drifted back to the picture. Better yet, what had appeared in the background.

A small dragon being carried off by a much larger one.

The enemy.

A strong feeling of discontent filled her as she frowned at it and finished lacing up her boot. She couldn’t imagine what it would feel like to see her child taken away like that. To watch her daughter being snatched by a monster. She sighed and shook her head. There was nothing she could do for Matthew. More so, all that haunted him. Or at least she kept telling herself that.

Matthew was the last thing she needed in her life right now. He was the angry dragon Cybil captured in the clouds. And, unfortunately, the little dragon was his son, Håkon.

“You’re thinking about him again, aren’t you, Mama?” Emily said softly from the doorway. As always, she had approached without Shannon hearing. She was good at that. In fact, she was good at far too many things at such a young age.

“I’m not thinking about anyone, baby girl.” She patted the bed beside her. “Come sit. Let’s talk.”

Emily plunked down beside her. Most people thought she looked just like Shannon with her black hair and pale blue eyes. The only marked difference was that Emily had a mop of wild curls where Shannon’s hair was only wavy.

“You’re always thinking about him around this time.” Emily’s eyes went to the clock on the wall before they returned to her. “He hasn’t called yet, has he?”

Shannon pocketed her cell phone. Emily wasn’t talking about Matthew or Håkon but her brother-in-law.

Shannon kept her voice light. “You mean Cameron?”

“Yes,” Emily murmured. “*Uncle* Cameron.”

“Yes, *uncle*,” Shannon confirmed and fingered one of Emily’s curls. She knew very well why her daughter stressed the word uncle. “He’s a good friend to us both. Nothing more.”

“Then why do you talk to him so much?” Emily said. “Why do you set your watch by it?”

Shannon was careful with her words because Emily had lost her father two years ago in a car accident. Though she had been raised differently when it came to the concept of death, that didn't make her loss any easier to cope with. Not really.

"He's helping me run my business while we're here," Shannon reminded. "And we both know he's the only one who can do it as well as mama, right?"

Uncertainty flickered across Emily's face, but she nodded. "I suppose so." Her eyes narrowed. "Do you think he helps the dead people cross over as well as you do, Mama?"

Most might think that was an unusual question for a little girl to ask. But then again, most hadn't been raised by a mother who ran a funeral parlor.

"I think he does," she confirmed then redirected the conversation. "An awful lot has been going on. How are you doing, sweetie? What do you think about all of this?"

"That I wanna be a dragon," Emily announced, a twinkle in her eyes. "And that I'm pretty sure I already am."

Shannon pressed her lips together and shrugged. This wasn't the first time she had brought this up, and it wouldn't be the last. After all, Emily knew Matthew and his family were dragons.

But what she *really* wanted to focus on were the endless comings and goings of Emily's aunts and the Viking warriors between here and tenth-century Scandinavia. A fact her daughter seemed to accept faster than most. But then she did have an overactive imagination. More than that, she was half dragon and pretty much on the verge of figuring it out.

Still, one thing at a time.

"Really, Emily." She tilted her head until their eyes met. "How are you doing? I worry about you."

"I'm okay." Emily's lips tilted down, and she sighed. "But I miss Auntie Cybil, Auntie Samantha, and Auntie Lauren." She shrugged. "Even though I know I'll see them again soon."

She ignored the chill that raced up her spine. Emily was so certain they would be traveling back in time and seeing Cybil, Sam, and Lauren again. If that happened, Shannon knew her fate would be sealed one way or another.

Matthew or Kodran.

Because they were the only Sigdir dragons left and if what her sisters said was true, she was meant for one of them and her fraternal twin, Erica, was destined for the other. And based on what had happened recently, it seemed more likely that Shannon was meant for Matthew and that wasn't good. Sure, he was handsome, and she was drawn to him, but the two of them could never be more than friends. And *friends* was a stretch considering what she knew.

"Of course, we'll see your aunts again soon," Shannon assured. "When they come home."

"No." Emily gave her a come-on-mom look. "We'll see them when we finally get to travel back in time to see Sven."

Shannon kept her expression well-schooled. Emily had taken to the teenage Viking so strongly, it alarmed her. Not because of Sven himself. He seemed kind enough. What worried her was that he seemed just as enamored with Emily. Naturally, it was purely platonic given their ages, but it concerned her. No one had gotten through to Emily since her father died. And no one had put that particular light back in her eyes. Until now. Until Sven.

She started shaking her head to deny they would be traveling back in time, but Emily grasped her hand. "You don't have to deny it anymore, Mama. I know it's going to happen. I've known for a while now."

Shannon inhaled deeply. For months she'd tried to put this off. Emily might be young, but she was intelligent, perceptive and half dragon. She had already seen people materialize beneath

the ash tree then vanish just as readily. She'd watched Samantha come and go. Watched as a hex had kept Lauren trapped in the house for three months. And, she had spent countless hours with Megan and Svala.

Megan originally traveled back in time a few years ago but had returned last summer. Because of the way time passed differently between the past and present, she was twenty-five years older. She never intended to come back, but as it turned out, her husband lay on his deathbed in Scandinavia, and she needed to seek treatment for cancer. Svala was her daughter, a spirited Viking dragon shifter who didn't hold back when it came to the truth.

So Emily knew all of this wasn't her imagination.

She understood exactly what was going on, and it was past time Shannon acknowledged that.

"All right." Shannon squeezed her hand and brushed Emily's hair back from her forehead. "Let's talk about what you think about traveling back in time." She cupped her daughter's cheek and held her eyes. "What's going through your mind? Are you frightened?"

"Not at all," Emily said. "But you are."

"No," Shannon said a little too quickly. "Why would you say that?"

"Because it's true." Emily's eyes drifted to the picture. "Because you were frightened when he was here."

"I was not," Shannon almost said but bit her tongue.

"I know you were, Mama." Emily rested her head against Shannon's shoulder, her eyes still on the picture. "And I don't blame you. Viking Matthew's a *bad* man."

"No he's not," she said before she could stop herself. "He's just misunderstood."

Where Emily had taken to Sven, she'd done the opposite with Matthew. It made no sense. Yes, Matthew came across a bit sterner than most, but something like that wouldn't sway Emily. If anything, her daughter would make it her mission to draw him out. But not this time. She was convinced he had abandoned his son and that was why the enemy had Håkon. Because Matthew wasn't looking after him.

How Emily sensed any of it to begin with was a mystery. Maybe she knew more because her dragon was awakening while she was still so young.

"But look what happened to Matthew's son," Emily said. "The bad guy got him, right?"

Shannon was still caught off guard that Emily was so comfortable with the idea of dragons existing. More so, that all these Vikings *were* half dragon and that she wanted to be one too.

"We don't know for sure if the bad guy has Håkon." Shannon decided to be completely honest, though it wasn't easy. "The enemy likes to play tricks."

"I know," Emily said, completely at ease with the conversation. "But I don't think the enemy had anything to do with Matthew ignoring his son."

Shannon agreed to an extent but kept it to herself. Mainly because she knew things about Matthew that no one else did. Things that could very well have to do with an outside influence of evil.

"Ah, there you two are," Mema Angie said, arriving at the door with a wide smile.

A family friend with secrets of her own, Mema Angie had been a Godsend since this all began. Shannon often wondered what her real story was because it was clear that she wasn't just a peppy seventy year old with the face and energy of a fifty-something woman. Unlike most, nothing otherworldly followed her. No spirits came or went. Nothing visited her.

She was a rarity. Someone separated from what lay beyond this life.

“Is it almost time then?” Emily jumped to her feet, all distress over Cameron, Matthew and Håkon gone. “Are they almost here?”

“They are,” Angie confirmed with a smile. “Why don’t you come downstairs and help me and Aunt Megan get the cookies out of the oven before they arrive.”

“Good idea,” Emily agreed and headed after her. “Uncle Sean always has a sweet tooth after being out at sea. And so does Auntie Warriress Svala.” She glanced back at Shannon. “Are you coming to help, Mama?”

“Yes.” She nodded and smiled. “I’ll be there in a few minutes, okay?”

Emily’s smile faltered but not for long as Mema Angie ushered her along and her attention refocused on baking. Better yet, all the chocolaty goodness she’d soon lick off the spoon.

Shannon eyed her phone one more time and shook her head. Cameron should have checked in by now. Something was off. She sighed, tucked it back in her pocket and headed downstairs. As planned, Mema Angie kept Emily distracted in the kitchen so Shannon could sneak into the garage and make sure everything was ready to go.

Instead of being out to sea like Emily believed, Sean and Svala had been busy at Sean’s cabin working on something special. While Shannon found it strange that they had built a small boat for Emily, she figured it would, much like the boat already here, likely play a part in all of this.

She ran her hand along the Viking boat already sitting in one of the garage stalls. This vessel had quite the history. Built by Sean and Megan, it propelled Megan back in time to her Viking king. Then it became a big part of Svala’s life. A means to finally bring her together with Sean. Now here it sat with its Runic symbols and carved pictures waiting patiently for what Shannon suspected would be a boat fairly similar to it. How could it not be considering Emily’s boat had the mast and sail that used to be on this one.

She cleared everything out of the way and again wondered what Emily would think. Yes, she had developed a love for the sea and Vikings, but she knew nothing about sailing. Svala and Sean assured Shannon they would teach her all she needed to know but still. It worried her. All of this did. Yet no one would know by looking at her. She made a point of always remaining calm.

It was the only way to handle two worlds at once.

It was the only way to maintain her sanity.

She smiled as the garage door opened and Sean backed the boat into the stall. As far as she could tell, it was the same size as the other one. Within minutes, Sean had it detached, and the door closed.

“Thanks again for doing this.” Shannon looked at Sean in question as he headed for the door to the house. “Aren’t you going to uncover it first?”

“No.” Svala shook her head, excitement in her eyes. “You and Emily should uncover it.”

“Me?” Shannon eyed them with curiosity. “But you two made it. Don’t you think you should unveil it with her?”

Neither answered as Sean opened the door. Naturally, Emily was already standing there. By the look on Mema Angie’s face, it must have been difficult keeping her away for the past few minutes. As soon as the garage opened, Emily would have known they were there. Scratch that. The second they pulled into the driveway.

“Welcome back!” Emily threw her arms around Sean before she headed for Svala and did the same, her eyes wide on the covered boat. “What’s that?”

“Something special Uncle Sean and I made for you,” Svala said, pride in her voice. “Why don’t you and your mother uncover it?”

Megan appeared at the door beside Mema Angie, a knowing smile on her face.

Emily’s eyes were wide. “Really?”

Shannon smiled and nodded. “Sure, why not?”

Thankfully, the cover was lightweight and easy to remove. The boat was beautiful. An absolute masterpiece. Like the other one, it was lovingly constructed with Runic symbols carved here and there.

“Oh, wow, look at this!” Emily bubbled with excitement as she ran around it. “It’s amazing!”

It really was. Sean and Svala had done an outstanding job.

Shannon only had a moment to enjoy her daughter’s pleasure before her attention was snagged by the other vessel. A transparent little boy had drifted down and stood on its stern looking at Emily’s boat. At first, he seemed happy, then confused.

Shannon knew nobody else saw him.

Nobody ever did.

Not for the most part.

“Who are you?” she whispered.

When his surprised eyes met hers, Shannon focused on remaining as calm as possible. It was the best way to deal with those from the other side. If one thing had been proven again and again, if she got tense, so did they.

“Am I in the right boat?” he whispered back, his green eyes more and more confused. “Is mother still here?”

Her heart hammered into her throat. She wasn’t seeing a ghost but something she had only witnessed a few times before. An echo of the past merging with the present. A spectral image caught between two worlds. Both dead and reborn at the same time.

Matthew.

As a child.

She was viewing him before he made his way back into life with the memories of a child who had already lived it. The man he was today had nothing to do with it, but this explained a lot. It helped fill in some pieces.

This was why Matthew was so intricately wound with the beyond. Why he was haunted far more than most. He was a reincarnate still bound by the land of the dead. Not only that, he was recently pulled back there. Maybe when he had been hit by the enemy’s dart?

One way or another, he was heavily influenced by another reality entirely.

Shannon knew his story. He was conceived in Svala and Sean’s boat. Before that, he had been the spirit of his mother’s deceased child. He’d died in a car accident in the twenty-first century when very young then was reborn in ninth-century Scandinavia. Oh yes, reincarnation worked in all directions and followed no particular timeline. Not when it came to dragons.

Not when it came to him.

Now here he was as a child, more confused than ever. Her eyes went to the mast and sail on Emily’s new boat. Perhaps he was tied to them somehow? It was the only thing that made sense given she knew they had been on his boat before.

She had little practice in this sort of thing. Typically she helped spirits move on, not realign. And she wasn’t so sure she wanted to help this one reattach itself to her daughter’s new boat.

Sean lifted Emily into her boat, and she seemed mesmerized before her eyes turned to Shannon. "You should help him, Mama. He doesn't deserve to be alone. Not when he's so little."

Everyone looked at Emily with confusion except Shannon. This wasn't the first time her daughter had sensed a spirit. And now that her dragon blood was awakening, she imagined it might start happening more often.

"I think you belong here now," Emily said softly, her eyes on the little boy. "I don't mind sharing my boat with you."

The boy didn't respond only nodded, leapt in the direction of Emily's boat then vanished in mid-air. But Shannon heard the small thump as he landed, and so did her daughter. Emily smiled, nodded then resumed admiring the boat as though nothing unusual had happened.

Nobody said a word, but Shannon felt their eyes on her and Emily. They all knew Matthew had seen his deceased wife and sister around Sean and Svala's boat the last time he was here. They knew something wasn't quite right. But then nothing had been since all this started.

"You made this for me?" Emily beamed as she continued to admire her boat. "*Really?*"

"Really," Svala confirmed, just as excited as she got in and started explaining different carvings.

Sean chuckled, clearly pleased as he cracked a beer and watched them. Shannon joined him and thanked him yet again. "It's a work of art, Sean. You and Svala outdid yourselves."

"Thanks." He took a swig and shrugged, a smile still in place. "We had fun doing it."

She bet they did. Nothing seemed to make them happier than spending time around boats. She could only imagine how happy they'd be building one.

"Let me pay you for—"

"No way," Sean said before she could finish. He shook his head. "You don't owe us a thing, Shannon. We enjoyed doing this for you and Emily."

"You mean Emily." She thanked Mema Angie when she handed her a glass of red wine. "It's all hers."

"No," Megan murmured. "That boat belongs to both of you."

Shannon glanced from Megan to the boat as she sipped. Though tempted to question why she had said that, she decided it could wait. Right now she wanted to watch her daughter be happy. Too much sadness had filled Emily's life, and this was a much needed reprieve.

Later that night, sitting in the garage alone, she continued to mull over not only her own role in all of this but also her daughter's. When would she be pulled back in time? Would Emily be with her when it happened? How did she ensure that she was or wasn't? Where was her daughter safest? Here or in the past? She just didn't know anymore. Shannon tended to think she was always safest with her mother but how would she ever protect Emily from the kind of darkness coming their way?

It wasn't easy being a single parent. Now more than ever, she had a better appreciation for what her father must have gone through. Then again, she only dealt with facing ghosts daily and raising one child. He had to deal with *five* daughters who weren't just going through puberty but coping with their repressed inner dragons.

She pulled a small picture out of her back pocket and stared at it. Creased and in rough shape, it was a picture of her and her sisters with their parents. The only one she had left. It had been taken when they were still happy. Before her mom was diagnosed with terminal cancer and she and dad started bickering so much. Then it all became very stressful. Her illness. What it would be like without her. Dad didn't handle it well, and she couldn't really blame him. They had been so in love.

After her mom passed away, Shannon connected more and more with her father. That's when she first learned to be calm so she could help others after they suffered the loss of a loved one. She wanted to help her father cope. Be there for him. And she had been. Or at least she liked to think so. He might be gone now, but to this day she still spoke to him, and though she couldn't see him, she liked to think he listened.

"Pull yourself together my little light," Dad would have said if he were here. "It's time to be stronger than ever. You can do it."

He had started calling Shannon his little light after her mom died because he said she felt like a light at the end of a dark tunnel. That she shined brighter than most. That she was stronger. She just wished she felt that way now.

Bright and shiny and strong.

"I don't feel nearly equipped for anything that's happening right now, Dad," she whispered as she leaned her head back against the door.

"Well you better and soon," came a firm voice.

Shannon sighed, eying the woman who partially materialized beside Sean and Svala's boat.

"I know, Freydis," she murmured.

Seeing her was just another thing that pretty much ensured she would be traveling back in time. It seemed Matthew had left his deceased family members behind. Family who had been bound to him since they passed away but for some reason seemed stuck here with her now. Both had died in battle but seemed unwilling or unable to pass on. To join their great Odin in Valhalla.

Freydis was Matthew's sister.

"I grow tired of this," Sigrunn said, materializing nearby. "I should be with my son and husband."

Sigrunn was Matthew's wife.

Some might say that only made this more awkward but then most women weren't still in touch with their own deceased husband's spirit. Fortunately, Anthony hadn't followed her to Maine but continued to hover around Cameron. Thank God for small favors. Dealing with Freydis and Sigrunn on a constant basis was more than enough.

"The next place you will go is straight on to Valhalla, Sigrunn," Freydis reminded. "And there you will drink with Odin and wait for Matthew and Håkon as will I."

"Of course you are right." Sadness darkened Sigrunn's eyes as she looked out the window toward the ocean. As she seemed to seek out her long lost family. "Yet I do not have any desire to join my All-Father." She frowned at Shannon as she always did. "I cannot seem to leave my kin behind. I should..." She shook her head. "But I cannot."

Shannon understood all too well because Anthony felt the same way. Caught in tragedy. Caught in limbo. Needing to go but still so attached to what he was leaving behind.

As always, she nodded and said, "I understand."

That seemed to appease them. Why, she couldn't be sure. She hadn't died, so she had not experienced it from their viewpoint. Nonetheless, she said it, and it calmed both Anthony and Sigrunn.

Freydis, however, was a different matter altogether.

Out of all the dead she'd met, and there had been a lifetime full, Matthew's sister seemed entirely too self-aware. Almost as if she intended to be exactly where she was. Caught between here and there. Caught between a vicious death in battle and glory in Valhalla. The only difference between her and everyone else was that she was the first spirit of a dragon-shifter Shannon had come across. Perhaps that was it.

Or perhaps not.

If Shannon could sense nothing else about Freydis, it was that she made a point of being discreet. She shared very little with Shannon and kept Sigrunn under her ethereal thumb at all times. It was the damndest thing and on occasion, downright annoying. Why not just communicate more freely with the living? With Shannon? So that she could help them move on. So that the two of them no longer haunted Matthew?

Endless questions and no answers.

That was the story of her life lately.

“Where is my husband?” Sigrunn shook her head. “My son?”

“Just over the water,” Freydis said as she had again and again since Matthew vanished back in time. “Soon enough, you will see them again.”

As always, Freydis’ eyes met Shannon’s. And like every other time, a chill shot up her spine. Not a ghost-just-eyed-me-chill but something else entirely. More like Matthew’s sister was waiting for Shannon to get moving. To get them out of here and back to her brother. Then maybe somewhere else altogether. It was unsettling, and she didn’t like it in the least. She usually moved spirits along not the other way around.

“He tried to come,” Sigrunn said vehemently as her eyes went between Shannon and Freydis. “Matthew wanted to fight alongside me.”

Once again, Sigrunn focused on the day she died. That awful raid.

Shannon did what she always did and nodded, then Freydis said what she *always* said. “He did. He fought alongside you. He was there.”

Shannon got the feeling that wasn’t entirely true. There was far more to what happened that day. And while it was none of her business, it still saddened her. All of this did. Sigrunn was a lost soul. Stuck reliving the last moments of her life, her thoughts were consumed by her husband and son. She had come across plenty of spirits like her, and it never got any easier. The inherent sadness surrounding them. The non-stop confusion. They, more than any, deserved freedom. Peace. They deserved to move on.

“He *did* want to fight,” Sigrunn murmured, oblivious of Freydis’ words. The blue of her eyes started to fade as her body became more transparent. She puffed up with pride. “So did Håkon, my little warrior. My beautiful son.”

Shannon bit back emotion as Sigrunn began to fade as she always did when she started to focus on Håkon. For some reason, talking about him, the heartache it invoked, drained the last of her energy, and she vanished.

Freydis paced between the boats, her eyes finally landing on Emily’s. “It has the mast and sail that was on the other boat.” Her eyes swept to Shannon. “You do realize that, yes?”

“Yes.” Shannon said nothing more. She certainly didn’t share anything about Matthew’s young residual energy jumping aboard earlier. “I think it looks good, don’t you?”

“I think it confuses an already confusing situation,” Freydis said bluntly, her sharp eyes narrowed on Shannon. “What was Svala’s reason for building this?”

Shannon merely shrugged and sipped her wine. “I never asked her.”

But she had. Several times. Svala only said that it offered strength and guidance. That when Emily’s boat embarked on a new journey, it would follow a path determined by its sail. By the direction of her life.

“Call Svala out here then,” Freydis ordered, clearly not believing Shannon’s answer. “This is important.”

“It always is,” Shannon muttered.

As she did time and time again, Freydis grew more determined to find answers. Where was she? Where was her brother? What was happening to her dragon brethren? Did they know she still walked Midgard in this ethereal, unfortunate form? When she got the same old answers, she grew angrier. That, as it turned out, was always her weakness and she started to fade then vanish.

Shannon rolled her shoulders, sighed, bent over and rested her head in her lap. This was starting to wear thin, and she had no one to talk to about it. Not if she couldn't get in touch with Cameron. He was the only one who knew everything she was going through. Even her personal struggles when it came to her own inner dragon. While he could not relate to the dragon end of things, he knew what it felt like to communicate with the dead. The toll it took. Right now, she imagined he must be dealing with his brother.

She closed her eyes and tried not to see Anthony. His smile. His handsome looks. Curiosity. Intensity. All those parts of him that made up who he had been when he was alive. More than that, she tried not to see how he appeared now. Just as sad as Sigrunn. She squeezed her eyes shut tighter and quelled heartache. A heartache that didn't entirely have to do with a wife missing her husband. Even so, he had been her sounding board in many aspects. A man she would always care about. The father of her child.

"I'll fix this, Anthony," she whispered and clenched her fists in her lap. "I'll find a way to help you move on."

And she would.

She *had* to.

If she didn't, things would only get worse for Emily. Her life would start to get bogged down by something she didn't understand. Just like Matthew's son, Håkon's world was very likely suffering the same effects because his mother was still here.

Spirits were nothing to mess around with. Even the most innocent ones could deplete and make those they haunted ill. They could affect their mood, their energy, everything. They could literally and unknowingly change a person's life without them ever being the wiser.

Shannon inhaled deeply and sat back. If one thing was for certain, the clock was ticking. Time was running out. And she wasn't referring to the concept of traveling through time. She had no control over that. But she *could* control something else. She *could* seek help elsewhere. Instead of helping spirits pass on, she could perhaps find a way to invite them from the other side. Work it from the other angle.

She didn't mull it over for long. If she did, she might change her mind, and that just wasn't an option. Not if she was going to make a difference. To her mind, that meant dealing with Håkon, Emily, and Matthew. And ultimately what haunted them.

It was time to make a move, and she was the only one who could do it. Control it. She wasn't cocky. Just practical. When others were foolish enough to try this, they always ended up being controlled. But not her. She would succeed where most had failed.

Even if it meant breaking a promise she had made to her mother.

She called on the land of the dead.

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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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