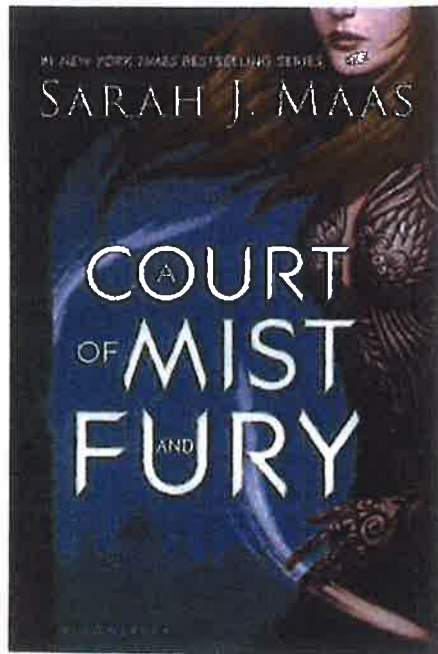


From the Desk of
Sen. Suzanne Weber
March 31, 2025

A COURT OF MIST AND FURY



Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

ISBN: 978-1-61963-519-7

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual nudity and sexual activities, violence, and profanity.

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21	<p>He emerged from the bathing room, slinging off his tunic and shirt, and I propped myself on my elbows to watch as he paused at the edge of the bed.</p> <p>My attention went right to the strong, clever fingers that unfastened his pants. Tamlin let out a low snarl of approval, and I bit my bottom lip as he removed his pants, along with his undergarments, [REDACTED] of him. My mouth went dry, and I dragged my gaze up his muscled torso, over the panes of his chest, and then ---</p> <p>Come here," he growled, so roughly the words were barely discernable. I pushed back the blankets, revealing my [REDACTED] and he hissed. His features turned ravenous while I crawled across the bed and rose up on my knees. I took his face in my hands, the golden skin framed on either side by fingers of ivory and of swirling black, and kissed him.</p> <p>He held my gaze through the kiss, even as I pushed myself closer, biting back a small noise when he [REDACTED]</p> <p>His callused hands grazed my hips, my waist, then held me there as he lowered his head, seizing the kiss. A brush of his tongue against the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and he swept in, [REDACTED] me, [REDACTED] me.</p> <p>I moaned then, tilting my head back to give him better access. His hands clamped on my waist, then moved—one going to [REDACTED], the other sliding between us.</p> <p>This—this moment, when it was him and me and nothing our bodies.</p> <p>His tongue [REDACTED] as he dragged a finger down the center of me, and I gasped, my [REDACTED] "Feyre, he said against my lips, my name like a prayer more devout than any lanthe had offered up to the Cauldron on that dark solstice morning.</p> <p>His tongue [REDACTED] in time to the finger that he [REDACTED] of me. My hips undulated, demanding more, craving the fullness of him, and his growl reverberated in my chest as he [REDACTED]</p> <p>I moved on him. Lightning lashed through my veins, and my focus narrowed to his fingers, his mouth, his body on mine. His palm pushed against the bundle of nerves [REDACTED] and I groaned his name as I shattered.</p> <p>My head thrown back, I gulped down night-cool air, and then I was being lowered to the bed, gently, delicately, lovingly.</p> <p>He stretched out above me, his head lowering to my [REDACTED] and all it took was one press of his teeth [REDACTED] before I was [REDACTED] before I [REDACTED] around him and he [REDACTED] This—I needed this.</p> <p>He paused, arms trembling as he held himself over me.</p> <p>"Please," I gasped out.</p> <p>He just brushed his lips [REDACTED]</p> <p>"Tamlin," I begged. He palmed my [REDACTED] his thumb flicking [REDACTED] I cried out, and he buried [REDACTED]</p> <p>For a moment, I was nothing, no one.</p> <p>Then we were fused, two hearts beating as one, and I promised myself it always</p>

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	<p>would be that way as he [REDACTED] the muscles of his back flexing [REDACTED] and then [REDACTED] Again and again.</p> <p>I [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] against him as he moved, as he murmured my name and told me he loved me. And when that [REDACTED] my head, when I gasped out his name, [REDACTED] him through each [REDACTED], savoring the [REDACTED] the feel of his [REDACTED], his strength.</p> <p>For a while, only the rasp of our breathing filled the room.</p> <p>I frowned as he withdrew at last—but he didn't go far. He stretched out on his side, head propped on a fist, and traced idle circles on [REDACTED]</p> <p>[REDACTED]</p> <p>"I'm sorry about earlier," he murmured.</p> <p>"It's fine," I breathed. "I understand.</p> <p>Not a lie, but not quite true.</p> <p>His fingers grazed lower, [REDACTED] "You are—you're everything to me," he said thickly. "I need ... I need you to be all right. To know they can't get to you—can't hurt you anymore."</p> <p>"I know." Those fingers drifted lower. I swallowed hard and said again, "I know." I brushed his hair back from his face. "But what about you? Who gets to keep you safe?"</p> <p>His mouth tightened. With his powers returned, he didn't need anyone to protect him, shield him. I could almost see invisible hackles raising—not at me, but at the thought of what he'd been mere months ago: prone to Amarantha's whims, his power barely a trickle compared to the cascade now coursing through him. He took a steadying breath, and leaned to [REDACTED] right between [REDACTED] It was answer enough.</p> <p>"Soon," he murmured, and those fingers [REDACTED] almost groaned. "Soon you'll be my wife, and it'll be fine. We'll leave all this behind us. I arched my back, [REDACTED] and he chuckled roughly. I didn't quite hear myself speak as I focused on the fingers that obeyed my silent command.</p> <p>"What will everyone call me, then?" He grazed my [REDACTED] as he leaned down, [REDACTED] the [REDACTED] into his [REDACTED]</p> <p>"Hmm?" he said, and the rumble against my [REDACTED]</p> <p>Is everyone just going to call me 'Tamlin's wife'? Do I get ... title?</p> <p>He lifted his head long enough to look at me. Do you want a title?"</p> <p>Before I could answer, he [REDACTED] then [REDACTED] over the small hurt—licked as his fingers [REDACTED] He [REDACTED] lazy, taunting circles. "No," I gasped out. "But I don't want people ... Cauldron boil me, [REDACTED]</p> <p>[REDACTED] —I don't know if I can handle them calling me High Lady.</p> <p>His fingers [REDACTED], and he [REDACTED] in approval at the [REDACTED]</p> <p>[REDACTED] both from me and him. "They won't," he said against my skin, positioning [REDACTED]</p> <p>[REDACTED] went. "There is no such thing as a High Lady.</p> <p>He gripped my [REDACTED], lowering [REDACTED] and—</p> <p>What do you mean, there's no such thing as a High Lady?"</p> <p>The [REDACTED] his [REDACTED] all of it stopped.</p>

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	<p>He looked up from [REDACTED], and I almost [REDACTED] at the sight of it. But what he said, what he'd implied ... He [REDACTED] "High Lords only take wives. Consorts. There has never been a High Lady. But Lucien's mother ---</p> <p>She's Lady of the Autumn Court. Not High Lady. Just as you will be Lady of the spring court. They will address you as they address her. They will respect you as they respect her." He lowered his gaze [REDACTED]</p> <p>[REDACTED]</p> <p>"So Lucien's ---</p> <p>I don't want to hear another male 's name on your lips right now' he growled, [REDACTED]</p> <p>[REDACTED]</p> <p>At the [REDACTED] of his [REDACTED] I stopped arguing.</p>
184	<p>I tumbled into a- sleep so -heavy. my dreams were an undertow dragged me down, down, down until I couldn't escape them.</p> <p>I lay naked and prone on a familiar red marble floor while slid a knife along my bare ribs, the steel scraping softly against my skin.</p> <p>"Lying, traitorous human," she purred, "with your filthy, lying heart."</p> <p>The knife scratched, a cool caress. I struggled to get up, but my body wouldn't work.</p> <p>She pressed a kiss to the hollow of my throat. "You're as much a monster as me."</p> <p>She curved the knife over my [REDACTED] angling it toward my [REDACTED] as if she could see the heart beating beneath. I started sobbing. "Don't waste your tears. Someone far away was roaring my name; begging for me.</p> <p>"I'm going to make eternity a hell for you," she promised, the tip of the dagger piercing the sensitive flesh [REDACTED], her lips hovering a breath above mine as she pushed—</p>
472	<p>But his hands resumed their roaming. "Then allow me the pleasure of distracting you.</p> <p>He slipped a hand beneath the top of my sweater, diving [REDACTED]</p> <p>Skin to skin, the calluses of his hands made me [REDACTED] as they scraped the top of my [REDACTED] and circled around my [REDACTED] "I love these," he breathed onto my neck, his hand sliding to my [REDACTED] "You have no idea how much I love these."</p> <p>I [REDACTED] as he caressed a [REDACTED], and I bowed into the touch, silently begging him. He was [REDACTED] me, and I ground against him, eliciting a soft, wicked hiss from him. "Stop that," he snarled onto my skin. "You'll ruin my fun."</p> <p>I would do no such thing. I began twisting [REDACTED], needing to just feel him, but he clicked his tongue and pushed himself harder against me, until there was no room for m [REDACTED]</p> <p>"I want [REDACTED]" he said, his voice so guttural I barely recognized it.</p> <p>[REDACTED]</p> <p>It was enough of a broken plea that I paused, yielding as his other hand [REDACTED]</p> <p>[REDACTED]</p> <p>I can't breathe when I look at you.</p>

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	<p>Let me touch you.</p> <p>Because I was jealous, and [REDACTED] off</p> <p>She's mine.</p> <p>I shut out the thoughts, the bits and pieces he'd given me.</p> <p>Rhys slid his finger [REDACTED], a cat playing with its dinner.</p> <p>Again.</p> <p>Again.</p> <p>Please," I managed to say.</p> <p>He smiled against my neck. "There are those missing manners. His hand [REDACTED]</p> <p>[REDACTED] The first brush of him against me [REDACTED]</p> <p>[REDACTED]</p> <p>He snarled in satisfaction at the [REDACTED] he found waiting for him and his [REDACTED]</p> <p>[REDACTED] that s [REDACTED] against it, but</p> <p>never quite—</p> <p>His other hand [REDACTED] at the same moment his thumb [REDACTED]</p> <p>down [REDACTED] I bucked [REDACTED] my head fully back against his</p> <p>shoulder now, [REDACTED] as his [REDACTED]</p> <p>I [REDACTED], and he laughed, low and soft. "Like that?"</p> <p>A [REDACTED] was my only reply. More more more.</p> <p>His fingers [REDACTED] slow and brazen, straight through the core of me, and every</p> <p>point in my body, my mind, my soul, narrowed to the [REDACTED]</p> <p>there like he had all the time in the world.</p> <p>[REDACTED] "Please," I said again, and [REDACTED] for emphasis.</p> <p>He hissed at the contact and [REDACTED] He swore.</p> <p>Feyre-----</p> <p>But I'd already started [REDACTED], and he swore again in a long exhale. His</p> <p>lips [REDACTED] toward my ear.</p> <p>I let [REDACTED] so loud it drowned out the rain as he [REDACTED]</p> <p>me so much I couldn't think around it, couldn't breathe. "That's it," he murmured,</p> <p>his [REDACTED]</p> <p>I was sick of my neck and ear getting such attention. I twisted as much as I could,</p> <p>and found him staring at me, at the [REDACTED] watching</p> <p>me [REDACTED]</p> <p>He was still staring at me when I [REDACTED]</p> <p>lower lip.</p> <p>Rhys groaned, [REDACTED]</p> <p>I didn't care—I didn't care one bit about what I was and who I was and where I'd</p> <p>been as I [REDACTED] His [REDACTED], moving in</p> <p>a way that I knew exactly what he'd do [REDACTED]</p> <p>His [REDACTED] and my very existence narrowed to</p> <p>[REDACTED], to the [REDACTED]</p> <p>every [REDACTED]</p> <p>You have no idea how much I——" He cut himself off, and [REDACTED] again. Feyre.</p> <p>The sound of my name on his lips was my undoing. [REDACTED]</p> <p>[REDACTED] and I [REDACTED] out, only to have [REDACTED] as if he could [REDACTED]</p> <p>[REDACTED]. His [REDACTED]</p>

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	<p>clenching tight. He swore again, breathing hard, [REDACTED] through the last throes of it, until I was limp and trembling in his arms. I couldn't breathe hard enough, fast enough, as Rhys [REDACTED], pulling back so I could meet his stare. He said, "I wanted to do that when I felt how drenched you were at the Court of Nightmares. I wanted to have you right there in the middle of everyone. But mostly I just wanted to do this." His eyes held mine as he [REDACTED].</p> <p>On the [REDACTED] of me.</p> <p>I was going to [REDACTED]. I slid a [REDACTED] [REDACTED], but he gripped my wrist. "When you [REDACTED] me," he said roughly, I want to be alone—far away from everyone. Because when you [REDACTED] me, Feyre," he said, pressing nipping kisses to my jaw, my neck, "I'm going to let myself roar loud enough to bring down a mountain.</p> <p>I was instantly liquid again, and he laughed under his breath. "And when I [REDACTED] you, he said, sliding his arms around me and tucking me in tight to him, "I want you [REDACTED]."</p> <p>I whimpered.</p> <p>I've had a long, long time to think about how and where I [REDACTED] you," Rhys said onto the [REDACTED], his [REDACTED], but stopping just beneath. Their home for the evening. I have no intention of doing it all in one night. Or in a room where I can't even [REDACTED] you against the wall.</p>
530	<p>He [REDACTED] against me, and I [REDACTED].</p> <p>The sound snapped whatever leash he'd had on himself, and Rhysand scooped me up in a smooth movement before laying me flat on the table—amongst and on top of all the paints.</p> <p>He deepened the kiss, and I wrapped [REDACTED], hooking him closer. He tore his lips from my mouth to my neck, where he dragged his [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] down my [REDACTED] as his [REDACTED] slid under my [REDACTED] and went up, up, to [REDACTED]. I arched into the touch, and lifted my arms as he peeled away my sweater in one easy motion.</p> <p>Rhys [REDACTED] me, my body [REDACTED] from the waist up. Paint soaked into my hair, my arms. But all I could think of was his [REDACTED] as it lowered to my [REDACTED] and [REDACTED].</p> <p>I plunged my fingers into his hair, and he braced a hand beside my head—smack atop a palette of paint. He let out a low laugh, and I watched, breathless, as he took that hand and traced a circle around my [REDACTED], then lower, until he painted a downward arrow beneath my [REDACTED].</p> <p>"Lest you forget where this is going to end," he said.</p> <p>I snarled at him, a silent order, and he laughed again, his mouth my other [REDACTED].</p> <p>He [REDACTED], teasing—teasing me so horribly that I had to touch him, had to just feel more of him. There was paint all over my hands, my arms, but I didn't care as I grabbed at his clothes. He shifted enough to let me remove them, weapons and leather thudding to the ground, revealing that beautiful tattooed body, the powerful muscles and wings now peeking above them.</p> <p>My mate—my mate.</p>

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	<p>His [REDACTED] his bare skin so warm against my own, and I [REDACTED], smearing paint there, too. Smearing it in his hair, until great streaks of blue and red and green ran through it. His hands [REDACTED], and I bucked my hips off the table to help [REDACTED].</p> <p>Rhys pulled back again, and I let out a bark of protest—that choked off into [REDACTED] and yanked me to the edge of the table, through paints and brushes and cups of water, [REDACTED] to rest on either side of those beautiful wings, and knelt before me.</p> <p>Knelt on those stars and mountains inked on his knees. He would bow for no one and nothing.</p> <p>But his mate. His equal.</p> <p>The [REDACTED] on fire.</p> <p>I want you [REDACTED] personal feast.</p> <p>He growled [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] himself on me entirely.</p> <p>A hand [REDACTED], he [REDACTED].</p> <p>And when [REDACTED] I reached up to grip the edge of the world that I was very near to falling off.</p> <p>He [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] his way to the [REDACTED], just as his [REDACTED] where his mouth had been, [REDACTED] his teeth [REDACTED].</p> <p>I bowed off the table as [REDACTED], splintering my consciousness into a million pieces. He kept [REDACTED] as I was moving.</p> <p>"Rhys," I rasped.</p> <p>Now. I wanted him now.</p> <p>But he remained kneeling, [REDACTED], that hand [REDACTED].</p> <p>I went over the edge again. And only when I was trembling, half sobbing, [REDACTED] did Rhys rise from the floor.</p> <p>He looked me over, [REDACTED] covered in paint, his own face and body smeared with it, and give me a slow, satisfied male smile. "You're mine, he snarled, and hefted me up into his arms.</p> <p>I wanted the [REDACTED], but he carried me into the room I'd been using and set me down on the bed with heartbreaking gentleness.</p> <p>Wholly [REDACTED], I watched as he [REDACTED], and the [REDACTED]. My mouth went dry at the sight of it. I wanted him, wanted every [REDACTED], wanted to claw at him until our souls were forged together.</p> <p>He didn't say anything as he [REDACTED], wings tucked in tight. He'd never gone to bed with a female while his wings were out. But I was his mate. He would yield only for me.</p> <p>And I wanted to touch him.</p> <p>I leaned up, reaching over his shoulder to caress the powerful curve of his wing. Rhys shuddered, and I [REDACTED] twitch.</p> <p>Play later," he ground out.</p>

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	<p>Indeed.</p> <p>His mouth found mine, the kiss open and deep, a clash of [REDACTED] He lay me down on the pillows, and I locked [REDACTED] around his [REDACTED], careful of the wings.</p> <p>Though I stopped caring as he [REDACTED] And paused.</p> <p>"Play later," I snarled into his mouth.</p> <p>Rhys laughed in a way that skittered along my bones, and [REDACTED].</p> <p>[REDACTED]</p> <p>I could hardly breathe, hardly think beyond where our bodies were joined. He [REDACTED] me, letting me adjust, and I opened my eyes to find him staring down at me. "Say it again," he murmured.</p> <p>I knew what he meant.</p> <p>You're mine," I breathed.</p> <p>Rhys [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] So tortuously slow.</p> <p>"You're mine," I gasped out.</p> <p>Again, [REDACTED], then [REDACTED].</p> <p>You're mine.</p> <p>Again—[REDACTED] this time.</p> <p>I felt it then, the bond between us, like an unbreakable chain, like an undimmable ray of light.</p> <p>With each [REDACTED] the bond glowed clearer and brighter and stronger.</p> <p>"You're mine," I whispered, dragging my hands through his hair, down his back, across his wings.</p> <p>My friend through many dangers.</p> <p>My lover who had healed my broken and weary soul.</p> <p>My mate who had waited for me against all hope, despite all odds.</p> <p>I moved [REDACTED] in time with his. He kissed me over and over, and both of our faces turned damp. Every inch of me [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], and my control slipped entirely as he whispered, "I love you."</p> <p>[REDACTED] and [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], drawing out my pleasure until I felt and saw and smelled that bond between us, until our scents merged, and I was his and he was mine, and we were the beginning and middle and end. We were a song that had been sung from the very first ember of light in the world.</p> <p>Rhys roared as he [REDACTED], slamming in to the hilt. Outside, the mountains trembled, the remaining snow rushing from them in a cascade of glittering white, only to be swallowed up by the waiting night below.</p> <p>Silence fell, interrupted only by our panting breaths.</p>
538	<p>I gripped his shoulders, guiding him onto the bed. And when he lay flat on his back, I saw the Hash of protest at the pinned wings. But I crooned, "Illyrian baby," and ran my hands down his [REDACTED]. He stopped objecting.</p> <p>He was [REDACTED]—so [REDACTED] yet so silken that I just [REDACTED]</p> <p>him in wonder. He hissed, [REDACTED] as I brushed my [REDACTED] over the [REDACTED]. I smirked as I did it again.</p> <p>He reached for me, but I froze him with a look. "My turn," I told him.</p>

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	<p>Rhys gave me a lazy, male smile before he settled back, tucking a hand behind his head. Waiting.</p> <p>So I leaned down and [REDACTED]</p> <p>He jerked at the contact with a barked, [REDACTED], " and I laughed around him, even [REDACTED]</p> <p>His hands were now fisted in the sheets, white-knuckled as I [REDACTED] him' [REDACTED]. His [REDACTED] was fire to my blood.</p> <p>Honestly, I was surprised he waited the full minute before interrupting me. Pouncing was a better word for what Rhys did.</p> <p>One second, he was [REDACTED] my [REDACTED] over the [REDACTED]; the next, his [REDACTED] and I was being [REDACTED]. He nudged my [REDACTED] as he [REDACTED], tugging them up, up before he [REDACTED] into the pillow at every [REDACTED] of him, rising onto my forearms as my fingers grappled into the sheets.</p> <p>Rhys [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], eternity exploding around me in that instant, and I thought I might break apart from not being able to get enough of him. Look at you," he murmured as he moved in me, and [REDACTED]</p> <p>I managed to rise up enough to see where we were joined—to see the sunlight shimmer off me against the rippling night of him, merging and blending, enriching. And the sight of it wrecked me so thoroughly that I [REDACTED] with his name on my lips.</p> <p>Rhys hauled [REDACTED], one hand [REDACTED] my [REDACTED] the other [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] that [REDACTED], and I couldn't tell where one [REDACTED] ended and the second began as he [REDACTED], and [REDACTED], his [REDACTED] on my [REDACTED]</p> <p>I could die from this, I decided. From wanting him, from the pleasure of being with him.</p> <p>He twisted us, [REDACTED] only long enough to lie on his back and haul me over him.</p> <p>There was a glimmer in the darkness—a flash of lingering pain, a scar. And I understood why he wanted me like this, wanted to end it like this, with me astride him.</p> <p>It broke my heart. I leaned forward to kiss him, softly, tenderly.</p> <p>As our mouths met, [REDACTED], the [REDACTED] so much [REDACTED], and he murmured my name into my mouth. I kissed him again and again, and [REDACTED]. Later—there would be other times to go [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. But right now ... I wouldn't think of why this position was one he wanted to end in, to have me banish the stained dark with the light.</p> <p>But I would glow—for him, I'd glow. For my own future, I'd glow.</p> <p>So I sat up, hands braced on his broad chest, and unleashed that light in me, letting it drive out the darkness of what had been done to him, my mate, my friend.</p> <p>Rhys barked my name, [REDACTED] his [REDACTED] up. Stars wheeled as he [REDACTED]</p> <p>I think the light pouring out of me might have been starlight, or maybe my own</p>

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	<p>vision fractured as [REDACTED] again and Rhys found his, gasping my name over and over as he [REDACTED].</p> <p>When we were done, I remained atop him, fingertips digging into his chest, and marveled at him. At us.</p> <p>He tugged on my wet hair. "We 'll have to find a way to put a damper on that light.</p> <p>I can keep the shadows hidden easily enough.</p> <p>Ah, but you only lose control of those when you're [REDACTED]. And since I have every intention of making you as happy as a person can be have a feeling we 'll need to learn to control that wondrous glow.</p> <p>Always thinking; always calculating.</p> <p>Rhys kissed the corner of my mouth. "You have no idea how many things I've thought up when it comes to you.</p> <p>I remember mention of a wall.</p> <p>His laugh was a sensual promise. "Next time, Feyre, I'll [REDACTED] you against the wall."</p> <p>Hard enough to make the pictures fall off.</p> <p>Rhys barked a laugh. "Show me again what you can do with [REDACTED]"</p> <p>I obliged him.</p>

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Profanity Count

[REDACTED]	1
[REDACTED]	3
[REDACTED]	1
[REDACTED]	1