

New York Times Bestselling Author of *Divine Rivals*

Rebecca Ross

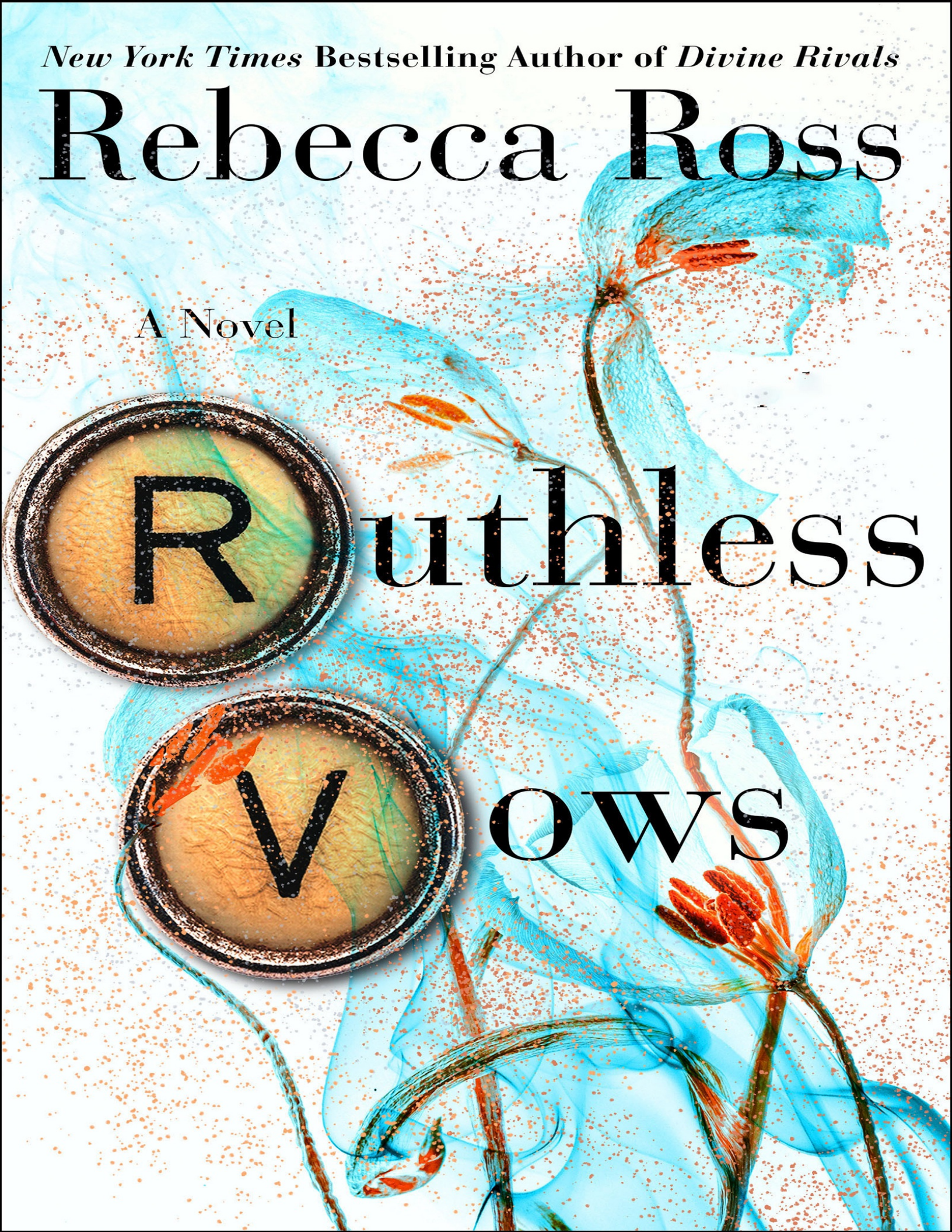
A Novel

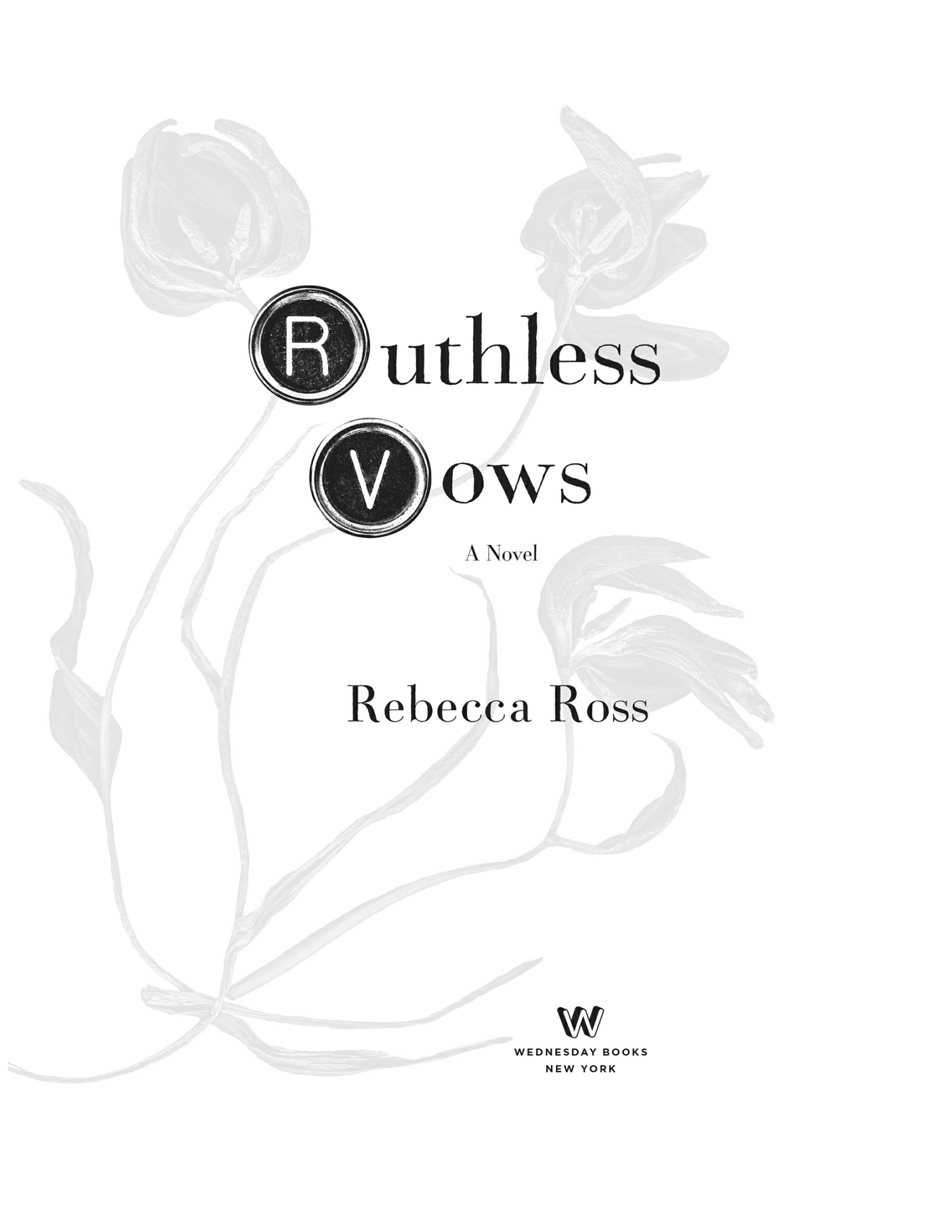
R

uthless

V

ows





Ruthless

VOWS

A Novel

Rebecca Ross



WEDNESDAY BOOKS
NEW YORK

[Begin Reading](#)

[Table of Contents](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Copyright Page](#)

**Thank you for buying this
Wednesday Books ebook.**

To receive special offers, bonus content,
and info on new releases and other great reads,
sign up for our newsletters.



Sign Up

Or visit us online at
us.macmillan.com/newslettersignup

For email updates on the author, click [here](#).

The author and publisher have provided this e-book to you for your personal use only. You may not make this e-book publicly available in any way. **Copyright infringement is against the law. If you believe the copy of this e-book you are reading infringes on the author's copyright, please notify the publisher at: us.macmillanusa.com/piracy.**

*For anyone who sought a different realm through a wardrobe door,
Who wrote a letter and is still waiting for a reply,
Or who dreams of stories and bleeds words*

*Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?*
—John Keats, “Ode to a Nightingale”

{ Prologue }

ENVA

There was never any doubt in her mind, even after all these dust-streaked mortal years, that Dacre would one day come for her. Enva knew her music would only hold him in his grave for so long. It didn't matter how much she had sacrificed to sing it; the twisted spell she had sung over him would eventually fade in power.

She had strummed the lullaby for the entire turning of a year, from spring to summer, when gray storms turned the world green and soft. And then from summer to autumn, when the trees turned umber and gold, and rime cast a cloak over the dying grass. From autumn to winter, when mountains grew fangs of ice and the air was brittle, and then to spring once again.

It was enough to hold her former lover beneath the loam for centuries by mortal reckoning, and she had reassured the human king at the time. As for the other three divines ... Alva, Mir, and Luz ... Enva had never been worried about their waking.

But all good things eventually came to an end. And all songs had a final verse.

Dacre would wake, and she would be waiting for him.

Enva curled her long fingers into a fist at her side, feeling the ache in her swollen knuckles. She had known her spell would end, but what she *hadn't* anticipated was the cost of swallowing so much power.

Momentarily lost to the past, Enva stood in a shadow on Broad Street, watching people hurry along their way, oblivious to her presence. But she was often overlooked, as was her preference. She could melt into a crowd of mortals like she had been born among them, with flesh doomed to bleed and decay, with a spirit that was like a candle flame, flickering and incandescent. Burning brilliant in the darkness.

She waited a few more moments for the sun to set. Only then did she step forward into the dusk and cross the street, her eyes on a particular café. She was almost certain she had been here before, long, long ago. Before this city had risen from a crosshatching of cobblestones. Before the buildings had been made of tall, steel skeletons.

She could *almost* remember this place if she let her memories fall back in time. If she dared to relive the era when she had dwelled with Dacre below. When she could have drowned in such lonely shadows, waking in his bed, longing for the sky.

He had put her in a gilded cage, but she had slipped away from his grasping hands.

Enva reached the café's threshold. It was closed for the night, but locks had never stopped her before, and she stepped into the building and studied her surroundings. Yes, she had been here once, but this place had been vastly different then. She had the strange feeling that while everything around her had changed and evolved like the seasons, she had not. She was the same as she had been centuries ago, drawn from very old wind and cold constellations.

But she was not here to fall prey to what had been.

Enva narrowed her sight and stepped forward, searching for the door.

PART ONE

The Magic Still Gathers

A Grave Encounter

Spring had at last found the city of Oath, but even the flood of sunshine couldn't melt the frost in Iris Winnow's bones. She knew someone was following her as she walked through the bustle of Broad Street, over tram tracks and scuffed cobblestones. She resisted the temptation to glance behind, instead forcing her hands into the pockets of her trench coat as she stepped over a row of weeds blooming from the pavement cracks.

The coat was only three days old and still smelled like the store Iris had bought it from—a hint of rose perfume and complimentary black tea and polished leather brogues—and the days were becoming too warm to truly need it on her walks to and from work. But she found that she liked to have the coat belted at her waist, as if it were armor.

She shivered as she wove through a crowd gathered at a bakery door, hoping the person on her trail would lose sight of her in the tumult of people purchasing their morning buns. She wondered if it was Forest following her. The image instantly made her feel better, and then profoundly worse. He had done such a thing before, back in Avalon Bluff. In fact, he had been watching her for *days*, waiting for the right moment to appear, and it still made her feel ill to remember.

Iris couldn't resist a moment longer. She cast a glance over her shoulder, the wind pulling a few tendrils of hair across her face.

There was no sight of her older brother, but then again he was no longer the swift-laughing, affectionate person he had been before he enlisted for Enva's cause. No, the war had left its marks on him, had taught him how to maneuver in the trenches and fire a gun and sneak across dead man's zone into enemy territory. The war had deeply wounded him. And if Forest was following her this morning, then it meant he still doubted her.

He continued to believe she would run, leaving him and Oath behind without a word of farewell.

I want you to trust me, Forest.

Iris swallowed and hurried on her way. She passed the building she had once worked in, where the *Oath Gazette* sat alight on the fifth floor, the place where she had first met Roman and thought him an arrogant upper-class snob. The place where her words had first found their place in the newspaper, where she had discovered the thrill of reporting.

Iris walked past those heavy glass doors, tracing the ring on her fourth finger. She turned onto a quieter side street, listening for the sound of footfalls behind her. There was too much din from the tram bells and the hawkers on street corners, though, and she dared to take a shortcut through an alley.

It was a strange, haphazard path that most vehicles couldn't navigate without knocking a side mirror loose. A cobbled street where magic could still be felt when passing over certain thresholds or glancing at the shine of windows or stepping through a shadow that never faded, no matter how brilliant the sun burned overhead.

But Iris paused when she saw words painted in bold red paint on a white brick wall.

Gods belong in their graves.

It wasn't the first time she had come across that statement. Last week, she had seen it painted on the side of a cathedral and on the library doors. The words were always in red, bright as blood, and often followed by a single name: *Enva*.

No one had seen the goddess in weeks. She no longer sang people to war, inspiring them to enlist and fight. Sometimes Iris wondered if Enva was even in the city, although others claimed they spotted the goddess from time to time. As for who was painting this sinister phrase all throughout town ... Iris could only wonder, but it seemed to be a group of people in Oath who wanted no living divines in Cambria. Including Dacre.

With a shiver, Iris continued on her way. She was almost to the *Inkriden Tribune* when she allowed herself a final glance

behind.

There was indeed someone farther up the street. But they spun and slipped into a shadowy doorway, and Iris couldn't discern their build, let alone their face.

She sighed, rubbing the gooseflesh on her arms. She had reached her destination, and if it *was* Forest on her heels, then she would speak to him later, when she returned to their flat. It was a talk that had been brewing for an entire week now, the two of them both too hesitant to broach it.

Iris slipped past the wooden door, her boots clicking over the black-and-white-tiled floor of the lobby. She took the staircase down, feeling the temperature shift as the lightbulbs emitted a faint ring above her. Yet another reason to wear her trench coat year-round.

The *Inkridden Tribune* was rooted in the basement of an ancient building, where it often felt like eternal autumn, with oaken desks piled high with paper, a ceiling veined with copper pipes, exposed brick walls with drafty fissures, and the light of brass desk lamps limning the dance of cigarette smoke and the glint of typewriter keys. It was a dark yet cozy place, and Iris stepped into it with a soft exhale.

Attie was already sitting at the table they shared, staring absently at her typewriter. Her slender brown hands cradled a chipped cup of tea, and her brow was heavy, lost in deep thought.

Iris shed her trench coat, draping it over the back of her chair. She still wore the laced-up ankle boots that had been provided for the front lines, which were much easier to walk in than the heels she had once worn at the *Gazette*. The boots didn't match the plaid skirt and white blouse she wore, but Helena Hammond didn't seem to mind her mismatched outfit, so long as Iris wrote good pieces for the paper.

"Morning," Attie greeted her.

"Morning," Iris echoed as she took her seat. "Weather's nice today."

"Which means it'll be storming by the time we leave," Attie countered wryly, taking a sip of tea. But then her voice gentled as she whispered, "Any news?"

Iris knew what Attie was referring to. She was asking about Roman. If Iris had somehow scrounged up any news on his whereabouts and status.

"No," Iris replied, her throat narrow. She had sent out multiple telegrams since she had returned to Oath. Shots in the dark to railroad stations that were still operational despite how close they were to the war front.

MISSING PERSON ALERT STOP ROMAN C KITT STOP BLACK HAIR BLUE EYES WAR CORRESPONDENT STOP LAST SEEN IN AVALON BLUFF STOP CONTACT I WINNOW VIA OATH TELEGRAM OFFICE STOP

Iris had received no answers yet, but then again, what had she expected? Countless soldiers and civilians were unaccounted for these days, and she distracted herself with readying her typewriter, which truly wasn't *hers* but a spare one that the *Tribune* was lending her. It was an old instrument; the space bar was worn down from countless thumbs and it possessed a few keys that liked to stick, creating plenty of errors. Iris was still trying to get used to it, longing for the magical one her nan had once given her. The typewriter that had connected her to Roman. The Third Alouette.

Iris fed a fresh sheet of paper into the roller, but she thought of her typewriter, wondering where it was. The last time she had seen it had been in her room at Marisol's bed and breakfast. And while the B and B had miraculously survived the bombing, there was no telling what Dacre and his forces had done to the town once they had overtaken it. Perhaps the Third Alouette was still there in her old room, untouched and coated in ash. Perhaps one of Dacre's soldiers had stolen it, using it for nefarious correspondence, or maybe had smashed it to glimmering pieces on the street.

"You all right, kid?" Helena Hammond's voice suddenly broke the moment, and Iris glanced up to see her boss standing beside the table. "You're looking a bit pale."

"Yes, just ... thinking," Iris replied with a faint smile. "Sorry."

"No apologies needed. I didn't mean to interrupt your contemplations, but I have a letter for you." A smile broke Helena's stern countenance as she withdrew a crinkled envelope from her trouser pocket. "Someone I think you'll be happy to hear from."

Iris yanked the letter from Helena's hand, unable to hide her eagerness. It had to be news about Roman, and her stomach twisted with hope and terror as she ripped open the envelope. Iris was first taken aback by how long the message was—too lengthy to be a telegram—and she exhaled, her breath tremulous as she read:

Dearest Iris,

I cannot even begin to describe how relieved I was (and still am!) to learn that you had returned safely to Oath! I'm sure Attie has already told you of what happened in Avalon Bluff that terrible day, but we waited for you and Roman at the lorry as long as we could. Even then, it felt like my heart had broken when we