

A Court of Mist and Fury
Maas, Sarah J.

Summary

This is the second book in the *Court of Thorns and Roses* Series. The series follows the vicissitudes of nineteen-year-old Feyre Acheron after she arrives in the fantasyland of Prythian. In this book Feyre must endure the tribulations of Amarantha. She does survive and becomes High Fae but has not yet become more than human and must endure more to save herself and Tamlin.

Availability

Available to students in South Carolina high school libraries.

Excerpts

Pp20-22 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.

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.

Pp185,190: He 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... They'll sell any bit of information for food, sex, maybe a breath of air."

470ff: 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, 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.”

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) and (d).

** Paginations differ in different editions.*