

Chapter 4: Taken to Prythian

In Chapter 4, the night erupted into chaos as an enormous beast, unlike anything Feyre had ever seen, stormed into their small, fragile home. Golden fur rippled over a muscular frame, and its enormous head—both wolf-like and predatory—was crowned with antlered horns that cast eerie shadows against the walls. Its long, black claws scraped against the wooden floor, and yellow fangs gleamed in the dim light as it let out a growl that sent tremors through the entire cabin. Though her sisters cowered in terror and her father remained frozen in stunned silence, Feyre instinctively positioned herself between them and the monstrous intruder, her hand tightening around the hilt of her hunting knife. The creature radiated power, an unnatural energy that sent every instinct in her body screaming that she was facing something far more dangerous than an ordinary predator.

The beast spoke, its voice a deep, guttural snarl filled with rage and condemnation. It was not a mindless creature—it was fae. The realization sent ice through Feyre’s veins, for no faerie had crossed into their lands in her lifetime, and yet here one stood, filling the small home with its immense presence. Its accusation was swift and damning: a murder had been committed. Though she did not yet understand the full weight of its words, she could feel the truth pressing down on her like a heavy stone. It was speaking of the wolf—the one she had killed in the woods, the one she had skinned for its pelt without a second thought. The creature’s fury made it clear that this was no ordinary wolf, but a faerie in another form, slain by her arrow.

Feyre’s pulse pounded as she forced herself to stand tall, her body a shield for her trembling sisters. There was no use in denying her crime; the faerie already knew. Instead, she gritted her teeth and confessed, hoping to bargain, to negotiate a way to protect her family. But there was no room for discussion. The laws were clear—a life for a life. The ancient Treaty, the only safeguard between humans and faeries, had been broken, and retribution was required. Her father, once a merchant of influence and knowledge, knew enough of faerie dealings to offer an alternative, pleading for gold, for any other price that could spare his daughter. But the beast would not be swayed.

Feyre’s mind raced, weighing her options, but there was no clear escape. If she refused, the faerie would kill her where she stood, and her family would bear witness to her gruesome end. If she fought, she would lose—no blade, no human strength could match a faerie’s. And if she tried to run, the creature would find her before she made it beyond the treeline. The only path that remained was the one the faerie offered: exile in Prythian. It would mean leaving behind everything she had fought so hard to protect, but it would also mean sparing her father and sisters from whatever wrath the fae might otherwise unleash.

The weight of her decision settled heavily in her chest as she nodded stiffly, forcing herself to meet the creature’s gaze. “I’ll go,” she said, her voice steady despite the fear tightening her throat. A flicker of something unreadable passed through the faerie’s inhuman eyes before it turned its gaze away from her, as if unimpressed by her resolve. Feyre turned to her sisters, taking in their tear-streaked faces, the way Elain clutched at Nesta’s arm in silent distress, the rare flash of emotion in Nesta’s usually cold expression. Her father’s lips parted, but he said nothing, his silence carrying an unspoken grief she didn’t have time to acknowledge.

Without another word, she gathered what little she could—her bow, a few knives, and a threadbare cloak that would do little against the coming cold. There was no time for goodbyes, no time to explain or reassure them that she would return, because she didn’t know if that was even possible. The faerie turned and strode toward the door, and Feyre followed, each step dragging her further from the life she had built and deeper into the unknown. She had spent years sacrificing everything for her family, and now, she was sacrificing herself.

The night swallowed them whole as they crossed the threshold, leaving the warmth of the cabin behind. Feyre took one last glance over her shoulder, committing the sight of her home—her father and sisters

huddled together—to memory. Then she turned back toward the darkness, toward the towering figure that had come to claim her, and took her first steps toward Prythian, toward an uncertain and possibly unforgiving future.