

Warning: This book contains sensitive content including abuse, violence, and scenes that may cause emotional reactions.











ROSE N STORM

The Crescents Saga (Part I)

**The
Crescents**



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Title : The Crescents I
Author : ROSE N STORM
First edition : 2023
Publisher : La Nina Books
Cover : BetiBup33
ISBN : 9789464856781

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The 
Crescents



| **Young Adult** |



*O*blivion; One planet, three races and over six hundred and eighty-five million inhabitants. For centuries there had been a war between the Oblivians witch hunters and the Crescents. It was all about power. The Oblivions once lived peacefully until the Crescents entered their grounds.

They came with only one mission: To find a new habitable planet to solve their planet Neoma's overpopulation problem.

Unfortunately, Oblivion was taken, and the Crescents had no other choice to try and claim it by force.

The Crescents were too powerful for the oblivion witches and most of the planet was taken over by the uninvited guests. But their victory was short-lived. It wasn't long before the first humans later known as the "witch Hunters" descended on Oblivion.

With their modern technology they were able to control even the Crescents.

How they knew who or what was living on Oblivion remains a mystery to this day.

They were well- prepared with weapons capable of blocking the host's magic.

However, the Crescents were able to hold their own and

eventually defended their city from the enemy but at the expense of their own people.

The rules had been tightened and new obligations had been imposed on them.

The citizens did not agree with the new rules in their city and started a protest.

Many left Crescendia and joined the army of a man called "Zarco" who promised them a new world to rule.

However, not everyone trusted him and eventually people were forced to join him. He plundered cities and killed those who resisted or were not strong enough to join his army.







Prologue

*T*he rain was pounding on the pavement, and in no time the streets were covered in a layer of water. The storm had taken them by surprise, just like the witch hunters who were now marching through the streets of Moonrock Valley.

Arabella was awoken when she heard her mother's voice calling out her name. She sat up and looked sleepily at the door that swung open.

Her mother appeared in the doorway, wearing her long cloak. Her beautiful brown curls were messy, and Arabella could tell by the look on her face that something was wrong. "Mommy? What's going on?" She got out of bed and walked to the window when she saw the flashes and heard the shouting outside.

"Arabella, come. We have to leave right now."

"But what's happening? Why are those people screaming?"

“Now!” her mother said sternly.

Arabella flinched. She hadn't expected her mother's strong reaction. Normally, she was always calm and composed. Tough, when necessary, but never towards her.

The look in her mother's eyes said it all; something was wrong. She watched as her mother ripped some clothes out of the closet and then dressed her warmly.

Arabella's favorite shoes were in the corner of the room, and she quickly put them on. A loud bang echoed through the palace halls.

Her mother knelt down in front of her and gave her a weak smile. “Don't be afraid, sweetie. Everything will be okay. I need you to do something for me: hide in that closet over there and be very quiet,” she said firmly.

Arabella nodded as her mother kissed her forehead.

“Good girl... Mommy loves you, okay? Remember that... Now hurry, there's not much time left...”

Arabella rushed over to the big closet, crawled inside, and closed the door. Through the cracks in the wood, she saw a group of men appear in the doorway.

They were carrying weapons and she had never seen them before.

They didn't look like the people she knew. These looked somewhat “ordinary”. She watched her

mother who began to cast her magic on them, and Arabella closed her eyes in fear when she saw several men flying through the air.

One of them fired his gun at her mother. An arrow flew out of it and landed in her mother's neck.

Arabella watched her mother as she fell to her knees, trying to attack again, but nothing came out of her hands. *The magic was gone.*

Two men ran towards her and grabbed her arms. She tried to break free, but they were too strong for her.

"Surrender, witch!" one of them shouted.

The woman glared at him and spat in his face.

It clearly humiliated the man.

He pulled out his knife and swung it at the woman, causing it to hit her neck as blood splattered on the carpet.

Arabella, who witnessed it all, gasped for breath.

She wanted to scream but stopped herself in time.

Tears rolled down her cheeks and her heart pounded in her chest as she watched her mother's lifeless body being thrown to the floor like a lump of dirt, she tried to hold back her tears, but to no avail. A sob escaped her, and she was startled by the sound that came from her own mouth.

The man looked up at the wardrobe and pointed the gun at the door.

Arabella panicked again. She cautiously stood up

and prepared to run. For a moment, she thought the man would shoot before he would reach the closet, but luckily, he didn't. As soon as his hand touched the doorknob, Arabella pushed it roughly, causing him to be disarmed, giving her the opportunity to flee.

The men guarding the door were too shocked to stop her from leaving.

She dashed to the throne room. She could leave the room undetected by using a hidden exit behind the throne.

Her father had told her many times that this was the safest way out in times of trouble. However, the closer she got to the throne room, the hotter the air around her became. *Where did this heat come from?* Upon reaching the throne room, she quickly received the answer to her question. A sea of fire had spread through the room and the ceiling was slowly collapsing on all sides. As she stood there frozen, the smell of burnt flesh invaded her nostrils. She could see someone sitting on the throne, the body was on fire as well.

The person's hand stuck out of the flames and Arabella recognized the ring on his finger; "Daddy?" She was in deep shock and didn't realize someone had appeared behind her.

She felt an arm slide around her body, tightening the grip around her waist.

Arabella, fueled by an innate survival instinct, summoned every ounce of strength within her and unleashed a frenzy of kicks, thrashing at her captor. In a desperate bid for freedom, she sank her teeth into the man's arm.

A gut-wrenching cry erupted from the depths of his being, as he let go of her.

Arabella fell hard on the stone floor, but quickly got back up. She didn't have time to think about the pain right now. She had to get out of here. While the man aimed his gun at her, adrenaline surged through her veins, urging her to make a split-second decision between life and death. With nerves of steel, Arabella sprang into action, channeling every ounce of strength and agility into one magical leap. As if defying gravity itself, she hurdled herself amidst the raging fire with breathless precision. Just in time she reached the area behind the throne, before the rest of the ceiling came crashing down.



Outside it was dark. The cold was like a merciless slap in the face; its icy tendrils penetrated deep into her bones, freezing her very soul. Each breath felt labored, as if shards of ice were piercing her lungs

with every inhale. As she stood frozen in the center of chaos, a terrifying sight unfolded before her eyes. The once peaceful neighborhood had transformed into a blazing inferno.

Flames danced wildly, consuming homes and engulfing them in billowing clouds of black smoke, intensifying the growing panic within her trembling heart.

Gunshots echoed through the narrow streets. In this surreal nightmare unfolding around her, fear clutched at her throat.

Arabella felt numb and her legs were heavy. With each step, her feet seemed to sink deeper into the mud. She turned to see if anyone was following her, but there was no one else in sight.

Right in front of the forest, she tripped and fell on all fours in the mud. She screamed when she finally realized what had just happened. Through the tears streaming down her face, she saw a figure appear among the trees.

Arabella looked up, paralyzed with fear as she held her breath.

The man was holding an oil lamp in front of his face as he spoke to her: "Arabella Pendagon, come with me..."







Chapter 1

Seven years later...

Arabella was staring at the clock on the wall.

Every minute felt like it was taking forever. School started early that day because they were supposed to head out on a field trip later, but then their teacher had thrown a curveball and made them take an exam first thing in the morning.

Arabella wondered why they didn't pick any other day for the exam.

They were all hoping to escape the classroom and explore something new, but nope, not today. Instead, they had to battle through tough questions, trying their best not to let their sleepy brains sabotage them. It felt like such a buzzkill, because exams definitely did not belong on field trip days. They weren't sure what time the bus was coming,

but the teacher said it was going to be later than expected.

Arabella sighed and looked at the teacher who was reading a book behind his desk.

The sight was familiar, as this wasn't the first time that Mr. Gimble had seemingly lost interest in teaching. It was frustrating to witness his lack of engagement, especially when students like Arabella herself were eager to learn.

Mr. Gimble looked up from his book and furrowed his eyebrows. His messy grey hair stuck out in all directions. "Already finished, Miss Pendagon?" he asked, surprised.

Arabella nodded and slid the paper to the edge of her desk.

Mr. Gimble put his book down, tiredly stood up, and walked over to her. When he reached her desk, he picked up the paper and examined it carefully. Arabella saw him push his glasses back up his nose as he nodded satisfied.

Without saying a word, he turned around and walked away.

Everything seemed so normal, even though every second of the day was a threat to them. It surprised her that the witch hunters had not discovered their town yet. There had been a war going on for a long time. So far, Ravensburrow had not been affected much by it.

They had created a shield around their town to make it invisible for outsiders.

Arabella felt a shiver run down her spine. She had escaped the witch hunters before, who had invaded Moonrock Valley when she was only nine years old, and if it were to happen again... that thought scared her over and over again.

During the attack, the city leaders, her parents, were killed and ever since, she had not seen her brother Sage either.

Arabella assumed that he had been killed that night as well.

You would think: a town full of witches should be able to defend itself against a group of witch hunters. Unfortunately, it was a bit more complicated than that. It wasn't just the Witch hunters who posed a threat, but also the other witches who fought alongside them: the Crescents. They were fearless.

After her parents died, Zarco, a family friend, managed to get her out of the destroyed city safely, but now Arabella had been hiding from him for years.

Because someone who was supposed to take care of her like a parent had behaved inhumanely. He had done things to her that an adult man should not do to a young girl. He saw her as his possession and always said she was special, but Arabella had no

idea what he meant.

Her parents used to be part of an ancient coven, their lineage intertwining with magic for generations. Dark tales told of their powers that could bend reality itself, yet Arabella remained oblivious to her own potential. She had never used any magic before and didn't know how to do it either.

Zarco... Arabella let out a sigh of frustration as she thought of him. He had convinced a bunch of rebels to join him by promising them a new world where they would be in charge. A world where the rules didn't matter, and they could do whatever they wanted. But his successes were not that great, and the people who used to follow the man, no longer trusted him. Now Zarco was forcing people to join his army as they plundered cities and killed anyone who rejected his offers or wasn't strong enough in his eyes to join his army.

Arabella had just turned twelve when she managed to escape from Zarco. She was sick and broken from his abuse.

Zarco and his men were celebrating that night because they had taken over another town, when a young man named Felor, who always protected her, came to her and told her it was her chance to run away.

He took Arabella to the edge of the forest and

showed her the way.

Arabella couldn't really recall how she ended up in Ravensburrow or how much time it took her to reach it. Once she arrived a family welcomed her with open arms and treated her as if she was one of their own.

They didn't ask her too many questions or judge her whenever she woke up in the middle of the night, screaming and crying because of her nightmares.

Drake, was sitting on the other side of the classroom. His dark hair had become a mess and he was nervously tapping his pencil on his exam sheet.

Arabella smiled as she watched him.

Drake was her best friend, and she could always count on him, even in the middle of the night.

She couldn't imagine life without him. When she arrived in Ravensburrow, his grandmother welcomed her into the family without hesitation and Arabella couldn't have been more grateful.

Drake let out a sigh as he flipped over the piece of paper. He glanced at Arabella, who giggled at the expression on his face.

"What's so funny, ladies?" Mr. Gimble asked sternly.

"Nothing, sir," Drake replied, winking at Arabella.

Mr. Gimble and his playful sense of humor... He always had an amusing nickname up his sleeve for every student. One of his favorites was calling Drake “lady,” partly because Drake often displayed a somewhat feminine attitude, like his graceful gestures and his love for fashion. That’s what made Drake unique and interesting.

Calling him lady, was just a lighthearted way for Mr. Gimble to acknowledge and embrace Drake’s unique personality traits.

Drake never seemed to mind though; in fact, he played along with the joke and even started signing emails as “The Lady” with a cheeky smiley face emoji.

He often made Arabella laugh as he would put on one of her dresses.

Drake’s brother Chase, who was two years older, was a different story. He was the tough “Bad Boys” type. With his leather jacket, skinny jeans, and tattoos, he was the opposite of Drake.

Arabella snapped out of her thoughts when Mr. Gimble addressed them again.

“I’m glad you’ve finished your work, but there are still some people taking the test. So could you please be quiet for a little while longer?” He looked up from behind his glasses.

Arabella hesitated for a moment, then raised her hand.

Mr. Gimble saw it and sighed irritably. "Yes, miss Pendagon?"

"May I go to the restroom, please?" she asked innocently.

Drake struggled to hold back his laughter and hid behind his book.

Mr. Gimble pointed at the door and Arabella nodded happily before she jumped up and left the room.



As Arabella walked down the hallway, she came across a group of boys.

One of them was Chase, Drake's brother. He had a mischievous smile on his face as she approached them.

Everyone knew Chase Wolfwell because of his bright red hair. He was in his last year of high school at Ravensburrow High, but he got suspended for a few weeks because he and his friends were caught smoking, and using magic in public.

As a punishment, they had to go to a special camp to be taught a lesson. But that wasn't the only problem with Chase. He hardly ever came to school, and when he did, he always caused trouble.

The other two guys were Jax and Brody, his sidekicks.

Jax was always cracking jokes like a stand-up comedian, and Brody had this coolness about him that attracted everyone. They had this magnetic energy and infectious laughter that was hard to resist.

Arabella couldn't help but be curious about what kind of trouble they were going to get into next. "Hey, Bella, did you miss me?" Chase asked with a smirk.

Arabella rolled her eyes and forced a smile. Chase was the only one who always called her Bella instead of Ara or Ary. "Oh, look... you're back already. Of course, I missed you," she said sarcastically. "Like a toothache. Welcome back, troublemaker." She gave him a playful push before she walked away. Behind her, she could hear Jax and Brody laughing.



Arabella entered the restroom and glanced at her reflection in the mirror, she noticed that she had these puffy bags under her eyes. It was probably because she hadn't been getting much sleep lately.

She snapped out of her thoughts as all of a sudden, there was a loud bang followed by screams. Right at that moment, the school alarm started blaring.

Arabella peeked through the crack in the door and saw a group of men running down the hallway.

She overheard someone saying that they had to take everyone outside. Out of nowhere, a ball of energy whizzed past her, and she quickly took cover against the wall. Using magic was strictly forbidden in Ravensburrow, unless there was an emergency. If they used magic carelessly, it could give away their town's location to the witch hunters.

A stern voice called out: "Gabriel, check the toilets!"

"I'm on it!" A young man's voice replied.

Arabella's eyes widened in shock, and she rushed over to the restroom stall in the back of the room. She locked herself up inside and listened anxiously as the footsteps drew nearer.

The toilet doors were being kicked open one by one and the sound echoed through the small space.

There she was, perched on the toilet seat with her legs up, desperately trying to hide from whatever madness awaited her outside. As Arabella glanced around with a mixture of confusion and panic, her eyes landed on the shadow that appeared under the door. Fear crept into her body, and she felt her breathing quicken. Time stood still as her eyes were fixated on

the locked door before her, the only barrier separating her from the unknown force lurking on the other side.

Arabella hoped they might leave, but soon realized they weren't going to. Instead, they kicked the door in.

She was caught off guard, her body jolting in surprise as she pulled her knees up higher to her chest and buried her face deep within the safety of their embrace. As it stayed surprisingly quiet for a bit she looked up cautiously to find a young man standing in front of her, staring at her in silence. His hair was platinum blonde and hung just above his tanned shoulders. He had a red ribbon tied around his head. His eyes glowed a bright, amber color and he had a crescent moon symbol on his forehead.

Arabella recognized it from history class - it was the symbol of the Crescents. At first, the young man seemed like he felt sorry for her, but then another man came and said something to him.

She didn't understand the language they were speaking, but the young man left and the other one grabbed her arm.

Arabella broke free and kicked the man, causing him to fall against the door and giving her a chance to run away. Magic was flying all around her in the hallway. She ducked and managed to reach the

school's exit. The bright sunlight blinded her as she ran into the front yard of the school.

The man was still chasing her, and she desperately looked around, hoping to find Drake somewhere. Another man came out of the school and pushed a boy forward.

"Let me go!" the boy snarled.

Arabella recognized the voice; "Drake?!"

Drake turned around and tried to locate Arabella's voice.

Arabella ran to him and hugged her friend. "What's going on?" she asked with a trembling voice.

"The witch hunters, they found us..."

There was a huge explosion on the other side of the school.

Some Witch Hunters got hit and went flying through the air.

The two friends huddled together and looked up in shock when one of the burnt bodies landed next to them on the ground.

A bunch of teachers rushed out of the school. They started shooting magic at the intruders.

One of the intruders raised his hands and bounced back the energy balls. It was the Crescent boy Arabella had seen in the restroom.

As arrows flew through the air, they hit the teachers, causing them to fall down.

Mr. Gimble pulled an arrow out of his neck and

threw it on the ground next to him. He tried to create another energy ball, but nothing came out of his hands.

Arabella saw two men grab him and drag him away. That's when she realized that these people were using something to take away the magic from their host. Just like they did to her mother.

"Have you seen Chase?" Drake asked as he held onto her tightly.

"I saw him in the hallway before they invaded the school. He probably escaped," Arabella answered, but she wasn't convinced of her own words.

Their classmates were being pushed onto buses.

The other buses were filled with people who were probably citizens of the town.

Drake and Arabella were both pushed in different directions.

Arabella's heart raced as she looked back, only to see the old school engulfed in flames. Windows shattered violently and shards of glass flew in all directions as the fire raged on, consuming the whole building. The heat from the blaze grew more intense with each passing moment. She felt helpless as tears welled up in her eyes.

The wooden doors of the building were slowly burning away, and in no time, there was hardly anything left.

