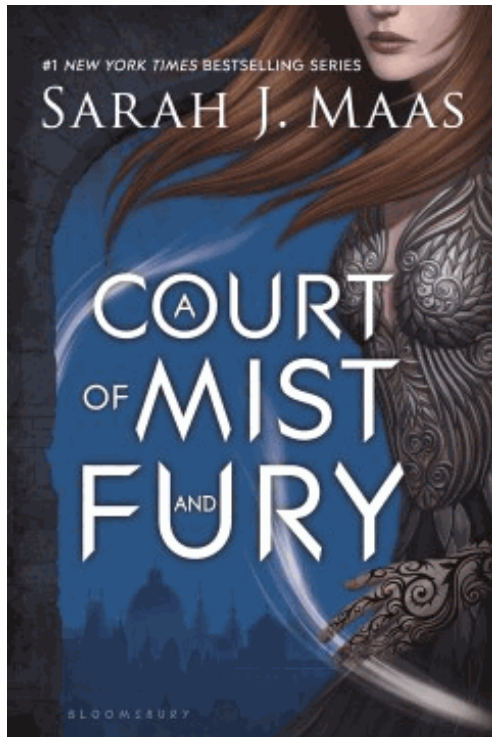


A COURT OF MIST AND FURY



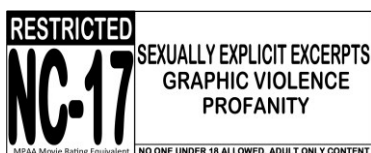
Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

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OBJECTION RATING

4/5



Summary of Concerns:

This book contains several sexually explicit excerpts; violence; and profanity.

CONTENT WARNING

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21	<p>He emerged from the bathing room, slinging off his tunic and shirt, and I propped myself on my elbows to watch as he paused at the edge of the bed.</p> <p>My attention went right to the strong, clever fingers that unfastened his pants. Tamlin let out a low snarl of approval, and I bit my bottom lip as he removed his pants, along with his undergarments, revealing the proud, thick length of him. My mouth went dry, and I dragged my gaze up his muscled torso, over the panes of his chest, and then ---</p> <p>Come here," he growled, so roughly the words were barely discernable.</p> <p>I pushed back the blankets, revealing my already naked body, and he hissed. His features turned ravenous while I crawled across the bed and rose up on my knees. I took his face in my hands, the golden skin framed on either side by fingers of ivory and of swirling black, and kissed him.</p> <p>He held my gaze through the kiss, even as I pushed myself closer, biting back a small noise when he brushed against my stomach.</p> <p>His callused hands grazed my hips, my waist, then held me there as he lowered his head, seizing the kiss. A brush of his tongue against the seam of my lips had me opening fully for him, and he swept in, claiming me, branding me.</p> <p>I moaned then, tilting my head back to give him better access. His hands clamped on my waist, then moved—one going to cup horny rear, the other sliding between us.</p> <p>This—this moment, when it was him and me and nothing our bodies.</p> <p>His tongue scraped the roof of my mouth as he dragged a finger down the center of me, and I gasped, my back arching. ' 'Feyre, he said against my lips, my name like a prayer more devout than any lanthe had offered up to the Cauldron on that dark solstice morning.</p> <p>His tongue swept my mouth again, in time to the finger that he slipped inside of me. My hips undulated, demanding more, craving the fullness of him, and his growl reverberated in my chest as he added another finger.</p> <p>I moved on him. Lightning lashed through my veins, and my focus narrowed to his fingers, his mouth, his body on mine. His palm pushed against the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs, and I groaned his name as I shattered.</p> <p>My head thrown back, I gulped down night-cool air, and then I was being lowered to the bed, gently, delicately, lovingly.</p> <p>He stretched out above me, his head lowering to my breast, and all it took was one press of his teeth against my nipple before I was clawing at his back, before I hooked my legs around him and he settled between them. This—I needed this.</p> <p>He paused, arms trembling as he held himself over me.</p> <p>"Please," I gasped out.</p> <p>He just brushed his lips against my jaw, my neck, my mouth.</p> <p>"Tamlin," I begged. He palmed my breast, his thumb flicking over my nipple. I cried out, and he buried himself in me with a mighty stroke.</p> <p>For a moment, I was nothing, no one.</p> <p>Then we were fused, two hearts beating as one, and I promised myself it always would be that way as he pulled out a few inches, the muscles of his back flexing</p>

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	<p>beneath my hands, and then slammed back into me. Again and again. I broke and broke against him as he moved, as he murmured my name and told me he loved me. And when that lightning once more filled my veins, my head, when I gasped out his name, his own release found him. I gripped him through each shuddering wave, savoring the weight of him, the feel of his skin, his strength.</p> <p>For a while, only the rasp of our breathing filled the room.</p> <p>I frowned as he withdrew at last—but he didn't go far. He stretched out on his side, head propped on a fist, and traced idle circles on my stomach, along my breasts.</p> <p>I'm sorry about earlier," he murmured.</p> <p>It's fine," I breathed. "I understand.</p> <p>Not a lie, but not quite true.</p> <p>His fingers grazed lower, circling my belly button. "You are—you're everything to me," he said thickly. "I need ... I need you to be all right. To know they can't get to you—can't hurt you anymore."</p> <p>I know." Those fingers drifted lower. I swallowed hard and said again, "I know." I brushed his hair back from his face. "But what about you? Who gets to keep you safe?"</p> <p>His mouth tightened. With his powers returned, he didn't need anyone to protect him, shield him. I could almost see invisible hackles raising—not at me, but at the thought of what he 'd been mere months ago: prone to Amarantha's whims, his power barely a trickle compared to the cascade now coursing through him. He took a steadying breath, and leaned to kiss my heart, right between my breasts. It was answer enough.</p> <p>"Soon," he murmured, and those fingers traveled back to my waist. I almost groaned. "Soon you'll be my wife, and it'll be fine. We'll leave all this behind us. I arched my back, urging his hand lower, and he chuckled roughly. I didn't quite hear myself speak as I focused on the fingers that obeyed my silent command.</p> <p>"What will everyone call me, then?" He grazed my belly button as he leaned down, sucking the tip of my breast into his mouth.</p> <p>Hmm?" he said, and the rumble against my nipple made me writhe.</p> <p>Is everyone just going to call me 'Tamlin's wife'? Do I get ... title?</p> <p>He lifted his head long enough to look at me. Do you want a title?"</p> <p>Before I could answer, he nipped at my breast, then licked over the small hurt—licked as his fingers at last dipped between my legs. He stroked lazy, taunting circles. "No," I gasped out. "But I don't want people ... Cauldron boil me, his damned fingers— I don't know if I can handle them calling me High Lady.</p> <p>His fingers slid into me again, and he growled in approval at the wetness between my thighs, both from me and him. "They won't," he said against my skin, positioning himself over me again and sliding down my body, trailing kisses as he went. "There is no such thing as a High Lady.</p> <p>He gripped my thighs to spread my legs wide, lowering his mouth, and—</p> <p>What do you mean, there 's no such thing as a High Lady?"</p> <p>The heat, his touch—all of it stopped.</p> <p>He looked up from between my legs, and I almost climaxed at the sight of it. But</p>

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	<p>what he said, what he'd implied ... He kissed the inside of my thigh. "High Lords only take wives. Consorts. There has never been a High Lady.</p> <p>But Lucien's mother ---</p> <p>She's Lady of the Autumn Court. Not High Lady. Just as you will be Lady of the spring court. They will address you as they address her. They will respect you as they respect her." He lowered his gaze back to what was inches away from his mouth.</p> <p>"So Lucien's ---</p> <p>I don't want to hear another male 's name on your lips right now' he growled, and lowered his mouth to me.</p> <p>At the first stroke of his tongue, I stopped arguing.</p>
184	<p>I tumbled into a- sleep so -heavy. my dreams were an undertow dragged me down, down, down until I couldn't escape them.</p> <p>I lay naked and prone on a familiar red marble floor while slid a knife along my bare ribs, the steel scraping softly against my skin.</p> <p>"Lying, traitorous human," she purred, "with your filthy, lying heart."</p> <p>The knife scratched, a cool caress. I struggled to get up, but my body wouldn't work.</p> <p>She pressed a kiss to the hollow of my throat. "You're as much a monster as me."</p> <p>She curved the knife over my breast, angling it toward my peaked nipple, as if she could see the heart beating beneath. I started sobbing. "Don't waste your tears. Someone far away was roaring my name; begging for me.</p> <p>"I'm going to make eternity a hell for you," she promised, the tip of the dagger piercing the sensitive flesh beneath my breast, her lips hovering a breath above mine as she pushed—</p>
472	<p>But his hands resumed their roaming. "Then allow me the pleasure of distracting you.</p> <p>He slipped a hand beneath the top of my sweater, diving clean under my shirt. Skin to skin, the calluses of his hands made me groan as they scraped the top of my breast and circled around my peaked nipple. "I love these," he breathed onto my neck, his hand sliding to my other breast. "You have no idea how much I love these."</p> <p>I groaned as he caressed a knuckle against my nipple, and I bowed into the touch, silently begging him. He was hard as granite behind me, and I ground against him, eliciting a soft, wicked hiss from him. "Stop that," he snarled onto my skin. "You'll ruin my fun."</p> <p>I would do no such thing. I began twisting, reaching for him, needing to just feel him, but he clicked his tongue and pushed himself harder against me, until there was no room for my hand to even slide in.</p> <p>"I want to touch you first," he said, his voice so guttural I barely recognized it.</p> <p>"Just— let me touch you." He palmed my breast for emphasis.</p> <p>It was enough of a broken plea that I paused, yielding as his other hand again trailed lazy lines on my stomach.</p> <p>I can't breathe when I look at you.</p> <p>Let me touch you.</p> <p>Because I was jealous, and pissed off</p>

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	<p>She's mine. I shut out the thoughts, the bits and pieces he 'd given me. Rhys slid his finger along the band of my pants again, a cat playing with its dinner. Again. Again. Please," I managed to say. He smiled against my neck. "There are those missing manners. His hand at last trailed beneath my pants. The first brush of him against me dragged a groan from deep in my throat. He snarled in satisfaction at the wetness he found waiting for him and his thumb circled that spot at the apex of my thighs, teasing, brushing up against it, but never quite— His other hand gently squeezed my breast at the same moment his thumb pushed down exactly where I wanted. I bucked my hips, my head fully back against his shoulder now, panting as his thumb flicked— I cried out, and he laughed, low and soft. "Like that?" A moan was my only reply. More more more. His fingers slid down, slow and brazen, straight through the core of me, and every point in my body, my mind, my soul, narrowed to the feeling of his fingers poised there like he had all the time in the world. Bastard. "Please," I said again, and ground my ass against him for emphasis. He hissed at the contact and slid a finger inside me. He swore. Feyre----- But I'd already started to move on him, and he swore again in a long exhale. His lips pressed into my neck, kissing up, up toward my ear. I let out a moan so loud it drowned out the rain as he slid in a second finger, filling me so much I couldn't think around it, couldn't breathe. "That's it," he murmured, his lips tracing my ear. I was sick of my neck and ear getting such attention. I twisted as much as I could, and found him staring at me, at the hand down the front of my pants, watching me move on him. He was still staring at me when I captured his mouth with my own, biting on his lower lip. Rhys groaned, plunging his fingers in deeper. Harder. I didn't care—I didn't care one bit about what I was and who I was and where I'd been as I yielded fully to him, opening my mouth. His tongue swept in, moving in a way that I knew exactly what he 'd do if he got between my legs. His fingers plunged in and out, slow and hard, and my very existence narrowed to the feel of them, to the tightness in me ratcheting up with every deep stroke, every echoing thrust of his tongue in my mouth. You have no idea how much 1—" He cut himself off, and groaned again. Feyre. The sound of my name on his lips was my undoing. Release barreled down my spine, and I cried out, only to have his lips cover mine, as if he could devour the sound. His tongue flicked the roof of my mouth while I shuddered around him, clenching tight. He swore again, breathing hard, fingers stroking me through the last throes of it, until I was limp and trembling in his arms.</p>

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	<p>I couldn't breathe hard enough, fast enough, as Rhys withdrew his fingers, pulling back so I could meet his stare. He said, "I wanted to do that when I felt how drenched you were at the Court of Nightmares. I wanted to have you right there in the middle of everyone. But mostly I just wanted to do this." His eyes held mine as he brought those fingers to his mouth and sucked on them.</p> <p>On the taste of me.</p> <p>I was going to eat him alive. I slid a hand up to his chest to pin him down, but he gripped my wrist. "When you lick me," he said roughly, I want to be alone—far away from everyone. Because when you lick me, Feyre," he said, pressing nipping kisses to my jaw, my neck, "I'm going to let myself roar loud enough to bring down a mountain.</p> <p>I was instantly liquid again, and he laughed under his breath. "And when I lick you, he said, sliding his arms around me and tucking me in tight to him, "I want you splayed out on a table like my own personal feast."</p> <p>I whimpered.</p> <p>I've had a long, long time to think about how and where I want you," Rhys said onto the skin of my neck, his fingers sliding under the band of my pants, but stopping just beneath. Their home for the evening. I have no intention of doing it all in one night. Or in a room where I can't even fuck you against the wall.</p>
530	<p>He hardened against me, and I groaned into his mouth.</p> <p>The sound snapped whatever leash he'd had on himself, and Rhysand scooped me up in a smooth movement before laying me flat on the table—amongst and on top of all the paints.</p> <p>He deepened the kiss, and I wrapped my legs around his back, hooking him closer. He tore his lips from my mouth to my neck, where he dragged his teeth and tongue down my skin as his hands slid under my sweater and went up, up, to cup my breasts. I arched into the touch, and lifted my arms as he peeled away my sweater in one easy motion.</p> <p>Rhys pulled back to survey me, my body naked from the waist up. Paint soaked into my hair, my arms. But all I could think of was his mouth as it lowered to my breast and sucked, his tongue flicking against my nipple.</p> <p>I plunged my fingers into his hair, and he braced a hand beside my head—smack atop a palette of paint. He let out a low laugh, and I watched, breathless, as he took that hand and traced a circle around my breast, then lower, until he painted a downward arrow beneath my belly button.</p> <p>"Lest you forget where this is going to end," he said.</p> <p>I snarled at him, a silent order, and he laughed again, his mouth my other breast. He ground his hips against me, teasing—teasing me so horribly that I had to touch him, had to just feel more of him. There was paint all over my hands, my arms, but I didn't care as I grabbed at his clothes. He shifted enough to let me remove them, weapons and leather thudding to the ground, revealing that beautiful tattooed body, the powerful muscles and wings now peeking above them.</p> <p>My mate—my mate.</p> <p>His mouth crashed into mine, his bare skin so warm against my own, and I gripped his face, smearing paint there, too. Smearing it in his hair, until great streaks of blue and red and green ran through it. His hands found my waist, and I bucked my</p>

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	<p>hips off the table to help him remove my socks, my leggings. Rhys pulled back again, and I let out a bark of protest—that choked off into a gasp as he gripped my thighs and yanked me to the edge of the table, through paints and brushes and cups of water, hooked my legs over his shoulders to rest on either side of those beautiful wings, and knelt before me. Knelt on those stars and mountains inked on his knees. He would bow for no one and nothing But his mate. His equal. The first lick of Rhysand 's tongue set me on fire. I want you splayed out on the table like my own personal feast. He growled his approval at my moan, my taste, and unleashed himself on me entirely. A hand pinning my hips to the table, he worked me in great sweeping strokes. And when his tongue slid inside me, I reached up to grip the the edge of the world that I was very near to falling off. He licked and kissed his way to the apex of my thighs, just as his fingers replaced where his mouth had been, pumping inside me as he as he sucked, his teeth scraping ever so slightly--- I bowed off the table as my climax shattered through me, splintering my consciousness into a million pieces. He kept licking me, fingers still as I was moving. "Rhys," I rasped. Now. I wanted him now. But he remained kneeling, feasting on me, that hand pinning me the table. I went over the edge again. And only when I was trembling, half sobbing, limp with pleasure, did Rhys rise from the floor. He looked me over, naked, covered in paint, his own face and body smeared with it, and give me a slow, satisfied male smile. "You're mine, he snarled, and hefted me up into his arms. I wanted the wall—I wanted him to just take me against the wall, but he carried me into the room I'd been using and set me down on the bed with heartbreaking gentleness. Wholly naked, I watched as he unbuttoned his pants, and the considerable length of him sprang free. My mouth went dry at the sight of it. I wanted him, wanted every glorious inch of him in me, wanted to claw at him until our souls were forged together. He didn't say anything as he came over me, wings tucked in tight. He'd never gone to bed with a female while his wings were out. But I was his mate. He would yield only for me. And I wanted to touch him. I leaned up, reaching over his shoulder to caress the powerful curve of his wing. Rhys shuddered, and I watched his cock twitch. Play later," he ground out. Indeed. His mouth found mine, the kiss open and deep, a clash of tongues and teeth. He lay me down on the pillows, and I locked my legs around his back, careful of the</p>

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	<p>wings. Though I stopped caring as he nudged at my entrance. And paused. "Play later," I snarled into his mouth. Rhys laughed in a way that skittered along my bones, and slid in. And in. And in. I could hardly breathe, hardly think beyond where our bodies were joined. He stilled inside me, letting me adjust, and I opened my eyes to find him staring down at me. "Say it again," he murmured. I knew what he meant. You're mine," I breathed. Rhys pulled out slightly and thrust back in slow. So tortuously slow. "You're mine," I gasped out. Again, he pulled out, then thrust in. You're mine. Again—faster, deeper this time. I felt it then, the bond between us, like an unbreakable chain, like an undimmable ray of light. With each pounding stroke, the bond glowed clearer and brighter and stronger. "You're mine," I whispered, dragging my hands through his hair, down his back, across his wings. My friend through many dangers. My lover who had healed my broken and weary soul. My mate who had waited for me against all hope, despite all odds. I moved my hips in time with his. He kissed me over and over, and both of our faces turned damp. Every inch of me burned and tightened, and my control slipped entirely as he whispered, "I love you." Release tore through my body, and he pounded into me, hard and fast, drawing out my pleasure until I felt and saw and smelled that bond between us, until our scents merged, and I was his and he was mine, and we were the beginning and middle and end. We were a song that had been sung from the very first ember of light in the world. Rhys roared as he came, slamming in to the hilt. Outside, the mountains trembled, the remaining snow rushing from them in a cascade of glittering white, only to be swallowed up by the waiting night below. Silence fell, interrupted only by our panting breaths.</p>
538	<p>I gripped his shoulders, guiding him onto the bed. And when he lay flat on his back, I saw the Hash of protest at the pinned wings. But I crooned, "Illyrian baby," and ran my hands down his muscled abdomen—farther. He stopped objecting. He was enormous in my hand—so hard, yet so silken that I just ran a finger down him in wonder. He hissed, cock twitching as I brushed my thumb over the tip. I smirked as I did it again. He reached for me, but I froze him with a look. "My turn," I told him. Rhys gave me a lazy, male smile before he settled back, tucking a hand behind his head. Waiting. Cocky bastard. So I leaned down and put my mouth on him.</p>

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	<p>He jerked at the contact with a barked, "Shit," and I laughed around him, even as I took him deeper into my mouth.</p> <p>His hands were now fisted in the sheets, white-knuckled as I slid my tongue Over him' grazing slightly with my teeth. His groan was fire to my blood.</p> <p>Honestly, I was surprised he waited the full minute before interrupting me.</p> <p>Pouncing was a better word for what Rhys did.</p> <p>One second, he was in my mouth, my tongue flicking over the broad head of him; the next, his hands were on my waist and I was being flipped onto my front. He nudged my legs apart with his knees, spreading me as he gripped my hips, tugging them up, up before he sheathed himself deep in me with a single stroke.</p> <p>I moaned into the pillow at every glorious inch of him, rising onto my forearms as my fingers grappled into the sheets.</p> <p>Rhys pulled out and plunged back in, eternity exploding around me in that instant, and I thought I might break apart from not being able to get enough of him.</p> <p>Look at you," he murmured as he moved in me, and kissed the length of my spine. I managed to rise up enough to see where we were joined—to see the sunlight shimmer off me against the rippling night of him, merging and blending, enriching. And the sight of it wrecked me so thoroughly that I climaxed with his name on my lips.</p> <p>Rhys hauled me up against him, one hand cupping my breast as the other rolled and stroked that bundle of nerves between my legs, and I couldn't tell where one climax ended and the second began as he thrust in again, and again, his lips on my neck, on my ear.</p> <p>I could die from this, I decided. From wanting him, from the pleasure of being with him.</p> <p>He twisted us, pulling out only long enough to lie on his back and haul me over him.</p> <p>There was a glimmer in the darkness—a flash of lingering pain, a scar. And I understood why he wanted me like this, wanted to end it like this, with me astride him.</p> <p>It broke my heart. I leaned forward to kiss him, softly, tenderly.</p> <p>As our mouths met, I slid onto him, the fit so much deeper, and he murmured my name into my mouth. I kissed him again and again, and rode him gently. Later—there would be other times to go hard and fast. But right now ... I wouldn't think of why this position was one he wanted to end in, to have me banish the stained dark with the light.</p> <p>But I would glow—for him, I'd glow. For my own future, I'd glow.</p> <p>So I sat up, hands braced on his broad chest, and unleashed that light in me, letting it drive out the darkness of what had been done to him, my mate, my friend.</p> <p>Rhys barked my name, thrusting his hips up. Stars wheeled as he slammed deep. I think the light pouring out of me might have been starlight, or maybe my own vision fractured as release barreled into me again and Rhys found his, gasping my name over and over as he spilled himself in me.</p> <p>When we were done, I remained atop him, fingertips digging into his chest, and marveled at him. At us.</p>

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	<p>He tugged on my wet hair. "We 'll have to find a way to put a damper on that light.</p> <p>I can keep the shadows hidden easily enough.</p> <p>Ah, but you only lose control of those when you're pissed. And since I have every intention of making you as happy as a person can be have a feeling we 'll need to learn to control that wondrous glow.</p> <p>Always thinking; always calculating.</p> <p>Rhys kissed the corner of my mouth. "You have no idea how many things I've thought up when it comes to you.</p> <p>I remember mention of a wall.</p> <p>His laugh was a sensual promise. "Next time, Feyre, I'll fuck you against the wall."</p> <p>Hard enough to make the pictures fall off.</p> <p>Rhys barked a laugh. "Show me again what you can do with that wicked mouth."</p> <p>I obliged him.</p>