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I smiled up at him, his big shadow blocking out the sun. The Blackwaters will take over the throne of Eldoren as you have commanded. I smiled at him and tucked it back into my tunic. Three guards rushed forward to apprehend us, but Delacourt raised his hand, stopping them in their tracks. His muddy boots clomped on the wooden floor as he walked toward us. Concentrate on taking over the other kingdoms first. Everyone turned toward the door. I have no idea what it is. We will stop here for the night. My friend, you will stay at my castle tonight—it is much more comfortable than this miserable inn. Outside, in the courtyard of the little inn, the horses waited. The tavern customers shuffled backward, huddling against the walls and trying to stay out of harm's way. I thank you for your assistance, my lady. But, but the magistrate . . . Lord Delacourt dismissed the captain with a wave of his hand and moved to stand in front of me. At the end of the next day, we rode through the open gates of Roth, a little town not that different from those I had seen before in northern Eldoren. I have no idea what you are talking about, said Marcus calmly. I will not fail, just give me more time. The archmage bowed, his eyes like shards of cold steel. Groaning, I maneuvered myself off the horse, and Rafe came over to help me down. Morgana paused as she assessed the archmage. I spurred my horse forward and flitted, pressing cloaked figures who hurried through the streets, eager to get out of the chill—a biting wind had started blowing in from the north. Rafe was sitting on a large rock, his gray eyes intent as he sharpened his sword. Constantine Redgrave is still alive and living in exile in Brador. I wasn't sure what to believe anymore. Are they now? Our little fae friend has gone to get you a birthday breakfast. Delacourt turned his emotionless gaze on the captain. He should be back at any moment. I glanced at Rafe, but he didn't look perturbed; in fact, I saw the hint of a smile playing at the corner of his lips. Not with magic. But going near the Dagger without the proper knowledge is like going into battle with a needle instead of a sword, the guard holding Marcus asked his superior. If anyone is found supporting Aurora, they must be made examples of. I was not completely sure if I should trust him blindly, though Rafe seemed to. Thank you, Marcus. That is why we are here, Marcus. There might be. I washed my face in a pond nearby and gargled with water infused with mint leaves. The archmage's spine stiffened. Was this something he planned? What were they saying about me? I had to be more careful; the Amulet of Auraken was the one thing that identified me without a doubt. Delacourt smirked, his eyes twinkling. I pulled myself up and brushed twigs and leaves off my clothes. Morgana moved away from him and turned to face the flames, dismissing the archmage with a wave of her hand. And what news is there from Eldoren? Kalen had retrieved our horses from the stables, but it turned out that his horse had hurt her hoof and was now lame; which meant I had to ride with someone else. In fact, your untimely outburst nearly ruined my carefully laid plans. A short while ago, while I was out on a mission in Sanria, inside the Red Citadel, I overheard a conversation between Redgrave and Gabriel Silverthorne. The earthy fragrances of the forest floor lingered as light on the dewdrops danced in the cool morning breeze, razzling the woods with a myriad of colors, spectacular in the light of first dawn. I tried to maneuver my horse closer to Rafe's, but I could barely see a few feet ahead of me through the thick fog. He is the foremost authority on Dragath and demons. My plans concerning Elfi are already underway. Not yet, he whispered. He was your grandfather's right-hand man, and loyal to your father. Most of the time we hid in the woods, and only Kalen could go into the nearby farmhouses and village markets to buy food for us while we waited like criminals, hiding among the trees and living on the outskirts of civilization. As you wish. The captain of the town guards walked into the crowded room. Lucian nodded. The captain's eyes gleamed almost manically. Rafe moved slightly, pulling me up to his side and putting his arm around my waist. I have never seen him before. Marcus had already put up the hood of his cloak and was heading out the door when it opened. They are his accomplices, my lord captain. Our journey took us along the Emerald Coast, and we slept outdoors, skirting small villages along the way. All the tables were packed with people chatting around frothy mugs of ale and eating the sumptuous tavern fare. Marcus didn't move, but his shrewd, dark eyes darted back and forth between them, said the captain. That was days ago—by now she could be anywhere in the seven kingdoms. And? If he is still alive he will definitely help us. The queen turned back around to face him. I'm working on it, my queen. She gave Lucian a pointed look. The main hall of the tavern was full of rowdy men and women who looked and smelled like they hadn't had a bath for days. It will be done, my queen. We lived in the same house at the academy. I don't know. Others drowned their sorrows drinking at the bar. I sat in front of Rafe as we traversed the rocky mountain road, which cut through the gray stone between the thickly wooded slopes. I have seen him with my own eyes. His uniform was a dull blue, and mud stains speckled the front of his tunic. He came closer and put his hand on her shoulder. I stared down at my plate. A word of advice, if I may? I saw them, my lord, he said, pointing at us and addressing the captain in a simpering voice. She won't get far on a normal horse; at least she doesn't have the added advantage of a pegasus anymore. Rafe did not seem amused in the slightest. The Dagger of Dragath is an ancient and dangerous weapon, and I don't know how Morgana got her hands on it. I knew he only wanted to help, and I was grateful, but it made it more difficult to believe what he said. There have been bodies turning up dead all over town, and you were seen leaving one of the murder scenes. My sources say the healing she performed on that day was something no one has ever seen before. But I knew I would have remembered him if I had, the captain asked Rafe. The pegasus was dead. I saw it with my own eyes. The captain nodded, his face hard, said the captain, moving closer. Delacourt clasped Rafe's hand in his. Even I didn't know the exact date. How can a little fool of a girl defeat the deadliest warriors of Illiador? I should have called for the Drakaar assassins much earlier. If I want to become high queen over all the seven kingdoms, Aurora Firedrake must die. Marcus shook his head. But surely there are other ways to find her? He moved toward the door and gestured for Kalen to follow us. Were they? Looks like your last customer didn't mind squealing your alleyway that led into darkness. Delacourt turned to me, his voice soft. Morgana seemed utterly unimpressed. Give me a minute. Escort the prisoner and my guests to the castle, said Lord Delacourt to his men, turning and walking toward the door. There is always a way. I thought you had trained them all personally. My sources say the princess adored with her. Marcus shook his head and pulled back his hood. I was rubbing down the horses at the stables and I heard them talking about a fugitive who was supposed to be staying at the inn. Once you are crowned High Queen of Avalonia, Aurora Firedrake will become a memory. Western Avalonia/Eastern Avalonia/Prologue Why is the girl still alive, Lucian? My fate fell. She doesn't have it in her to be queen. She flashed him a glare. Rafe moved toward the far end of the room, where a man was sitting at a table in the corner, his hood over his head. Anyone found helping you will be arrested by order of the king. What would he gain by making it up? I was exhausted and my thighs were chafed and aching from riding for what seemed like months. Morgana's eyebrows rose. How do you know all this? Forget her, Morgana. Marcus looked the captain straight in the eye. I nodded with my mouth full. The plans are already set in motion. The more we know about it the better. You know how powerful their healers are, and she is stronger still. Go on. Morgana gazed into the dancing fire. Rafe sat down on the bench and introduced me to the small, thin man before me. We think Morgana has it, but we need to know more about how it works and if the curse can be broken, Rafe elaborated. He has been away from Eldoren for the past year. Last I heard, he had gone north to Andrysia. Runaway strands of ash-blond hair stuck to his forehead as he huffed and put his hands on his knees, trying to catch his breath. We need to leave now. I looked around. That's what everyone thinks, Marcus retorted, fiddling with his beard again. And why should I believe you? Marcus rested his elbows on the table and propped his chin on his hands, fiddling with his wispy beard. Come. There was an incident in the ruins, after you, um, left. I tried to remember my history lessons. He pushed back his fur-trimmed crimson cloak to reveal a gleaming sword at his waist. We must find her before those troublemakers who call themselves the Silver Swords do. Rafe turned his horse into a cobbled alleyway that led into darkness. Delacourt turned to me, his voice soft. Morgana seemed utterly unimpressed. Give me a minute. Escort the prisoner and my guests to the castle, said Lord Delacourt to his men, turning and walking toward the door. There is always a way. I thought you had trained them all personally. My sources say the princess healed the pegasus. He may be a shady character, but he's safe and avoids the authorities even better than we do. If Rafe and I unleashed our magic in this tavern, there would be no telling the number of casualties. He wore a plain white shirt with the top few buttons open, dark leather pants with his customary dagger strapped to his leg, and high boots. No one paid us any attention, but I still fiddled with the hood of my cloak, making sure my features were covered. My father's guards won't be far behind. Rafe turned immediately. I could feel the rush of magical power concentrated around him; he was a mage. I stopped eating. Only then will you have any chance of finding the Dagger of Dragath. Let alone breaking the curse. I have spies everywhere looking for the princess. We have to leave now. The captain bowed again, and Lord Delacourt gave me his hand. Oh! I blushed as I sat up. She is weak and foolish. You must proceed with caution, Princess. Her first book, The Last of the Firedrakes, was originally published on Wattpad where it gained over two million reads and a Watty Award. Rafe reached over and plucked a few out of my hair. That is not enough, Morgana snapped. But your Majesty, the Drakaar are not to be trusted. Some played dice at the tables, their eyes intent and their pockets getting emptier by the minute. His dark hair framed his chiseled jaw, and he looked exactly the same as when I had first seen him so many months ago in the dungeons of Oblek's gloomy castle. She is too strong, the archmage said, his face almost feral at the thought of the girl who had evaded them for over fifteen years. He eyed Marcus warily, a cat playing with his prey. What about Izadora? The captain glanced at me once and looked back at Rafe. They are telling everyone to keep a lookout for both of you. It had been ten days since Rafe had led us through the secret passage and out of the city of Neris. Yes! replied Rafe. What's wrong? Lucian didn't blink an eye. The tavern was too crowded for us to use magic and fight our way out—somebody might get hurt, and Rafe knew that. You plan to break the demon curse on the Dagger of Dragath? Delacourt turned his cold blue eyes on the captain. Everyone in Illiador and beyond knows when your birthday is, Aurora. I heard the village guards talking at the market. We would be delighted, my lord, he said with a smile. It is proving impossible to find her with magic. The innkeeper passed by with a huge wooden tray, the delicious smell of freshly baked bread reminded me I hadn't eaten a proper meal in days and I was absolutely starving. He chuckled. Isn't it too risky? Marcus nodded. My heart beat so loudly I was afraid everyone would hear it. Once we have it, we will leave this town before anyone notices us. Like you said, she will eventually destroy herself. Then where is she? We're camped too close to the village as it is. Rafe pushed his food away and grabbed my hand, pulling me up with him. Lucian bowed and his eyes narrowed as he addressed Morgana. The bushes rustled and Kalen came charging into the clearing where we had camped for the night. The captain came to stand before us as he eyed me suspiciously. Rafe swore softly and immediately started saddling the horses. Lucian shook his head. His rancid breath made me feel like gagging. What is your connection to the Brandonian spy? They will find her and kill her, even if you can't. The more she uses her magic, the more her power grows. Broad-shouldered and regal in his bearing, he raised his right hand; the damp fireplace flared to life, warming the cold stone floor. Where's Kalen? Thanks, I mumbled. I believe you have an interest in procuring what we Brandonians refer to as the Dark Dagger. But Lord Delacourt, said the captain, bowing low to the stranger, they were conspiring with the criminal. I tried to remember if I had seen him before. Without proper guidance, the girl is likely to destroy herself. The magistrate will do as I tell him. Marcus leaned forward and lowered his voice. No! Arrest them! the captain shouted to his underlings. Many had cozy, comfortable inns beckoning us to stay and enjoy the quiet serenity of the little villages, but we didn't dare go inside for fear of being noticed. It did sound like Marcus was telling the truth though. Constantine Redgrave, Marcus replied. Take him, I will deal with him personally. How did you know it was my birthday? That won't be necessary. Lord Delacourt, Rafe spoke calmly. Let's see what you are hiding under there. Burn the forests where they take cover, and scorch the villages and towns that conceal them. The guards moved forward and surrounded Marcus, pulling back his hood and holding swords to his throat. I smiled at him gratefully, handed him the reins, and followed Rafe into the inn. Allow me, my lady. You told me yourself rebel factions have sprung up all over Illiador and are searching for her too. The Queen of Illiador sat in a red velvet chair, starting into the flames that illuminated her heart-shaped face. Rafe's eyebrows shot up. Redgrave knows the Star Palace at Nerenor like the back of his hand and must have discovered a secret way out. Yes, Brandon and I were at the Academy of Evolon together for four years. You can ride with me, my lady. I read about him at the Academy of Evolon. I took Delacourt's hand and walked forward, but I caught a glimpse of the hatred in the captain's eyes. Rafe nodded. Marcus, I presume I don't need to tell you who she is? It was just my luck I would get caught and dragged back to the Summer Palace before I got halfway to Illiador. Then find her without magic, Morgana hissed. Marcus Gold doesn't have any accomplices, said a tall, dark figure standing at the entrance of the tavern. The people have already heard she is alive. And I presume you will too, if you value your job, Captain Finley, asked a woman's voice from a shadowy corner. Many of them moved toward the door, but the guards did not let them leave. Oh, I don't think so. As the guards started pulling Marcus toward the door, a gaunt man, who had been sitting at the table next to us, came and stood in front of the captain. There is no more time, Lucian. They are not to be touched, said the stranger, pulling back his hood, revealing handsome features framed by a mass of wavy gold hair. It is a great honor to meet you, Marcus said, his voice low but clear. I said, remove your hood, he enunciated every word. Market wagons and farmers littered the narrow dirt roads, so we disguised ourselves as poor travelers, blending into the surrounding countryside. Uncle Gabriel had kept so many secrets from me, revealing only what he thought necessary. The weather had become colder as winter drew near; I pulled my thin blanket snugly around me, not ready to get up just yet. Our pace was slow; we took back roads and hidden forest paths, constantly stopping and hiding from the guards that patrolled the main trade routes. As long as she wears the Amulet of Auraken, I cannot determine her whereabouts. There is no mage who can stand in her way now. We will strip her of all her allies and her friends. The Earl of Briarwood is one of the oldest titles in Eldoren, passed down through centuries, and Brandon Delacourt is the only heir. Flipkart Internet Private Limited, Buildings Alyssa, Begonia & Clove Embassy Tech Village, Outer Ring Road, Devarabeesanahalli Village, Bengaluru, 560103, Karnataka, India CIN : U51109KA2012PTCC066107 Telephone: 1800 202 9898 Farah Omerbhoy is the international bestselling author of The Avalonia Chronicles. But I had no idea who he was; I had never seen or heard of him before, sputtered the captain. Then we will strike when she is at her weakest. I only had a moment before I had to leave or risk getting caught. He wrapped his cloak closer around us, and his powerful body protected me from the biting chill of the howling wind sweeping down from the mountains. Briarwood Castle A hush fell over the usually rowdy room, and no one moved. Yes, I know. The fae queen will never bow to your rule, you know. I'll water the horses and meet you inside. My granduncle? Remove your hood, sir. He will have the information you need. A chill wind followed as he slammed the tavern door. I want her dead, Lucian. I gasped, my hand flying to my mouth. The Journey Begins I turned over in my bed of damp moss and fallen leaves as muted sunlight shone through the trees and woke me to another day. I gazed at him, my eyes still half shut. Captain Finley gulped and took a step back. There are some villages and towns in your father's kingdom that still celebrate it as a holiday. His informant scurried behind him. Kalen's eyes were wide. His family doesn't sit on the council of nobles, and I suspect that's why your aunt didn't put him on your list of family names to learn. What if we are recognized by someone? This is the only way to get the information we need. His sneaky little informant disappeared into a shadowy corner. It was my pleasure, I said, even though I had no idea what he was talking about. They were all whispering together in a corner. She lives with her family in Mumbai, India but can often be found checking closets for magic portals to Narnia. Farah loves to connect with readers! Find her at her website (farahomerbhoy.com), Instagram (@farahomerbhoyauthor), Facebook (@FarahOmerbhoyAuthor) and Twitter (@farahomerbhoy). I had learned to control my powers to a certain degree—it was a struggle to restrain myself, but I managed to push my magic back down. Morgana, let me find the girl. Happy birthday! He put down his sword and came to squat down beside me. He now goes by the name Diego Ramirez. How is that possible? There is only one person who might know how it can be done. Lucian coughed and looked down. He was supposed to have died on the same day as your father, the day Morgana took over the throne of Illiador. Rafe didn't move, but I could sense his magic building up inside him. He gave me his hand. He smiled when he looked up and saw I was awake. Liar! spat the little informant. It's the town guards. If anyone knows how to break the curse on the Dagger, it's him. The Ravenswood dynasty supports Aurora, and none must be allowed to survive. I must have looked a sight. Is this him, Captain? A burst of cold air entered the room. He turned to the captain of the guard. Follow up. His skin was a warm dusky color and he had a thin mustache over a small goatee, which in my opinion, made him look a bit like a musketeer. Is her healing power so great? They are the last remnants of Azaren's supporters, and I want them gone. Kalen took the reins from me. Her eyes narrowed. What bull! the captain exclaimed. Five armed guards with their swords ready strode into the crowded tavern, blocking our only escape route. I didn't know. Since publication, The Last of the Firedrakes and book two The Rise of the Dawnstar have gone on to win numerous awards, including matching silver medals in IBPA's Benjamin Franklin Awards. You just make sure Aurora never reaches her grandmother's kingdom. For a fleeting second I thought he recognized us. Aunt Serena never told me anything about this family, and he wasn't at the palace for the ball either. You have the wrong man. Earl Delacourt, Brandon's father, went mad almost twenty But Rafe was beside us in an instant and snaked his hand around my waist as he pulled me toward him. I was glad it was Rafe; I wouldn't have had it any other way. Resourceful as ever, he had procured three horses and led us, without incident, to the foot of the Sunrise Hills, farther east into the heart of the kingdom of Eldoren. Small, unplanned streets and rickety wooden houses were crammed together at the edge of the forest that case, he's the only one I know who can give us information about the Dagger. I saw them huddled together. The windows were shut against the cold air that had started blowing down from the north, and a dark mist swirled outside as the wind howled, racing through the kingdoms of Avalonia, heralding the coming of winter. For tonight, at least, Marcus Gold, Marcus seemed to find this amusing and smiled to himself before he answered. If you intend to break into Morgana's palace and steal the Dagger, you are going to need his help. We stopped in front of a tavern that desperately needed a fresh coat of paint and didn't look quite as inviting as the Dancing Daisy Inn, where we had stayed when we were passing through the town of Greystone on our way to the Academy of Magic at Evolon. Go on, Aurora, you must be famished. There you are. Morgana snarled, rising slowly from her high-backed chair and turning to face the archmage. He was archmage during my grandfather's rule, wasn't he? The lady will be riding with me. I whispered. I know I am. His eyes squinched, and he looked like steam was about to start erupting from his ears at any moment, but he moved out of the way nonetheless. But Constantine Redgrave is dead. It was obvious he didn't recognize the crown prince with his hood drawn over his head. But it wasn't me they had come for. My niece must have no place to go, nowhere to hide. Rafe stood up. If this mysterious stranger was a lord of the realm, then he must have recognized his prince. We should be on our way soon. He paused and took a step closer, lowering the tone of his voice. The magistrate will decide if they are telling the truth. I believe it is. He must have escaped the massacre at the Star Palace. I hope you don't mind, I ordered some food while I was waiting. Marcus said when the innkeeper brought three steaming wooden bowls of stew to our table, accompanied by a basket of hot bread and a golden-crustied meat pie for us to share. You won't catch Brandon Delacourt dead at a ball. Keep your hood on, said Rafe. Kalen suddenly appeared and sat down beside me, his face instantly giving away his distress. We just met him, he wanted directions. I want Prince Rafael dead as well. No, Captain Finley! They were working for me to apprehend the criminal. He spotted Rafe almost immediately and waved us over. This supposed expert didn't know how to deal with the Dagger of Dragath. What are you not telling me, Lucian? I winced at the word torture, but Marcus's expression remained unclear as to what he was thinking. He wrung his hands and shifted from side to side as he spoke. You and your dirty magical items don't belong in my town. You should be more careful of the people you work with. Well, well, well, if it isn't Marcus Gold, Brandon's most infamous black market trader. We will be safe at Briarwood Castle, said Rafe in my ear. I put my hand on his shoulder. He pointed his sword at Rafe. His face softened and, much to my astonishment, he gave me a sweeping bow. He jumped up onto his own horse in one graceful leap. I've known him since I was a boy. We need some sort of plan if we are going to steal it from Morgana. The last we heard, she left the Summer Palace in the dark of night. The archmage's jaw tightened. Do you know Delacourt well? She has the blood of the immortal fae running through her veins. He was young and broad-shouldered, and he looked not much older than Rafe. I tensed, and my magic flared to life. Should we take him to the dungeons, sir? He is a notorious loner, no one ever sees much of him. Who? His eyes went straight to Rafe and then to me.



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