



**THE
REBEL
AND THE
ROSE**



PRAISE FOR THE DAGGER AND THE FLAME

‘Lush world-building, witty dialogue and romantic tension abound in a highly addictive fantasy romp.’

– *The Guardian*

‘Sizzling romance, stunning world-building, spectacular writing.’ – Lauren Roberts, bestselling author of *Powerless*

‘Packed full of Doyle’s trademark lush description and snarky banter, *The Dagger and the Flame* is a sprawling adventure through the treacherous streets of Fantome. Enemies to lovers, sworn-to-kill-each-other-but-let’s-kiss, swoony romance, perilous mystery, cute animal sidekicks – it ticks every romantasy box and will delight fans everywhere.’ – Melinda Salisbury, author of

The Sin Eater’s Daughter

‘Fast paced, and exciting and clever, and because it’s Catherine Doyle, it’s beautifully written, too. Oh, and did I mention it’s really, really hot?’ – Louise O’Neill author of *The Surface Breaks*

‘Gorgeous and ruthless: stand back everyone, the true rivals to lovers has arrived.’ – Sarah Rees Brennan, author of *Long Live Evil*

‘Gorgeous, thrilling, and devastatingly romantic. *The Dagger and the Flame* is guaranteed to be your new obsession.’ – Katherine Webber, co-author of *Twin Crowns*

‘Deftly plotted.’ – *The Bookseller Buyer’s Guide*

‘Catherine Doyle returns to her roots with a tale of enemies to lovers that will have readers captivated. A tense, twisting story peppered with Doyle’s signature banter, this is a must-read for romantasy fans.’
– *The Irish Examiner*

‘In this glittering young adult fantasy, Doyle plays with themes of magic, intrigue, friendship, family, morals and love in this story of cloaks and daggers.’ – *Children’s Books Ireland, Recommended Reads*

‘A beautifully crafted young adult novel with an atmospheric setting and compelling characters. Seraphine and Ransom sizzle with chemistry, their wit and heart popping off the page in this immersive romance.’

– *The Times, Best Irish Children’s Books 2024*

‘*The Dagger and the Flame* delivers on a grand scale.’

– *The Irish Independent*

‘Romantic, dramatic and dark.’ – *The Daily Mail*



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REBEL
AND THE
ROSE**

**CATHERINE
DOYLE**

SIMON & SCHUSTER

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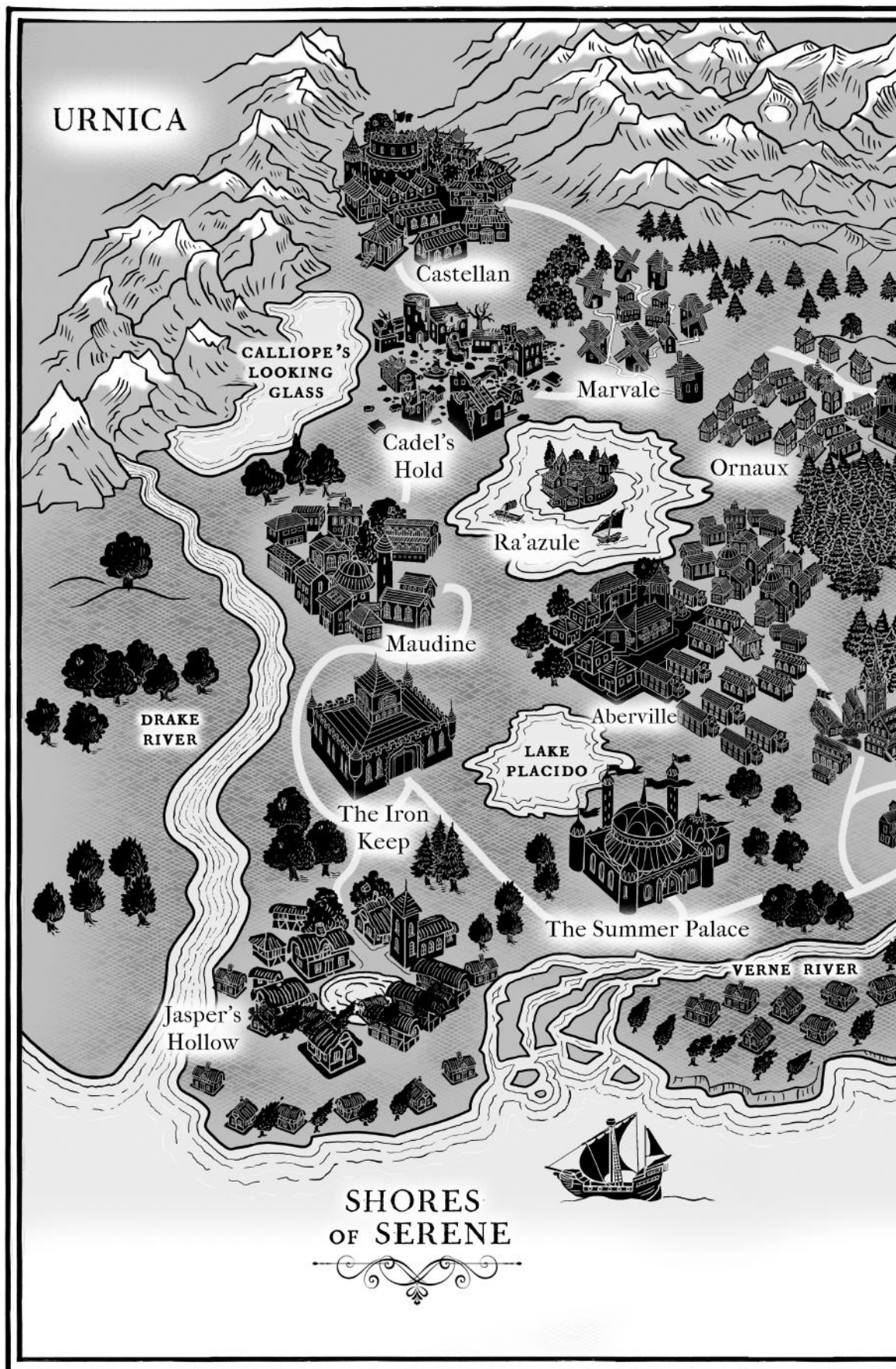
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For Ali, and your rebel heart ♥





LIST OF PLAYERS



ORDER OF THE FLAMES

Seraphine Marchant, *Co-Founder of the Order of the Flames*

Theodore Branch, *Co-Founder of the Order of the Flames*

Valerie, *Co-Founder of the Order of the Flames*

Sabine Fraser, *Co-Founder of the Order of the Flames*



ORDER OF THE DAGGERS

Hugo Ralphe Versini, *Founder of the Order of the Daggers*

Gaspard Dufort, *Former Head of the Order of the Daggers (deceased)*

Ransom Hale, *Head of the Order of the Daggers*

Nadia Raine, *Dagger, Second in Command*

Caruso Dantes, *Dagger, Third in Command*



ORDER OF THE CLOAKS

Armand Versini, *Founder of the Order of the Cloaks*

Madame Cordelia Mercure, *Head of the Order of the Cloaks*

Madame Josephine Fontaine, *Former Head of the
Order of the Cloaks*



HOUSE OF RAYERE, THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

Bertrand IV, King of Valterre

Odette I, Queen of Valterre

Andreas Mondragon Rayere, Prince of Valterre, Bertrand's nephew



SAINTS OF VALTERRE

1. Calvin, Saint of Death
2. Celiana, Saint of Song and Poetry
3. Frederic, Saint of Farmers and Hunters
4. Maud, Saint of Lost Hope
5. Maurius, Saint of Travellers and Seafarers
6. Oriel, Saint of Destiny
7. Serene, Saint of Animals
8. Alisa, Saint of the Sick
9. Cadel, Saint of Warriors
10. Calliope, Saint of Beauty and Youth
11. Placido, Saint of Peace
12. Jasper, Saint of Artisans
13. Lucille Versini, Saint of Scholars

Part I



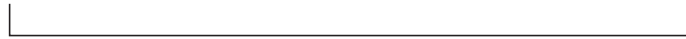
Centuries of man-made dark,
Will shatter with a lightning spark.
The storm will choose new saints to crown,
Where three stone towers crumble down.

For one who's not content to wait,
The will of magic denies fate.
They will grasp for their own gain,
For greed thrives where power rains.

Yet not all magic weighs the same.
Beware the maker in this game,
Another chosen by the land,
Will act as destiny's right hand.

Old Valterre will soon divide,
When sword and rose come to collide.
Alliances will be betrayed,
And the Kingdom of the Saints remade.

THE LAST PROPHECY OF ORIEL BEAUREGARD,
SAINT OF DESTINY



The Storm

The storm pounded Fantome with a fury that shook the entire city. Even the river trembled. The sky wept and thunder roared, as though it had something vital to say. Up north, where the oldest university in Valterre overlooked the sprawling capital, a young scholar listened intently.

Prince Andreas Mondragon Rayere sat on the windowsill of his dormitory with his forehead pressed against the glass, watching the sky thrash. For years he had waited for this night, and now, at last, it was upon him.

This storm.

This spark.

This grand changing of fate.

He grinned as he hopped off the sill, fetching his rain cloak from a hook on the wall. Shrugging it on, he slipped out into the stone hallway. Oil lamps flickered encouragingly as he



rushed down the corridor, swinging around the corner and taking the stairwell three steps at a time. Outside, the storm raged on, and yet the hallowed halls of the Appoline University were eerily silent. The other scholars had tucked themselves away for the night, to read alone in their bedchambers or snatch another hour or two of research in the companionable warmth of the library.

Andreas had spent so many sleepless nights studying among the towering stacks, he could picture every gilded spine in his mind's eye, had even moulded the cushions of his favourite wing-backed chair to his liking. All those years of dogged research, chasing the lost words of Saint Oriel felt like mere days now. Here and gone in the blink of an eye.

He had arrived at the Appoline University almost six years ago to the day. A pampered prince of barely sixteen, with soft hands and starry eyes, nine trunks of fine clothes and polished boots, and enough books to build a replica of the Aurore Tower in his bedchamber.

He was a scholar now. His room was littered with hundreds of journals, the feverish scribbles of his findings gathering in an endless swell of parchment. The pads of his fingers were permanently stained with ink, his fair hair had grown long and unkempt, and all his boots were scuffed from long walks in the woodlands that surrounded the university.

From the day Andreas had stepped out of the royal carriage and onto the steps of the Appoline, he had spent every spare moment immersed in the lives of the saints, tirelessly researching the fragments of the last prophecy of Saint Oriel, piecing them together like a jigsaw.

He hoped this was the night he'd been waiting for.

The start of the Second Coming.

Lightning struck, casting the courtyard in stark silver light. The storm was getting angrier. The prince quickened his steps. Down one flight of stairs and then another, the door at the end of the long hall giving way to the sodden quadrangle. Rain kissed his cheeks and slicked his hair as he jogged across it.

Dimly, he was aware of faces watching him from the windows.

At the north end of the courtyard, the door to the clock tower was swinging on its hinges. A sign from Saint Oriel, great diviner of fate! On the large moon-white clock face, the smaller hand was inching towards midnight. Heart thundering, he took the spiralling stone steps three at a time, winding up towards the bells.

His mind reeled with thoughts of what lay beyond tonight. The possibilities . . .

The *power*.

The prince's father – the king's only brother and once-revered commander of Valterre's royal army – had long scorned his son's fanatical interest in the saints. He thought himself cursed with a weak, distractible heir, this boy born for greatness on the battlefield but who had instead lost himself to tattered scrolls and half-forgotten murmurings. A stain on the family crest. A cause for Maud, Saint of Lost Hope.

Ever the contrarian, and a royal princess of neighbouring Urnica in her own right, the prince's mother had welcomed her son's academic preoccupations with relief, gladly nudging her only child towards books instead of war. And so, when he'd

asked, at sixteen, to go to the Appoline, she had prised open the royal coffers and made it so.

His father couldn't wait to get rid of him, of course.

Many years had passed since the day they'd bid farewell on the steps of the Appoline. The prince had not seen his father since, learned only of his exploits in the missives that came regularly from his mother. And then of his death on the battlefield in the Sunday penny papers.

Good riddance.

Panting now, he reached the top of the clock tower. The narrow door there was unbolted – for what scholar in their right mind would think to climb out in a storm, or indeed at all?

The prince stepped onto the narrow walkway. The clock face crowned him like a halo as he looked west towards the Aurore Tower. It flickered like a candle in the night.

Overhead, lightning forked.

Using the metal hands as footholds, the prince climbed up the clock face.

Shouts reached him from below.

Andreas, you fool, come down from there!

Andreas, you'll fall!

The prince has finally lost his mind!

Andreas! Andreas!

Scholars were gathering on the green of the courtyard. Andreas kept his eyes on the sky, climbing hand over hand and foot over foot until he heaved himself onto the steeped roof of the clock tower. A quick glance over his shoulder revealed the Aurore exploding into a golden blaze. It was brighter than it had been a moment ago – brighter than he had ever seen it.



Magic.

Magic sung in the rising wind.

He stood on trembling legs, planting a foot on either side of the sloping roof.

Below him, echoes of his name gathered in a shrieking chorus.

Andreas!

Andreas!

Andreas!

The sky lit up, a fork of lightning shearing the clouds in two. The prince flung his hands up, reaching for the storm.

‘ORIEL, BLESS ME!’ he roared as loud as the thunder. ‘I GIVE MYSELF TO YOU!’

The lightning forked past him, reaching for Fantome like a crooked finger. It slammed into the Aurore, and he watched in horrified wonder as the tower fell before his eyes.

A manic laugh burst from his chest. ‘The first tower has fallen! The prophecy is coming true!’

The storm swallowed his cries.

He reached towards the next fork of lightning. ‘ORIEL, CHOOSE ME!’

This one arced over him, too, spearing west, towards the low hanging mists of Ra’azule. Nerves gripped him, his heartbeat so loud, he could hardly hear the terrified screams of his fellow scholars, his professors . . . even the provost, the prince’s own stalwart mentor, had come running in his nightcap and dressing gown.

The prince didn’t dare take his eyes from the sky. He knew the last prophecy like the lines on his palms. Some days it

felt like Oriel had scrawled its promise on the fabric of his soul. One more strike to go. One last chance. He told himself he would not beg. A prince of Valterre wouldn't dare, but desperation got the better of him.

He rose to his tiptoes. 'ORIEL, PLEASE!'

The clock tower began to chime. For a moment, it sounded like the heavens were crying out.

Gong!

Gong!

Gong!

Darkness enfolded the Appoline until the prince felt entirely alone in the world. The hair on his head rose in every direction. Even the fine blond wisps on his arms and the back of his neck lifted. His mouth filled with the taste of coppers, and a bead of blood dripped from his nose.

Slowly, the clouds above him parted, as though Saint Maurius himself was peeling them apart. From within, came a spear of jagged silver light.

The prince opened his mouth to swallow it.

It shot through him like a poker.

Back arching now, the agony of it wrenched a scream so loud it stole his voice.

The world turned silver as heat consumed him, chewing his bones to ash. His heart was a volcano, pumping lava through his blood.

No. *No*.

It was too hot. Too bright. Too painful.

He couldn't bear it.

He couldn't *stop* it.

His legs gave out as the clock tower began to crumble, and he slipped down the side of the roof. He grasped feebly at the slates, the stone scraping his back as he slid off the edge like a raindrop.

And plummeted to earth.

When the hard slap of grass came, he didn't feel it. Nor did he hear the horrified screams of his peers as they picked through the fallen rubble to get to him. The prince was lost in the blackness that came after, snared by an ancient, golden gaze that watched him from the shadows of his mind.

Saint Oriel, weaver of fate.

She whispered, *'Thief.'*