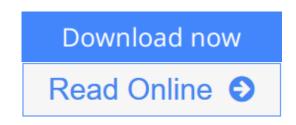


The Crossing (Immortals Book 6)

By Joy Nash



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For centuries they have walked among us--vampires, shape-shifters, the Celtic Sidhe, demons, and other magical beings. Their battle to reign supreme is constant, but one force holds them in check, a race of powerful warriors known as the IMMORTALS.

For Manannán mac Lir, a musician and Celtic demigod, life had become a blur of post-gig parties, expensive whisky, and cheap sex. And then the baby almost died--a baby he had sworn to protect. On the hunt for the would-be killer, Mac finds Artemis Black, a stunningly dangerous woman who's inexplicably able to intertwine life magic with death magic. For the safety of his people, he should destroy her. But the aching vulnerability in her eyes calls to him. And the raw desire she inspires has nothing to do with a spell. Their love may be forbidden, but Mac and Artemis can't go back once they've made...THE CROSSING

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The Crossing (Immortals Book 6) By Joy Nash Bibliography

- Sales Rank: #42004 in eBooks
- Published on: 2008-09-01
- Released on: 2008-09-30
- Format: Kindle eBook

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Editorial Review

From **Booklist**

Few people have the skill to work both life magic and death magic. American witch Artemis Black happens to have that unique gift, and she has been using both kinds of magic to cast spells that steal the life essence of faeries. As Guardian of Celtic Magical Creatures in the Human World, Manannán mac Lir—Celtic demigod, Prince of Annwyn, and celebrity musician—now has to find Artemis and stop her. Mac quickly discovers that finding Artemis is easier said than done since the clever witch seems determined to complete her mission. Immortals: The Crossing is a spellbinding addition to the wonderfully original Immortals series, and Nash's bewitching combination of lush, lyrical writing spiced with a dash of tart wit, superbly crafted characters, and sexy, magic-steeped plot is splendidly entertaining. --John Charles

About the Author No Bio

No Bio

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Immortal Celtic demigod Manannán mac Lir rides to the rescue of a fairie village attacked by a mysterious death magic spell...

A gaggle of skinny-arsed fangirls, accompanied by the tall, pasty-faced photog, were camped on the beachhead across the channel from Kalen's island. How the hell had they tracked him from Inverness? Gritting his teeth, Mac glamoured his way around them and extracted the Norton from its hiding place. He hit the road with a squeal of rubber. Enhancing the cycle's excellent motor with a high-speed charm, he arrived in the vicinity of Gilraen Ar-Finiel's village in under an hour.

The little man lay in wait at the edge of a meadow, at a point where the human road ran closest to his village. The instant Mac braked, the faerie darted out from behind a clump of moorgrass, waving his hat frantically.

Mac hopped off the cycle and listened to Gilraen's impassioned recount of the death magic attack on his village.

"You had no warning?" Mac asked when Gilraen came up for air. "None at all?"

Gilraen twisted his leaf hat in his hands, his gossamer wings drooping down his back. The faerie's green coat was rumpled, the tip of his short beard had lost its point, and his normally rosy skin had gone several shades toward sallow.

"I swear on sweet Annwyn, Mac Lir, there were nothing. No hint of trouble at all. No scent of death magic. And then..." He swallowed visibly, his Adam's apple bulging. "The clan started falling ill. 'Twas slight at first...small pains in the head, minor cramps of the stomach. Then came dizziness, gloom, anger. Elders started fighting; the young ones wouldna stop wailing. But little Tamika--she was too weak even to cry. That's when we knew 'twas a death spell. Thank the gods ye were close by."

"About that," Mac said. "How did you know where I was?"

"Why, your fan blog, of course. MacTracker. Updates daily, it does. Sometimes twice in a day."

Mac blinked at him. "Your village is online?"

"Aye. We got a satellite uplink last spring, so we could follow your world tour. Yesterday's post said you'd gone to Kalen's after that last show in Inverness. Gave road directions and all."

Bloody hell. That certainly explained the fans camped on the beach. But how had the blogger known?

"I emailed Kalen, of course," Gilraen went on, "but I know the man never checks his account. So I sent a falcon as well."

"Smart of you." Shoving aside the acute annoyance his unrelenting fans engendered, Mac refocused on Gilraen. "How are the young ones doing now? Tamika, especially. Your healer is attending them, I assume."

"Aye, so she is. The older bairns are recovering, 'tis true. But the wee one..."

The leaf hat crumpled, and a single tear tracked down Gilraen's leathery cheek. "She's verra bad off, Mac Lir. I fear...I fear she's dying."

Mac's gut clenched. "No. I'll take her to Annwyn, at once. She'll heal there."

Gilraen shook his head. "We'd have brought her to the gates already, if 'twere possible. 'Tis not. Her heart flutters like hummingbird wings, and her breath is the faintest whisper. She canna be moved."

"Why didn't you bring her immediately? As soon as you realized what had happened?"

"By then 'twas already too late. The spell struck that quickly, and caught us unaware. We thought this type of evil finished with, we did. The clan's seen nary a demon or ogre in over a year."

The lines bracketing Gilraen's mouth deepened. "Ye assured us it was safe to leave the protection of the city, Mac Lir. We returned to the countryside with high hopes."

The reproach hit home with a painful strike that made Mac feel like the lowest of worms. He'd spent the last year roaming the world--performing, brooding, grabbing stale pleasures. If he'd been home in the Highlands, alert and looking after his responsibilities, he might have neutralized this threat before it occurred.

The spellcaster had left no trail, Gilraen had said. And yet...Mac frowned, concentrating. Faeries were highly sensitive to magic, but Mac's senses were infinitely sharper. He inhaled deeply. There was a whiff of spent death magic in the air. The barest trace.

It was a sour stench, like milk left out in the sun. Such rankness was only to be expected, where death magic was concerned. But what took Mac by surprise was the accompanying undercurrent of...sweetness. Like lilacs in springtime. Like laughter. Like life magic.

Now that was exceedingly odd.

For the first time in months, Mac's curiosity stirred. "What it is, Mac Lir?" Gilraen's wings lifted and buzzed. "What do ye sense? Demons? Unseelies?"

"Neither. There's a residue of death magic, yes, but there are traces of a life magic spell, as well."

"Death and life magic, cast together? It makes no sense!"

"You're right. It doesn't," Mac murmured. "But both kinds of magic were cast here. And I'm certain there was only one spellcaster."

"But who?"

"A human, most likely. Very few races other than humans can handle both death and life magic." But none, to his knowledge, did so simultaneously.

Gilraen gave his beleaguered hat another half-twist. A stray leaf fluttered to the ground. "What human would harm a faerie child? Faeries are good luck for humanfolk."

True enough. Which only made the situation that much more bizarre. What scum of a human would dare harm a faerie infant? Mac itched to start tracking the villain, but right now, the sick child was his first priority.

"Take me to Tamika, Gilraen. Gods willing, I'll be able to heal her."

Gilraen's wings buzzed. "I hope so, Mac Lir. I hope so."

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Jerry Linton:

Now a day those who Living in the era exactly where everything reachable by connect to the internet and the resources in it can be true or not require people to be aware of each information they get. How individuals to be smart in getting any information nowadays? Of course the answer then is reading a book. Looking at a book can help persons out of this uncertainty Information especially this The Crossing (Immortals Book 6) book as this book offers you rich details and knowledge. Of course the info in this book hundred per cent guarantees there is no doubt in it as you know.

Olive Wilson:

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