

A Court of Thorns and Roses

Maas, Sarah J.

Summary

The book is about magical lands and faraway places. Feyre, a main character, kills a wolf in the woods, and that triggers a series of perfidious legends that unravel. She goes to live with Tamlin, a fairy who has an everlasting life. Her prejudices about Prythian are dispelled by living with Tamlin.

Availability

Available to students in South Carolina high school libraries.

Excerpts

Pages 196-200: His bite lightened, and his tongue caressed the places his teeth had been. He didn't move- he just remained in that spot, kissing my neck. Intently, territorially, lazily. Heat pounded between my legs, and as he ground his body against me, against every aching spot, a moan slipped past my lips. ...More- I wanted the hardness of his body crushing against mine; I wanted his mouth and teeth and tongue on my bare skin, on my breasts, between my legs. Everywhere- I wanted him everywhere.

Pp243ff *: He pulled me onto his lap, holding me tightly against him as his lips parted mine. I became aware of every pore in my body when his tongue entered my mouth. ...I pushed Tamlin onto the bed, straddling him, pinning him as if it would somehow keep me from leaving, as if it would make time stop entirely. His hands rested on my hips, and their heat singed me through the thin silk of my nightgown. My hair fell around our faces like a curtain. I couldn't kiss him fast enough, hard enough to express the rushing need within me. He growled softly and deftly flipped us over, spreading me beneath him as he wrenched his lips from my mouth and made a trail of kisses down my neck. ...My back arched as he reached the spot he'd once bitten, and I dragged my hands through his hair, savoring the silken smoothness. He traced the arc of my hipbones, lingering at the edge of my undergarments. My nightgown had become hitched around my waist, but I didn't care. I hooked my bare legs around his, running my feet down the hard muscles of his calves.

We were a tangle of limbs and teeth, I tore at his clothes until they were on the floor, then tore at his skin until I marked him down his back, his arms. His claws were out, but devastatingly gentle on my hips as he slid down between my thighs and feasted on me, stopping only after I shuddered and fractured. I was moaning his name when he sheathed himself inside me in a powerful, slow thrust that had me splintering around him. We moved together, unending and wild and burning, and when I went over the edge the next time, he roared and went with me.

P. 411*: To realize that he was done waiting- and so was I. He eased me onto the bed, murmuring my name against my neck, the shell of my ear, the tips of my fingers. I urged him- faster, harder. His mouth explored the curve of my breast, the inside of my thigh.

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.*