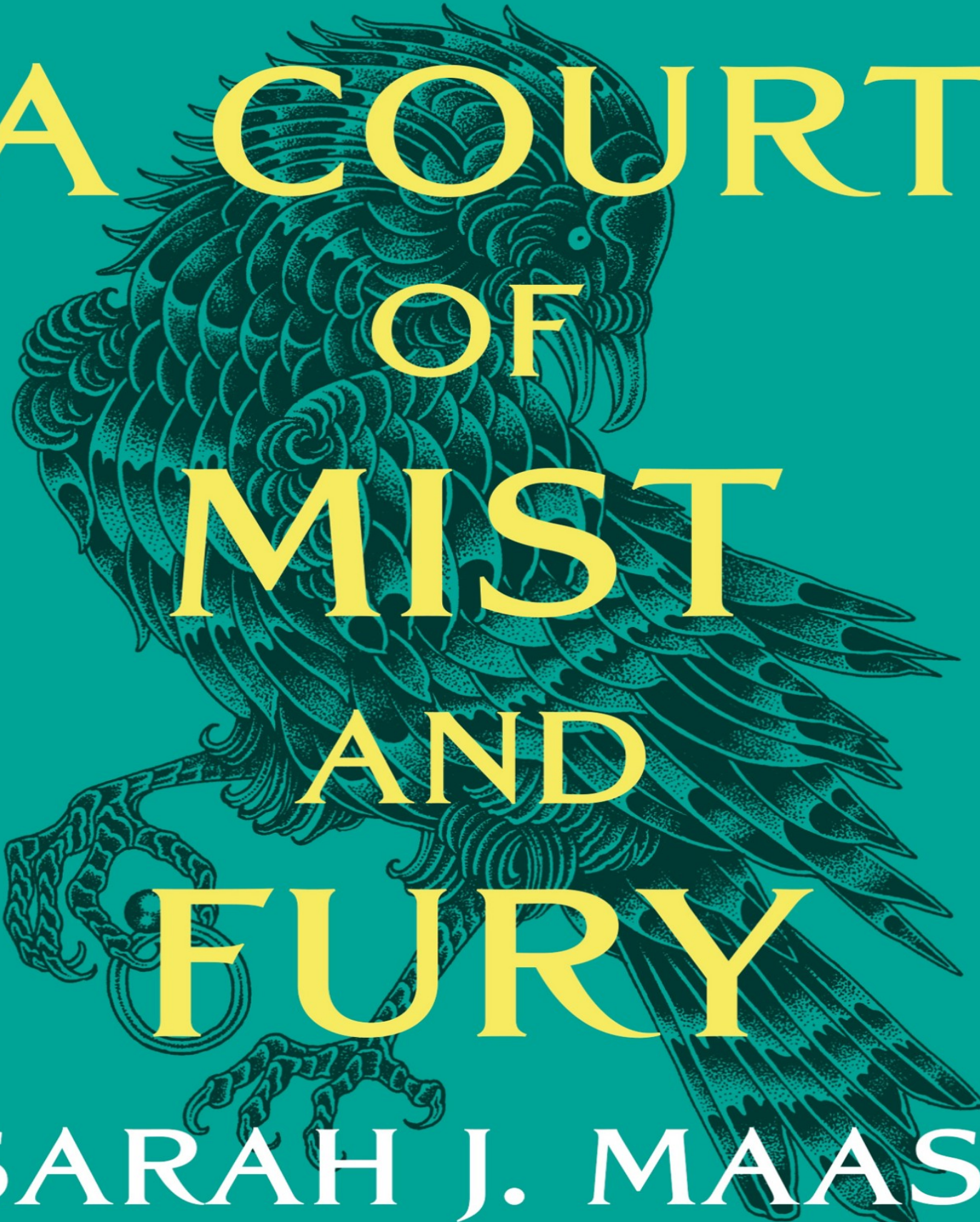


'Darkly sexy and thrilling'

Bustle



A COURT  
OF  
MIST  
AND  
FURY

SARAH J. MAAS

#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

B L O O M S B U R Y

PRAISE FOR SARAH J. MAAS'S COURT OF THORNS AND ROSES SERIES

**A COURT OF THORNS AND ROSES**

“Simply dazzles.” —*Booklist*, starred review

“Passionate, violent, sexy and daring.... A true page-turner.” —*USA Today*

“Suspense, romance, intrigue and action. This is not a book to be missed!” —HuffPost

“Vicious and intoxicating.... A dazzling world, complex characters and sizzling romance.” —*RT Book Reviews*, Top Pick

“A sexy, action-packed fairytale.” —Bustle

**A COURT OF MIST AND FURY**

“Fiercely romantic, irresistibly sexy and hypnotically magical. A veritable feast for the senses.” —*USA Today*

“Hits the spot for fans of dark, lush, sexy fantasy.” —*Kirkus Reviews*

“An immersive, satisfying read.” —*Publishers Weekly*

“Darkly sexy and thrilling.” —Bustle

**A COURT OF WINGS AND RUIN**

“Fast-paced and explosively action-packed.” —*Booklist*

“The plot manages to seduce you with its alluring characters, irresistible world and never-ending action, leaving you craving more.” —*RT Book Reviews*

*For Josh and Annie—  
my own Court of Dreams*

BOOKS BY SARAH J. MAAS

**THE COURT OF THORNS AND ROSES SERIES**

*A Court of Thorns and Roses*

*A Court of Mist and Fury*

*A Court of Wings and Ruin*

*A Court of Frost and Starlight*



*A Court of Thorns and Roses Colouring Book*



**THE CRESCENT CITY SERIES**

*House of Earth and Blood*



**THE THRONE OF GLASS SERIES**

*The Assassin's Blade*

*Throne of Glass*

*Crown of Midnight*

*Heir of Fire*

*Queen of Shadows*

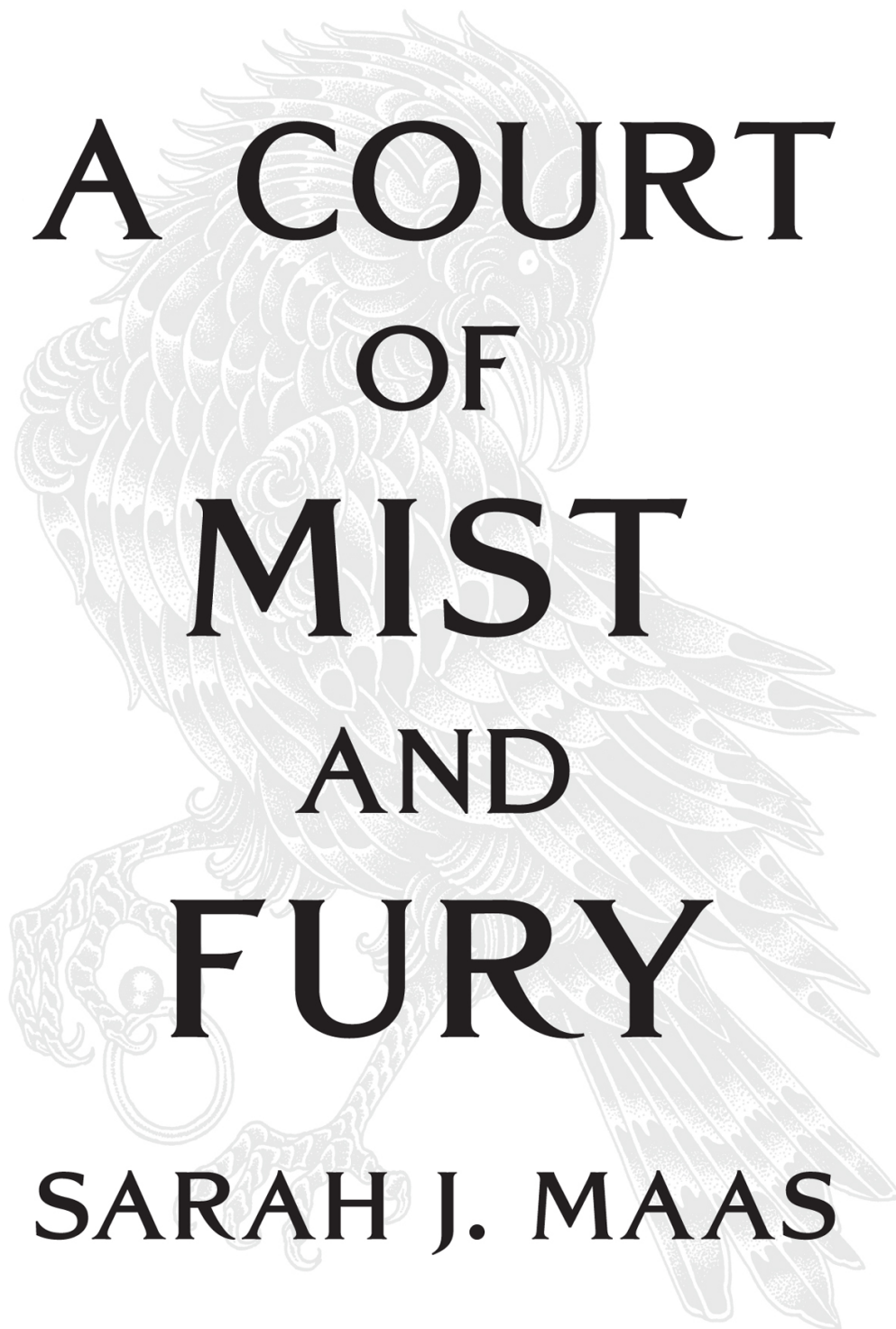
*Empire of Storms*

*Tower of Dawn*

*Kingdom of Ash*



*The Throne of Glass Colouring Book*



**A COURT  
OF  
MIST  
AND  
FURY**

**SARAH J. MAAS**

BLOOMSBURY PUBLISHING  
LONDON • OXFORD • NEW YORK • NEW DELHI • SYDNEY



# CONTENTS

## Part One. The House of Beasts

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Chapter Four

Chapter Five

Chapter Six

Chapter Seven

Chapter Eight

Chapter Nine

Chapter Ten

Chapter Eleven

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Thirteen

## Part Two. The House of Wind

Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Seventeen

Chapter Eighteen

Chapter Nineteen

Chapter Twenty

Chapter Twenty One

Chapter Twenty Two

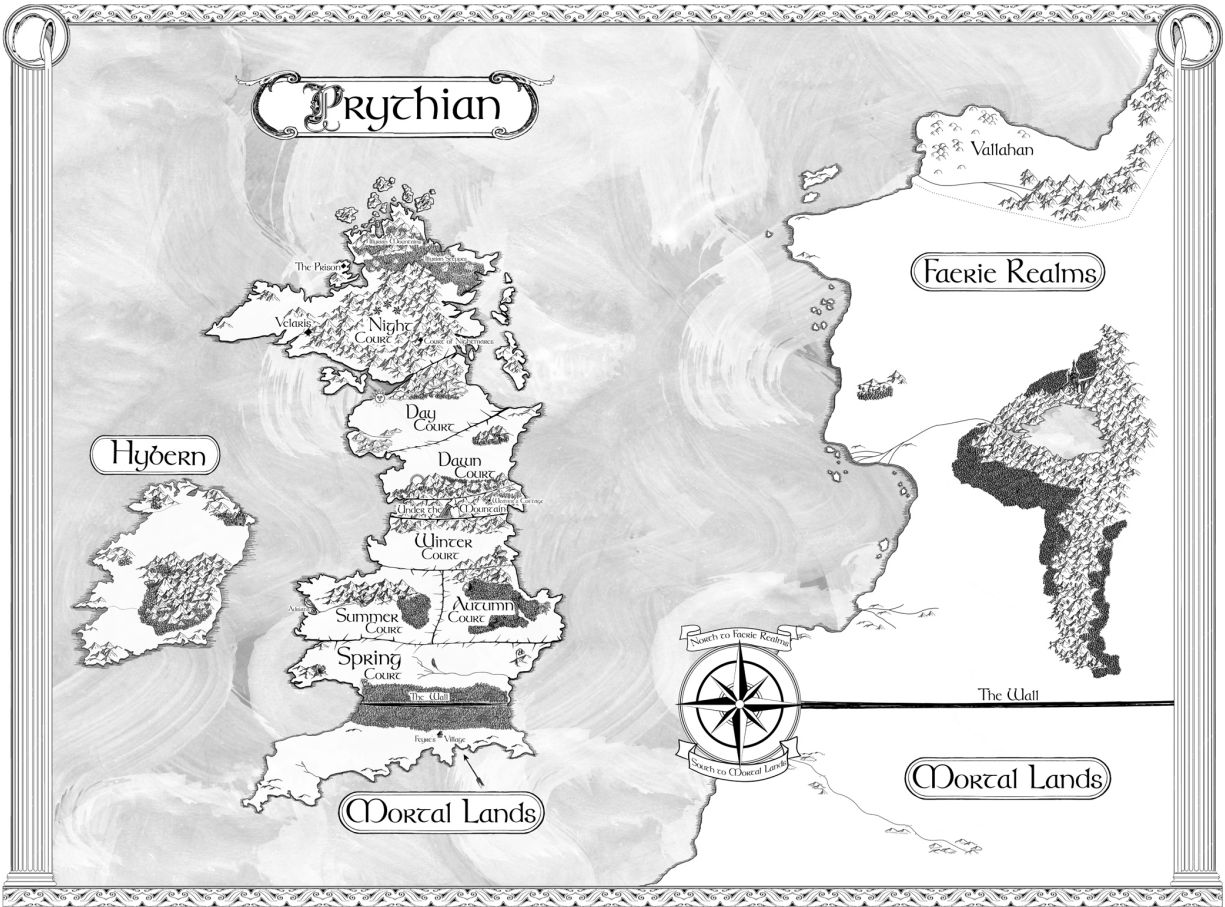


Chapter Twenty Three  
Chapter Twenty Four  
Chapter Twenty Five  
Chapter Twenty Six  
Chapter Twenty Seven  
Chapter Twenty Eight  
Chapter Twenty Nine  
Chapter Thirty  
Chapter Thirty One  
Chapter Thirty Two  
Chapter Thirty Three  
Chapter Thirty Four  
Chapter Thirty Five  
Chapter Thirty Six  
Chapter Thirty Seven  
Chapter Thirty Eight  
Chapter Thirty Nine  
Chapter Forty  
Chapter Forty One  
Chapter Forty Two  
Chapter Forty Three  
Chapter Forty Four  
Chapter Forty Five  
Chapter Forty Six  
Chapter Forty Seven  
Chapter Forty Eight  
Chapter Forty Nine  
Chapter Fifty  
Chapter Fifty-One

Part Three. The House of Mist

Chapter Fifty-Two  
Chapter Fifty-Three  
Chapter Fifty-Four  
Chapter Fifty-Five

Chapter Fifty-Six  
Chapter Fifty-Seven  
Chapter Fifty-Eight  
Chapter Fifty-Nine  
Chapter Sixty  
Chapter Sixty-One  
Chapter Sixty-Two  
Chapter Sixty-Three  
Chapter Sixty-Four  
Chapter Sixty-Five  
Chapter Sixty-Six  
Chapter Sixty-Seven  
Chapter Sixty-Eight  
Chapter Sixty-Nine  
Acknowledgments



Maybe I'd always been broken and dark inside.

Maybe someone who'd been born whole and good would have put down the ash dagger and embraced death rather than what lay before me.

There was blood everywhere.

It was an effort to keep a grip on the dagger as my blood-soaked hand trembled. As I fractured bit by bit while the sprawled corpse of the High Fae youth cooled on the marble floor.

I couldn't let go of the blade, couldn't move from my place before him.

"Good," Amarantha purred from her throne. "Again."

There was another ash dagger waiting, and another Fae kneeling. Female.

I knew the words she'd say. The prayer she'd recite.

I knew I'd slaughter her, as I'd slaughtered the youth before me.

To free them all, to free Tamlin, I would do it.

I was the butcher of innocents, and the savior of a land.

"Whenever you're ready, lovely Feyre," Amarantha drawled, her deep red hair as bright as the blood on my hands. On the marble.

Murderer. Butcher. Monster. Liar. Deceiver.

I didn't know who I meant. The lines between me and the queen had long since blurred.

My fingers loosened on the dagger, and it clattered to the ground, splattering the spreading pool of blood. Flecks splashed onto my worn boots—remnants of a mortal life so far behind me it

might as well have been one of my fever-dreams these few last months.

I faced the female waiting for death, that hood sagging over her head, her lithe body steady. Braced for the end I was to give her, the sacrifice she was to become.

I reached for the second ash dagger atop a black velvet pillow, its hilt icy in my warm, damp hand. The guards yanked off her hood.

I knew the face that stared up at me.

Knew the blue-gray eyes, the brown-gold hair, the full mouth and sharp cheekbones. Knew the ears that had now become delicately arched, the limbs that had been streamlined, limned with power, any human imperfections smoothed into a subtle immortal glow.

Knew the hollowness, the despair, the corruption that leaked from that face.

My hands didn't tremble as I angled the dagger.

As I gripped the fine-boned shoulder, and gazed into that hated face—*my* face.

And plunged the ash dagger into my awaiting heart.

PART ONE

# THE HOUSE OF BEASTS

# CHAPTER

# 1

I vomited into the toilet, hugging the cool sides, trying to contain the sounds of my retching.

Moonlight leaked into the massive marble bathing room, providing the only illumination as I was quietly, thoroughly sick.

Tamlin hadn't stirred as I'd jolted awake. And when I hadn't been able to tell the darkness of my chamber from the endless night of Amarantha's dungeons, when the cold sweat coating me felt like the blood of those faeries, I'd hurtled for the bathing room.

I'd been here for fifteen minutes now, waiting for the retching to subside, for the lingering tremors to spread apart and fade, like ripples in a pool.

Panting, I braced myself over the bowl, counting each breath.

Only a nightmare. One of many, asleep and waking, that haunted me these days.

It had been three months since Under the Mountain. Three months of adjusting to my immortal body, to a world struggling to piece itself together after Amarantha had fractured it apart.

I focused on my breathing—in through my nose, out through my mouth. Over and over.

When it seemed like I was done heaving, I eased from the toilet—but didn't go far. Just to the adjacent wall, near the cracked window, where I could see the night sky, where the breeze could

caress my sticky face. I leaned my head against the wall, flattening my hands against the chill marble floor. Real.

This was real. I had survived; I'd made it out.

Unless it was a dream—just a fever-dream in Amarantha's dungeons, and I'd awaken back in that cell, and—

I curled my knees to my chest. Real. *Real*.

I mouthed the words.

I kept mouthing them until I could loosen my grip on my legs and lift my head. Pain splintered through my hands—

I'd somehow curled them into fists so tight my nails were close to puncturing my skin.

Immortal strength—more a curse than a gift. I'd dented and folded every piece of silverware I'd touched for three days upon returning here, had tripped over my longer, faster legs so often that Alis had removed any irreplaceable valuables from my rooms (she'd been particularly grumpy about me knocking over a table with an eight-hundred-year-old vase), and had shattered not one, not two, but *five* glass doors merely by accidentally closing them too hard.

Sighing through my nose, I unfolded my fingers.

My right hand was plain, smooth. Perfectly Fae.

I tilted my left hand over, the whorls of dark ink coating my fingers, my wrist, my forearm all the way to the elbow, soaking up the darkness of the room. The eye etched into the center of my palm seemed to watch me, calm and cunning as a cat, its slitted pupil wider than it'd been earlier that day. As if it adjusted to the light, as any ordinary eye would.

I scowled at it.

At whoever might be watching through that tattoo.

I hadn't heard from Rhys in the three months I'd been here. Not a whisper. I hadn't dared ask Tamlin, or Lucien, or anyone—lest it'd somehow summon the High Lord of the Night Court, somehow remind him of the fool's bargain I'd struck Under the Mountain:



one week with him every month in exchange for his saving me from the brink of death.

But even if Rhys had miraculously forgotten, I never could. Nor could Tamlin, Lucien, or anyone else. Not with the tattoo.

Even if Rhys, at the end ... even if he hadn't been exactly an enemy.

To Tamlin, yes. To every other court out there, yes. So few went over the borders of the Night Court and lived to tell. No one really knew what *existed* in the northernmost part of Prythian.

Mountains and darkness and stars and death.

But I hadn't felt like Rhysand's enemy the last time I'd spoken to him, in the hours after Amarantha's defeat. I'd told no one about that meeting, what he'd said to me, what I'd confessed to him.

*Be glad of your human heart, Feyre. Pity those who don't feel anything at all.*

I squeezed my fingers into a fist, blocking out that eye, the tattoo. I uncoiled to my feet, and flushed the toilet before padding to the sink to rinse out my mouth, then wash my face.

I wished I felt nothing.

I wished my human heart had been changed with the rest of me, made into immortal marble. Instead of the shredded bit of blackness that it now was, leaking its ichor into me.

Tamlin remained asleep as I crept back into my darkened bedroom, his naked body sprawled across the mattress. For a moment, I just admired the powerful muscles of his back, so lovingly traced by the moonlight, his golden hair, mussed with sleep and the fingers I'd run through it while we made love earlier.

For him, I had done this—for him, I'd gladly wrecked myself and my immortal soul.

And now I had eternity to live with it.

I continued to the bed, each step heavier, harder. The sheets were now cool and dry, and I slipped in, curling my back to him, wrapping my arms around myself. His breathing was deep—even.

But with my Fae ears ... sometimes I wondered if I heard his breath catch, only for a heartbeat. I never had the nerve to ask if he was awake.

He never woke when the nightmares dragged me from sleep; never woke when I vomited my guts up night after night. If he knew or heard, he said nothing about it.

I knew similar dreams chased him from his slumber as often as I fled from mine. The first time it had happened, I'd awoken—tried to speak to him. But he'd shaken off my touch, his skin clammy, and had shifted into that beast of fur and claws and horns and fangs. He'd spent the rest of the night sprawled across the foot of the bed, monitoring the door, the wall of windows.

He'd since spent many nights like that.

Curled in the bed, I pulled the blanket higher, craving its warmth against the chill night. It had become our unspoken agreement—not to let Amarantha win by acknowledging that she still tormented us in our dreams and waking hours.

It was easier to not have to explain, anyway. To not have to tell him that though I'd freed him, saved his people and all of Prythian from Amarantha ... I'd broken myself apart.

And I didn't think even eternity would be long enough to fix me.