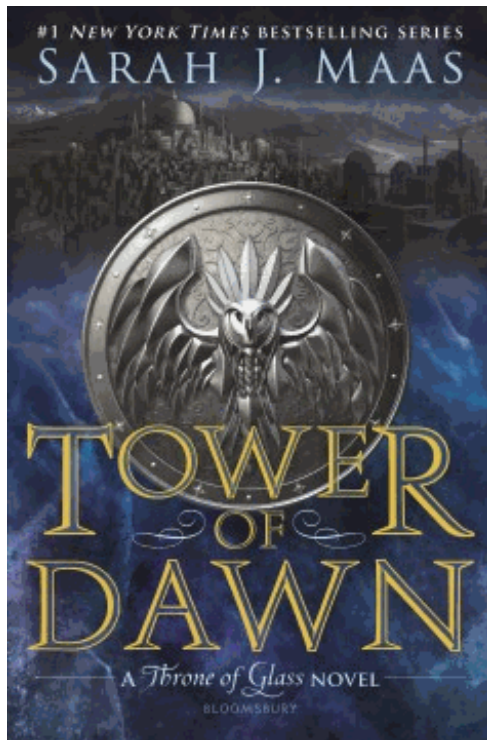


TOWER OF DAWN



Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

ISBN: 978-1-68119-580-3

978-1-68119-577-3

978-1-68119-866-8

978-1-68119-879-8

978-1-68119-858-3

978-1-68119-880-4

978-1-68119-881-1

CONTENT WARNING

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Summary of Concerns:

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

3 / 5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
49	Eye-level with her full, peaked breasts.
79	<p>"The lack of feeling and movement begins at my hips."</p> <p>Yrene's eyes shot right to them, dancing over him. "Are you capable of using your manhood?"</p> <p>He tried not to flinch. Even Nesryn blinked at the frank question.</p> <p>"Yes," he said tightly, fighting the heat rising in his cheeks.</p> <p>She looked between them, assessing. "Have you used it to completion?"</p>
82	Her hands pushed and pressed on his thighs, and he watched with no small amount of growing horror as she slid them higher and higher. He was about to demand if she planned to ascertain for herself about the life in his manhood, but Yrene lifted her head and met his stare.
221	"For patients completely immobilized, this may not be an option, but Lord Westfall retains the ability to move above his waist and can steer the horse with the reins. Balance and safety, of course remain concerns, but another is that he retains use and sensation of his manhood- which also presents a few hiccups regarding the comfort of the brace itself."
305	<p>Yrene's eyes dropped to his mouth, and every instinct, every bit of focus, narrowed on that movement. Every part of him came to aching attention. And the sensation of it, as he casually adjusted his jacket over his lap, was better than an ice bath.</p> <p>The smoke- opiates. It was some sort of aphrodisiac, some lulling of common sense.</p> <p>Yrene was still watching his mouth as if it were a piece of fruit, her uneven breath lifting those lush, high breasts within the confines of her gown.</p>
527	<p>And he was kissing her.</p> <p>Yrene could barely breathe, barely keep inside her skin, as Chaol's mouth settled over hers.</p> <p>...Her hands curled into his shirt, fingers wrapping around fistfuls of fabric, tugging him closer.</p> <p>His lips caressed her in patient, unhurried movements, as if tracing the feel of her. And when his teeth grazed her lower lip...She opened her mouth to him.</p> <p>He swept in, pressing her farther into the wall. She barely felt the molding digging into her spine, the sleekness of the wallpaper against her back as his tongue slid into her mouth.</p> <p>Yrene moaned, not caring who heard, who might be listening. They could all go to hell for all she cared. She was burning, glowing-</p> <p>Chaol laid a hand against her jaw, angling her face to better claim her mouth. She arched, silently begging him to take-</p> <p>...Yrene dragged her hands around his shoulders, fingers slipping into his silken brown hair. More, more, more-</p> <p>But his kiss was thorough. As if he wanted to learn every taste, every angle of her. She brushed her tongue against his, and his growl had her toes curling in her slippers-</p> <p>She felt the tremor go through him before she registered what it was.</p> <p>The strain.</p>

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	<p>Still he kissed her, seemed intent to do so, even if it brought him crashing to the floor. Small steps. Small measures. Yrene broke away, putting a hand on his chest when he made to claim her mouth again. ...Chaol brushed his mouth against hers, the silken heat of his lips enough to make her willing to ignore common sense. But she shoved back against it. Gently slid out of his reach. "Now I'll have ways to reward you," she said, trying for humor. ...Chaol huffed a laugh, then leaned in to whisper in her ear. "Will it be the bed or the couch now, Yrene?" She swallowed, daring a sidelong look up at him. His eyes were still dark, his face flushed and lips swollen. From her. Yrene's blood heated, her core near-molten. How the hell would she have him nearly naked before her now? "You are still my patient," she managed to say primly, and guided him into his chair. Nearly shoved him onto it- and nearly leaped atop him, too. ...Chaol's answering smile was anything but. So was the way he growled. "Come here." Yrene's heartbeat pounded through every inch of her as she closed the foot of space between them. As she held his burning gaze and settled into his lap. His hand slip beneath her hair to cup the back of her neck, drawing her face to his as he brushed a kiss over the corner of her mouth. Then the other. She gripped his shoulders, fingers digging into the hard muscle beneath, her breathing turning jagged as he nipped at her bottom lip, as his other hand began to explore up her torso- ...But Chaol's smile grew, his eyes lighting as he added. "We can only go on." Yrene went to him, unable to stop herself, as if that smile were a beacon in the dark. And when Chaol wheeled himself to the couch and peeled off his shirt, when he lay down and she set her hands on his warm, strong back...Yrene smiled as well.</p>
532	<p>She'd kissed and kissed him, breathless and panting, and then licked-actually licked the sweat from his neck. Chaol had groaned so loudly that it was no surprise a servant appeared a heartbeat later, ripping the curtain away, as if to chide two workers for shirking their duties.</p>
591	<p>His heart thundered through every inch of him. Yrene rose onto her toes and pressed a kiss, light as a caress, to his mouth. Never breaking his stare. ...Any leash on himself snapped. Letting his can thump to the floor, Chaol drifted a hand around her waist, his thumb stroking along the sliver of bare skin the dress revealed. The other he plunged into that luxurious, heavy hair, cupping the back of her head as he tilted her face upward. ...Then his mouth was on hers, and she opened for him, the heat and silk of her driving a groan from deep in his throat. Her hands speared into his hair, onto his shoulders, across his chest and up his</p>

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	<p>neck. As if she could not touch enough of him.</p> <p>Chaol reveled in the fingers she dug into his clothes, as if they were claws seeking purchase. He slid his tongue against hers, and her moan as she pushed herself against him...</p> <p>Chaol backed them toward the bed, its white sheets near-glowing in the lantern light, not caring that his steps were uneven, staggering. Not with that dress little more than cobwebs and mist, not when he never took his mouth from hers, remained unable to take his mouth from hers.</p> <p>Yrene’s knees hit the mattress behind them, and she drew her lips away enough to protest, “Your back-“</p> <p>“I’ll manage.” He slanted his mouth over hers again, her kiss searing him to his very soul.</p> <p>...He nudged her with a press of his hips, and she let him lay her upon the bed gently- reverently.</p> <p>Her reach for him, hauling him atop her, was anything but.</p> <p>Chaol huffed a laugh against her warm neck, the skin softer than silk, as she scrabbled with his buttons, his buckles. She writhed against him, and as he settled his weight over her, every hard part of him lining up with many parts of her... He was going to fly out of his skin.</p> <p>Yrene’s breath was sharp and ragged against his ear, her hands tugging desperately at his shirt, trying to slid to his back beneath.</p> <p>“I’d think you were sick of touching my back.”</p> <p>She shut him up with a plundering kiss that made him forget language for a while. Forget about his name and his title and everything but her.</p> <p>Yrene.</p> <p>Yrene.</p> <p>Yrene.</p> <p>She moaned when he slid a hand up her thigh, baring her skin beneath the folds of that gown. When he did it to the other leg. When he nipped at her mouth and traced idle circles with his fingers over those beautiful thighs, startling along their out edge and arcing over-</p> <p>Yrene did not appreciate being toyed with.</p> <p>Not as she wrapped a hand around him, and his entire body bowed into the touch, the sensation of it. Not just a hand stroking over him, but Yrene doing it- ...Chaol shoved against the ripple of darkness, the line on that throat. He only kissed it instead. Licked it. Then asked against her skin, his mouth skirting up her jaw. “Do you want to-“</p> <p>“Keep going.”</p> <p>But he made himself pause. Made himself rise to look at her face, his hands on her sleek thighs and her hands still gripping him, stroking him. “Yes, then?”</p> <p>Yrene’s eyes were gold flame. “Yes,” she breathed. She leaned up, kissed him gently. Not lightly, but sweetly. Openly. “Yes.”</p> <p>A shudder wracked through him at the words, and he gripped her thigh right where it met her hip. Yrene released him to lift her hips, dragging herself over him. Feeling him, with only the thin gossamer panel of her gown between them. Nothing beneath.</p> <p>Chaol slid it to the side, bunching the material at her waist. He dipped his head,</p>

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	<p>eager to look his fill, then to touch and taste and learn what made Yrene Towers lose control entirely- ...So Chaol removed his shirt, his pants following with a few, trickier maneuvers. Then he removed that dress of hers, leaving it in scraps on the floor beside the bed. Until Yrene only wore that locket. Until Chaol surveyed every inch of her and found himself unable to breathe. ...But Yrene kissed him again, in answer and silent demand. And as Chaol began to move in her, he realized that here, amongst the dunes and stars...</p>
595	<p>Her quick, unimpressive, and only brush with sex had been just last autumn, and had left her in no hurry to seek it out again. But this... He'd made sure she found her pleasure. Repeatedly. Before he ever found his own. And beyond that, the things he made her feel- Not just as a result of his body, but who he was... Yrene pressed an idle kiss to the sculpted muscle of his chest, savoring the fingers he still trained down her spine, over and over.</p>
596	<p>Between bouts of lovemaking, when she'd gone to move his cane...</p>
659	<p>He went still at the smokiness in her eyes. Slowly, Yrene undid the laces down the front of her pale purple gown. Let it ripple to the floor, along with her undergarments. His mouth turned dry as he kept her eyes upon him, hips swishing with every step she took to the pool. To the stairs. Yrene stepped into the water, and his blood roared in his ears. Chaol wa upon her before she'd hit the last step. They missed dinner. And dessert. And midnight kahve. Kadja snuck in during the bath to change the sheets. Yrene couldn't bring herself to be mortified at what the servant likely heard. They certainly hadn't been quiet in the water. And certainly weren't quiet during the hours following. Yrene was limp with exhaustion when they peeled apart, sweaty enough that another trip to the bath wa imminent.</p>
661	<p>She let out a daintly hum and traced a circle around his nipple.</p>
662	<p>A corner of Chaol's mouth kicked up, and he hauled her over him. "I think I know of just the position."</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	2
Bitch	1
Piss	3
Shit	8