

KINGDOM OF ASH



Summary of Concerns:

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

Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

ISBN: 978-1-61963-611-8

978-1-61963-610-1

978-1-61963-612-5

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
472	<p>With a growl, Rowan swept her into his arms, never tearing his mouth from hers as he carried her to the bed and set her down gently. Off came their boots, their jackets and shirts and pants. And then he was with her, the strength and heat of him pouring into her bare skin.</p> <p>She couldn't touch him fast enough, feel enough of him against her. Even when his mouth roved down her neck, licking over that spot where his claiming marks had been. Even when he roamed farther, worshipping her breasts as she arched up into each lick and suckle. Even when he knelt between her legs, his shoulders spreading her thighs wide, and tasted her, over and over, until she was writhing beneath him.</p> <p>But something primal in her went quiet and still as Rowan rose over her again, and their eyes locked.</p> <p>"You're my mate," he said, the words near-guttural. He nudged at her entrance, and she shifted her hips to draw him in, but he remained where he was. Withholding what she ached for until he heard what he needed.</p> <p>...Aelin tipped back her head, baring her neck to him. "You're my mate." Her words were a breathless rush. "And I am yours."</p> <p>Rowan thrust into her in a mighty stroke as he plunged his teeth into the side of her neck.</p> <p>She cried out at the claiming, release already barreling along her spine, but he began moving. Moving, while his teeth remained in her, and she moaned with each drive of his hips, the sheer size of him a decadence she would never be able to get enough of. She dragged her nails down his muscled back, then lower, feeling every powerful stroke of him into her.</p> <p>Rowan withdrew his teeth from her neck, and Aelin claimed his mouth in a savage kiss, her blood a coppery tang on his tongue.</p> <p>He went wild at that, hoisting her hips to angle himself deeper, harder. The world might have been burning around them for all she cared, all he cared, too.</p> <p>"Together, Aelin," he promised, and she heard the rest of the words in every place their bodies joined. Together they would face this, together they would find a way.</p> <p>Release crested within her once more, a shimmering brightness.</p> <p>And just when it broke, Aelin sank her teeth into Rowan's neck, claiming him as he'd claimed her.</p> <p>His blood, powerful and wind-kissed, filled her mouth, her soul, and Rowan roared as release shattered through him, too.</p> <p>For long minutes, they lay tangled in each other.</p>
586	<p>He ran a hand down the back of her head, his fingers twining in her hair before he murmured in her ear, "Come to bed."</p> <p>Heat flared through her body.</p> <p>..."And a day of death has made me want to hold you," the prince said, giving her that disarming grin she had no defenses against. Especially as he added, "And do other things to you."</p> <p>Nesryn's toes curled in her boots.</p>
717	<p>He left her jacket open, the swells of her breasts just visible between the lapels.</p>

Page	Content
719	<p>He ran his fingers over the scar. Over it, and then up her stomach. Up and up, her skin pebbling beneath his touch, until he halted just over her heart. Until he laid his palm flat against it, the curve of her breast rising to meet his hand with each unsteady breath she took.</p> <p>...So Dorian brushed his mouth against hers. Manon let out a small sound. Dorian kissed her again, and her tongue met his, hungry and searching. Then her hands were plunging into his hair, both of them rising onto their knees to meet halfway.</p> <p>She moaned, her hands sliding from his hair down his chest, down to his pants. She stroked him through the material, and Dorian groaned into her mouth.</p> <p>...Their pants joined their shirts and jackets on the ground, and then he was laying her upon his bedroll.</p> <p>Manon drew her hands from him to remove the glittering crown atop her head, but he halted her with a phantom touch. "Don't," he said, voice near-guttural. "Leave it on."</p> <p>Her eyes turned to molten gold, going heavy-lidded as she writhed, tipping her head back.</p> <p>His mouth went dry at the beauty that threatened to undo him, the temptation that his every instinct roared to claim. Not the body, but what she had offered.</p> <p>...Manon reached for him, fingers digging into his shoulders, and Dorian rose over her, finding her mouth in a plundering kiss.</p> <p>A shift of her hips, and he was buried, the heated silk of her enough to make him forget that they had a camp around them, or kingdoms to protect.</p> <p>He did not bother with phantom touches. He wanted her all for himself, skin to skin.</p> <p>Every thrust into her, Manon answered with a rolling, demanding movement of her own. Stay. The word echoed in each breath.</p> <p>Dorian took one of her legs and hefted it higher, angling him closer. He groaned at the perfection of it, and Manon swallowed the sound with a kiss of her own, a hand clamping on his backside to propel him harder, faster.</p> <p>Dorian gave Manon what she wanted. Gave himself what he wanted. Over and over and over.</p> <p>As if this might last forever.</p> <p>Manon's breathing was as ragged as Dorian's when they pulled apart at last.</p>
744	<p>This kiss lingered. Her mouth traced his, and at the slight pressure of her lips, the gentle request, he answered with his own.</p> <p>The taste of her threatened to undo him entirely, and the tentative brush of her tongue against his own drew another rolling purr from deep in his chest. But Lorcan let Elide explore him, slowly and sweetly, giving her whatever she asked. And when her mouth became more insistent, when her breathing turned ragged, he slipped a hand around her neck to cup her nape. She opened for him, and at her low moan, Lorcan thought he'd fly out of his skin.</p> <p>His hand slipped from her nape to run down her back, savoring the warm, unbreakable body beneath the layers of clothes. Elide arched into the touch, another of those small noises coming from her. As if she'd been just as starved for him.</p>

Page	Content
760	<p>Rowan nipped at her nose. "I do keep a tally, Princess. Of all the horrible things that come out of your mouth."</p> <p>...Rowan smirked, as if sensing Gavriel's swift exit, too. Then his hand flattened on her abdomen, his mouth grazing the</p>
762	<p>Though unlike those months this spring, when Aelin set down her plate between her feet, she slid her arms around Rowan's neck and his mouth instantly met hers. No, it was certainly not at all like their time at Mistward as she crawled into Rowan's lap, not entirely caring that anyone might stride up or down the stairs, and kissed him silly.</p> <p>They halted, breathless and wild-eyed, before she could decide that it really wouldn't be a bad idea to unfasten his pants right there, or that his hand, discreetly and lazily rubbing that damned spot between her thighs, should be inside her.</p>
968	<p>Elide bit her lip, her breasts becoming heavy, tingling. "I might slip."</p> <p>His eyes drifted down her body, but he made no move. "A dangerous time, bath time."</p> <p>Elide found it in herself to walk toward the copper tub. He trailed a few feet behind, giving her space. Letting her steer this.</p> <p>Elide halted beside the tub, steam wafting past. She tugged the hem of her shirt from her pants.</p> <p>Lorcan watched every move. She wasn't entirely certain he was breathing. But—her hands stalled. Uncertain. Not of him, but this rite, this path.</p> <p>"Show me what to do," she breathed.</p> <p>"You're doing just fine," Lorcan ground out.</p> <p>But she gave him a helpless look, and he prowled closer. His fingers found the loose hem of her shirt. "May I?" he asked quietly. Elide whispered, "Yes."</p> <p>Lorcan still studied her eyes, as if reading the sincerity of that word. Deeming it true.</p> <p>Gently, he pulled the fabric from her. Cool air kissed her skin, pebbling it. The flexible band around her breasts remained, but Lorcan's gaze remained on her own. "Tell me what you want next," he said roughly.</p> <p>Hand shaking, Elide grazed a finger over the band.</p> <p>Lorcan's own hands shook as he unbound it. As he revealed her to the air, to him. His eyes seemed to go wholly black as he took in her breasts, her uneven breathing. "Beautiful," he murmured.</p> <p>Elide's mouth curled as the word settled within her. Gave her enough courage that she lifted her hands to his jacket and began unbuckling, unbuttoning. Until Lorcan's own chest was bare, and she ran her fingers over the smattering of dark hair across the sculpted planes. "Beautiful," she said.</p> <p>Lorcan trembled—with restraint, with emotion, she didn't know. That darling purr of his rumbled into her as she pressed her mouth against his pectoral.</p> <p>His hand drifted to her hair, each stroke unbinding her braid. "We only go as far and long as you want," he said. Yet she dared to glance down his body—to what strained under his pants.</p> <p>Her mouth went dry. "I—I don't know what I'm doing."</p> <p>"Anything you do will be enough," he said.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>She lifted her head, scanning his face. "Enough for what?"</p> <p>Another half smile. "Enough to please me." She scoffed at the arrogance, but Lorcan brushed his mouth against her neck. His hands bracketed her waist, his thumbs grazing her ribs. But no higher.</p> <p>Elide arched into the touch, a small sound escaping her as his lips brushed just beneath her ear. And then his mouth found hers, gentle and thorough.</p> <p>Her hands twined around his neck, and Lorcan lifted her, carrying her not to the bath, but to the cot behind them, his lips never leaving hers.</p> <p>Home. This, with him. This was home, as she had never had. For however long they might share it.</p> <p>And when Lorcan laid her out on the cot, his breathing as uneven as her own, when he paused, letting her decide what to do, where to take this, Elide kissed him again and whispered, "Show me everything." So Lorcan did.</p>
1095	<p>He gripped her waist in one hand, the other plunging into her hair, and tipped her head back as his mouth met hers.</p> <p>The kiss seared her down to her everchanging bones, and she wrapped her arms around his neck as she held him tightly.</p> <p>Alone in the dark, quiet hall, death squatting on the battlefield nearby, Lysandra gave herself to that searing kiss, to Aedion, unable to stop her moan as his tongue flicked against hers.</p> <p>The sound was his unleashing, and Aedion twisted them, backing her against the wall. She arched, desperate to feel him against all of her. He growled into her mouth, and the hand at her hip slid to her thigh, hoisting it around his waist as he ground into her, exactly where she needed him.</p> <p>Aedion tore his mouth from hers and began to explore her neck, her jaw, her ear. She breathed his name, running her hands down his powerful back as it flexed under her touch.</p> <p>More. More. More.</p> <p>More of this life, this fire to burn away all shadows.</p> <p>More of him.</p> <p>Lysandra slid her hands to his chest, fingers digging into the breast of his jacket, seeking the warm skin beneath. Aedion only nipped at her ear, dragged his teeth along her jaw, and seized her mouth in another plundering kiss that had her moaning again.</p> <p>...Lysandra slid her hand against his stubble-coated cheek and pressed her mouth against his. Let herself taste him again. "It is because I am sick of all this death. And I needed you."</p> <p>Aedion made a low, pained sound, so Lysandra kissed him a final time. Went so far as to run her tongue along the seam of his lips. He opened for her, and then they were tangled in each other again, teeth and tongues and hands roaming, touching, tasting.</p>
1102	<p>Rowan had taken the time last night to reacquaint her with certain parts of that body. And his own. Had spent a long while doing so, too. Until that haunted look had vanished, until she was writhing beneath him, burning while he moved in her.</p> <p>...Yet this morning, when he'd nuzzled her awake with kisses to her jaw, her neck, that haunted look had returned. And lingered.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	5
Bitch	7
Piss	4
Prick	1
Shit	1