

## Prologue

*Now.*

My name is David Medwin. I'm twenty-one years old. Something bad happened to me.

These are the last, precious moments of my existence. So, while my body is still shrouded in merciful numbness, I let my mind and my soul awaken and wander.

I hold on to my memories and my regrets.

I drink in the world for the last time.

The sky is a dense, dark-blue blanket studded with bright stars. The air is heavy with the sweet scent of flowers and pine trees. The cheerful voices of the night creatures perform a pastoral symphony just for my soul.

No, that's not right. I'm not alone.

My friend Eagan is resting beside me. His eyelids flutter restlessly, speaking of an uneasy slumber. As I contemplate my best friend, terrible, unexpected anguish surges within my chest. It's a cold, frightening, strong sensation that forces my mind to focus on my body. My limbs feel strangely weightless, as if I were floating, and my skin were made of dust. But I'm flesh and bones, and my mind knows that the soft numbness is a temporary relief and the sudden sadness brimming inside of me mean something. Something painful.

I'm not alone. Eagan is with me, which means that something bad happened to him as well. I hope he's not hurt. I want him to live. I don't want to leave him.

I glance at Eagan once more. My friend's eyes blink open and, for an infinite moment, his blue gaze lingers upon my features not with familiar kindness, but with fear; then Eagan's lips part in a wordless cry.

All the Skies I will not See: A Novella (A Touch of Cinnamon, Book 1.5)  
by Petra March

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## A stolen kiss...

[...]I was wearing a yellow sundress and clutching the handle of my guitar case. Eagan offered to carry it for me, but I shook my head, for he was already bearing the weight of his huge backpack.

A part of me was glad he hadn't been able to hear me play. The piece I had chosen was an acoustic cover of one of my favorite rock songs. The acoustic version was utterly sentimental; it expressed perfectly the way I felt about Eagan. After my performance, all my professors and fellow students admitted that they'd never heard me play with so much feeling. I wasn't certain I wanted Eagan to discover that part of my soul yet.

We embraced awkwardly. I noticed that his eyes were red and tired. I also remarked that he was tanned and that he smelled good, as always. Of course, I didn't reveal my sentiments.

It was a bright summer day. We went to a park, we sat, we didn't talk much. After a while, Eagan lay back and fell asleep.

I watched him rest for a few moments, then I reclined alongside him. I placed my body very close to his, so that I could feel his heat through the thin cotton of my dress. His handsome face was turned toward me and his lips were slightly parted. Flecks of gold dotted his beard stubble and his dark blond hair.

I braced one of my hands on his arm and the other one on his muscled chest, then I leaned toward his face, keeping my eyes open. I let my mouth linger over his and breathed his breath then, finally, I whispered a kiss across the side of his mouth, then I licked his upper lip. I waited. He didn't stir. So I closed my eyes and brushed his lips with mine once more. I became greedy. My tongue pressed between his parted lips and stroked his tongue once, twice and then again until I moaned and an unbearable ache surged between my legs.

My fingers gripped his sweaty T-shirt. I kept kissing Eagan until he groaned softly in his sleep.

"I love you," I murmured against his lips.

I moved away from him. I forced myself to stand, I grabbed my guitar case and I left.

On the bus, I kept licking my lips; I tasted him, the salt of his sweat, and a hint of cinnamon.

A Veil of Glass and Rain:Special Edition (A Touch of Cinnamon, Book 1)

by Petra March

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