

A COURT OF WINGS AND RUIN



Summary of Concerns:

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

Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

ISBN: 978-1-61963-449-7

978-1-63557-559-0

978-1-63557-560-6

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
134	<p>"You had put your hands all over her." I had done my job too much with every instance I'd found ways to get Lucien to touch me in her presence, in Tamlin's presence.</p>
199	<p>I braced my hands on his hips, fully ready to slide beneath his jacket, needing to touch bare skin, but Rhys straightened, pulling back. Still close enough that one of his hands remained on my waist, but the other-</p>
204	<p>...as surely as his body now held me. "I missed every moment," Rhys said, leaning down to kiss the corner of my mouth. "Your smile." His lips grazed over the shell of my ear and my back arched slightly. "Your laugh." He pressed a kiss to my neck, right beneath my ear, and I tilted my head to give him access, biting down the urge to beg him to take more, to take faster as he murmured, "Your scent." My eyes fluttered closed, and his hands coasted around my hips to cup my rear, squeezing as he bent to kiss the center of my throat. "The sounds you make when I'm inside you." His tongue flicked over the spot where he'd kissed, and one of those sounds indeed escaped me. Rhys kissed the hollow of my collarbone, and my core went utterly molten. "My brave, bold, brilliant mate." He lifted his head, and it was an effort to open my eyes. ...his hands roved lazy lines down my back, over my rear, then up again. "I love you," he said. ...Tears burned my eyes again, slipping free before I could control myself. Rhys leaned in to lick them away. One ..."You have a choice," he murmured against my cheekbone. "Either I lick every inch of you clean..." His hand grazed the tip of my breast, circling lazily. ..."Or you can get into the bath..." ..."...I thought I'd be a good mate and offer you a bath before I ravish you wholly." ..."As much as I'd like to see you attempt to lick off a week's worth of dirt, sweat, and blood..." His eyes gleamed with the challenge... ...He leaned against the doorway, watching me peel off my torn and stained jacket. ...His voice roughened as he tracked each movement of my fingers while I unlaced my boots. ..."You're taking too long," he said, jerking his chin toward the bath. My breasts tightened at the slight growl lacing his words. He watched that, too. And I smiled to myself, arching my back a bit more than necessary as I removed my shirt and tossed it to the marble floor. ...Rhys made a low noise that sounded vaguely like a whimper as he took in my bare torso. As he took in my breasts, now heavy and aching, badly enough that I had to swallow my plea to forget this bath entirely. But I pretended not to notice as I unbuttoned my pants and let them fall to the floor. Along with my undergarments. Rhys's eyes simmered. I smirked, daring a look at his own pants. At the evidence of what, exactly, this was doing to him, pressing against the black material with impressive demand. I simply crooned, "Too bad there isn't room in the tub for two."</p>

Page	Content
	<p>“A design flaw, and one I shall remedy tomorrow.” His voice was rough, quiet- and it slid invisible hands down my breasts, between my legs.</p> <p>...I somehow managed to walk, to climb into the tub. Somehow remembered how to bathe myself.</p> <p>Rhys remained leaning against the doorway the entire time, silently watching with that unrelenting focus.</p> <p>I might have taken longer washing certain areas. And might have made sure he saw it.</p> <p>...But Rhys made no move to pounce, even when I toweled off and brushed out my tangled hair. As if the restraint...it was part of the game, too.</p> <p>My bare toes curled on the marble floor as I set down my brush on the sink vanity, every inch of my body aware of where he stood in the doorway, aware of his eyes upon me in the mirror’s reflection.</p> <p>“All clean,” I declared, my voice hoarse as I met his stare in the mirror. I could have sworn only darkness and stars swirled beyond his shoulders.</p> <p>...But the predatory hunger on his face...</p> <p>I turned, my fingers trembling slightly as a I clutched my towel around me.</p> <p>Rhys only extended a hand, his own fingers shaking. Even the towel was abrasive against my too-sensitive skin as I laid my hand on his, his calluses scraping as they closed over my fingers. I wanted them scraping all over me.</p> <p>But he simply led me into the bedroom, step after step, the muscles of his broad back shifting beneath his jacket. And lower, the sleek, powerful cut of thighs, his ass-</p> <p>I was going to devour him. From head to toe. I was going to devour him-</p> <p>But Rhys paused before the bed, releasing my hand and facing me from the safety of a step away. And it was the expression on his face as he traced a still-tender spot on my cheekbone that checked the heat threatening to raze my senses.</p> <p>...I let my towel drop to the carpet.</p> <p>Let him look me over as I put a hand on his chest, his heart racing beneath my palm.</p> <p>“Ready for ravishing.” My words didn’t come out with the swagger I’d intended. Not whin Rhys’s answering smile was a dark, cruel thing. “I hardly know where to begin. So many possibilities.”</p> <p>He lifted a finger, and my breath came hard and fast as he idly circled one of my breasts, then the other. In ever-tightening rings. “I could start here,” he murmured.</p> <p>I clenched my thighs together. He noted the movement, that dark smile growing. And just before his finger reached the tip of my breast, just before he gave me what I was about to beg for, his finger slid upward- to my chest, my neck, my chin. Right to my mouth.</p> <p>He traced the shape of my lips, a whisper of touch. “Or I could start here,” he breathed, slipping the tip of his finger into my mouth.</p> <p>I couldn’t help myself from closing my lips around him, from flicking my tongue against the pad of his finger.</p> <p>But Rhys withdrew his finger with a soft groan, making a downward path. Along my neck. Chest. Straight over a nipple. He paused there, flicking it once, then smoothed his thumb over the small hurt.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>I was shaking now, barely able to keep standing as his finger continued past my breast.</p> <p>He drew patterns on my stomach, scanning my face as he purred, "Or.."</p> <p>I couldn't think beyond that single finger, that one point of contact as it drifted lower and lower, to where I wanted him. "Or?" I managed to breathe.</p> <p>His head dipped, hair sliding over his brow as he watched- we both watched- his broad finger venture down. "Or I could start here," he said, the words guttural and raw.</p> <p>I didn't care- not as he dragged that finger down the center of me. Not as he circled that spot, light and taunting. "Here would be nice," he observed, his breathing uneven. "Or maybe even here," he finished, and plunged that finger inside me.</p> <p>I groaned, gripping his arm, nails digging into the muscles beneath- muscles that shifted as he pumped his finger once, twice. Then slid it out and drawled, brows rising. "Well? Where shall I begin, Feyre darling?"</p> <p>I could barely form words, thoughts. But- I'd had enough of playing.</p> <p>...His clothes vanished- all of them- and his mouth angled over my own.</p> <p>It wasn't a gentle kiss. Wasn't soft or searching.</p> <p>It was a claiming, wild and unchecked- it was an unleashing. And the taste of him...the heat of him, the demanding stroke of his tongue against his own...</p> <p>...My hands shot into his hair, pulling him closer as I answered each of his searing kisses with my own, unable to get enough, unable to touch and feel enough of him.</p> <p>Skin to skin, Rhys nudged me toward the bed, his hands kneading my rear as I ran my own over the velvet softness of him, over every hard plane and ripple.</p> <p>...My thighs hit the bed behind us, and Rhys paused, trembling. Giving me the time to reconsider, even now. My heart strained, but I pulled my mouth from his. Held his gaze as I lowered myself onto the white sheets and inched back.</p> <p>Further and further onto the bed, until I was bare before him. Until I took in the considerable, proud length of him and my core tightened in answer. "Rhys," I breathed, his name a plea on my tongue.</p> <p>His wings flared, chest heaving as stars sparked in his eyes.</p> <p>...No playing, no delaying- I wanted him on me, in me. I needed to feel him, hold him, share breath with him.</p> <p>...Interlacing our fingers, his breathing uneven, Rhys used a knee to nudge my legs apart and settle between them.</p> <p>Carefully, lovingly, he laid our joined hands beside my head as he guided himself into me and whispered in my ear...</p> <p>...At the first nudge of him, I surged forward to claim his mouth.</p> <p>I dragged my tongue over his teeth, swallowing his groan of pleasure as his hips rolled in gentle thrusts and he pushed in, and in, and in.</p> <p>...And when Rhys was seated to the hilt, when he paused to let me adjust to the fullness of him, I thought I might explode...</p> <p>...My pants were edged with sobs as I dug my fingers into his back, and Rhys withdrew slightly to study my face.</p> <p>..."Never again," he promised as he pulled out, then thrust back in with excruciating slowness. He kissed my brow, my temple.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>...I moved my hips, urging him deeper, harder. Rhys obliged me. With every movement, every shared breath, every whispered endearment and moan, that mating bond I'd hidden so far inside myself grew brighter. ...my release cascaded through me, leaving my skin glowing like a newborn star in its wake. At the sight of it, right as I dragged a finger down the sensitive inside of his wing, Rhys shouted my name and found his pleasure. I held him through every heaving breath, held him as he at last stilled, lingering inside me, and relished the feel of his skin on mine. For long minutes, we remained there, tangled together, listening to our breathing in and out...</p>
297	<p>I rolled my eyes, even as I tried to shut out the image of Rhysand laying me on my stomach, then kissing his way down my spine. Lower. Tried to shut out the feeling of his strong hands gripping my hips and lifting them up, up, until he lay beneath them and feasted on me, until I was quietly begging him and he rose behind me and I had to bite my pillow to keep from waking the whole house with my moaning.</p>
298	<p>"Two Illyrian males making me sweat in one morning. What's a female to do?"</p>
326	<p>My blood heated a bit. "Hmmm," was all I said, pulling a book toward me. "I'll take that hmmm as a challenge." His hand slid down my thigh, then cupped my knee, his thumb brushing along its side. Even through my leathers, the heat of him seeped to my very bones. "Maybe I'll haul you between the stacks and see how quiet you can be." ...His hand began a lethal, taunting exploration up my thigh, his fingers grazing along the sensitive inside. Higher, higher. He leaned in to drag a book toward himself, but whispered in my ear, "Or maybe I'll spread you out on this desk and lick you until you scream loud enough to wake whatever is at the bottom of the library." ..."I was fully committed in that plan," I said, even as his hand stopped very, very close to the apex of my thighs, "until you brought in that thing down below." A feline smile. He held my stare as his tongue brushed his bottom lip. My breasts tightened beneath my shirt and his gaze dropped- watching. "I would have thought," he mused, "that our bout this morning would be enough to tide you over until tonight." His hand slide between my legs, brazenly cupping me, his thumb pushing down on an aching spot. A low groan slipped from me, and my cheeks heated in its wake. "Apparently, I didn't do a good enough job sating you, if you're so easily riled after a few hours." "Prick," I breathed, but the word was ragged. His thumb pressed down harder, circling roughly. Rhys leaned in again, kissing my neck- that place right under my ear- and said against my skin, "Let's see what names you call me when my head is between your legs. Feyre darling."</p>
328	<p>Two hours of work, he promised me... Then we can play.</p>
343	<p>Rhys silently pushed off the banister and kissed me. Once. Twice. Cassian stalked through the front door a heartbeat later and groaned that it was</p>

Page	Content
	<p>too early to stomach the sight of us kissing. ...Rhys leaned over and kissed me a third time, sweet and soft...</p>
407	<p>"But when you fucked that other bastard-..."</p>
411	<p>..."then I would not give a shit that she made me fuck her for all those years."</p>
457	<p>My core heated, turning molten, and I bit down on my lip as he lightly scraped a fingernail so, so close to that inner, sensitive spot. "Too bad you're so sore from training," Rhys mused, making idle, lazy circles. ...He chuckled and skimmed the edge of that sensitive spot, right as his other hand slid between my legs. Brazenly, I lifted my hips in silent demand. But he hut circled with a finger, as lazy as the strokes along my wing. He kissed my spine. "How shall I make love to you tonight, Feyre darling?" I writhed, rubbing against the folds of the blankets beneath me, desperate for any sort of friction as he dangled me over that edge. "So impatient," he purred, and that finger glided into me. I moaned, the sensation too much, too consuming, with his hand between my legs and the other stroking closer and closer to that spot on my wing, a predator circling prey. "Will it ever stop?" he mused, more to himself than me as another finger joined the one sliding in and out of me taunting, indolent strokes. "Wanting you- every hour, every breath. I don't think I can stand a thousand years of this." My hips moved with him, driving him deeper. "Think of how my productivity will plummet." I growled something at him that was likely not very romantic, and he chuckled, slipping out both fingers. I made a little whining noise of protest. Until his mouth replaced where his fingers had been, his hands gripping my hips to raise me up, to lend him better access as he feasted on me. I groaned, the sound muffled by the pillow, and he only delved deeper, taunting and teasing with every stroke. A low moan broke from me, my hips rolling. Rhys's grip on them tightened, holding me still for his ministrations. "I never got to take you in the library," he said, dragging his tongue right up my center. "We'll have to remedy that." ..."Hmmm," was all he said, a rumble of the sound against me...I panted, hands fisting in the sheets. His hands drifted from my hips at last, and I again breathed his name, in thanks and relief and anticipation of him at last giving me what I wanted- But his mouth closed around the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs while his hand...He went right to that damned spot at the inner edge of my left wing and stroked slightly. My climax tore through me with a hoarse cry, sending me soaring out of my body. ...I could feel him against my backside, hard and ready, but when I made to reach for him, Rhys's arms only tightened around me. "Sleep, Feyre," he told me.</p>
555	<p>Then I echoed the movement with my mouth. His growls of pleasure filled the tent, drowning out the distant cries of the injured and dying. ...But I tasted Rhys, worshipped him with my hands and mouth and then my body-</p>

Page	Content
	and hoped that this shard of life we offered up, this undimming light between us, would drive death a bit further away.
564	<p>"I think I'm hungry for something else," he purred.</p> <p>My toes curled in my boots, but I lifted my brows and said coolly, "Oh?"</p> <p>Rhys nipped at my earlobe, then whispered in my ear as he winnowed us up to our bedroom, where two plates of food now waited on the desk. "I owe you for last night, mate."</p> <p>He gave me the courtesy, at least, of letting me pick what he consumed first: me or the food.</p>
610	"When you fuck her, have you ever noticed that little noise she makes right before she climaxes?"
614	"Who knew," Beron mused, "that a cock could be so persuasive?"
616	"Yet you witnessed all that he did Under the Mountain, and still spread your legs for him. Fitting, I suppose. He whored for Amarantha for decades. Why shouldn't you be his whore in return?"
620	..."The moment you let him fuck you like an-"
675	"I don't think- I don't think I can have sex here. With him so close."
750	<p>He stroked a hand over my waist, down to my hip. "You must be exhausted."</p> <p>"And you should be sleeping," I chided, shifting closer, letting his warmth and scent wrap around me.</p> <p>"Can't," he admitted, his lips brushing over my temple.</p> <p>"Why?"</p> <p>His hand drifted to my back, and I arched into the long, trailing strokes along my spine. "It takes a while- to settle myself after battle."</p> <p>...Rhys's lips began a journey from my temple down my jaw.</p> <p>And even with the weight of exhaustion pressing on me, as his mouth grazed over my chin, as he nipped my bottom lip...I knew what he was asking.</p> <p>Rhys sucked in a breath as I traced the contours of his muscled stomach, as I marveled at the softness of his skin, the strength of the body beneath it.</p> <p>He pressed a featherlight kiss to my lips. "If you're too tired," he began, even as he went wholly still while my fingers continued their journey, past the sculpted muscles of his abdomen.</p> <p>I answered him with a kiss of my own. Another. Until his tongue slid over the seam of my lips and I opened for him.</p> <p>Our joining was fast, and hard, and I was clawing at his back before the end shattered through both of us, dragging my hands over his wings.</p> <p>For long minutes afterward, we remained there, my legs thrown over his shoulders...</p> <p>...Then he withdrew, gently lowering my legs from his shoulders. He kissed the inside of each of my knees as he did so, setting them on either side of him as he rose to kneel before me.</p>
851	<p>"I can't love him like that."</p> <p>"Why?"</p> <p>"Because I prefer females."</p> <p>..."But- you sleep with males. You slept with Helion..."</p>

Page	Content
	... "I do find pleasure in them. In both." ... I've known, since I was little more than a child, that I prefer females.
1002	Rhys traced circles on my bare skin, along my knee and lower thigh.

Profanity	Count
Ass	3
Cock	3
Fuck	9
Piss	3
Prick	2
Shit	12