



**South Carolina Instructional Materials
Uniform Parent Complaint Form**

Your Name: Elizabeth Szalai

Title & Author of Contested Material (one per form): _____
Kingdom of Ash by Sarah J. Maas

School Where Contested Material is Located: Bluffton High School, Hilton Head Island High School

Location of Contested Material (library, classroom, etc...): Library

Contested Material is (select one): ☒ **Printed** ☐ **Audio/Visual** ☐ **Online Resource**
☐ **Other (please describe):** _____

I request that this Contested Material be (choose one of the following):

- ☒ Removed from all schools/facilities in this District.
☐ Restricted to the following grade levels in this District: _____
☐ Restricted to a student whose parent/legal guardian provides consent and is enrolled in the following grade levels in this District: _____

Describe Your Reason for Contesting This Material (attach additional pages as needed):

This book contains explicit sexual activities in violation of Regulation 43-170 specifically licking/sucking of breast, description of sexual intercourse, and climax.
Please refer to specific passages below with associated page numbers.

January 1/5

I, Elizabeth Szalai _____ (insert your name), hereby certify that:

- I am a parent or legal guardian of a student who attends a school within this District.
- I have read, watched, or otherwise reviewed the material I am contesting.
- I have made a good faith effort to address my concerns with School or District staff.
- I have not filed more than five (5) instructional material complaints (including this complaint) in this calendar month.
- I believe that this Contested Material is not suitable for use, availability, and/or unrestricted access in this District, pursuant to the requirements and definitions in Regulation 43-170, which are summarized on the following instruction page.

Signature: _____

Date: _____

1/17/25

1/1/25

Kingdom of Ash

By Sarah J Maas

Available at the following schools:

Bluffton High School

Hilton Head Island High School

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities.

Page 349

(Violates the Regulation with licking/sucking of breast, description of sexual intercourse, and climax.)

She smiled despite that truth. "I'm ready to be kissed again, Prince."

He let out a dark chuckle and muttered, "Thank the gods," before he lowered his mouth to hers.

The kiss was gentle—light. Letting her decide how to guide it. So she did.

Sliding her arms around Rowan's neck, Aelin pressed herself against him, arching into his touch as his hands roamed along her back. Yet his mouth remained featherlight on hers.

Sweet, exploratory kisses. He'd do it all night, if that was what she wished.

Mate. He was her mate, and she was finally...With a growl, Rowan swept her into his arms, never tearing his mouth from hers as he carried her to the bed and set her down gently. Off came their boots, their jackets and shirts and pants. And then he was with her, the strength and heat of him pouring into her bare skin.

She couldn't touch him fast enough, feel enough of him against her. Even when his mouth roved down her neck, licking over that spot where his claiming marks had been. Even when he roamed farther, worshipping her breasts as she arched up into each lick and suckle. Even when he knelt between her legs, his shoulders spreading her thighs wide, and tasted her, over and over, until she was writhing beneath him.

But something primal in her went quiet and still as Rowan rose over her again, and their eyes locked.

"You're my mate," he said, the words near-guttural. He nudged at her entrance, and she shifted her hips to draw him in, but he remained where he was. Withholding what she ached for until he heard what he needed.

Aelin tipped back her head, baring her neck to him. "You're my mate." Her words were a breathless rush. "And I am yours."

Rowan thrust into her in a mighty stroke as he plunged his teeth into the side of her neck.

She cried out at the claiming, release already barreling along her spine, but he began moving.

Moving, while his teeth remained in her, and she moaned with each drive of his hips, the sheer size of him a decadence she would never be able to get enough of. She dragged her nails down his muscled back, then lower, feeling every powerful stroke of him into her. Rowan withdrew his teeth from her neck, and Aelin claimed his mouth in a savage kiss, her blood a coppery tang on his tongue.

He went wild at that, hoisting her hips to angle himself deeper, harder. The world might have been burning around them for all she cared, all he cared, too.

“Together, Aelin,” he promised, and she heard the rest of the words in every place their bodies joined. Together they would face this, together they would find a way.

Release crested within her once more, a shimmering brightness.

And just when it broke, Aelin sank her teeth into Rowan’s neck, claiming him as he’d claimed her.

His blood, powerful and wind-kissed, filled her mouth, her soul, and Rowan roared as release shattered through him, too.

For long minutes, they lay tangled in each other.

Page 537

(Violates Regulation with stroke of genital through pants and descriptions of intercourse.)

He ran his fingers over the scar. Over it, and then up her stomach. Up and up, her skin pebbling beneath his touch, until he halted just over her heart. Until he laid his palm flat against it, the curve of her breast rising to meet his hand with each unsteady breath she took.

...So Dorian brushed his mouth against hers. Manon let out a small sound.

Dorian kissed her again, and her tongue met his, hungry and searching. Then her hands were plunging into his hair, both of them rising onto their knees to meet halfway.

She moaned, her hands sliding from his hair down his chest, down to his pants. She stroked him through the material, and Dorian groaned into her mouth.

Time spun out, and there was only Manon, a living blade in his arms. Their pants joined their shirts and jackets on the ground, and then he was laying her upon his bedroll.

Manon drew her hands from him to remove the glittering crown atop her head, but he halted her with a phantom touch. “Don’t,” he said, voice near-guttural. “Leave it on.”

Her eyes turned to molten gold, going heavy-lidded as she writhed, tipping her head back.

His mouth went dry at the beauty that threatened to undo him, the temptation that his every instinct roared to claim. Not the body, but what she had offered.

He almost said yes, then.

Was almost selfish enough, greedy enough for her, that he nearly said yes. Yes, he would take her as his queen. So he might never have to say farewell to this, so that this magnificent, fierce witch might remain by his side for all his days.

Manon reached for him, fingers digging into his shoulders, and Dorian rose over her, finding her mouth in a plundering kiss.

A shift of her hips, and he was buried, the heated silk of her enough to make him forget that they had a camp around them, or kingdoms to protect.

He did not bother with phantom touches. He wanted her all for himself, skin to skin.

Every thrust into her, Manon answered with a rolling, demanding movement of her own.

Stay. The word echoed in each breath.

Dorian took one of her legs and hefted it higher, angling him closer. He groaned at the perfection of it, and Manon swallowed the sound with a kiss of her own, a hand clamping on his backside to propel him harder, faster.

Dorian gave Manon what she wanted. Gave himself what he wanted. Over and over and over.

Manon's breathing was as ragged as Dorian's when they pulled apart at last.

She could barely move her limbs, barely get down enough air as she gazed at the tent ceiling.

Dorian, as spent as she, didn't bother to try to speak.

Page 570

(Violates the Regulation with description of rubbing between her thighs.)

Though unlike those months this spring, when Aelin set down her plate between her feet, she slid her arms around Rowan's neck and his mouth instantly met hers.

No, it was certainly not at all like their time at Mistward as she crawled into Rowan's lap, not entirely caring that anyone might stride up or down the stairs, and kissed him silly.

They halted, breathless and wild-eyed, before she could decide that it really wouldn't be a bad idea to unfasten his pants right there, or that his hand, discreetly and lazily rubbing that damned spot between her thighs, should be inside her.

Page 830

(Violates the Regulation with descriptions of intercourse.)

Rowan had taken the time last night to reacquaint her with certain parts of that body.

And his own. Had spent a long while doing so, too. Until that haunted look had vanished, until she was writhing beneath him, burning while he moved in her. He hadn't stopped his tears from falling, even when they'd turned to steam before they hit her body, and there had been tears on her own face, bright as silver in the flame, while she'd held him tight.

Yet this morning, when he'd nuzzled her awake with kisses to her jaw, her neck, that haunted look had returned. And lingered.