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## PDF Book

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In the dim hallway, Cassian raised his fist to the green door, but he hesitated before punching it. He had dispatched more foes than he cared to count, had stood knee-deep in gore on countless battlefields and kept swinging, had made choices that cost the lives of skilled warriors, had been a general, a grunt, and an assassin, and yet... here he was, lowering his fist. He had made choices that cost the lives of skilled warriors, had been a grunt, and he had been an assassin Balking.

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It was necessary to apply new paint to the structure that was located on the northern bank of the Sidra River. And brand new flooring, judging by the sound of the creaking boards beneath his boots as he climbed the two flights of stairs. However, at least it wasn't dirty. Definitely depressing by the standards of Velaris, but when you consider that the city itself did not contain any slums, that doesn't say much. He had been in much worse accommodations in the past.

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However, he had never been able to fathom why Nesta insisted on residing in this location. It was too far away from the city, and she couldn't fly or winnow in, so it made sense to him that she wouldn't want to take up rooms in the House of Wind. Therefore, it was necessary to negotiate the ten thousand steps, both up and down. But why live in such a squalor when there was a perfectly good town house available?



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Since Feyre and Rhys had finished building their expansive home on the river, the town house that they had purchased had been left open for use by any of their friends who might require or desire its services. Download the book in PDF format: A Court of Silver Flames

He knew for a fact that Feyre had extended an offer to Nesta to stay there, but that Nesta had declined the offer. She rummaged through her wine-soaked memory as she made her way back to the bedroom, dodging piles of books and clumps of clothing. She recalled the heated glances she had exchanged at the tavern, the wet and hot meeting of their mouths, and the sweat coating her as she rode him until pleasure and drink sent her into blissful oblivion, but she could not remember his name.

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When Nesta finally made it into the dim and claustrophobic bedroom, the man had already leaned out the window, and there was a good chance that Cassian was hiding out on the street below to watch his embarrassingly pitiful exit. The four-poster bed made of brass was crooked, the sheets were half-strewn across the squeaky and uneven wood floor, and the cracked window was slamming against the wall as it hung from its sloppy hinges.



The male rotated his body to face her. Both Feyre and Elain had made efforts to persuade her to relocate. She had never listened to their words of wisdom. In the same way, she wouldn't pay attention to anything that was said today. Download the book in PDF format: A Court of Silver Flames She was aware that Feyre intended to reprimand her. It could have something to do with the fact that Nesta had signed her name to her sister's bank account in order to pay for the outrageous tab at the tavern the previous night.

Nesta let out a snort while fiddling with the shower handle. The metal was cold to the touch, and it groaned as water sputtered and sprayed into the broken and stained tub. This was her home for a while. No maids, no eyes watching and evaluating each and every move, and no visitors unless she specifically invited them in. Or unless inquisitive and arrogant warriors made it a point of their business to visit.

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It took the water a full five minutes to heat up to the point where it could be used to begin filling the tub. In the course of the previous year, there were some days in which she had not even bothered to make the effort to take the time. On some days, she would climb into the freezing water, but instead of feeling the bite of the water, she would feel the bite of the Cauldron's dark depths as it consumed her in its entirety. While doing so, it stripped her of her humanity and her sense of mortality, transforming her into this.

Even though unholy dark power was flowing through her, it was not enough to prevent the King of Hybern from breaking his neck. She had a deep-seated, abiding hatred for her father, despite the fact that he loved her for some reason that she could never fathom. The PDF Book Version of "A Court of Silver Flames" The amount is insufficient to alleviate their poverty or prevent them from starving to death. However, in some inexplicable way, it had been sufficient for him to gather an army on the continent.



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to engage in combat aboard a vessel that bears her name. Even in those final seconds, she harbored a deep-seated hatred for her father. And then his neck had cracked, and his eyes, even as he was dying, were not filled with fear but with that foolish love for her. That was what had remained, the look in his eyes; it had stuck with me. The bitterness she felt inside as she watched him sacrifice himself for her. It had become infected, eating away at her like the power she repressed, and wreaking havoc within her head to the point where even ice baths were unable to make it go away. She had the ability to save him.

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It was the responsibility of the King of Hybern. She was aware of that. However, it also belonged to her. It was also her fault that Elain had been taken by the Cauldron after Nesta had spied on it with that scrying. Just as it was her fault that Elain had been captured by the Cauldron after Nesta had spied on it, it was also her fault that Hybern had done such terrible things to hunt her and her sister down like a deer. The PDF Book Version of "A Court of Silver Flames" On some days, the sheer dread and panic locked Nesta's body up so thoroughly that nothing could get her to breathe again. She was trapped.

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There was nothing that could stop the terrible power from starting to rise, rise, and rise within her. Nothing more than the music in those taverns, the card games with strangers, the never-ending bottles of wine, and the sex that made her feel nothing but offered a moment of release amidst the raging that was going on inside of her. She had no interest in having them.



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They were meager gestures of compassion and feeble entreaties to persuade her to participate in Feyre's life and to find gainful employment. However, the High Lord had never shown any interest in her. At best, their interactions were restrained and courteous. She

never disclosed to him the fact that the reasons he detested her were the same reasons she chose to reside in this location. On occasion, I subjected myself to ice baths.

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On the others, I completely forgot to eat. They were unable to tolerate the constant crackling and snapping of a fireplace. The PDF version of A Court of Silver Flames And spent each night submerging herself in a sea of wine, music, and pleasure. Every damning thing that Rhysand thought about her was true, and she had known it long before he had ever shadowed her doorstep or stepped foot on her property. Any gift or favor Rhysand bestowed upon Feyre was motivated solely by his affection for her.



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It would be better for her to spend her time in the way that she desired. After all, they continued making payments toward it. The apartment shook violently when there was a knock at the door. Cassian was able to hear her and smell her even though she was glaring in the direction of the front room and debating whether or not to pretend she had left. And if he did break down the door, which was highly likely given the circumstances, she would have the added burden of having to explain it to her miserly landlord.

She had no ill will toward his admirers. She'd witnessed both the thrill and the sheer terror of watching him on those battlefields. She'd felt both. Still woke up with a layer of sweat covering her body as she recalled the memories: how she had been unable to breathe while she had watched him fight, enemies swarming him; how it had felt when the power of the Cauldron had surged and she had known that it was going to strike where their army was strongest — him.

She had been successful in bringing him to safety, but she was unable to save the one thousand Illyrians who had perished in the instant after she had done so. She moved her focus away from that recollection as well. The PDF version of A Court of Silver Flames Cassian caught her eye and held it as he closed the distance between them. When he was close enough, he reached out a hand and removed the blue and cream scarf that Elain had given her for her birthday earlier in the year from its hook on the wall.



As he brushed past her, he held it tightly in his fist and dangled it like a snake that had been strangled. Something was bothering him to no end. In his usual behavior, Cassian would wait a little bit longer before caving in to his anger. It's possible that it had something to do with what Feyre had planned to say at the house. As she adjusted each lock, Nesta felt a knot form in her stomach. She wasn't an idiot at all.

She was aware that ever since the war had ended, there had been unrest not only in these lands but also on the continent as a whole. Knew that without the barrier of the wall, some Fae territories were testing the limits of what they could get away with in terms of their border claims and how they treated humans. This was especially true when it came to how they treated humans. And she was well aware that those four human queens were still squatting in the palace they shared, with their armies remaining untouched and unbroken.

Every single one of them was a monstrosity. They had eliminated the queen with the golden hair who had betrayed them and exchanged another queen, Vassa, for the services of a sorcerer-lord. It was only appropriate that the Cauldron had turned the eldest of the four remaining queens into an old hag by transforming the youngest of them. The PDF version of A Court of Silver Flames As a consequence for the power that Nesta had stolen from the Cauldron, the victim was transformed into a long-lived Fae but was forced to age into a shriveled shell as a form of punishment.

How she had torn it to pieces even as it was transforming her mortal body into something different. The enormous room was divided in two by a mighty staircase, and above it, dangling from the intricately carved ceiling was a chandelier made of hand-blown glass that had been crafted by artisans from Velaris. The faelights in each nest-shaped orb cast shimmering reflections on the polished pale wood floors, which are only broken up by potted ferns, furniture made of wood that was also crafted in Velaris, and an outrageous assortment of artwork.



She made no effort to offer a comment on any of it at all. One of the plush blue rugs ran beneath the arch of the stairs and straight to a wall of windows on its other side, which looked out onto the sloping lawn and gleaming river at its feet. The other plush blue rug was a runner that flowed along the cavernous halls on either side.

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