

# A COURT OF FROST AND STARLIGHT



## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains mild profanity; explicit sexual nudity; and obscene references to sexual activities.

*Young Adult*

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**CONTENT WARNING**

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**4** /5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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29	<p>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.</p> <p>A moment later, I'd been inside her...</p> <p>...I'd climaxed at the husky sound of it.</p>
71	<p>His gaze slid over my bare legs as I pushed back the covers.</p> <p>Heat bloomed in me, but I shoved my feet into slippers.</p> <p>...Five minutes later, Rhys held the door open for me wearing nothing but his undershorts as I strode in, tray in my hands.</p> <p>...Rhys sat, folding his wings behind him before reaching to pull me into his lap, but I dodged his hands and kept a healthy distance away. "Eat the food first."</p> <p>"Then I'll eat you after," he countered, grinning wickedly, but tore into the food.</p>
80	<p>He grinned, tugging me close again, and murmured against my stomach...</p> <p>...His fingers again stroked down my back. Lower.</p> <p>...He traced the seam of my backside with a long, lazy stroke. With me standing before him like this, he could instantly smell the shift of my scent as my core heated.</p> <p>...He pressed a kiss to my stomach, right over my navel.</p> <p>...He smiled against my stomach, his fingers still exploring, coaxing. "You tackled me like an Illyrian. Perfect form, a direct hit. But then you lay on top of me, panting. All I wanted to do was get us both naked."</p> <p>"Why am I not surprised?" Yet I threaded my fingers through his hair.</p> <p>The fabric of my dressing gown was barely more than cobwebs between us as he huffed a laugh onto my belly. I hadn't bothered putting on anything beneath.</p> <p>"You drove me out of my mind. All those months. I still don't quite believe I get to have this. Have you."</p> <p>My throat tightened. That was the thought he wanted to trade, needed to share.</p> <p>"I wanted you, even Under the Mountain," I said softly.</p> <p>...His eyes gleamed, and he buried his face between my breasts again, hands caressing my back.</p> <p>...Rhys's hands clamped on the back of my thighs, the only warning before he smoothly twisted us, pinning me to the bed as he nuzzled my neck.</p> <p>..."A week to have you in this bed. That's all I want for Solstice."</p> <p>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.</p> <p>..."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> <p>He nipped the delicate arch of my ear, and my toes curled. "Then you'll just have</p>

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	<p>to kiss my favorite part and make it better."            I slid a hand to that favorite part- my favorite part- and gripped him through his undershorts. He groaned, pressing himself into my touch, and the garment disappeared, leaving only my palm against the velvet hardness of him.            "We need to get dressed," I managed to say, even as my hand stroked over him.            "Later," he ground out, sucking on my lower lip.            ...My core pounded, sister to my thunderous heartbeat, the need to have him buried inside me, to have him-            ..."This isn't finished," he promised me, his voice rough, before he kissed the hollow of my throat and pulled away.</p>
140	<p>Save that tongue for later. I have ideas for it.            ...Mor called from the front hall, startling me from the warmth pooling in my core.</p>
199	<p>I admired the view from behind as Feyre's glass was filled.            It was an effort to leash every raging instinct at that particular view. At the curves and hollows of my mate, the color of her- so vibrant, even in this room of so many personalities. Her midnight-blue velvet gown hugged her perfectly, leaving little to the imagination before it pooled to the floor.</p>
206	<p>I kissed him again, and when I made to pull away, he slid a hand behind my head and kept me there.            He kissed me deeply, lazily- as if he'd be content to do nothing but that all day. I might have considered it.            But I managed to extract myself, and crossed my legs as I settled back on the bed and reached for my new sketchbook and satchel of supplies. "I want to draw you," I said.            ...His smile was positively feline.            I added, flipping open my sketchbook and turning to the first page. "You said once that nude would be best."            Rhys's eyes glowed, and a whisper of his power through the room had the curtains parting, flooding the space with midmorning sunshine. Showing every glorious naked inch of him sprawled across the bed...</p>
230	<p>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>
261	<p>He ran his hand down my thigh. "I'm glad."</p>
265	<p>Rhys leaned in, brushing a kiss to my neck, right beneath my ear. "Shall we begin tonight, mate?"            My toes curled. "That was the plan."            "Mmm. Do you know what my plan was?" Another kiss, this one to the hollow of my throat as his hands slipped around my back and began to undo the hidden buttons of my dress. That precious, beautiful dress. I arched my neck to given him better access, and he obliged, his tongue flicking over the spot he'd just kissed.            "My plan," he went on, the dress sliding from me to pool on the rug, "involved this cabin, and a wall."            My eyes opened just as his hands began to trace long lines along my bare back.            Lower.            I found Rhys smiling down at me, his eyes heavy-lidded while he surveyed my</p>

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	<p>naked body. Naked, save for the diamond cuffs at my wrists. I went to remove them, but her murmured, "Leave them."</p> <p>My stomach tightened int 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.</p> <p>Then he was standing naked before me, wings slightly flared, muscled chest heaving, showing me the full evidence of just how ready he was.</p> <p>"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?"</p> <p>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. The pressed a kiss lower. Lower.</p> <p>My hands slid into his hair, just as he gripped one of my thighs and hoisted my leg over his shoulder. Just as I found myself somehow leaning against the wall near the doorway, as if he'd winnowed us. My head hit the wood with a soft thud as Rhys lowered his mouth to me.</p> <p>He took his time.</p> <p>Licked and stroked me until I'd shattered, then laughed against me, dark and rich, before he rose to his full height.</p> <p>Before he hoisted me up, my legs wrapping around his waist, and pinned me against that wall.</p> <p>One arm braced on the wall, the other holding me aloft, Rhys met my eyes. "How shall it be, mate?"</p> <p>..."Hard enough to make the pictures fall off," I reminded him, breathless.</p> <p>He laughed again, low and wicked. "Hold on tight, then."</p> <p>...My hands slid onto his shoulders, digging into the hard muscle.</p> <p>But he slowly, so slowly, pushed into me.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>"Every time," he gritted out. "Every time, you feel exquisite."</p> <p>I clenched my teeth, panting through my nose. He worked his way in, thrusting in small movements, letting me adjust to each thick inch of him.</p> <p>And when he was seated inside me, when his hand tightened on my hip, just...stopped.</p> <p>I moved my hips, desperate for any friction. He shifted with me, denying it. Rhys licked his way up my throat. "I think about you, about this, every damn hour," he purred against my skin. "About the way you taste."</p> <p>Another slight withdrawal- then a plunge in. I panted and panted, leaning my head into the hard wall behind me.</p> <p>Rhys let out an approving sound, and withdrew slightly. Then pushed back in. Hard.</p> <p>A low rattle sounded down the wall to my left.</p> <p>I stopped caring. Stopped caring if we did indeed make the pictures fall off the wall as Rhys halted once more.</p>

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	<p>"But mostly I think about this. How you feel around me, Feyre." He drove into me, exquisite and relentless. "How you taste on my tongue." My nails cut into his broad shoulders. "How even if we a thousand years together, I will never tire of this."</p> <p>Release began to gather along my spine, shutting out all sound and sense beyond where he met me, touched me.</p> <p>Another thrust, longer and harder. The wood groaned beneath his hand. He lowered his mouth to my breast and nipped- nipped, and then licked away the hurt that sent pleasure zinging through my blood. "How you let me do such naughty, terrible things to you."</p> <p>His voice was a caress that had my hips moving, begging him to go faster. Rhys only chuckled softly, cruelly, as he withheld that all-out, unhinged joining I craved.</p> <p>I opened my eyes long enough to peer down, to where I could see him joined with me, moving so achingly slowly in and out of me. "Do you like watching?" he breathed. "Watching me move in you?"</p> <p>...and then I was looking through his eyes- looking down at me as he gripped my hip and thrust.</p> <p>He purred, Look at how I fuck you, Feyre.</p> <p>...Look at how perfectly we fit.</p> <p>My flushed body was arched against the wall- perfect indeed for receiving him, for taking every inch of him.</p> <p>Do you see why I can't stop thinking of this- of you?</p> <p>Again, he withdrew and drove in, and released the damper on his power.</p> <p>...Rhys remained before me, my legs wrapped around his waist.</p> <p>I brushed my own mental hands down him and breathed, Can you fuck me in here, too?</p> <p>That wicked delight faltered.</p> <p>...Then undiluted, utter predator answered, It would be my pleasure.</p> <p>...He gave me everything I wanted: the unleashed pounding of him inside my body- the unrelenting thrust and filling and slap of skin on skin, the slam of our bodies against wood.</p> <p>...his body still moving in my own...</p> <p>...Rhys spilled into me with a roar...</p> <p>...He remained buried in me, leaning heavily against the wall as he panted against my neck, "FeyreFeyreFeyre."</p> <p>He was shaking. We both were.</p> <p>I worked up the presence of mind to crack open my eyes.</p>
273	<p>And I'd never been so glad for a Fae mate when he hardened again a heartbeat later, lowered me to the floor and flipped me onto my stomach, then plunged deep into me with a growling purr.</p>
277	<p>The sex had destroyed me.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	4
Fuck	2
Prick	2
Shit	7