

# Map

You are being provided with a book chapter by chapter. I will request you to read the book for me after each chapter. After reading the chapter, 1. shorten the chapter to no less than 300 words and no more than 400 words. 2. Do not change the name, address, or any important nouns in the chapter. 3. Do not translate the original language. 4. Keep the same style as the original chapter, keep it consistent throughout the chapter. Your reply must comply with all four requirements, or it's invalid. I will provide the chapter now.

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.