

Tonya Coffey ∞ A New World Bk 2 Snow Moon



Snow Moon

This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places, or events are entirely coincidental.

SNOW MOON

First edition. November 24, 2015.

Copyright © 2015 Tonya Coffey.

ISBN: 978-1519161888

Written by Tonya Coffey.

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright Page](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Snow Moon \(A New World Series, #2\)](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

[Chapter 31](#)

[Chapter 32](#)

[Chapter 33](#)

[Chapter 34](#)

[Chapter 35](#)

[Chapter 36](#)

[Chapter 37](#)

[Chapter 38](#)

[Chapter 39](#)

[Chapter 40](#)

[Chapter 41](#)

[Chapter 42](#)

[Chapter 43](#)

[Chapter 44](#)

[Chapter 45](#)

[Chapter 46](#)

[Chapter 47](#)

[Chapter 48](#)

[Sign up for Tonya Coffey's Mailing List](#)

[About the Author](#)

Chapter 1

Jessa



Three months and eight days had passed since I watched Micha walk away from me. It didn't matter, I'd fallen into the role of the queen. I still counted each sunset, from that time to this day; we were apart. Hoping I would see him walk back through the gate, to me and to the life we were meant to have.

When I sat at my desk and jotted down a vision, in my book, the stars called to me. I stared up at the twinkling lights and remembered the night I spent with him.

Sitting next to the fire, my back pressed against Micha's chest and his hands gently sliding up and down my arms, chasing the cold away, I stared up at the star-filled sky.

"In the human world, I'd fall asleep every night, looking up at the stars." I pointed to them, outlining the constellations, "I always imagined a different world." Laughing, I added, "I never believed it'd be in my own backyard."

"The sky is the same, my lady. These are the identical stars you fell asleep under each night."

I wondered if he remembered that night. If he thought of me the same way as I did him.

They were a constant reminder of the man I wanted and the man I waited for. It didn't matter to me how long it took him to return. I would be waiting.

Even as I sat on my throne, listening to the chatter of Faeries business and of Trolls asking for immunity, I still thought of him. My mother's picture hung to my right. I felt as if her eyes judged me for my actions, disapproving of the job I'd done since we fought the Ancients and for sending Micha away. Was it my fault? Am I to blame for his being gone so long?

Letting out a breath, I focused on the conversation growing louder before me.

"Please, Elders," a tall man dressed in soft brown slacks and a white shirt said, "my sister would not leave on her own. She has a child."

John stood. His belly pooched to meet his authority. "We know of no child."

"He is two." The man's hazel eyes widened. "She told me you knew."

John turned to his right, looking for information from an Elder who sat at the table. He began flipping through papers in front of him, constantly pushing his round silver glasses up the bridge of his nose. "Sky Smalls is a single woman with no children," The tiny man read from the stack.

"But, she was married," he thought, "To a Liam Shank."

John shook his head. “There is no one living in this village by that name.” His eyes narrowed at the man, as if he dared him to question his authority.

I frowned, as I watched the Elders. Their glares and fidgeting told me something else was wrong. They were lying to the man. They knew who and where the woman was and they refused to tell the brother, because either I was there or they were just...evil. I huffed.

“Excuse me,” I interrupted the talk, causing the room to become quiet, all eyes turned toward me.

“My queen.” He bowed.

“Tell me what’s wrong? Why do you think something has happened to your sister?”

John huffed and began to speak but I raised my hand to him, warning him not to voice his opinion. With little resistance, he sat down.

“I have not heard from her in days and when I went to her home, everything was gone.”

“You said she was married, maybe she moved.” I tried to get him to think of positive things and not the worst.

He shook his head. “Liam doesn’t live or work in this realm.” His eyes shifted from the Elders to me.

I was confused. “What does that have to do with her moving?”

John spoke, “A Faerie cannot move to another realm unless they ask permission from the queen or king.”

“And I haven’t given anyone permission,” I stated.

Standing, I went to the man. “Mr. Smalls, I will do what I can to find your sister and your nephew.” I reassured him. “You go home now and let me and the Elders talk, so we can figure out where she might be.”

He nodded and bowed once more before he walked out the door.

I faced the Elders. “Do you have any ideas?”

They shook their heads.

Sighing, I walked to the end of the table to where John stood. “Have there been other cases like this?” He seemed to have forgotten how to speak.

“Yes, ma’am,” Sam replied, “The homes in the outer realm are being abandoned but we don’t know why.”

I was glad to have Sam on my side yet why was I just now hearing about it. “How long has this been happening?” I tried not to let the shock I felt show on my face.

“A little more than a month,” John said.

“And you felt it wasn’t important for me to know that?” I stared at John. “If my people are disappearing then I should know, so that I can fix it.” My shock grew quickly to anger.

“My apologies, ma’am.”

I stood flabbergasted. He was calm without a hint of worry. It puzzled me. Why didn't he care about the others? Were they so beneath him, he didn't care about what happened to them?

"Get out," I told him then I looked down the table at the others. "This meeting is adjourned." They all hurried out the door without a single objection.

Groaning, I sat on the throne, leaning against the backrest. *Can things get any worse?* My eyes closed then my body began to float and I crossed the realm and entered a vision.

Chapter 2



Dark clouds encircled me, as I hovered over the ruins of an unfamiliar place—a realm of a different era in a different world from where I’d been. Dust particles began to twirl along the dirt, rising into the air, revealing a dark cloak covering an Ancient. Eyes black as chunks of coal stared rigid under his thick brows. Stepping up to a large door with carvings of ferocious animals covering every inch, he shoved the massive wooden door inward.

A growl escaped his lips, as he walked across the stone. His boots sounded as if thunder drifted over the rock with each step. Coming to a stop in the center of the room, he raised one hand. With a wave of his arm, shadows boiled from the darkest corners of the room, circling him.

“She has found the true power,” he announced.

“Then you have failed,” the Shadows spoke at once.

“No,” he groaned, “They are not joined. I can persuade him to come to our side and join us in our fight against the Sylphs. He can stop them once and for all.”

An uncomfortable silence fell over the room, creating an eeriness, which made me shiver. “This is your last chance or we will solve the problem in our own way.”

With a bow, the Ancient along with the Shadows disappeared into darkness.

My body felt weak as my spirit came back with a bound. I took a breath and wiped my dry eyes. All this time, I thought the Ancients were gone. I couldn’t believe there were more of them and they wanted to destroy the Sylphs. But why? Was it always about the Sylphs and never the Faeries?

I wanted to talk to someone about the vision and the only person I trusted with the information was Romulus. I hurried to his house, hoping he could help me figure out why the Ancients hated the Sylphs and why they thought they could turn Micha against us.

Romulus’ door was ajar when I walked up to the small cottage. Even though it was winter, dark green vines still hugged the dwelling, making it look as if spring was here.

I made my way to the entry and lightly tapped on the wood. As I stuck my head through the opening, my eyes swept over the stacks of books, searching the small figure of a man among them.

I stepped through the door into the aroma of freshly brewed coffee. The two chairs that we spent many days talking in were empty. Pausing for a moment, remembering the days I spent learning about my mother, I continued on to the back of the room.

“Romulus?” I called.

A door at the end of a short hallway opened and Romulus poked his head out. I smiled as he stepped from the room. His red robe swept the ground behind him, as he wobbled toward me with a smile on his face.

“Hello, dear,” he said, as he pulled me into a hug.

“How have you been?” It felt like weeks since I’d last talked to him. I’d been staring at my castle walls for days, in self-pity.

He settled into his oversized chair and I sat beside him. “I cannot complain.”

I smiled, as I looked over his home, not sure how to start our conversation. This was strange, because we didn’t have trouble talking to one another any other time.

“I had a vision today.” I looked at him. “It was of an Ancient, talking with a bunch of Shadows about Micha and the Sylphs.”

Romulus’s brow furrowed and he grabbed my arm, dragging me from my seat, down the hall and into the room from which he’d come when I called for him.

His reaction surprised me, but his speed did more. *He is fast.* Turning to face him, I noticed the symbols decorating the room. They covered every inch of the area . ceiling, walls and floor.

“What is this?” It looked like a form of hieroglyphics.

“This is my safe room.” He emptied a chair stacked with scrolls so I could sit.

I frowned at him. “I’m confused. Why would you need a safe room and from whom?”

He let out a breath and sat on a stool next to the lone table. “When I am in here, the Sylphs cannot hear my thoughts or see my actions.” He pointed around the room at the signs. “These symbols keep them out.”

Why would he do that? I thought about Mom’s diary and all the things of which she warned me. “Are you telling me you don’t trust the Sylphs?” I asked him, calmly.

His brow furrowed. “I do not like them knowing what I know.”

Beating around the bush again. “So you don’t?”

“To a certain extent,” he sighed, “no, I guess I do not.”

I wondered if he and my mother were on the same page, if that was why he agreed to hide her book from the Sylphs for me. Ever since I read the parts that Mom wrote about them, the mistrust and the secrets they kept, I watched them more carefully and I was beginning to understand what worried her. Nevertheless, I wanted to know what Romulus thought. “Do you have any reasons why?”

He turned to face the table and riffled through the scrolls. Holding one in his hand, he said, “The Faeries never knew where we originated or how the war began, which supposedly destroyed the others.” He took a breath. “The Sylphs told us what they wanted us to know and when I realized what had happened between you and Roderick, I began to investigate the matter further.”

I took the scroll and looked over it as he continued, “This scroll is the oldest. It tells of one power consisting of the Sylphs and the Ancients. The Sylphs did not want to share the power they all possessed, so they split the colonies and the powers.”

“I don’t get it. Why are the Sylphs afraid of the Ancients? Are they not equal in magickal abilities?”

“It is the great power.” He inhaled then exhaled slowly. “The baby the Sylphs spoke of would be their weapon against the Ancients. Their tool to rid the world of whom they believe is of lesser beings.”

I shook my head. “They can’t do that.” I wouldn’t let them.

He sighed and changed the subject. “Tell me of your vision. Why were they speaking of Micha?”

“The Ancient was in an old place talking to Shadows. They wanted him to pull Micha to their side or they would end the war their own way.”

“They know he is the true power.”

I shook my head. “How do you think they figured it out?”

Romulus sighed. “They must have the same scrolls we do. They figured out the truth when Roderick died as well.”

Taking a breath, I asked, “Can they stop the war themselves? Do they have enough power to destroy our world?”

He shook his head. “I do not know.”

“What do I do?”

He took the scroll. “Do not speak of this outside this room. You need to inform Micha of your vision.” He thought. “Do you know a place you can tell him where the Sylphs would not intrude?”

I relaxed in the chair, as I thought. Then it hit me. “The field, Romulus. It was different. It had special powers of its own.”

He smiled. “Yes, it is protected. They will not see you there.”

I hugged him. “Where do you think Micha is?” I looked to the floor. “Do you think he even wants to see me?”

He patted my shoulder. “Of course.” He smiled. “I think he just needed more time to sort out his own feelings.”

I smiled because I knew where I’d go if I needed to figure out mine. “He needed to heal?” There was only one place he could do that.

“Yes, dear.”

Smiling, I waved to Romulus and headed to the one place I’d find peace and I hoped it was where he found it, as well.

Chapter 3



I made my way through the village as if nothing was on my mind. A soft breeze filtered through the bare tree limbs, causing them to rattle. I glanced up at the branches, expecting to see birds or other animals enjoying the warm sun but I could see none. I paused for a moment, thinking something was wrong. *Don't worry about it. It's nothing.*

As I walked passed the huts scattered along the path, warm smiles greeted me. Faeries outside their homes spoke and waved. They showed no concern of the Ancient I knew existed or of the Faeries disappearing in the outer realm. It was funny how much I cared for these people. I'd lay down my life for them, if it were necessary.

When I walked along the creek, I noticed a shadow following me in the water. Every now and then, it would come up closer to me then fall back. I slowed my pace to see if it continued or stopped. Turning quickly, I saw a boy duck behind a tree. I frowned at his action and, as I stood there, he peeked around the tree at me.

I stooped down. "Come here," I called, "Don't be afraid."

He watched me for a moment then he slowly came out of hiding. His large, auburn eyes, roamed the forest around us, afraid of what hid in it. I glanced around, as well, trying to see why he was worried. When nothing caught my eye, I focused on him.

The boy's little, dirty feet tipped-toed over the cobblestone path closer to me. As I took in his appearance, worn and dirty . . . my heart ached for him. *Where's your mom?*

"It's OK, sweetie. I won't hurt you."

I extended my opened hand to him, wanting him to feel comfortable and take it. As I waited, I wondered where his parents were and why he was alone. He was too young to be out by himself.

He lifted his hand, hesitantly, and laid it in my own. I smiled at him then the world around us fell still and my body entered into a memory of his. All I could feel was fear. His heart raced, thumping faster and louder than hooves against frozen ground. His breath came quicker and I molded into him, experiencing his emotions as if it were the first time he'd felt them.

The boy was standing in the shadows of a tall bush, next to a hut made of branches and leaves from the forest as people around him argued. He was frozen in place. The loud voices and screams echoed into the trees from the cottage, causing him to shake with each high-pitch cry.

A woman ran from the hut. Her eyes were still wet from tears. Her hair was the same color as the boy's hair. It was dark with strands of blonde highlighting the ends. You could tell he was his mother's son.

"Where is the boy?" A male voice drifted from inside the cottage, out into the woods.

She shook her head with pride. "You will never find him."

“I will and, in the process, I will rid this realm of the diseases infecting it.”

The woman stepped back, as she shook her head. “I will tell the queen what you are doing.”

A shadow eased from the doorway and a white robe came into view. “You will not tell her.”

“You cannot stop me.” The woman stood her ground.

The Sylph laughed and said, “No, but he will.”

A Tree standing behind the woman picked her up by her head, causing me, and the boy, to suck in a breath. I squeezed my eyes shut as the sounds of struggling filled my ears. Then, as fast as it began, silence overtook us.

When I opened my eyes, I was back where I started. The boy’s hand shook in mine and I knew he witnessed the horror all over again, as I saw it through his eyes. New tears streaked his face, leaving clean wiggles through the dirt covering his skin. I pulled him into a hug, holding him against me. *You poor little thing.* What was I going to do? How could I stop a Sylph from going rogue?

“You are safe with me,” I told him, “I promise.”

As I held him, I glanced around the woods and I understood why he didn’t trust his surroundings. A Troll was in our realm—the worst part, he was working with a Sylph.

Chapter 4



Picking up the boy, I carried him to the castle. His tiny body fit perfectly in my arms and I was surprised at how fast he fell asleep. We had only walked a few feet over the bridge when his body went slack in my arms. I supposed it was the first time in days he'd felt safe.

I tried not to let the vision seep too far into my mind. I didn't want the Sylphs to know I was onto them for what they had done to the boy's mother. Thinking about the horror, I shivered. Glancing at him, I was sure he was terrified. No child should have to witness the death of a parent, it was wrong, especially at such a young age.

As I stepped through the castle door, Ivy was coming down the stairs. She had a smile on her face when she saw me but when her eyes fell on the boy, they widened with surprise or was it fear?

I was glad to see her. I didn't know how to take care of him or where his father was. I had to find him because he was sure to be worried about his son. What was worse, I didn't know where to start looking for him.

Ivy ran to me, her eyes wide as coins. Her lips moved rapidly, leaving me standing with my mouth open, in awe at how fast she was speaking.

"Slow down," I mumbled, "I can't understand what you're saying."

She took a breath and started again.

She asked where I'd found him. I shook my head. "I didn't. He found me."

"He should not be here," she mouthed.

I frowned. "Why not?"

They are searching for him, Ivy thought.

I stared at Ivy as if I'd never known her. She knew what was happening to the people in the forest and she'd never told me. "You knew what they were doing to the Faeries in the forest?"

She took a breath and nodded.

I was shocked. How could she stand by and do nothing? "Why didn't you tell me or... or...do something?" *Are you that afraid of the Sylphs?*

Tears filled her eyes and then it hit me. She was a victim of the Sylphs, as well. They sent the Trolls after her family. The people she served and lived with killed her son and her husband. My heart felt as if it was in my throat. I couldn't breathe. I began to see this world in a completely different light. How could they hide all of this from me? Was I that blind or naive?

Ivy stared at the sleeping boy. She gently pushed his long bangs away from his face. I saw the longing she felt for him in her eyes. It was for a brief moment but it was there.

Taking a breath, I asked, “Was your husband an Ancient?” I was stretching but it was a gut feeling.

Ivy’s green eyes looked up at me then she nodded.

It made sense. Looking at Ivy’s face, I asked, “Why didn’t you tell me? It wouldn’t have mattered to me.”

She shrugged, staring at the boy. *It was a long time ago.*

“Ivy?” She looked up at me. “You are my best friend. You don’t have to hide anything from me. I love you.”

Ivy smiled, lightly and gave me a half-hug around the boy. *Love you, too.*

I felt so lucky to have her. Romulus and she were my family in White Lily. When Dad went back to his life with his wife and child, he didn’t come around anymore. I see him in passing but he had his *real* family to take care of and I felt in the way.

I let out a breath and looked back at the boy. If the Sylphs were cleaning the Faerie realm of the diseased, then they must believe all Ancients were impure and they had to kill them but why? The Sylphs’ actions confused me. What made the Ancients diseased? Did the Sylphs believe they were godly? I inhaled a frustrated breath. I was even more confused now.

It didn’t matter the reason. I couldn’t let the Sylphs win. They wouldn’t get this boy or any other. I would stop them and there was only one way to do it. I had to find Micha. He was the key to all this and the Ancients knew it.

“Take him.”

Ivy didn’t hesitate. She quickly put her arms under him and rolled him onto her chest, cradling him against her.

“Look after him and don’t let them take him. I’ll find his dad.” With one last glance, I turned and hurried toward the front gate.

You've Just Finished your Free Sample

Enjoyed the preview?

Buy: <http://www.ebooks2go.com>