



Statement of Concern about Library Resources

Intellectual freedom in a public library necessitates selecting some materials that may be considered controversial by some individuals or groups. Reasons often cited for materials considered offensive include use of profanity, divergent viewpoints, controversial authors, sexual content, and depictions of violence and criminal acts. The acquisition of such materials does not imply approval or endorsement of their contents. The selection criteria used by the St. Tammany Parish Library must remain broad and flexible in order to provide a collection that supports the broad range of interests and diverse backgrounds of the citizens of St. Tammany Parish.

Date 11-19-2022

Name [REDACTED]

Address [REDACTED]

City Mandeville State LA Zip 70471

Telephone [REDACTED]

Representing (self) [REDACTED] (organization)

1. Resource on which you are commenting:

<u>book</u> Book	<u> </u> Newspaper	<u> </u> Other
<u> </u> Magazine	<u> </u> Content of Library Program	
<u> </u> Audiovisual	<u> </u> Electronic Resource	

2. Title A Court of Mist and Fury

Author/Producer Sarah J Maas

3. What brought this title to your attention?

Content violates the state obscenity statutes
2021 Louisiana Laws
Revised Statutes
Title 14 - Criminal Law

4. Did you review the entire item? If not, what sections did you review?

yes

5. What course of action do you recommend in regard to this resource?

Restrict access to minors as outlined in statute above. Require parent to check out for minor. The book should be shelved in a section where minors do not have access. A separate place in the library. A room or some section where minors do not have entry without parent and minors cannot check out.

6. Please state your reasons for making this recommendation. To what in the resource do you object? Please be specific: cite pages, scenes or sections. Consider commenting on the resource as a whole, as well as being specific on the matters which concern you.

Violates Content violates the state obscenity statutes

2021 Louisiana Laws

Revised Statutes

Title 14 - Criminal Law

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual nudity; sexual activities; violence; and profanity.

7. In its place, what materials would you recommend on this topic?

Something that does not violate the state obscenity statutes for minors.

NOTE:

This statement will be referred to a Library Resource Review Committee. You will be advised in writing of the committee's decision. Thank you for your concern and input.

A COURT OF MIST AND FURY Young Adult Summary of Concerns: This book contains sexual nudity; sexual activities; violence; and profanity

45 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. 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 --- Come here," he growled, so roughly the words were barely discernable. 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. He held my gaze through the kiss, even as I pushed myself closer, biting back a small noise when he brushed against my stomach. 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. I moaned then, tilting my head back to give him better access. His hands clamped on my waist, then moved—one going to cup my rear, the other sliding between us. This—this moment, when it was him and me and nothing our bodies. 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. 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. 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. My head thrown back, I gulped down night-cool air, and then I was being lowered to the bed, gently, delicately, lovingly. 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. He paused, arms trembling as he held himself over me. "Please," I gasped out. He just brushed his lips against my jaw, my neck, my mouth. "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. For a moment, I was nothing, no one. 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 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, Page Content 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. For a while, only the rasp of our breathing filled the room. 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. I m sorry about earlier," he murmured. It's fine," I breathed. "I understand. Not a lie, but not quite true. 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." 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?" 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. "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. "What will everyone call me, then?" He grazed my belly button as he leaned down, sucking the tip of my breast into his mouth. Hmm?" he said, and the rumble against my nipple made me writhe. Is everyone just going to call me 'Tamlin's wife'? Do I get ... title? He lifted his head long enough to look at me. Do you want a title?" 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. 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. He gripped my thighs to spread my legs wide, lowering his mouth, and—What do you mean, there 's no such thing as a High Lady?" The heat, his touch—all of it stopped. He looked up from between my legs, and I almost climaxed at the sight of it. But 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. But Lucien's mother --- She's Lady of the Autumn Court. Not High Lady. Just as you will be Lady of the Page Content 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. "So Lucien's --- I don't want to hear another male 's name on your lips right now' he growled, and lowered his mouth to me. At the first stroke of his tongue, I stopped arguing. 148 I rose onto my toes and kissed him. There was so much I wanted to ask him, but later. "Let's go upstairs," I said onto his lips, and he slid his arms around me. "I missed you," he said between kisses. "I went out of my mind." That was all I needed to hear. Until- "I need to ask you some questions." I let out a low sound of affirmation, but angled my head further. "Later." His body was so warm, so hard against mine, his scent so familiar Tamlin gripped my waist, pressing his brow to my own. "No- now," he said, but groaned softly as I slid my tongue against his teeth. "While..." He pulled back, ripping his mouth from mine. "While it's all fresh in your mind." I froze, one hand tangled in his hair, the other gripping the back of his tunic. "What?" ...But he held up a hand, his eyes locked on mine as he called for Lucien. In the moments that it took for his emissary to appear, I straightened my clothes the top that had ridden up my torso- and finger-combed my hair. 157 I'd had all of one day with Tamlin- one day spent wandering the grounds, making love in the high grasses of a sunny field, and a quiet, private dinner- before he was called to the border. 159 She wore no clothes. Her long, dark hair hung limp over her high, firm breasts- ...Lucien's face tightened with disapproval, but he made no comment as the lesser faerie lowered her delicate, pointed face, and clasped her spindly, webbed fingers over her breasts. ...her full, sensuous lips revealing teeth as sharp and jagged as a pike's. 173 He kissed my brow, the tip of my nose, my mouth. "So much paperwork," he grumbled onto my lips. I chuckled, but he pressed his mouth to the bare spot between my neck and shoulder. "I'm sorry," he murmured, and my spine tingled. He kissed my neck again. "I'm sorry." I ran a hand down his arm. "Tamlin," I started. "I shouldn't have said those things," he breathed onto my skin. 181 He made love to me, morning and night. He worshipped my body with his hands, his tongue, his

teeth. 194 "...Rhysand is the best lover a female can ever dream of." 314 She pressed a kiss to the hollow of my throat. "You're as much a monster as me." She curved the knife over my breast, angling it toward my peaked nipple, as if she could see the heart beating beneath. ...the sensitive flesh beneath my breast, her lips hovering a breath above mine as she pushed 323 "...They'll sell any bit of information for food, sex, maybe a breath of air." Page Content 364 ...thinking about sex, about anything but the Weaver of the Wood. 390 ...her full breasts peaked against the chill- ..."You see what you want to see," he- we- said. The door opened beside him. "Get out." A coy tilt of her lips. "I heard you like to play games." Her slender hand drifted low, trailing past her belly button. "I think you'll find me a diverting playmate." ... "My allegiance lied with the future of Prythian, with the true power in this land." Her fingers slid between her legs- and halted. Her gasp cleaved the room as he sent a tendril of power blasting for her, pinning that arm to the bed- away from herself. "Do you know what a union between us could do for Prythian, for the world?" she said, eyes devouring him still. "You mean yourself." "Our offspring could rule Prythian." Cruel amusement danced through him. "So you want my crown- and for me to play stud?" She tried to writhe her body, but his power held her. "I don't see anyone else worthy of the position." ...lanthe's eyes darkened, and she slithered to her feet, not bothering with her clothes, draped over his favorite chair. Each step toward him had her generous breasts bobbing. She stopped barely a foot away. "You have no idea what I can make you feel, High Lord." She reached a hand for him, right between his legs. 395 The bath was indeed hot, as he'd promised. And I mulled over what he'd shown me, seeing that hand again and again reach between his legs, the ownership and arrogance in that gesture 465 "Wraiths are nothing but shadow and mist, able to walk through walls, stone- you name it. I don't even want to know how those two were conceived. High Fae will stick their cocks anywhere." 485 Let's hope my licking is better than yours. ...He'd licked away my tears when I'd been a moment away from shattering. ...I've been told I'm very, very good at licking. ...Try not to moan too loudly when you dream about me. I need my beauty rest. 520 His gaze drifted to my chest, the bare skin revealed by the sweeping vee of my gown, as if he could see where the spark of life, his power, had gone. Rhy followed that gaze. "Her breasts are rather spectacular, aren't they? Delicious as ripe apples." 534 "If I fucked him for it, what would you do?" ... "You are always free to do what you want, with whomever you want. So if you want to ride him, go ahead." 562 "Is that why you wouldn't look at me? Because you think I fucked her for information?" 664 I'd felt flickers of these past few weeks in that hole inside my chest- flickers of images, nothing solid. Nothing roaring with life and demand. Not in the way it had that night, seeing him kneel on that bed, naked and tattooed and winged. Page Content 672 "If you want an Illyrian male's attention, you'd be better off grabbing him by the balls. We're trained to protect our wings at all costs. Some males attack first, ask questions later, if their wings are touched without invitation." "And during sex?" The question blurted out. ... "During sex, an Illyrian male can find completion just by having someone touch his wings in the right spot." My blood thrummed. Dangerous territory; more lethal than the drop below. "Have you found that to be true?" His eyes stripped me bare. "I've never allowed anyone to see or touch my wings during sex. It makes you vulnerable in a way that I'm not...comfortable with." ... "Why?" he asked warily. I shrugged, fighting the upward tugging of my lips, "Because I bet you could get into so interesting positions with those wings." 693 Rhys didn't dare break from his mask, but the light kiss he pressed beneath my ear told me enough. ...I wondered, then, with his hands beneath my breasts and between my legs, what Rhys wouldn't give of himself. His hands tightened on me, and his eyes held mine as he leaned forward to brush his mouth against my cheek. ...I leaned a bit more against him, my legs widening ever so slightly. Why'd you stop? I said into his mind, into him. A near-silent growl reverberated against me. He stroked my ribs again, in time to the beat of

the music, his thumb rising nearly high enough to graze the underside of my breasts. I let my head drop back against his shoulder. I let go of the part of me that heard their words- whore, whore, whore- ...I became the music, and the drums, and the wild, dark thing in the High Lord's arms. 696 The hand that had been on my waist slid across my abdomen, hooking to the lowslung belt there. I rested my head between his shoulder and neck, staring at the crowd as they stared at me, savoring every place where Rhys and I connected and wanting more more more. At last, when my blood had begun to boil, when Rhys skimmed the underside of my breast with his knuckle, I looked to where I knew Keir was standing, watching us, my wine forgotten in his hand. ...I knew Rhys was still holding Keir's gaze as the tip of his tongue slid up my neck. I arched my back, eyes heavy-lidded, breathing uneven. I'd burn and burn and burn! I think he's so disgusted that he might have given me the orb just to get out of here, Rhys said in my mind, that other hand drifting dangerously south. But there was such a growing ache there, and I wore nothing beneath that would conceal the damning evidence if he slid his hand a fraction higher. You and I put on a good show, I said back. The person who said that, husky and sultry- I'd never heard that voice come out of me before. ...His hand slid to my upper thigh, fingers curving in. I ground against him, trying to shift those hands away from what he'd learn- Page Content To find him hard against my backside. ...So I turned around again, meeting Rhysand's now-blazing eyes, and then licked up the column of his throat. ...I faced forward, and Rhys dragged his mouth along the back of my neck, right over my spine, just as I shifted against the hardness pushing into me, insistent and dominating. Precisely as his hand slid a bit too high on my inner thigh. ...It means nothing. It's just your body reactingBecause you're so irresistible? ...We'd danced around and teased and taunted each other for months. And maybe it was my body's reaction, maybe it was his body's reaction, but the taste of him threatened to destroy me, consume me, and700 "You'll get what's coming to you, whore." 736 His eyes fell on my mouth. "I'm wishing I could take back that kiss Under the Mountain." 738 He leaned in, brushing his mouth against my heated cheek. I closed my eyes at the whisper of a kiss, at the hunger that ravaged me in its wake,... 740 ...or thinking about the feeling of his body pressed to mine as we'd danced for hours, the brush of his mouth on my skin. 757 I didn't wait for him to stretch out his hand before I went to him. And looking up into his face I said, "I want to paint you." He gently lifted me into his arms. "Nude would be best," he said in my ear. 783 I ate in silence, listening to the rustle of his clothes being donned, trying to think of ice baths, of infected wounds, of toe fungus,- anything but his naked body, so close...and the bed I was sitting on. 788 "No expectations," he said. "Just body heat." I scowled at the laughter in his voice. But his broad hands slid under and over me: one flattening against my stomach and tugging me against the hard warmth of him, the other sliding under my ribs and arms to band around my chest, pressing his front into me. He tangled his legs with mine, and then a heavier, warmer darkness settled over us... ...I lifted a hand toward the darkness, and met with a soft, silky material- his wing, cocooning and warming me. I traced my finger along it, and he shuddered, his arms tightening around me. "Your finger...is very cold," he gritted out, the words hot on my neck. I tried not to smile, even as I tilted my neck a bit more, hoping the heat of his breath might caress it again. I dragged my finger along his wing, the nail scraping gently against the smooth surface. Rhys tensed, his hand splaying across my stomach. ...Something hard pushed against my behind. Heat flooded me, and I went taut and loose all at once. I stroked his wing again, two fingers now, and he twitched against my backside in time with the caress. The fingers he'd spread over my stomach began to make idle, lazy strokes. He swirled one around my navel, and I inched imperceptibly closer, grinding up against him, arching a bit more to give that other hand access to my breasts. "Greedy," he murmured, his lips hovering over my neck. "First you terrorize me Page Content with your cold hands, now you want...what is it you want, Feyre?" More, more, more, I almost begged

him as his fingers traveled down the slope of my breasts, while his other hand continued its idle stroking along my stomach, my abdomen, slowly- so slowly- heading toward the low band of my pants and the building ache beneath it. Rhysand's teeth scraped against my neck in a lazy caress. "What is it you want, Feyre?" He nipped at my earlobe. I cried out just a little, arching fully against him, as if I could get that hand to slip exactly to where I wanted it. I knew what he wanted me to say. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of it. Not yet. So I said, "I want a distraction." It was breathless. "I want- fun." His body again tensed behind mine. And I wondered if he somehow didn't see it for the lie it was; if he thought...if he thought that was all I indeed wanted. But his hands resumed their roaming. "Then allow me the pleasure of distracting you. 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." 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." 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. "I want to touch you first," he said, his voice so guttural I barely recognized it. "Just— let me touch you." He palmed my breast for emphasis. It was enough of a broken plea that I paused, yielding as his other hand again trailed lazy lines on my stomach. I can't breathe when I look at you. Let me touch you. Because I was jealous, and pissed off 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 Page Content 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. 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. On the taste of me. 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. I was instantly liquid again, and he laughed under his breath. "And when I lick you, Page Content 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." I whimpered. 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. I shuddered. He remained long and hard against me. I had to feel him, had to get that considerable length inside of me- "Sleep," he said. He might as well have commanded me to breathe underwater. But he began stroking my body again- not to arouse, but to soothe847 "...So the males of this family will know we're both watching them the next time they come up here to get drunk for a week straight." 866 And that night, when she kept turning her attention to me, I knew what she wanted. I knew it wasn't about fucking me so much as it was about getting revenge at my father's ghost. But if that was what she wanted, then that was what she would get. I made her beg, and scream, and used my lingering powers to make it so good for her that she wanted more. Craved more." 869 "...only that you were there, and I was touching you, and..." He loosed a shuddering breath. 883 He went still as I leaned in, kissing away one tear. Then the other. As he had once kissed away mine. When my lips were wet and salty with them, I pulled back far enough to see his eyes. "You're mine," I breathed. His body shuddered with what might have been a sob, but his lips found my own. It was gentle- soft. The kiss he might have given me if we'd been granted time and peace to meet across our separate worlds. To court each other. I slid my arms around his shoulders, opening my mouth to him, and his tongue slipped in, caressing my own. ...He hardened against me, and I groaned into his mouth. 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. 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. 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. 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. "Lest you forget where this is going to end," he said. Page Content 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. My mate—my mate. 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 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 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 Page Content 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 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. I took his paint-smeared face between my own colorful hands and made him look at me. 891 I huffed a laugh, sliding my paint-covered hand over his tattooed chest. Paintright. Page Content We were both covered in it. So was the bed. Rhys followed my eyes and gave me a grin that was positively wicked. "How convenient that the bathtub is large enough for two." My blood heated, and I rose from the bed only to have him move faster- scooping me up in his arms. ...He strode down the steps into the water, his hiss of pleasure a brush of air against my ear. And I might have moaned a little myself when the hot water hit me as he sat us both down in the tub. ...My face heated, but my but gut tightened. Illyrian males and their wings- so sensitive. ...The candlelight danced over his countless, faint scars- nearly invisible save for harder bits of membrane. He shuddered with each pass, hands braced the lip of the tub. I peeked over his shoulder to see the evidence of that sensitivity, and said, "At least the rumors about wingspan correlating with the size of other parts were right." His back muscle tensed as he choked out a laugh. "Such a dirty wicked mouth." I thought all the places I wanted to put that mouth and blushed a bit. ...I kissed his bare neck, and he reached back to drag a finger down my cheek. I finished the wings and gripped his shoulder to turn him to face me. "What now?" Wordlessly, he took the soap from my hands and turned me, rubbing down my back, scrubbing lightly with the cloth. "It's up to you," Rhys said. 895 I scowled, and he laughed, hands sliding to grip my waist and tug me to him. He sat down on the built-in bench of the tub, and I straddled him, idly stroking his muscled arms. ...He leaned in, kissing me softly, and I melted for him, wrapping my arms around his neck. He was rock-hard against me, pushing against where I sat poised right above him. All it would take would be one smooth motion and he'd be inside me. But Rhys stood from the water, both of us dripping wet, and I hooked my legs around him as he walked us back into the bedroom. The sheets had been changed by the domestic magic of the house, and they were warm and smooth against my naked body as he set me down and stared at me. ...That hand splayed, the light leaking through the wafting shadows, and I hoisted myself up on my elbows to kiss him. ...I moaned at the taste of him, and he opened his mouth for me, letting me brush my tongue against his, scrape it against his teeth. Everything he was had been laid before me- one final question. I wanted it all. 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. Page Content Cocky bastard. So I leaned down and put my mouth on him. He jerked at the contact with a barked, "Shit," and I laughed around him, even as I took him deeper into my mouth. 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. Honestly, I was surprised he waited the full minute before interrupting me. Pouncing was a better word for what Rhys did. 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. I moaned into the pillow at every glorious inch of him, rising onto my forearms as my fingers grappled into the sheets. 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. 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. 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. I could die from this, I decided. From wanting him, from the pleasure of being with him. He twisted us, pulling out only long enough to lie on his back and haul me over him. 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. It broke my heart. I leaned forward to kiss him, softly, tenderly. 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. But I would glow—for him, I'd glow. For my own future, I'd glow. 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. 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. When we were done, I remained atop him, fingertips digging into his chest, and Page Content marveled at him. At us. He tugged on my wet hair. "We'll have to find a way to put a damper on that light. I can keep the shadows hidden easily enough. 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. Always thinking; always calculating. Rhys kissed the corner of my mouth. "You have no idea how many things I've thought up when it comes to you. I remember mention of a wall." His laugh was a sensual promise. "Next time, Feyre, I'll fuck you against the wall." Hard enough to make the pictures fall off. Rhys barked a laugh. "Show me again what you can do with that wicked mouth." I obliged him. 902 It was wrong to compare, because I knew probably every High Lord could keep a woman from sleeping all night, but Rhysand was . ravenous. I got perhaps an hour total of sleep that night, though I supposed I was to equally share the blame. I couldn't stop, couldn't get enough of the taste of him in my mouth, the feel of him inside of me. More, more, more—until I thought I might burst out of my skin from pleasure. "It's normal," Rhys said around a mouthful of bread as we sat at the table for breakfast. We'd barely made it into the kitchen. He'd taken one step out of bed, giving me a full view of his glorious wings, muscled back, and that beautiful backside, and I'd leaped on him. We'd tumbled to the floor and he'd shredded the pretty little area rug beneath his talons as I rode him. "What's normal?" I said. I could barely look at him without wanting to combust. "The . frenzy," he said carefully, as if fearful the wrong word might send us both hurtling for each other before we could get sustenance into our bodies. "When a couple accepts the mating bond, it's overwhelming. Again, harkening back to the beasts we once were. Probably something about ensuring the female was impregnated." My heart paused at that. "Some couples don't leave the house for a week. Males get so volatile that it can be dangerous for them to be in public, anyway. I've seen males of reason and education shatter a room because another male looked too long in their mate's direction, too soon after they'd been mated." 903 "I want to stay in that bedroom and fuck you until we're both hoarse." 904 I rose from the table on shaky knees and headed for the bedroom. I had to bathe I was covered in him, my mouth tasted of him, despite breakfast. 953 He

gently pressed a kissed to my mouth. 959 He kissed my neck. 960 Rhys shuddered against me. And when his lips found mine, I let him lay me down upon the roof tiles and make love to me under the stars.

Profanity Count Ass 10 Cock 2 Fuck 6 Piss 6 Prick 4 Tit 1 Shit 6