

Tonya Coffey ∞ A New World Bk 5 Cold Moon



Cold Moon

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Chapter 1

Jessa

When I thought being in the field, a weightless feeling to my soul, was heaven. I was wrong. This was heaven; being in Micha's arms. The swarm of his fragrance bathed me. I loved the pine scent and outdoor freshness that was him. I relaxed against his body, feeling each of his muscles as he hugged me tighter.

Tears stung my eyes as his worked over my face, searching for any sign I would collapse back into my sleep state. His fingers slid along my face, like a blind man searching for recognition.

For the third time, since he walked into the cabin and lay eyes on me, he pressed his lips to mine. The feel, his taste, I would never be tired of it. I welcomed each connection as if I were dying of thirst.

Again, he stared at me. I smiled at him but dropped my face. I could see the worry on his face. From the months of pain he felt, it was written in the wrinkles around his eyes and I wished I could take it all back. *I did it to him.*

"Micha," I whispered as I took hold of his fancy coat. He looked good in it. The material was smooth against my fingers.

He glanced down at his attire then looked at me. He didn't have to say a word to tell me what was on his mind. I knew. I would always know what he felt, what he thought. He didn't want to be sitting in front of me with it on.

"Am I too late?"

He gripped my hands and shook his head. "No. Just in time."

With his words, the cabin door opened and Bren walked in. His hair was a mess and so were his clothes. It was as if he fought his way through a field of gladiators to our door.

His eyes drifted over everyone until they fell on me. "Jessa?" His mouth fell open. He just stared at me.

I nodded as I smiled. "It's good to see you, Bren."

A smile spread across his face then he screamed into the air. Tommy joined in along with Taylor. Ivy stood from her seat and danced with them.

I was happy to be back with the people I loved most in this world. Micha seemed as happy as they were as he kissed my lips and stared, again. It was overwhelming at moments.

Taking his hands into my own, I pulled them into my lap, after I set the bowl on the floor. He watched as I scooted closer, wanting to talk to only him.

“Are you happy?” I gently pressed his hand against my belly.

He smiled shyly. “You know?”

I nodded, answering, “A friend told me.”

He squinted lightly. “Who?” he wondered.

“Romulus.”

It surprised him. “How?”

“He was my guide. Together, we uncovered things, Micha. There are things I never imagined and people...” I took a breath. “There is someone very bad, close.”

He nodded. “I know.”

“I saw you with him.”

The look on his face told me he feared what else I had seen.

Sighing, I rubbed a hand over my belly, staring at my lap. “She is very powerful.” I looked up at him. “She gave me premonitions.”

Micha didn’t know what to say. He just stared at me.

“I even spoke to her when she was about ten.”

“How is this possible?” He splayed his hand on my tummy and kissed my cheek as he pulled me against him.

“Easy.” I smiled at him. “She is the True Power.”

Chapter 2

Joy filled the small cabin. Laughter seemed to make the room glow or it could've been the fire in the fireplace. Ivy had a pot hanging on the metal hook, a soup boiling inside which made the room smell like vegetables and a thick broth.

When I first saw her take hold of the metal, I almost screamed. As I watched her face, I realized it didn't hurt her. I wondered why but then I looked at my home. It had healed my heart, my soul, so maybe it protected the ones I loved as well.

As Micha and I sat on the bed, watching our friends celebrate, the room's shadows shifted. My eyes widened as Bren cursed and Taylor pulled Ivy and Tommy behind him. I glanced at Micha. He sighed and shook his head as he stood.

"Micha?" I more than whispered.

"Do not worry," he told me with a soft smile.

How could I not by the look on his face?

The Shadows crawled from every dark place in the cabin. As they grew into one, they extinguished the light in the room. From the cloud, one by one, the men emerged. First as the red eyes in a shadow form then their bodies stood before us.

Marcus stood at the front of the others. They stood behind him as if they were a pyramid. Micha stood in front of me, keeping me hidden from their sight.

"What is the meaning of this," Marcus' voice was loud and direct. It was frightening to the ones who didn't speak to him regularly. "You were expected to do your duty. As usual, I took matters into my own hands and postponed the ceremony until this evening."

My heart thumped uncontrollably, as I listened to Marcus tell Micha he would marry Roselle today. I couldn't breathe. I wanted to object, to push Micha out of the way so I could tell Marcus Micha couldn't, wouldn't. He belonged with me.

"You have nothing to say for yourself?"

Micha stood tall. "I will not marry Roselle."

Marcus glared at him. The scowl on his face an anchor to the anger he felt. "You will."

No, he won't. I took a breath and stood, coming out from behind Micha so Marcus and the others could see me. Their eyes widened and Marcus stepped back as if my appearance scared him.

The Shadows whispered and drifted back into the darkness leaving Marcus standing in the cabin with the rest of us. I didn't know what to say to him but I hoped he understood why Micha couldn't marry her.

"As you can see, Marcus, I have a wife."

I looked up at Micha and took his hand, showing we would never be driven apart. It didn't matter how hard others tried, we would always find our way back to one another.

"How is this possible?" He stepped forward, reaching out his hand to touch me but Micha stepped in his way. Marcus glared at him for a moment then looked back at me.

"I had some things to learn before I could come back," I told him.

"Which were?"

"About myself and our futures." I wouldn't tell him any more, not yet.

Marcus seemed to accept my answer because his shoulders slumped and, with his next exhale, he relaxed.

"We will go, to allow you some privacy," Taylor said and quickly led Ivy and Tommy out the door but not before they each said their goodbyes to me.

Bren looked at Marcus, waiting to see what he did before he decided.

"Cancel the ceremony," Micha said, as he sat on the bed and pulled me down next to him.

Marcus nodded. "Of course, for now."

Bren frowned. "What does that mean?" He faced Marcus. "She is standing right here."

"You know what it means," Marcus turned to him. "If her spell did not work, she is still a Faerie Queen."

It irritated me that they stood before me and spoke as if I were not here. I shook my head. "It did work."

They all three looked at me. A silence fell in the room before Micha asked, "Are you certain?"

I wasn't one hundred percent but Romulus seemed to be. "Yes." *I trusted him.*

Marcus nodded. "First thing in the morning, join us in the Shadows' chambers and we will find out."

Micha glanced at me for acknowledgment. I nodded and he agreed,
“OK.”

Marcus vanished in a ball of smoke.

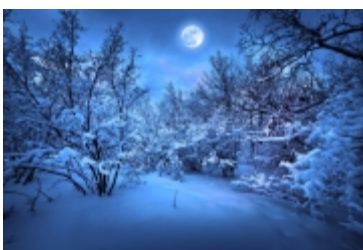
Bren sighed. “I am glad you are home.”

I smiled. “Me too.” Then I added, “Tell Annabelle, thank you.”

He frowned.

“She’ll know.” I smiled.

He nodded and vanished, leaving me alone with my husband who I hadn’t held in months and was ready to fall into his embrace.



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