

*Not beginning to look a lot like Christmas.*

Scotland

Skye Weathers Scrapper was in Scotland working her dream job as Project Manager on Ronald Rump's new comedy club, The Rumpus Room, at The Rump Roost Tower and Golf Course. Thanksgiving had come and gone, and Christmas was fast approaching. She was still a bride and missed her new husband, Luke, her sisters, and the hills of the Great Smoky Mountains. *Funny how the holidays never bothered me the past ten years. I was fine being away from the drama, but with Gram's death...it matters now. What's happening to me?*

Although she felt at home in Scotland, the Scottish mountains seemed more jagged, saw-toothed, and separate than the rolling green more rounded mountains of home. She was irritated with herself. After all, mountains are mountains. It must be missing Luke that was at the root of her discontent. And it was Christmas, after all. Her heart would have to be the white quartzite of these hills for her not to feel out of touch and lonely, even though there were green mountains here too. She even missed the twang of Tennessee—so different from the Scottish brogue. Oh, sure the languages were related but still.

Hating to admit it, she wanted to be home for Christmas. *Lord have mercy, I sound pathetic. No, I sound homesick. Oh, to feel Luke in my arms right now, to kiss him, to be naked with his tight, hard butt and that...better not go there.* Her girlie parts were moist just thinking of him. If she kept this up, she'd be dripping wet. That memory led to their steamy encounters in Cove Lake and how he delighted her with one explosive climax after another. Skye longed for the soapy shower that...