

A Court of Wings & Ruin
Maas, Sarah J.

Summary

In this book, Freya must use lies and deceit to achieve her goal of saving both herself and Tamlin. She spies on Tamlin and King of Hybern who wants to conquer Prythian. But the tangled web of deceit makes it more difficult for her to figure out who can be trusted and who cannot. Available to students in several South Carolina high school-age libraries.

Availability

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Excerpts

pp.130ff: My eyes fluttered closed, and his hands coasted around my hips to cup my rear, squeezing as he bent to kiss the center of my throat. “The sounds you make when I’m inside you.” His tongue flicked over the spot where he’d kissed, and one of those sounds indeed escaped me. Rhys kissed the hollow of my collarbone, and my core went utterly molten. “My brave, bold, brilliant mate.” He lifted his head, and it was an effort to open my eyes. To meet his stare as his hands roved in lazy lines down my back, over my rear, then up again. “I love you,” he said. And if I hadn’t already believed him, felt it in my very bones, the light in his face as he said the words ...

“You have a choice,” he murmured against my cheekbone. “Either I lick every inch of you clean ...” His hand grazed the tip of my breast, circling lazily. As if we had days and days to do this. “Or you can get into the bath that should be ready by now.” I pulled away, lifting a brow. “Are you suggesting that I smell?” Rhys smirked, and I could have sworn my core pounded in answer. “Never. But ...” His eyes darkened, the desire and amusement fading as he took in my clothes. “There is blood on you. Yours, and others’. I thought I’d be a good mate and offer you a bath before I ravish you wholly.”

I smirked, daring a look at his own pants. At the evidence of what, exactly, this was doing to him, pressing against the black material with impressive demand. I simply crooned, “Too bad there isn’t room in the tub for two.” “A design flaw, and one I shall remedy tomorrow.” His voice was rough, quiet—and it slid invisible hands down my breasts, between my legs. Mother save me. I somehow managed to walk, to climb into the tub. Somehow managed to remember how to bathe myself.

Further and further onto the bed, until I was bare before him. Until I took in the considerable, proud length of him and my core tightened in answer. “Rhys,” I breathed, his name a plea on my tongue. His wings flared, chest heaving as stars sparked in his eyes. And it was the longing there—beneath the desire, beneath the need—it was the longing in those beautiful eyes that made me glance to the mountains tattooed on his knees. ...No playing, no delaying—I wanted him on me, in me. I needed to feel him, hold him, share breath with him. He heard the edge of desperation, felt it through the mating bond flowing between us. His eyes did not leave mine as he prowled over me,

every movement graceful as a stalking plains-cat. Interlacing our fingers, his breathing uneven, Rhys used a knee to nudge my legs apart and settle between them. Carefully, lovingly, he laid our joined hands beside my head as he guided himself into me and whispered in my ear, “You’re mine, too.”

pp. 218*ff: His hand slid down my thigh, then cupped my knee, his thumb brushing along its side. Even through my leathers, the heat of him seeped to my very bones. “Maybe I’ll haul you between the stacks and see how quiet you can be.” “Hmmm.” I flipped through the pages, not seeing any of the text. His hand began a lethal, taunting exploration up my thigh, his fingers grazing along the sensitive inside. Higher, higher. He leaned in to drag a book toward himself, but whispered in my ear, “Or maybe I’ll spread you out on this desk and lick you until you scream loud enough to wake whatever is at the bottom of the library.” I whipped my head toward him. His eyes were glazed—almost sleepy. “I was fully committed to that plan,” I said, even as his hand stopped very, very close to the apex of my thighs, “until you brought in that thing down below.” A feline smile. He held my stare as his tongue brushed his bottom lip. My breasts tightened beneath my shirt, and his gaze dropped—watching. “I would have thought,” he mused, “that our bout this morning would be enough to tide you over until tonight.” His hand slid between my legs, brazenly cupping me, his thumb pushing down on an aching spot. A low groan slipped from me, and my cheeks heated in its wake. “Apparently, I didn’t do a good enough job satiating you, if you’re so easily riled after a few hours.” “Prick,” I breathed, but the word was ragged. His thumb pressed down harder, circling roughly. Rhys leaned in again, kissing my neck—that place right under my ear—and said against my skin, “Let’s see what names you call me when my head is between your legs, Feyre darling.”

p. 418*: Tamlin only angled his head at Rhys. “When you fuck her, have you ever noticed that little noise she makes right before she climaxes?”

Staff Recommendation

Remove. The excerpts included are not “age and developmentally appropriate” due to descriptions of “sexual conduct,” as defined in S.C. Code Ann. Section 16-15-305 (C)(1)(a) & (d).

** Paginations differ in different editions.*