



S.M. McCoy

Blood
Crescent

Divine Series Book One

Broken Books
Seattle, WA 98198



First published in the United States of America by Broken Books LLC, 2018

Copyright © 2018 Stevie M. McCoy

Cover Artwork by Sean & Ashlie Gills Nelson at AshenSorrow Designs
Cover Layout and Text by Benjamin Cook at Ben Cook Productions

To Get Your Free E-story “White Diviner” and find out about upcoming releases, and giveaways, please visit:

<https://mailchi.mp/8fc8b0c681ad/steviemariefree>

All Rights Reserved

Broken Books supports copyright. Copyright is a fire behind creativity, a soldier for diverse voices, a testament to free speech, and a building block of an ever-growing Zeitgeist of culture. Thank you for purchasing an authorized edition of this book and for complying with copyright laws by not reproducing, scanning, or distributing any part of this work’s contents in any form without permission. You are supporting writers, and future dreamers by allowing Broken Books to continue to give voice to books for readers to enjoy.

Broken Books ISBN 978-1-7322475-1-2 (Trade Paperback)
Broken Books ISBN 978-1-7322475-0-5 (Kindle Edition) ASIN B07F5KXLV5

This is a **work of fiction**. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

CHAPTER TWO

Run Away

Three Months Ago

Some small part of me hoped my mom was still out there, looking for me. That she would see through the new last name, new birthday, and new location. Two years ago, I lost a few years of my life. I needed to work to help Aislin out; managing the ballroom dance studio didn't afford us many luxuries, contrary to popular belief. Now, according to everyone except me, I was eighteen years old.

It wasn't so bad being older, though it didn't offer much more in terms of respect, people still occasionally scoffed at being taught to dance by a child.

Eighteen or sixteen years old, I was still more adult than them any day. What hurt wasn't them, but that she hadn't found me yet, though neither had child services, so we could call that a tie for wins and losses. I still believed my dad that my mom was out there, and someone had stolen her from us, that the serpents had taken her.

Over time, though, that thought had morphed from thinking they were monsters to thinking they might have been a local gang that got the wrong idea about my family.

My dad used an old photo of her to make me look older, for the ID he gave me before dropping me off at the bus station. I didn't recognize her except that she looked like me...or I looked like her. We could've been twins if I didn't have my dad's dark brown hair. She had high cheekbones; big, green eyes; and platinum-blond locks tied back revealing a tattoo just below her ear of five thick black lines. It was a strange tattoo to get, but it was a mystery I'd never know the answer to...unless she were alive. And in all honesty, in my heart, I knew she was. Alive, I mean.

"So, that's your mom?" Victor traced the picture with his finger.

"Yah, I know."

"She looks exactly like you." He confirmed what I already knew he was thinking.

"You don't think she's alive...do you?" I took the picture back and stuffed it in my back pocket. We both sat on a worn-down bench, made out of a fallen tree trunk, my initials carved in its surface: CLD (Crystal Lynn Dylan). The breeze was cool on my skin; I didn't feel cold, but that didn't stop a shiver from working its way down my arms, forming goosebumps in its wake. I tugged down my sleeves to hide them.

"It would be a very elaborate plan if she were." He hesitated. I was sure he would understand, but all I felt were the doubts closing in on my hopes...and crushing them. I didn't need anyone else to think I was crazy.

"No, you're right. If she is alive, she hasn't come back. And if she is gone, so are the answers about her disappearance.

"It doesn't matter, forget I said anything," I added, explaining my question away. I moved my hopes into more sane prospects, like having him ignore the insanity of my disillusioned belief that my mom was kidnapped by monsters called serpents.... So well planned that no one would question anything. Yup, even that thought convinced me of my inner conspiracy theorist.

I never got to meet my mom, at least not outside of the very first moments of my existence, and my memory wasn't on par with computers. So, infancy wasn't really something I could press a button and be like, "Oh yah her, that lady," but my dad described her all the time as a hero. Apparently, she used to be some sort of bounty agent, finding criminals who were dangerous and making sure they didn't hurt anyone ever again. I wanted to be like that one day.

Then he surprised me.

"Thoughts, even crazy ones..."

A smirk crossed that face while emphasizing my *crazy* in a way that didn't make me want to punch him. It was almost endearing, almost.

"...Are rooted in a sort of truth," Victor finished.

He sounded so smart, and yet that's what I was saying all along, yet not so eloquently.

Victor had been there for me, since the first time my dreams scared me. Seeing shadow creatures in your dreams that wanted to take you away to meet your mother wasn't exactly something I could share with him at the time, but he had been there to comfort me even if I couldn't tell him why he was.

My renewed sense of finding my mom wasn't just those dreams, but the last one was just after my dad dropped me off at the bus station. A man hovered near him floating in ash and smoke. He placed a hand on my father's shoulders and plunged his other into his chest to pull out a still-beating heart, before I woke up screaming.

I shivered.

"Then you believe I could be right?" I was finally feeling comfortable around him ever since he told me he believed in the supernatural. If Victor could believe in monsters, why not believe in mysterious disappearances, right? It seemed logical at the time. And he would tell me about vampires—he didn't think they were all that bad, if they existed.

"Anything is possible." Victor shrugged and I felt my heart lift. Finally, someone to confide to, I thought, before he asked, "Have you done any research on her?"

My brow furrowed, and I knew where this was leading to. I thought about everything, round and round the information would flow, but research, I hadn't done a lick of it. Obviously, I was more of a thinker than a doer.

"Nothing that's helpful, or that I didn't already know." I breathed through my nose, trying to squelch the feeling I was failing before I had ever really started.

"Do you know what funeral home came by?"

"No," I said soft, under my breath. I hadn't even thought of that angle. How stupid could I get? "I mean no. I didn't look into them."

"That's where I'd start, if I were uncovering a conspiracy." He ended with a deep breath through his teeth, mouth thin and barely noticeable, if it weren't for the rise of his chest. I felt weak staring at those lips, and I shook my head at the thought. He was nearly like a brother with how he'd always looked after me; I'd never want to spoil that.

"I always thought that if it were a conspiracy theory, the funeral home wouldn't be a real one anyway, like a fake magnet slapped on a van or hearse." I literally thought of that now. Rationalizing why I hadn't looked into funeral homes in the first place... I tried to hide the fact that I was too focused on other things to think about the obvious solution to call up the funeral homes in the area. Why had I avoided doing any research at all before the intense desire to find her became so heavy that I revealed my secret to Victor before examining anything?

I cleared my throat and looked away, hoping he wouldn't see through my lies. I was turning out to be a horrible detective. At this rate I would never find my mom.

And I needed to, because I was lost. Don't be daft, I knew where I was, I just didn't know who I was anymore, or if I ever really did.

"Or it was a real funeral home. Many people have been sent to funeral homes and buried alive, though not recently. Dead ringers would have a safety coffin with a string they could pull to ring a bell."

"Saved by the bell," I said with as much amusement as I could muster. I rolled my eyes. She would have come back if it were as simple as being dug up again. If she were buried in the first place, my dad would have had a funeral. He didn't mention anything. And I distinctly remembered him saying she was taken.

"Of course, you knew that." Victor rubbed his neck and looked up at the sky, gloomy with cloud cover. He did that a lot, avoided looking at me. I twisted in my seat, crossing my legs to settle myself.

"I like that you know that," I reassured him. Now I was the one looking up at the sky, the air felt damp. And I felt like I was being watched.

I turned to look at the bushes that we passed. Pennsylvania National Park was our spot, where we met the first time, crying on my bench at dusk as the sun set behind us.

"You're too sweet to tell me that you don't."

I didn't look at him, but knew he was smiling. I couldn't bring myself to do the same. My lips stayed neutral, and I wondered why, even Victor, fell victim to the distance I placed between everyone else. Couldn't look at him, couldn't let myself smile, couldn't let him know everything.

Couldn't let him know I felt a shadow behind us. He followed my gaze to the bushes and for a brief second I thought he could see what I saw, before it disappeared.

I changed the subject. "It's going to rain."

"Seems so, my sweet."

My cheeks flushed, and my stomach heated with the way his nickname for me flowed from his lips. Mouth dry I coughed and stood. "We should get back."

I turned away hoping he didn't see my face, not daring to look back. His footsteps joined me and I felt a weight over my head as he placed his hooded jacket over me. Then the rain tapped

on the fabric, slow and then steady. It drenched my jeans from the knee down. I stole a peek from the hood to see his eyes, closed and letting the water run down his face and through his soaked chestnut hair.

He breathed in deeply, and his skin looked like glass how the water slid from his near perfect features. When I thought he wasn't looking I would stare at his eyebrow, where some of his hair never grew, forming a line like he should have a scar there. It was silly, but that imperfection made me smile despite myself.

Hiding my face behind his hooded jacket, I knew that as long as he was with me, the shadows would leave us alone.

STEVIE MARIE

is the author of young adult paranormal fantasy and the Divine series. Born within the apex of another universe, where magic flows like leaky faucets, and forged from the fires of the Underrealm she dug her way to Earth and reluctantly participates in human society, secretly returning to her home world to relay the stories of her monsters and the troubled love of her people. When she isn't writing she's crafting clothing in her sewing room, cuddling her significant-other creature, or pretending to adult by managing a portfolio of properties for an accounting business in the rainy city of Seattle, Washington.

Connect with Stevie Marie at:
www.steviemarie.com
Instagram @TruStevieAddict
Twitter @AuthorMarie.
[Facebook.com/authorsteviemarie](https://www.facebook.com/authorsteviemarie)

Divine Series:

Blood Crescent Book One: Published September 2018

Blood Rebirth Book Two: Releasing 2019

Blood Queen Book Three: Releasing 2019

#divineseries