

A Court of Frost and Starlight.

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Summary

The Phythian war has ended, and Rhys and Feyre rebuild the Night Court. Although they have entered the festive months, all of them must work to remove the scars that war has left them with.

Availability

Available to students in South Carolina high school libraries.

Excerpts

Pp:14ff: Last week had been so stupidly busy and I'd been so desperate for the feel and taste of her that I'd taken her during the flight down from the House of Wind to the town house. High above Velaris- for all to see, if it weren't for the cloaking I had thrown into place. It'd required some careful maneuvering, and I'd planned for months now on actually making a moment of it, but with her against me like that, alone in the skies, all it had taken was one look into those blue-gray eyes and I was unfastening her pants. A moment later, I'd been inside her, and had nearly sent us crashing into the rooftops like an Illyrian whelp. Feyre had just laughed. I'd climaxed at the husky sound of it.

p. 53ff. I laughed breathlessly, but he flexed his hips, driving against me, the barriers between us little more than scraps of cloth. He brushed a kiss against my mouth, his wings a dark wall behind his shoulders. "You think I'm joking. "We're strong High Fae," I mused, fighting to concentrate as he tugged on my earlobe with his teeth. "but a week straight of sex? I don't think I'd be able to walk. Or you'd be able to function, at least with your favorite part."

p. 173: I surveyed the cabin around me, the surfaces I'd painted nearly a year ago. I was promised a wall, Rhys. A pause. A long pause. I've taken you against a wall before. These walls. Another long, long pause. It's bad form to be at attention while the birchin. My lips curved as I sent him an image. A memory. Of me on the kitchen table just a few feet away. Of him kneeling before me. My legs wrapped around his head.

p.201ff: My stomach tightened in anticipation, my breasts turning achingly heavy. I unbuttoned the rest of his jacket, fingers shaking, and peeled it from him, along with his shirt. And his pants. Then he was standing naked before me, wings slightly flared, muscled chest heaving, showing me the full evidence of just how ready he was. "Do you want to begin at the wall, or finish there?" His words were guttural, barely recognizable, and the gleam in his eyes turned into something predatory. He slid a hand down the front of my torso in brazen possessiveness. "Or shall it be the wall the entire time?" My knees buckled, and I found myself beyond words. Beyond anything but him. Rhys didn't wait for my answer before kneeling before me, his wings draping over the rug. Before he pressed a kiss to my abdomen, as if in reverence and benediction. Then pressed a

kiss lower. Lower. My hands slid into his hair, just as he gripped one of my thighs and hoisted my leg over his shoulder.

He took his time. Licked and stroked me until I'd shattered, then laughed against me, dark and rich, before he rose to his full height. Before he hoisted me up, my legs wrapping around his waist, and pinned me against that wall. One arm braced on the wall, the other holding me aloft, Rhys met my eyes. "How shall it be, mate?" ... "Hard enough to make the pictures fall off," I reminded him, breathless. He laughed again, low and wicked. "Hold on tight, then." ... My hands slid onto his shoulders, digging into the hard muscle. But he slowly, so slowly, pushed into me. So I felt every inch of him, every place where we were joined. I tipped my head back again, a moan slipping out of me. "Every time," he gritted out. "Every time, you feel exquisite."

Staff Recommendation

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