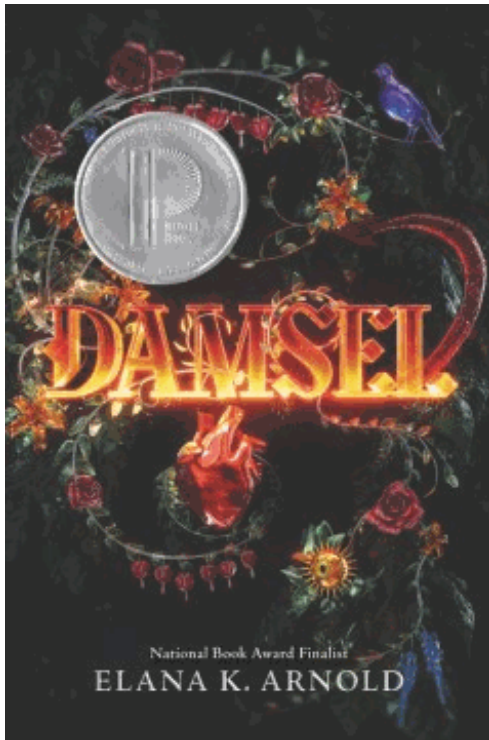


DAMSEL



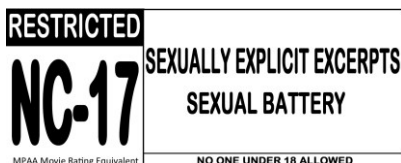
Young Adult

By Elana Arnold

ISBN: 978-0-06-274232-2

OBJECTION RATING

4/5



Summary of Concerns:

This book has sexually explicit excerpts with some excerpts containing sexual battery.

CONTENT WARNING

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17	Then, knowing the dragon was watching, he unbuttoned the front of his trousers, freed his yard, and pissed a steaming stream right there, at the top of the cliff, marking it as his own.
56	Reynard watched with disinterested curiosity as Emory rubbed Ama dry with the coarse wool blanket; he started with her arms, rubbed her breasts, the hard pink nubs of her nipples, her stomach, her buttocks, the fire red hair between her legs, her legs themselves.
60	"Ridiculous, the size of babies when they slip from their mother's slits."
107	<p>She raised herself up onto her elbows, and would have sat fully erect but for Emory's insistent hand on her shoulder, pinning her there, and then his insistent mouth slashing down across her own.</p> <p>His mouth was hot and wet and open and tasted of the evening's wine and meat. Underneath the weight of him- his mouth, first, and then his chest across hers, pressing Ama back into the mattress- Ama felt breathless and trapped, as if she had been submerged underwater.</p> <p>...The rest of her became part of the landscape of the room- her lips, pressed into Emory's teeth. Her hair, torn from its neat plait by his desperate hand. Her breast, when he shifted his weight up and slipped his hand down from her head to her chest, pulling apart the ribbons of her chemise, spreading open the cloth, and finding her bare skin beneath. His hand squeezed her flesh as if he would try to make something from it, and the calluses of his palm rubbed across her nipple, causing it to harden, which Ama noticed as if watching from some distance rather than from within the very skin he handled.</p> <p>But when Emory tugged up at the hem of Ama's shift, bunching the fabric at her waist and running his hand first across the downy nest of hair between her legs and then pushing his fingers inside of her, opening her in a way she had not know she could be opened, Sorrow growled once more.</p> <p>...Emory's hand froze, fingers knuckle-deep in Ama, and then, slowly, he withdrew it, leaving her bruised and undone.</p> <p>Emory cleared his throat, lifted himself from the bed, and arranged his yard, which stood in his trousers, hard and demanding.</p>
161	She pictured his mouth on her face, on her breasts, as they had been on Ama, and she imagined his fingers parting Fabiana between her legs, as they had parted her. She wondered what Fabiana felt inside her flesh, if she truly did feel pleasure beneath Emory's hands and body.
166	"...It can be a soft lump of warm dough, a handful of wrinkles and weight. And then it becomes a great thick horn, like the well-cooked leg of a turkey. And then, down betwixt my legs, it feels like...well, a key, perhaps, or a poker to a fire. It stirs me up. It takes me apart. It makes me feel myself like a warm, moist dough."
167	<p>"But as you seem to take pleasure in that which I most likely just endure, I wanted to let you know that it would not be against my wishes if you continued to...take visits from the king."</p> <p>..."Lady," she said finally, "you are greatly mistaken if you think it matters one whit whether I find pleasure or no pain with my king's yard, or, for that matter,</p>

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	<p>whether or not you do. What matters, only, is my king's pleasure. You, and I, and whichever other girls take his fancy, we are all servants to that." ..."if you cannot find pleasure with my king, I suggest you at least find a way to appear to do so. Otherwise, you risk his wrath. And a man's wrath can be mightier by far than his yard."</p>
222	<p>If, she thought at the end of each night, as Emory walked her to the door of her chamber, as he kissed her face and her mouth and her throat, as he kneaded the mounds of her breasts through the velvet and satin of her gowns (not troubled, it seemed, by her waning figure), as he pushed her up against the door, grinding his yard into her stomach.</p>
250	<p>Ama, as ever, stood very still as Emory breathed, ht and moist, against her ear, his hands skimming her shoulders, down her arms, across her waist, and back up to her breasts, which he took in both his hands and squeezed. "Soon, I will be the one to warm you, and from the inside," he promised, before taking her bottom lip in his teeth and pulling it into his mouth, sucking it there hard enough to leave it swollen.</p>
283	<p>Emory's hands still trapped hers, and he held them in his lap, and she felt beneath the tangle of their hands the rising of the king's yard.</p>
284	<p>"We are but three days from our wedding, Ama," Emory murmured. "I am your secret-keeper, and soon to be your husband. Surely you would not deny me a taste of your sweetness, now, this day, after the favors I have given you?" He didn't wait for an answer, and still he did not free Ama's hands. Holding them both in one of his, he managed to twist free the buttons of his trousers, and then he guided Ama's fingers to the shaft of him. A noise like a hiss escaped from Emory as he used his hand to wrap Ama's fingers around his yard. It was hot and hard, with a dew-wet drip at its tip. Emory moved Ama's hands within his grip, up and down, up and down, slowly at first and then faster, until, with a grunt and a groan and a spasm so tight that the knuckles of Ama's fingers cracked, a jet of warmth spilled out of him and trickled down Ama's hands, still encased in Emory's. A moment passed, during which the only sounds were Emory's labored gasps and the intermittent squeaking of carriage wheels. When Emory's breath had quieted, he cleared his throat and released Ama's hands, which were still wrapped around the king's yard, now softening and shrinking. Her fingers were coated with the sticky mess of him.</p>
305	<p>"You stabbed me with your steel," Ama said. "I did. My second weapon. I found the unprotected flesh beneath your arm. I pierced you good, I did." Ama remembered the blade going in, the surprise of it. She saw herself biting at the wound, desperate to extract the metal from within her flesh. She felt her teeth connect with the sword's shaft, she remembered how it felt to pull it out, the rush and gush of blood that came with it. "And then," said Ama. "Yes," Emory said. "It takes three weapons to conquer a dragon and free a damsel. My brain. My steel. And my yard." "Your yard," Ama said.</p>

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	<p>“You should thank me,” Emory repeated. “You- the dragon- managed to extract the steel. The dragon lay and bled, but I knew it would not be long before it rose again, and my sword was gone, so the next time I attacked, I would be done for. There was nothing to lose by trying. And Mother had told me that it takes three weapons to slay a dragon. My yard, I have with me, always.</p> <p>“Of course,” Emory continued, “a dragon is not female in the same ways as a woman...They do not mate or birth. One a generation, that is all. One dragon, one damsel. You were my destiny, Ama. I had to take you. I went to the dragon’s lair to find a damsel. I would leave with one.”</p> <p>“You...improvised,” Ama said, remembering. She had lain bleeding on the stone floor of her lair...</p> <p>...And here came Emory, loosening the buckle of his belt, freeing the horn of him, and entering the bloody tear he had ripped beneath her arm.</p>

Profanity	Count
Shit	1