

"Swept me away from the very first page. . . . Truly magical." —GENEVIEVE GORNICHEC,  
bestselling author of *The Witch's Heart*, on *A River Enchanted*

# A FIRE ENDLESS

*An Elements of Cadence Novel*



# REBECCA ROSS

Internationally Bestselling Author of *A River Enchanted*

# A FIRE ENDLESS

A NOVEL

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*ELEMENTS OF CADENCE-BOOK 2*

REBECCA ROSS



**HARPER Voyager**  
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# Dedication

*For Suzie Townsend,  
Agent Extraordinaire.*

*Thank you for all the magic you gave to this book  
(and the five others before it).*

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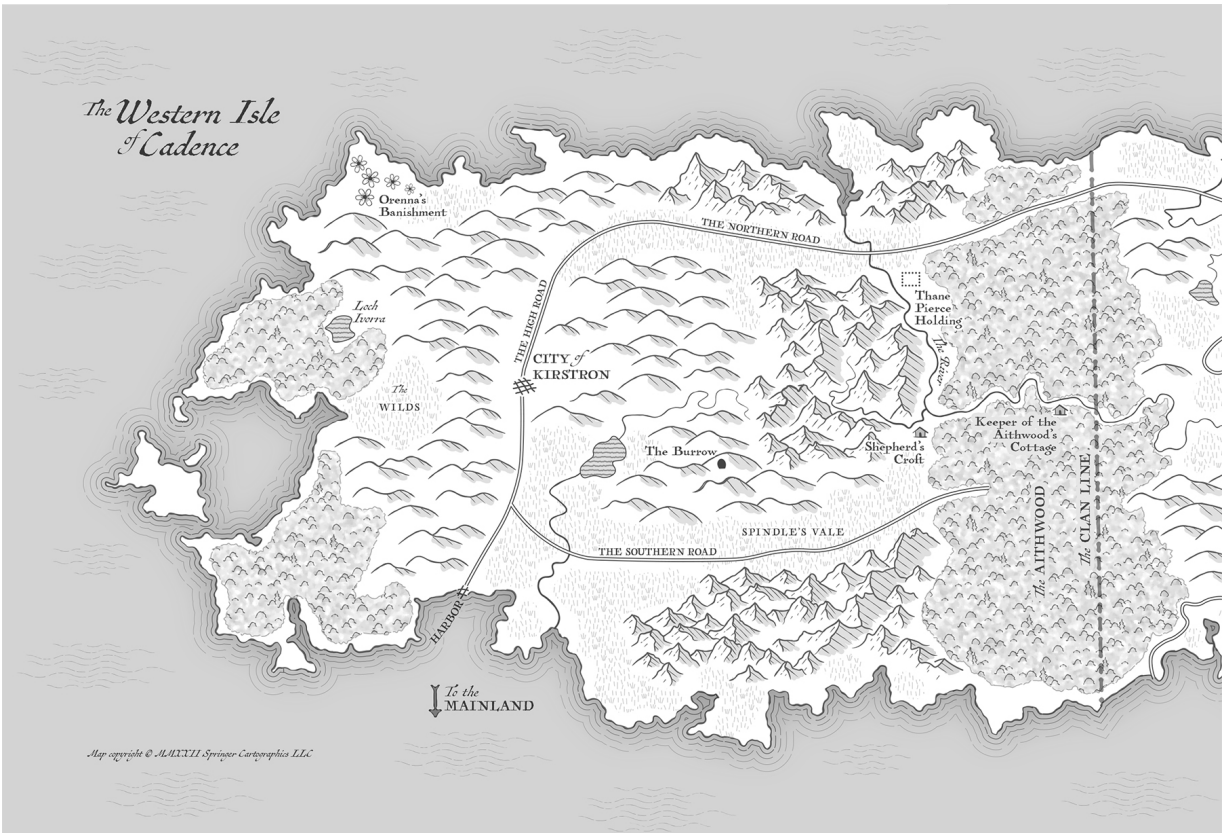
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# Map 1





# Prologue

Once, Kae had carried thousands of words in her hands. As a spirit of the wind, she had reveled in the power of it—to cradle things that were both fragile and sharp—and it had always been a delight when she chose to release them. To feel the timbres and textures of those many voices, from deep to airy, from melodious to rough-hewn. Once, she had let gossip and news melt through her fingers and unspool across the hills of Cadence, watching how humankind reacted when they caught the words either like hail or like thistledown.

It had never failed to amuse her.

But that had been when she was younger, hungrier, and uncertain of herself. When the older spirits had relished biting the edges of her wings to make them tattered and weak, eager to override her routes. King Bane had not yet appointed her as his favored messenger, even with frayed wings and mortal voices as her closest companions. Kae could only fully appreciate that simpler era now as she glided over Eastern Cadence, reminiscing.

There had come a moment when things started to shift. A moment that Kae could pinpoint in retrospect, realizing it was a seam in her existence.

Lorna Tamerlaine and her music.

She had never sung for the spirits of the air, although Kae often watched from the shadows as the bard called to the sea, to the earth. Kae had at first been relieved Lorna didn't summon the winds, and yet how often the spirit still yearned for it. To know Lorna's notes were crafted just for her and to feel them thrum in her bones.