

Jan 2023

Multiple ADULT rated books found in YA section, despite direction from publisher advising they should be in Adult Section

The most outrageous and egregious discovery we ever made...a clearly 'fire-able' offense...and nothing was done except to quietly move the books

Jan 9 2023: Concerned patrons organized to submit Book Reconsiderations for a variety of books, but in particular the Sarah J. Maas' book series. These Adult rated books sat in the YA section for years despite an email from the publisher directing them to put these books in the Adult section (attached).

Six Book Reconsiderations were submitted, but a total of twelve books were removed. This is because of the extreme sexual material filling page after page. (please see attached Book Reconsiderations). A concerned patron sent documentation and an email to all the City Council members and mayor asking the sound recording to be removed.

In every instance either the Mayor or members of City Council or both (in particular Hene and Wynne) were emailed the book forms.

The books were moved to the Adult section but we know of no disciplinary action was taken against the library director for failing to properly shelve such extreme content.

FW: Sarah J. Maas' A Court of Thorns and Roses series - Moving from YA to Adult

Amy Skipper <askipper@tylertexas.com>

Tue 6/6/2023 2:02 PM

To: Ashley Taylor <ataylor@tylertexas.com>

From: Amy Skipper

Sent: Monday, February 20, 2023 10:26 AM

To: Taylor Weaver <tweaver@tylertexas.com>, Jacqueline M. Salter <jsalter@tylertexas.com>

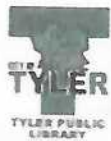
Subject: FW: Sarah J. Maas' A Court of Thorns and Roses series - Moving from YA to Adult

Hi Jacqueline and Taylor,

Please see the email below that I've highlighted. I stumbled upon this when searching for the reconsideration request for third book in the A Court of Thorns and Roses' reconsideration request for this week. It concerns the publisher MacMillan (I believe the Ingram rep intended for it to be Bloomsbury Publishing) as well as Ingram's move of the A Court of Thorns and Roses series from YA to Adult in September 2020. It seems like this series should have been looked at this time but wasn't. I showed this to Ashley, and she instructed to go ahead and move it to Adult. I'll work on a blanket letter to the individuals who sent in reconsiderations regarding the moving of this series' location.

This means that rather than assess another book of this series this week, the reconsideration committee will be assessing the Empire of Storm book by Sarah J. Maas also which is part of her YA series (as listed by the to the Bloomsbury Publishers), Throne of Glass.

Best,



Amy Skipper Souza

Youth Librarian

(903) 593-7323

askipper@tylertexas.com

Called to SERVE | www.TylerLibrary.com

From: Lara Tabri <ltabri@tylertexas.com>

Sent: Wednesday, September 23, 2020 4:32 PM

To: Library Admin <libraryadmin@tylertexas.com>

Cc: Emma Crye <ecrye@tylertexas.com>

Subject: FW: Sarah J. Maas' A Court of Thorns and Roses series - Moving from YA to Adult

Interesting – something a lot of people thought should have happened from the beginning. I wonder what prompted this change?

Lara

Ps – we don't actually have any standing orders from Ingram – I subscribe to some standing order lists.

From: #fiction.standingorders <fiction.standingorders@ingramcontent.com>

Sent: Wednesday, September 23, 2020 4:28 PM

Subject: Sarah J. Maas' A Court of Thorns and Roses series - Moving from YA to Adult

Dear Library Customer,

We wanted to alert you to a recent change to a popular series by Sarah J. Maas. MacMillan announced that the *Court of Thorns and Roses* series, originally marketed to young adults, will be considered an adult series going forward.

Due to this change of direction from the publisher, we are removing the series from the Popular Series (Youth) program. If you would like to continue receiving this series on a Standing Order Program, it will now be available through Sarah J. Maas's Author (Adult) standing order program, beginning with book five, *A Court of Silver Flames*. Sarah J. Maas will remain on the Author (Teen) program for any future teen titles.

A Court of Silver Flames (9781681196282) ran on the Author (Teen) program before we were aware of this change. If you need to cancel or change your order for that title, or if you would like assistance enrolling in the Author (Adult) program for this author, please contact Kim Collins at 1-800-937-5300 ext 35748 or email her at fiction.standingorders@ingramcontent.com.

Best,

Kim Collins

Collection Development Administrator

Ingram Library Services MS 635

14 Ingram Blvd

Lavergne, TN 37086

1-800-937-5300 ext. 35748

fax: 1-615-213-5102

fiction.standingorders@ingramcontent.com



CAUTION: This email originated from outside of the organization. Do not click links or open attachments unless you recognize the sender and know the content is safe.

WARNING: The sender of this email could not be validated and may not match the person in the "From" field.

FW: From Marcia Daughtrey - Library Book Reconsideration - SOLD & A Court of Frost

1 message

Marcia <marciajohn@suddenlink.net>
Reply-To: marciajohn@suddenlink.net
To: nativetexandee@gmail.com

Fri, Jan 6, 2023 at 5:40 PM

From: Marcia <marciajohn@suddenlink.net>
Sent: Friday, January 6, 2023 5:39 PM
To: 'shene@tylertexas.com' <shene@tylertexas.com>
Subject: From Marcia Daughtrey - Library Book Reconsideration - SOLD & A Court of Frost

Stuart,

Just thought you'd be interested in some of the literature that we are objecting to.

I have been attending the library board meetings for the last year, there's not been observable improvements.

Marcia Daughtrey

From: Marcia <marciajohn@suddenlink.net>
Sent: Friday, January 6, 2023 5:35 PM
To: 'ataylor@tylertexas.com' <ataylor@tylertexas.com>; 'tweaver@tylertexas.com' <tweaver@tylertexas.com>
Subject: FW: Book Reconsideration - SOLD & A Court of Frost

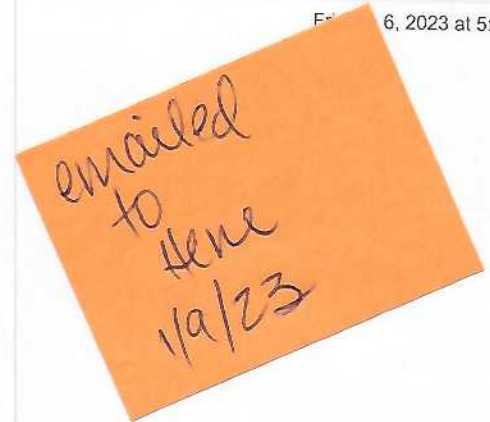
Please see the attached forms. I look forward to your response.

Marcia Daughtrey

2 attachments

 **Reconsideration Form Tyler Public Library COURT OF FROST 01012023.docx**
725K

 **Reconsideration Form Tyler Public Library SOLD 01012023.docx**
932K



Out of darkness [sound recording (CD)] / Ashley Hope Pérez.

1 message

Encore <iii@typl-enc.iii.com>

Mon, Sep 29, 2025 at 3:42 PM

Out of darkness [sound recording (CD)] / Ashley Hope Pérez.

Pérez, Ashley Hope, author. New York, New York : Listening Library, [2016]

Format: Audiobook

Available at Young Adult Audiobooks (CD YA FIC PEREZ)

Details

Edition Library ed., Unabridged.

Description 10 audio discs (12 hr., 32 min.) ; 4 3/4 in.

Playing Time 123200

Note "Books on Tape"--Container.

Performer Read by Benita Robledo and Lincoln Hoppe.

Summary Loosely based on a school explosion that took place in Texas in 1937, tells the story of two teenagers--Naomi, who is Mexican, and Wash, who is black--and their dealings with race, segregation, love, and the forces that destroy people.

Audience Ages 14 to 17.

System Details Compact discs.

Language English.

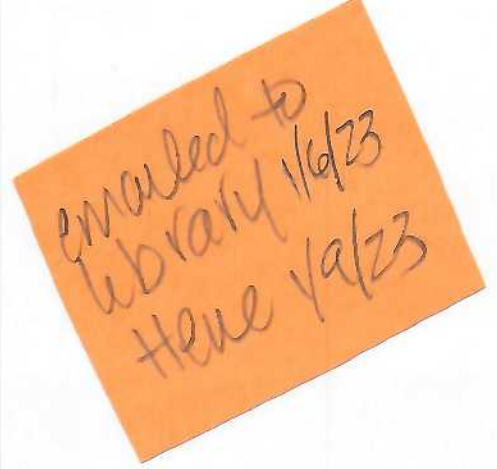
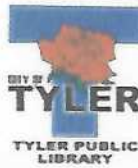
Subject Children's audiobooks.
Explosions -- Fiction.
Schools -- Fiction.
Race relations -- Fiction.
African Americans -- Fiction.
Mexican Americans -- Fiction.
Young adult fiction.
Audiobooks on CD.
Compact discs.
New London (Tex.) -- History -- 20th century -- Fiction.

Added Author Robledo, Benita, narrator.
Hoppe, Lincoln, 1971- narrator.
Listening Library.

ISBN 9780735289475
0735289476 (CMD)

Standard No. 9780735289475

Music No. YA 2635 Listening Library



Tyler Public Library

Citizen's Request for Reconsideration of Material

Thank you for bringing an item to our attention you feel may not have merit. The Collection Development Committee will examine the material in an attempt to be objective, but they need your help to determine specifically the objection. Your Help in this matter is appreciated. We hope you will continue to support the library in its efforts to bring a well-balanced and meaningful collection together for every citizen of Tyler.

Please complete the follow form. You may use the back of the form if you require more space.

Author: Sara J Maas

Title: A Court of Frost & Starlight

Publisher: Bloomsbury Publishing, Inc

Format: Hardcover ☒ Paperback ☐ Recording ☐ Other ☐

Request Initiated by: Marcia Daughtery

1) To what in the item do you object? Please be specific, citing pages:

SEE ATTACHED SPECIFIC PASSAGES FROM THIS BOOK ATTACHED

Pages 14-15, 46-47, 53-56, 153-154, 201-206, 207, 210

This book depicts graphic sexually explicit, vulgar content. Taxpayers in Tyler TX have a reasonable expectation that vulgar content will not be displayed or made available to minors. It is the responsibility of the Library Director or Collections Committee of the Tyler Public Library to act in good faith to provide age-appropriate materials for minors.

2) What do you feel might be the result of using this material?

There is no doubt that early exposure to sexually explicit material *increases the risk of children becoming a victim of sexual violence or acting out sexually against another child.* The sex scenes between two of the main characters goes into graphic detail and is completely age-inappropriate for minors. Tyler taxpayers expect the library staff to act in good faith in placing materials in areas accessible to young girls and boys.

3) For what age group would you recommend this material?

This book should be immediately reshelfed in the Adult Fiction.

4) Can you recommend anything good about this material?

The reason that this book reconsideration is being submitted because it is inappropriate to give minors access to sexually explicit or vulgar books. Whether there is 'anything good' about the material is completely subjective and therefore I believe this question is irrelevant. Opinions of books vary wildly from person to person. This book is best evaluated by actually reading it, which I have done. The facts stand on their own regarding the inappropriate material included in this book. This is why I have included actual excerpts from this book. Descriptions of graphic sexual acts should absolutely not be available to minors in the Tyler Public Library.

5) Did you read, view or listen to this item in its entirety? Yes.

6) Are you aware of the reviews received by this material? The librarian will be happy to help find them.

Yes, I am aware of and have read the reviews of this book including the Tyler Public Library's own rather mild review in its online catalog. I also read the book and have formed my own opinion. I find that reviews from Kirkus and the Tyler Library's catalog omit the sexually graphic nature of this book. Further, there are multiple online reviews of this book, many of which detail the excerpts as a very good way of warning parents of what is actually in the book. The Collections Committee's job is to clearly understand exactly what type of material they are circulating to minors. The City Librarian has the authority to remove any item from the collection and I am requesting this book be removed from the children's section.

Marcia Daughtry

Signature of Complainant

Address _____ Tyler Texas _____

Library Card Barcode # 28957001990604 _____

Phone _____

Content

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.

A moment later, I'd been inside her...

...I'd climaxed at the husky sound of it.

His gaze slid over my bare legs as I pushed back the covers.

Heat bloomed in me, but I shoved my feet into slippers.

...Five minutes later, Rhys held the door open for me wearing nothing but his undershorts as I strode in, tray in my hands.

...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."

"Then I'll eat you after," he countered, grinning wickedly, but tore into the food.

He grinned, tugging me close again, and murmured against my stomach...

...His fingers again stroked down my back. Lower.

...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.

...He pressed a kiss to my stomach, right over my navel.

...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."

"Why am I not surprised?" Yet I threaded my fingers through his hair.

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.

"You drove me out of my mind. All those months. I still don't quite believe I get to have this. Have you."

My throat tightened. That was the thought he wanted to trade, needed to share.

"I wanted you, even Under the Mountain," I said softly.

...His eyes gleamed, and he buried his face between my breasts again, hands caressing my back.

...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.

..."A week to have you in this bed. That's all I want for Solstice."

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.

..."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."

He nipped the delicate arch of my ear, and my toes curled. "Then you'll just have

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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.	
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.	

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...

A memory.

Of me on the kitchen table just a few feet away. Of him kneeling before me. My legs wrapped around his head.

He ran his hand down my thigh. "I'm glad."

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

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naked body. Naked, save for the diamond cuffs at my wrists. I went to remove them, but he murmured, "Leave them."

My stomach tightened in 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.

Then he was standing naked before me, wings slightly flared, muscled chest heaving, showing me the full evidence of just how ready he was.

"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?"

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. Then he pressed a kiss lower. Lower.

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.

He took his time.

Licked and stroked me until I'd shattered, then laughed against me, dark and rich, before he rose to his full height.

Before he hoisted me up, my legs wrapping around his waist, and pinned me against that wall.

One arm braced on the wall, the other holding me aloft, Rhys met my eyes. "How shall it be, mate?"

..."Hard enough to make the pictures fall off," I reminded him, breathless.

He laughed again, low and wicked. "Hold on tight, then."

...My hands slid onto his shoulders, digging into the hard muscle.

But he slowly, so slowly, pushed into me.

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.

"Every time," he gritted out. "Every time, you feel exquisite."

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.

And when he was seated inside me, when his hand tightened on my hip, just...stopped.

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."

Another slight withdrawal- then a plunge in. I panted and panted, leaning my head into the hard wall behind me.

Rhys let out an approving sound, and withdrew slightly. Then pushed back in.

Hard.

A low rattle sounded down the wall to my left.

I stopped caring. Stopped caring if we did indeed make the pictures fall off the wall as Rhys halted once more.

Content

"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."

Release began to gather along my spine, shutting out all sound and sense beyond where he met me, touched me.

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."

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.

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?"

...and then I was looking through his eyes- looking down at me as he gripped my hip and thrust.

He purred, Look at how I fuck you, Feyre.

...Look at how perfectly we fit.

My flushed body was arched against the wall- perfect indeed for receiving him, for taking every inch of him.

Do you see why I can't stop thinking of this- of you?

Again, he withdrew and drove in, and released the damper on his power.

...Rhys remained before me, my legs wrapped around his waist.

I brushed my own mental hands down him and breathed, Can you fuck me in here, too?

That wicked delight faltered.

...Then undiluted, utter predator answered, It would be my pleasure.

...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.

...his body still moving in my own...

...Rhys spilled into me with a roar...

...He remained buried in me, leaning heavily against the wall as he panted against my neck, "FeyreFeyreFeyre."

He was shaking. We both were.

I worked up the presence of mind to crack open my eyes.

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.

The sex had destroyed me.



D <nativetexandee@gmail.com>

FW: From Marcia Daughtrey - Library Book Reconsideration - SOLD & A Court of Frost

1 message

Marcia <marciajohn@suddenlink.net>
Reply-To: marciajohn@suddenlink.net
To: nativetexandee@gmail.com

Fri, Jan 6, 2023 at 5:40 PM

From: Marcia <marciajohn@suddenlink.net>
Sent: Friday, January 6, 2023 5:39 PM
To: 'shene@tylertexas.com' <shene@tylertexas.com>
Subject: From Marcia Daughtrey - Library Book Reconsideration - SOLD & A Court of Frost

Stuart,

Just thought you'd be interested in some of the literature that we are objecting to.

I have been attending the library board meetings for the last year, there's not been observable improvements.

Marcia Daughtrey

From: Marcia <marciajohn@suddenlink.net>
Sent: Friday, January 6, 2023 5:35 PM
To: 'ataylor@tylertexas.com' <ataylor@tylertexas.com>; 'tweaver@tylertexas.com' <tweaver@tylertexas.com>
Subject: FW: Book Reconsideration - SOLD & A Court of Frost

Please see the attached forms. I look forward to your response.

Marcia Daughtrey

2 attachments

 **Reconsideration Form Tyler Public Library COURT OF FROST 01012023.docx**
725K

 **Reconsideration Form Tyler Public Library SOLD 01012023.docx**
932K

FW: Book Reconsideration - SOLD & A Court of Frost

1 message

Marcia <marciajohn@suddenlink.net>
Reply-To: marciajohn@suddenlink.net
To: Dee <nativetexandee@gmail.com>

Fri, Feb 10, 2023 at 1:08 PM

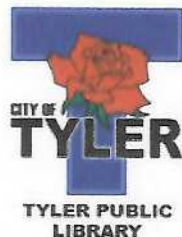
Am just seeing this...Marcia

From: Ashley Taylor <ataylor@tylertexas.com>
Sent: Thursday, February 9, 2023 9:09 AM
To: marciajohn@suddenlink.net
Subject: Re: Book Reconsideration - SOLD & A Court of Frost

Dear Mrs. Daughtrey,

We are continuing to review your second request for reconsideration on the book, A Court of Frost by Sara J. Maas. With this request, we decided an in depth look at the book series was warranted. We will be in touch regarding the committee's decision for your request.

Kind Regards,

*Ashley Taylor*

City Librarian / Library Director
City of Tyler

Tyler Public Library
201 S. College Ave.
Tyler, TX 75702
903-593-READ (7323)

ataylor@tylertexas.com | www.TylerLibrary.com

From: Marcia <marciajohn@suddenlink.net>
Sent: Friday, January 6, 2023 5:35 PM
To: Ashley Taylor <ataylor@tylertexas.com>; Taylor Weaver <tweaver@tylertexas.com>
Subject: FW: Book Reconsideration - SOLD & A Court of Frost

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Marcia Daughtrey

CAUTION: This email originated from outside of the organization. Do not click links or open attachments unless you recognize the sender and know the content is safe.

Fwd: Book Reconsideration form - A Court of Wings and Ruin

1 message

Jackson Hug <jacksonhug@gmail.com>
To: ebroussard@tylertexas.com

Wed, Jan 18, 2023 at 6:13 PM

Hello,

You may or may not be familiar with the growing controversy over exceptionally inappropriate books in libraries across the country, including in our own community at the City of Tyler Public Library.

I have attached below a book reconsideration form for 'A Court of Wings and Ruin', to be moved or removed from our city's library. While this is only one, there are hundreds of books like it in the library. This book is full of explicit and blatant sexual content, and while it is in the young adult section, it would be foolish to think that library staff is policing the ages of children who access it.

I ask you to take the couple minutes to read all of the direct quotes from the book that have been included in the request form, and I hope you find them as appalling as I do. I also ask that you consider whether or not you would find this content appropriate for your own children, and if you would want them to stumble across it at a facility you thought to be safe for them.

The values, morals, and innocence of our children is at stake and needs to be considered at the highest importance. If a parent truly believes that their child needs to be exposed to this, they can seek the books themselves; these should not be provided with taxpayer money and city resources.

As I said, A Court of Wings and Ruin is just one book, there are many more. As you have been made aware of the issue I, and many citizens like me, anticipate and expect action on your part to protect our children. We understand that any lack of action implies that you do not see this as a problem in our community.

Thank you for your time and consideration. I look forward to your response.

Sincerely,

Jackson Hug

Begin forwarded message:

From: Jackson Hug <jacksonhug@gmail.com>
Subject: Book Reconsideration form - A Court of Wings and Ruin
Date: January 18, 2023 at 5:34:51 PM CST
To: ataylor@tylertexas.com, tweaver@tylertexas.com

Hello,

Attached is a book reconsideration form for A Court of Wings and Ruin. I hope you read this and consider it thoroughly. I look forward to your reply.

Thank you.

Jackson Hug

2 attachments

 Reconsideration Form Tyler Public Library A COURT OF WINGS AND RUIN.pdf
210K

 Reconsideration Form Tyler Public Library A COURT OF WINGS AND RUIN.pdf
210K

Fwd: Book Reconsideration form - A Court of Wings and Ruin

Inbox



Jackson Hug <jacksonhug@gmail.com>

Thu, Feb 9,
3:17 PM

to me

Begin forwarded message:

From: Ashley Taylor <ataylor@tylertexas.com>
Subject: Re: Book Reconsideration form - A Court of Wings and Ruin
Date: February 9, 2023 at 9:16:25 AM CST
To: Jackson Hug <jacksonhug@gmail.com>

Dear Ms. Jackson Hug,

Thank you for your request for reconsideration for A Court of Wings and Ruin by Sara J. Maas. The committee assigned to your review will be reviewing the entirety of this series and may need additional time beyond the normal 30 days of response. A letter of review and response will be submitted to you upon receiving a decision from the committee.

Kind Regards,

ataylor@tylertexas.com | www.TylerLibrary.com

From: Jackson Hug <jacksonhug@gmail.com>
Sent: Wednesday, January 18, 2023 5:34 PM
To: Ashley Taylor <ataylor@tylertexas.com>; Taylor Weaver <tweaver@tylertexas.com>
Subject: Book Reconsideration form - A Court of Wings and Ruin

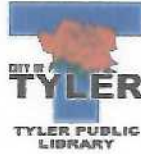
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Thank you.

Jackson Hug

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Please complete the follow form. You may use the back of the form if you require more space.

Author: Sarah J. Maas

Title: A Court of Wings and Ruin

Publisher: Bloomsbury

Format: Hardcover X Paperback Recording Other

Request Initiated by:

1) To what in the item do you object? Please be specific, citing pages:

**BELOW ARE ONLY A FEW EXPLICIT EXCERPTS FROM THIS BOOK I OBJECT TO.
ADDITIONAL EROTIC, SEXUALLY EXPLICIT EXCERPTS ARE INCLUDED ON PAGES
AFTER THE SIGNATURE BLOCK AT THE END OF THIS FORM:**

"Either I lick every inch of you clean..." His hand grazed the tip of my breast, circling lazily...

...As he took in my breasts, now heavy and aching, badly enough that I had to swallow my plea... I unbuttoned my pants and let them fall to the floor... I smirked, daring a look at his own pants.

...slid invisible hands down my breasts, between my legs.

...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..

...he finished, and plunged that finger inside me. 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...

...he guided himself into me and whispered in my ear... ...At the first nudge of him, I surged forward to claim his mouth. 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. ...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

...he pulled out, then thrust back in with excruciating slowness

...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

2) What do you feel might be the result of using this material?

This book contains language that goes far beyond merely 'course language' as the library policies note in Section IV. (E), 5. This is **age-inappropriate, erotic and explicit sexual material** that is not at all suitable for young adults or children. There is nothing preventing a child of any age from checking them out. This is a disturbing sexually graphic book that children with young developing minds should not encounter in the Tyler Public Library. I can't imagine what the reasoning is for stocking our library shelves with books of graphic sexual exploits such as this and giving minors access to it.

3) For what age group would you recommend this material?

There are other books that are just as sexually explicit and vulgar as this book, yet they are shelved in the **Adult section. This book should also be moved to the **Adult section**.**

4) Can you recommend anything good about this material?

This is a book of fiction with sexually explicit verbiage and innuendo threaded throughout the entire book. Aside from graphic descriptions of sex, there are endless references to sex acts throughout the book. I have only included a few of the excerpts that would be disturbing to the minors that these books are available to at the Tyler Public Library. Because the entire book is interwoven with sexual references, graphic descriptions and innuendo I cannot recommend this book.

5) Did you read, view or listen to this item in its entirety?

Yes.

6) Are you aware of the reviews received by this material? The librarian will be happy to help find them.

Yes, I have read the book and some reviews, including the Kirkus review which library policies specifically mention as a reviewer they use. Kirkus review merely states that this is '*nifty romantic escapism*' ... there is no warning for parents who are trying to monitor their children's nor is the library's online catalog description sufficient to warn parents of the actual sexually explicit descriptions their children will be reading. *Since there are examples of other books like this that have been shelved in the adult section, I request that this one be reshelfed immediately.*

Signature of Complainant _____

Address _____

Library Card Barcode # _____

Phone _____

OTHER EXCERPTS FROM THIS BOOK:

... "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.

..."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. (pg 135)

..."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." (135)

..."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... (136)

...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. (136)

..."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. (136)

...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."

..."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.

...I somehow managed to walk, to climb into the tub. Somehow remembered how to bathe myself. Rhys remained leaning against the doorway the entire time, silently watching with that unrelenting focus. I might have taken longer washing certain areas. And might have made sure he saw it.

..."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. ...But the predatory hunger on his face

... I turned, my fingers trembling slightly as I clutched my towel around me. 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. 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 was going to devour him. From head to toe. I was going to devour him. 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.

...I let my towel drop to the carpet. Let him look me over as I put a hand on his chest, his heart racing beneath my palm. "Ready for ravishing." My words didn't come out with the swagger I'd intended. Not when Rhys's

answering smile was a dark, cruel thing. "I hardly know where to begin. So many possibilities." 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. 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. 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. I couldn't help myself from closing my lips around him, from flicking my tongue against the pad of his finger. 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.

...I was shaking now, barely able to keep standing as his finger continued past my breast. He drew patterns on my stomach, scanning my face as he purred, "Or.." 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. 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. 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. 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?" I could barely form words, thoughts. But- I'd had enough of playing.

...His clothes vanished- all of them- and his mouth angled over my own. It wasn't a gentle kiss. Wasn't soft or searching. 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... ..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. 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.

...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. 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. His wings flared, chest heaving as stars sparked in his eyes.

...No playing, no delaying- I wanted him on me, in me. I needed to feel him, hold him, share breath with him.

...Interlacing our fingers, his breathing uneven, Rhys used a knee to nudge my legs apart and settle between them. Carefully, lovingly, he laid our joined hands beside my head as he guided himself into me and whispered in my ear... ..At the first nudge of him, I surged forward to claim his mouth. 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. ...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...

...My pants were edged with sobs as I dug my fingers into his back, and Rhys withdrew slightly to study my face. ..."Never again," he promised as **he pulled out, then thrust back in with excruciating slowness.** He kissed my brow, my temple.

...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...

...I rolled my eyes, even as I tried to shut out the image of Rhys and 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.

...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."

"But when you fucked that other bastard-..."

..."then I would not give a shit that she made me fuck her for all those years."

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.

..."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.

"When you fuck her, have you ever noticed that little noise she makes right before she climaxes?"

"Who knew," Beron mused, "that a cock could be so persuasive?"

"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?"

..."The moment you let him fuck you like an-"

"I don't think- I don't think I can have sex here. With him so close."

...Rhys's lips began a journey from my temple down my jaw. 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. 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. 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. 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. 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. For long minutes afterward, we remained there, my legs thrown over his shoulders...

...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.

"I can't love him like that." "Why?" "Because I prefer females." ..."But- you sleep with males. You slept with Helion..." ..."I do find pleasure in them. In both." ...I've known, since I was little more than a child, that I prefer females.



D <nativetexandee@gmail.com>

Book Reconsideration form - A Court of Wings and Ruin

1 message

Jackson Hug <jacksonhug@gmail.com>

To: ataylor@tylertexas.com, tweaver@tylertexas.com

Wed, Jan 18, 2023 at 5:34 PM

Hello,

Attached is a book reconsideration form for A Court of Wings and Ruin. I hope you read this and consider it thoroughly. I look forward to your reply.

Thank you.

Jackson Hug



Reconsideration Form Tyler Public Library A COURT OF WINGS AND RUIN.pdf

210K

Tyler Public Library
201 South College Avenue
Tyler, Texas 75702



(903) 593-READ (7323)
(903) 531-1FAX (1329)
www.tylerlibrary.com

Jackson Hug
12704 Candleridge Dr.
Tyler TX 75709

RE: Review of Request for Reconsideration, Tyler Public Library

Dear Ms. Hug,

Thank you for your interest in Tyler Public Library and submitting a Request for Reconsideration regarding your concern for *A Court of Wings and Ruin* part of the *A Court of Thorns and Roses* series by Sarah J. Maas. A copy of your Request for Reconsideration, as well as a copy of the Library's Collection Development Policy for Reconsideration Appeals process, are attached hereto. Per our process as described in the Library's Policy, the request and item was reviewed by the Collection Development Review Committee ("Committee") and the results of the review are as follows.

The Tyler Public Library first added this series to its Young Adult section, separate from our children's area, upon its release in 2015 on the basis that it met criteria, set forth in the adopted Collection Development Policy including the popularity of the author, nominations, and awards received.

Library staff consider professional reviews, awards, and credentials in the process of selecting materials for the collection and each area of the Library. *A Court of Thorns and Roses* series initially had the professional recommendation of teen and young adult audiences, however, since its inclusion within the Library's collection, the series has grown and been reassessed by its library distributor and publisher, Bloomsbury Publishing. While they continue to market this series as Young Adult, the series now has a recommendation of ages 17+, or what the publisher has termed "New Adult".

The City Committee responsible for reviewing your request for reconsideration determined, in accordance with the Library's Collection Development Policy, that the entire *A Court of Thorns and Roses* series by Sarah J. Maas should be relocated to the adult Science Fiction/Fantasy materials currently located on the second floor of the Library.

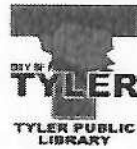
The Tyler Public Library believes that it is important for caregivers, parents, guardians, and grandparents to be guides to their children for the materials they check out. Per the Library's Circulation Policy, parents (or legal guardians) wishing to restrict their children's borrowing of library materials may do so at any time. We understand that not all persons will agree on what should be available to whom, the City of Tyler is bound by federal court decisions regarding the First Amendment, and no one set of beliefs or values can serve as the lens for developing a well-rounded library collection. However, the Tyler Public Library respects all citizen comments and seeks to serve the entirety of the City of Tyler while also making memberships available for purchase to those who reside within Smith County.

In conclusion, the Tyler Public Library finds that the inclusion of *A Court of Wings and Ruin*, part of the *A Court of Thorns and Roses* series shelved within the Tyler Public Library's Young Adult collection is no longer in accordance with the Library's Collection Development Policy. Accordingly, the City's Committee has determined that the series, in its entirety, which includes *A Court of Wings and Ruin* should be relocated to the Adult Science Fiction/Fantasy materials as requested.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Ashley Taylor". The ink is dark and the signature is fluid.

Ashley Taylor
City Librarian



Tyler Public Library

Citizen's Request for Reconsideration of Material

Thank you for bringing an item to our attention you feel may not have merit. The Collection Development Committee will examine the material in an attempt to be objective, but they need your help to determine specifically the objection. Your help in this matter is appreciated. We hope you will continue to support the library in its efforts to bring a well-balanced and meaningful collection together for every citizen of Tyler.

Please complete the following form. You may use the back of the form if you require more space.

Author: Sara J. Maas

Title: Empire of Storms

Publisher: Bloomsbury

Format: Hardcover X Paperback ____ Recording X Other ____

Request Initiated by: Sharon Guthrie

1) To what in the item do you object? Please be specific, citing pages:

This book is filled with graphic, detailed, and explicit descriptions of sex. I have included many excerpts from this book. There are pages and pages of graphic sex scenes. For this to be in an area of the library that is dedicated to 'young adults' (12-17 years) is outrageous:

Oh, burning, rutting gods. Rowan knew what he was doing; he really gods-damned did. His tongue flicked against her nipple, and her head tipped back, her fingers digging into his shoulders, urging him to take more, take harder.

Rowan growled his approval, her breast still in his mouth, on his tongue, his hand making lazy strokes from her ribs down her waist, down her thighs, then back up. Her breath coming in tight pants as he gripped either thigh and spread her legs, baring her fully for him.

He began to harden again inside her as the question lingered.

SEE ADDITIONAL EXCERPTS IN EXHIBIT 'A'

2) What do you feel might be the result of using this material?

This book is not appropriate for children or 'young adults' (defined by the ALA as ages 12 to 17). Minors are NOT developmentally ready to read such sexually graphic material. Books of this kind contain narratives and graphic sexual details that, in this book, are often violent, aggressive sex. During their formative years, the last thing minors need is to find books like this in our public library. I question the judgment and

objective of any adult that would purposely and knowingly place books like this in the main area of the first floor of the library that is devoted to minors.

3) For what age group would you recommend this material?

I would not recommend this material, and I question the intent of the Tyler Public Library's staff of 'experts' who willfully and knowingly placed this type of material in areas of the library where minors have easy access. I am 62 years old, and I don't want this garbage in my head!

4) Can you recommend anything good about this material?

No. This is a fictional book that centers around threats to an entirely fictional world. I found nothing so outstanding or meaningful that could possibly override the graphic, vile, vulgar sexual descriptions, and profanity.

5) Did you read, view or listen to this item in its entirety?

I read enough to question why the library director at the Tyler Public Library would deliberately purchase not only this book, but also an entire series of books like this and place them in an area committed to minors.

6) Are you aware of the reviews received by this material? The librarian will be happy to help find them.

Yes, I have. For example, here is a portion of the Kirkus review for this book: ...Romance runs rife (the main cast is mostly straight, with nods to queer minor characters) and this everyone-is-breathtakingly-beautiful (and also mostly white) world. Readers of Maas' other series will spot her touch, especially in descriptions of lovemaking and the cliffhanger ending..."

I find this, as well as the description in the Tyler Library's online catalog, to be misleading for parents who are trying to ensure the safe development of their children's reading activities.

Signature of Complainant Sharon Guthrie

Address 6808 Gleneagles Drive, Tyler, TX 75703

Library Card Barcode # 28957001990349

Phone 903-581-6795

Exhibit 'A'

Page 23 A dark laugh against her now-burning skin. It was an effort to keep from taking one of his hands and guiding it up to her breasts, to beg him to touch, take, taste. ...He tugged her a bit harder against him, letting her feel the evidence pushing with impressive demand against her backside. She nearly groaned at that, too.

Page 292 A grand total of five minutes before Lysandra barged in, Rowan had awoken and begun the process of awakening her, too. Slowly, with taunting, proprietary strokes down her bare torso, her thighs, accented with little kisses to her mouth, her ear, her neck.

Page 349 She chuckled, starting to feel the cool kiss of water on her naked body. ... you'd be sleeping beside me at Mistward, and it'd take all my concentration not to lean over and bite them. Bite you all over."

... One hand drifted from her hip to caress the scars on her back, the other sliding to cup her backside, drawing her fully against him...

...Her fingers dug into the soft sand as she arched her back in a slow stretch. Rowan tracked every movement, every flicker of muscle and skin. When his gaze lingered on her breasts, gleaming with seawater, his expression turned ravenous. Then his gaze slid lower. Lower. And when it lingered on the apex of her thighs and his eyes glazed, Aelin said to him, "Are you going to stand there gawking all night?"

... She smiled against his mouth. "If we're equals, then I don't understand why you're still half clothed." She didn't give him the chance to explain as she traced her tongue over the seam of his lips, as her fingers unlatched the buckle of his worn sword belt. She wasn't sure he was breathing. And just to see what he'd do, she palmed him through his pants.

...Rowan's breathing started again, jagged and savage as the waves breaking around them. She flicked open the top button of his pants. "I'm yours," he ground out. Another button popped free. "And you love me," she said. She popped the third and final button free, and he let go of her to toss his pants into the sand nearby, taking his undershorts with them. Her mouth went dry as she took in the sight of him.

...Rowan kissed her again. Slow. Soft. A hand slid up the plane of her torso while he lowered himself over her, his lips nestling against hers. She gasped a bit at the touch, gasped a bit more as his knuckle grazed the heavy, aching underside of her breast...his teeth grazed over her nipple, and her eyes drifted closed, a moan slipping out of her. Oh, gods. Oh, burning, rutting gods. Rowan knew what he was doing; he really gods-damned did. His tongue flicked against her nipple, and her head tipped back, her fingers digging into his shoulders, urging him to take more, take harder.

Rowan growled his approval, her breast still in his mouth, on his tongue, his hand making lazy strokes from her ribs down her waist, down her thighs, then back up.

She arched in silent demand. A phantom touch, like the northern wind given form, flicked over her bare breast.

...lifted his mouth to hers, had those phantom hands of ice-kissed wind not kept working her breasts, had his own hand not continued stroking, closer and closer to where she needed him. "You're magnificent," he murmured onto her lips, his tongue sliding into her mouth.

The hardness of him pushed against her, and she bucked her hips, needing to grind herself against him, to do anything to ease the building ache between her legs. Rowan groaned, and she wondered if there was any other male in the world who would be so naked and prone with a woman on fire, who would not look at

those flames with any ounce of fear. She slid her hand between them, and when she closed her fingers around him, marveling at the velvet-wrapped steel, Rowan groaned again, pushing into her hand. She pulled her mouth from his, staring into those pine-green eyes as she slid her hand along him. He lowered his head, not to kiss her, but to watch where she stroked him.

... "Let me," Rowan growled onto the sea-slick skin between her breasts. "Let me touch you." His voice trembled enough that Aelin lifted his chin with her thumb and forefinger. ...She leaned up, brushing her mouth against his. "Do your worst, Prince."

Rowan's smile was nothing short of wicked as he pulled away to run a broad hand from her throat down to the juncture of her thighs. She shuddered at the sheer possession in the touch, her breath coming in tight pants as he gripped either thigh and spread her legs, baring her fully for him.

...Rowan kissed her navel, then her hip. Aelin couldn't take her eyes from his silver hair shining with salt water and moonlight, from the hands holding her wide for him as his head dipped between her legs. And as Rowan tasted her on that beach, as he laughed against her slick skin while her hoarse cries of his name shattered across palm trees and sand and water, Aelin let go of all pretense at reason. She moved, hips undulating, begging him to go, go, go. So Rowan did, sliding a finger into her as his tongue flicked that one spot, and oh, gods, she was going to explode into starfire-
"Aelin," he growled, her name a plea.

"Please," she moaned. "Please."

The word was undoing. Rowan rose over her again, and she let out a sound that might have been a whimper, might have been his name. Then Rowan had a hand braced in the sand beside her head, fingers twining in her hair, while the other guided himself into her. At the first nudge of him, she forgot her own name. And as he slid with gentle, rolling thrusts, filling her inch by inch, she forgot that she was queen and that she had a separate body and kingdom and a world to look after. When Rowan was seated deep in her, trembling with restraint as he let her adjust, she lifted her burning hands to his face, wind and ice tumbling and roaring around them...she dragged her hands down his powerful, muscled back, over scars from battles and terrors long since passed. And as his thrusts turned deeper, she dug in her fingers, dragging her nails across his back, claiming him, marking him. His hips slammed home at the blood she drew, and she arched, baring her throat to him.

...Rowan's magic went wild, though his mouth on her neck was so careful, even as his canines dragged along her skin. And at the touch of those lethal teeth against her, the death that hovered nearby and the hands that would always be gentle with her, always love her-

Release blasted through her like wildfire. And though she could not remember her name, she remembered Rowan's as she cried it while he kept moving, wringing every last ounce of pleasure from her, fire searing the sand around them to glass. Rowan's own release barreled through him at the sight of it, and he groaned her name so that she remembered at last, lightning joining wind and ice over the water. Aelin held him through it, sending the fire-opal of her magic twine with his power. On and on, he spilled himself in her...his breathing as ragged as the hiss of the crashing waves while he brushed lazy kisses to her temple, her nose, her mouth.

...She was trembling, and so was Rowan as he remained in her. He buried his face

in the crook of her neck and shoulder, his uneven skin warming her skin.

"...I think my body knew, my magic knew. And you tasted..." Rowan loosed a jagged breath. "You don't want to know the depraved things I've thought about this mouth."

...He began to harden again inside her as the question lingered. Oh, gods- Fae lovers. Everyone should be so damn lucky to have one. Rowan rasped, "Do you want to bite me?" "Am I limited to your neck?" Rowan's eyes flared, and his answering thrust was answer enough. They moved together, undulating like the sea before them, and when Rowan roared her name again into the star-flecked black...

Page 358 Rowan didn't know whether to be amused, thrilled or slightly terrified that he'd been blessed with a queen and lover who had so little care for public decency. He'd taken her three times on that beach- twice in the sand, then a third out in the warm waters. And yet his very blood was still electrified. And yet he still wanted more. They'd swum into the shallows to wash off the sand crusted on them, but Aelin had wrapped her legs around his waist, kissed his neck, then licked his ear the way he'd nibbled hers, and he was buried in her again.

...He still needed it. When they'd finished after that first time, he'd been left reeling, to pull his sanity back together after the joining that had...unleashed him.

...He'd never had anything like her. Everything he'd given her, she'd given right back to him. And when she had bit him during that second coupling in the sand...his magic had left six nearby palm trees in splinters as he'd climaxed hard enough that he thought his body would shatter.

...Which did little to cover her up, especially those beautiful legs, but at least it was less likely to start a riot.

...And it'd been obvious what they'd done on that beach the moment they stepped within scenting range of anyone with a preternatural sense of smell.

Page 360 Lysandra sat in bed, face drawn but eyes narrowed at the queen. It was the shifter who purred, "Enjoy your ride?"

...But his queen only shrugged. "Isn't that all these Fae males are good for?"

Rowan raised his brows, chuckling as he debated reminding her how she'd begged him throughout, how she'd said words like please, and oh, gods, and then a few extra pleases thrown in for good measure. He'd enjoy wringing those rarely seen manners from her again. Aelin shot him a glare, daring him to say it. And despite just having her, despite the fact that he could still taste her, Rowan knew that whenever they found their bed again, she would not get the rest she wanted.

Page 374 If the young men of the town had been impressed by Lorcan's muscles, it was nothing on what those muscles were doing to the young women.

...But what he lacked in charm he made up for with his shirtless, oiled body. And holy gods...

Page 420 But she put a hand on his bare chest, over his heart. It still thundered under her palm. She said softly, feeling that heart beneath her hand...she leaned forward to kiss the bare skin where her hand had been.

...She slid her arms around his bare waist.

...She kissed his tattooed chest again, right over that mighty, thundering heart.

...She kissed the corner of his mouth.

..."If we survive this war, Princess," he said, running a finger down the groove of her spine,...

..."I just needed the right excuse to learn," he said, kissing her cheek.

Her body went taut and molten in all the right places as his mouth moved lower, pressing gentle, biting kisses to her jaw, her ear, her neck. She dug her fingers into his back, baring her throat as his canines scratched lightly.

...But Aelin only arched her back a bit more, a small, needy noise coming out of her.

..."Please," she breathed, nails digging into his lower back in emphasis. Rowan's low groan was his only answer as he hoisted her up. She wrapped her legs around his waist, letting him carry her not to the bed, but to the wall, and the sensation of the cool wood against her back, compared to the heat and hardness of him pushing into her front- Aelin panted through her gritted teeth as he again dragged his tongue over that spot on her neck. "Please." She felt his smile against her skin as Rowan thrust into her in a long powerful stroke and bit down on her neck. A claiming, mighty and true, that she understood he so desperately needed. That she needed, and with his teeth in her, his body in her...she was going to combust, she was going to splinter apart from the overwhelming need. Rowan's hips began to move, setting a lazy, smooth pace as he kept his canines buried in her neck. As his tongue slid along the twin points of pleasure edged with finest pain, and he tasted her very essence as if it were wine. He laughed, low and wicked, as release had her biting down on his shoulder to keep from screaming loud enough to wake the creatures sleeping on the bottom of the sea. When Rowan finally drew his mouth away from her neck, his magic healing the small holes he'd left, his hands tightened on her thighs, pinning her to the wall as he moved deeper, harder. Aelin only dragged her fingers through his hair as she gave him a savage kiss, and tasted her own blood on his tongue. This time, when Aelin went over the edge, Rowan plummeted with her.

Page 427 ...at the heat that had gathered in her core and now throbbed insistently enough that she clamped her legs together. She had never denied. Men had fallen to pieces, sometimes literally, to crawl into her bed. And she...she didn't know what she would have done if he had taken up her offer, should he have decided to learn what the king could do, exactly, with that beautiful mouth and toned body.

Page 428 She began to unbutton the white shirt she'd been wearing for gods knew how long, but he growled, "I'll do it myself." Like hell he would. She touched the second button. Invisible hands wrapped around her wrists, tightly enough that she dropped the shirt. Dorian prowled to her, "I said that I'd do it." Manon took in each inch of him as he towered over her, and a shiver of pleasure rippled through her. "I suggest you listen." The pure male arrogance in that statement alone- Dorian lowered his mouth to hers. It was a featherlight graze, barely a whisper of touch. Intent, calculated, and so unexpected she arched into it a bit. He kissed the corner of her mouth with the same silken gentleness. Then the other corner. She didn't move, didn't even breathe- like

every part of her body was waiting to see what he'd do next. But Dorian pulled back, studying her eyes with a cool detachment.

Page 492 But he leaned forward,...Elide found herself not at all afraid as Lorcan caressed her lips with his own. Not afraid of anything as he did it again, kissing one corner of her mouth, then the other. Such gentle, patient kisses- his hands equally so as they stroked the hair back from her brow, as they trailed over her hips, her ribs. She lifted her own hands to his face and dragged her fingers into his silken hair as she arched up into him, craving the weight of his body on hers. Lorcan's tongue brushed against the seam of her mouth, and Elide marveled at how natural it felt to open for him, how her body sang at the contact, his hardness against her softness. Lorcan groaned at the first caress of his tongue against her own, his hips grinding against hers in a way that made heat scorch through her, made her own body undulate against his in answer and demand. He kissed her deeper at that request, a hand sliding down to grip her thigh, spreading her legs a bit wider so he could settle fully between them. And as all of him lined up with her...She was panting, she realized, as she ground herself against him, as Lorcan tore his mouth from hers and kissed her jaw, her neck, her ear. She was trembling- not with fear, but with want as Lorcan breathed her name over and over onto her skin.

...She took his face in her hands, finding his eyes blazing, his breathing as ragged as her own. Elide dared to run her fingers from his cheek down his neck, right beneath the collar of his shirt. His skin was like heated silk. He shuddered at the touch, head bowing so that his inky hair spilled onto her brow, and his hips drove into her just enough that a small gasp came out of her. More, she realized- she wanted more. His eyes met hers in silent question, her hand pausing over the skin above his heart. It was a raging, thunderous beat. She lifted her head to kiss him, and as her mouth again met his, she whispered her answer-

Pages 573-577 She let him lean in to brush his mouth against her bare neck, right under her ear. Manon arched slightly at that caress. At the tongue that flicked against where his lips had been. Then he pulled back. Away. Even as those phantom hands continued to trail up her hips, over her waist. His mouth parted slightly, body trembling with restraint. Restraint, where most males took and took when she offered it, gorging themselves on her. His face turned ravenous as he took in her breasts, the plane of her stomach- the scar slicing across it. That hunger shifted into something icy and vicious: "You once asked me where I stand on the line between killing to protect and killing for pleasure." His fingers grazed the seam of the scar across her abdomen. A chill ran down her body, peaking her breasts. He watched them, then circled a finger around one. Dorian bent, his mouth following the path where that finger had been. Then his tongue. She bit her lip against the groan rising up her throat, her hands sliding into the silken locks of his hair. His mouth was still around the tip of her breast as he again met her eyes, sapphire framed with ebony lashes, and said, "I want to taste every inch of you." Manon let go of all pretense of reason as the king lifted his head and claimed her mouth. And for all his wanting to taste her, as she opened for him, Manon thought the king tasted like the sea, like a winter morning, something so foreign and yet familiar it at last dragged that moan from deep in her. His fingers slid to her jaw, tipping her face to thoroughly take her mouth, every movement of his tongue a sensuous

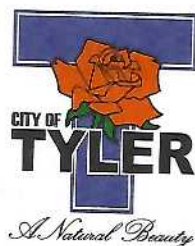
promise that had her arching into him. Her meeting him stroke for stroke as he explored and teased until she could hardly think straight.

...Dorian's hands slid down her thighs, as if savoring the muscle there, then around-cupping her backside, grinding her into every hard inch of him. The small noise in her throat was cut off as he hoisted her from the wall in a smooth movement. Manon wrapped her legs around his waist while he carried her to the bed, his mouth never leaving hers as he devoured and devoured her. As he spread her beneath him. As he freed her pants button by button, then slid them off. But Dorian pulled back at last, leaving her panting as he surveyed her, utterly bare before him. He caressed a finger along the inside of her thigh. Higher. "I wanted you from the first moment I saw you in Oakwald," he said, his voice low and rough. Manon reached up to peel off his shirt, white fabric sliding away to reveal tan skin and sculpted muscle. "Yes," was all she told him. She unbuckled his belt, hands shaking. "Yes," she said again, as Dorian brushed a knuckle over her core. He let out an approving growl at what he found. His clothes joined hers on the floor. Manon let him raise her arms over her head, his magic gently pinning her wrists to the mattress as he touched her, first with those wicked hands. Then with his wicked mouth. And when Manon had to bite his shoulder to muffle her moaning as he brought her over the edge, Dorian Havilliard buried himself deep inside her. She did not care who she was, who she had been, and what she had once promised to be as he moved. She dragged her hands through his thick hair, over the muscles of his back as it flexed and rippled with each thrust that drove her toward that shimmering edge again. Here, she was nothing but flesh and fire and iron; here, there was only this selfish need of her body, his body. More. She wanted more- wanted everything. She might have whispered it, might have pleaded for it. Because darkness saved her, Dorian gave it to her. To them both. He remained atop her when he at last stilled, his lips barely a hairs-breath above hers- hovering after the brutal kiss he'd given her to contain his roar as release found him. She was trembling with...whatever he'd done to her, her body. He brushed a strand of hair out of her face, his own fingers shaking. She had not realized how silent the world was- how loud they might have been, especially with so many Fae ears nearby. He was still atop her, in her. Those sapphire eyes flicked to her mouth, still panting slightly. "This was supposed to take the edge off." He traced her lower lip with his thumb and shuddered as she sucked it into her mouth, flickered it with her tongue. "No. Not even close."

... only when she was lacing up her shirt did Dorian say, "We're not done, you and I." And it was the purely male promise that made her bare her teeth. She wondered what Dorian would say if she told him she had never allowed a male atop her like that. Not once. Wondered what he'd say if she told him she'd wanted to sink her teeth into his neck and find out what he tasted like. Put her mouth on other parts and see what he tasted like there. Manon dragged her hands through her hair and slumped onto the pillow.

Page 585 Manon was awake when Dorian stormed into her room an hour before dawn. He ignored her unlaced shirt, the swell of those lush breasts he'd tasted only yesterday, as he said, "Put your clothes on and follow me."

Tyler Public Library
201 South College Avenue
Tyler, Texas 75702



(903) 593-READ (7323)
(903) 531-1FAX (1329)
www.tylerlibrary.com

Sharon Guthrie
6808 Gleneagles Dr.
Tyler TX 75703

envelope
dated
4/13/2023

RE: Review of Request for Reconsideration; Tyler Public Library

Dear Ms. Guthrie,

Thank you for your interest in Tyler Public Library and submitting a Request for Reconsideration regarding your concern for *Empire of Storms* part of the *Throne of Glass* series by Sarah J. Maas. A copy of your Request for Reconsideration, as well as a copy of the Library's Collection Development Policy for Reconsideration Appeals process, are attached hereto. Per our process as described in the Library's Policy, the request and item was reviewed by the Collection Development Review Committee ("Committee") and the results of the review are as follows.

The Tyler Public Library first added this series to its Young Adult section, separate from our children's area, in September of 2016 on the basis that it met criteria, set forth in the adopted Collection Development Policy including the popularity of the author, nominations, and awards received.

Library staff consider professional reviews, awards, and credentials in the process of selecting materials for the collection and each area of the Library. The *Throne of Glass* series, including *Empire of Storms* has the professional recommendation of teen and young adult audiences, ages 14+.

The City Committee responsible for reviewing your request for reconsideration determined, in agreement with your request, *Empire of Storms* along with the entire *Throne of Glass* series by Sarah J. Maas should be relocated to the adult Science Fiction/Fantasy materials currently located on the second floor.

The Tyler Public Library believes that it is important for caregivers, parents, guardians, and grandparents to be guides to their children for the materials they check out. Per the Library's Circulation Policy, parents (or legal guardians) wishing to restrict their children's borrowing of library materials may do so at any time. We understand that not all persons will agree on what should be available to whom, the City of Tyler is bound by federal court decisions regarding the First Amendment, and no one set of beliefs or values can serve as the lens for developing a well-rounded library collection. However, the Tyler Public Library respects all citizen comments and seeks to serve the entirety of the City of Tyler while also making memberships available for purchase to those who reside within Smith County.

In conclusion, the City's Committee has determined that the *Throne of Glass* series, in its entirety, which includes *Empire of Storms* should be relocated to the Adult Science Fiction/Fantasy materials as requested.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Ashley Taylor".

Ashley Taylor
City Librarian

Fwd: Citizen's Request for Reconsideration of Materials

1 message

Heather Stoner <hstoner775@aol.com>

Reply-To: Heather Stoner <hstoner775@aol.com>

To: "nativetexandee@gmail.com" <nativetexandee@gmail.com>

Sat, Jan 28, 2023 at 8:22 PM

-----Original Message-----

From: Heather Stoner <hstoner775@aol.com>

To: ataylor@tylertexas.com <ataylor@tylertexas.com>; tweaver@tylertexas.com <tweaver@tylertexas.com>

Sent: Sat, Jan 28, 2023 7:25 pm

Subject: Citizen's Request for Reconsideration of Materials

Good Evening,

I would like to submit a Book title for reconsideration of our Public Library.

As part of the Smith County community, I am thankful that we have concerned citizens looking at what books our youth have access to. I have a 30 year old daughter so it has been YEARS since I have seen what is in the JUVINILE section of the local library. I have to say I was SHOCKED. I even question if this book had been in the Adult section.

Thank you for considering the attached form and let me know that you are in receipt of it.

Thank you,
Heather Stoner
Tyler

sent to
library
Director A. Taylor

 Reconsideration Form Tyler Public Library A COURT OF THORNS AND ROSES 01232023.docx

41K

Fwd: Email/Book submitted to Tyler Librarian

1 message

Heather Stoner <hstoner775@aol.com>

Sat, Jan 28, 2023 at 8:21 PM

Reply-To: Heather Stoner <hstoner775@aol.com>

To: "nativetexandee@gmail.com" <nativetexandee@gmail.com>

I am tired so make sure I got everyone when I cut and paste.

H-

-----Original Message-----

From: Heather Stoner <hstoner775@aol.com>

To: shene@tylertexas.com <shene@tylertexas.com>; smckellar@tylertexas.com <smckellar@tylertexas.com>; bmcgee@tylertexas.com <bmcgee@tylertexas.com>; jwynne@tylertexas.com <jwynne@tylertexas.com>; bwestbrook@tylertexas.com <bwestbrook@tylertexas.com>; bcurtis@tylertexas.com <bcurtis@tylertexas.com>; dwarren@tylertexas.com <dwarren@tylertexas.com>

Sent: Sat, Jan 28, 2023 7:35 pm

Subject: Email/Book submitted to Tyler Librarian

Good Evening,

I have submitted a book for Reconsideration by our SC Library. If you look at the attached form it takes only a few sentences to figure out that this book SHOULD NOT be in the JUVINILE section of ANY library.

Thank you for the attention that you are putting to this matter.

Heather Stoner
Tyler

To the Library-

I would like to submit a Book title for reconsideration of our Public Library.

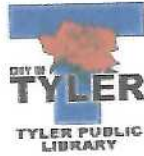
As part of the Smith County community, I am thankful that we have concerned citizens looking at what books our youth have access to. I have a 30 year old daughter so it has been YEARS since I have seen what is in the JUVINILE section of the local library. I have to say I was SHOCKED. I even question if this book had been in the Adult section.

Thank you for considering the attached form and let me know that you are in receipt of it.

Thank you,
Heather Stoner
Tyler

 Reconsideration Form Tyler Public Library A COURT OF THORNS AND ROSES 01232023.docx
41K

↑
sent to entire
city council



Tyler Public Library

Citizen's Request for Reconsideration of Material

Thank you for bringing an item to our attention you feel may not have merit. The Collection Development Committee will examine the material in an attempt to be objective, but they need your help to determine specifically the objection. Your Help in this matter is appreciated. We hope you will continue to support the library in its efforts to bring a well-balanced and meaningful collection together for every citizen of Tyler.

Please complete the follow form. You may use the back of the form if you require more space.

Author: Sarah J. Maas
Title: A Court of Thorns and Roses
Publisher: Bloomsbury
Format: Hardcover X Paperback _____ Recording _____ Other _____
Request Initiated by: Heather Stoner

1) To what in the item do you object? Please be specific, citing pages:

Below is a sample of the sexually pervasive, profane, explicit material found in this book. It is shelved in the 'Young Adult' section. The ALA defines Young Adults as children 12+ years old. Taxpayers in Tyler have every reasonable expectation that the Collections Committee and Library Director will in good faith ensure children are not exposed to such graphic descriptions of sexual acts.

With one long claw, he shredded through silk and lace, and my undergarment fell away in pieces. The claw retracted, and his kisses deepened as his fingers slid between my legs, coaxing and teasing. I ground against his hand, yielding completely to the writhing wildness that had roared alive inside me, and breathed his name onto his skin. He paused again- his fingers retracting- but I grabbed him, pulling him further on top of me. I wanted him now-

...they stripped me naked, bathed me thoroughly, and then- to my horror- began to paint my body.

and I had to stifle the moan that rose up in me as he grasped my breast. I didn't want him to be gentle- because what I felt for him wasn't at all like that. What I felt was wild and hard and burning, and so he was with me. He tore his lips from mine and bit my neck-

SEE MORE ACTUAL EXCERPTS FROM THIS BOOK AT AFTER THE SIGNATURE BLOCK

2) What do you feel might be the result of using this material?

Studies have proven that young readers who are exposed to sexually explicit, inappropriate or violent sexual content can suffer harmful effects including the **increased likelihood to engage in risky sexual behaviors**. Other concerns include a young reader's assumption that aggressive sexual activities, similar to that found over and over in this book, are permissible, normal, consequence-free or acceptable. Early exposure to sexually explicit and violence helps 'normalize' or 'indoctrinate' young readers to believing this is normal behavior.

3) For what age group would you recommend this material?

I question the intent of the library staff putting books such as this on any shelves where minors have easy access. I certainly do not recommend this material for minors. **Young children are mentally incapable of understanding the role of sex in relationships**. Tyler tax-payers have every right to expect city employees will not deliberately shelve sexually explicit books that are harmful to children.

4) Can you recommend anything good about this material?

This is a work of fiction by an author whose reputation is to provide 'children's books' with sexually explicit and graphic sexual exploits. After reading parts of this book personally and finding such sexually graphic descriptions I do not believe there much about this made-up story that compensates the damage that is done to young readers who are **not developmentally ready for such erotic and adult content**. I don't see the reasoning for the intentional distribution of books like this into an area of the library where young readers have such easy access.

5) Did you read, view or listen to this item in its entirety?

I read as much as I could tolerate and didn't see the value in reading the entire book.

6) Are you aware of the reviews received by this material? The librarian will be happy to help find them.

I am aware of the reviews available online, including Kirkus reviews and booklooks. Most importantly, the online catalog of the Tyler Public Library does not explain the sexually explicit content actually found in the book. After reading portions of this book, I see that library staff has chosen not to inform patrons of the sexual content in this book. **For parents who are diligently monitoring what their children read, they would have no idea of the true nature of this book.**

***I questioned if this was an ADULT book...I was assured that it IS IN THE YOUNG ADULT SECTION.**

Signature of Complainant _____ Heather Stoner _____

Address _____ 75701 _____

Library Card Barcode # _____

Phone _____

Pg 172 His lips were smooth against my skin, his breath warm, and my knees buckled as he lifted my other hand to his mouth and kissed it, too. Kissed it carefully- in a **way that made heat begin pounding in my core, between my legs.**

Pg 197 His bite lightened, and his tongue caressed the places his teeth had been. He didn't move- he just remained in that spot, kissing my neck. Intently, territorially, lazily. **Heat pounded between my legs, and as he ground his body against me, against every aching spot,** a moan slipped past my lips.

...More- I wanted the hardness of his body crushing against mine; **I wanted his mouth and teeth and tongue on my bare skin, on my breasts, between my legs.** Everywhere- I wanted him everywhere.

Pg 229 His lips brushed mine- testing, soft and warm. He pulled back a little. He was still staring at me, and I stared right back as he kissed me again, harder, but nothing like the way he'd kissed my neck. He withdrew more fully this time and watched me.

"That's it?" I demanded, and he laughed and kissed me fiercely.

My hands went around his neck, pulling him closer, crushing myself against him. His hands roved my back, playing in my hair, grasping my waist, as if he couldn't touch enough of me at one.

Pg 232 He could have me right there, on top of that table. **I wanted his broad hands running over my bare skin, wanted his teeth scraping against my neck, wanted his mouth all over me.**

Pg 239 "She has the most delicious thoughts about you, Tamlin" he said. "She's wondered about **the feeling of your fingers on her thighs- between them, too.**" He chuckled. Even as he said my most private thoughts, even as I burned with outrage and shame, I trembled at the grip still on my mind. Rhysand turned to the High Lord. "I'm curious: **Why did she wonder if it would feel good to have you bite her breast the way you bit her neck?**"

Pg 245 He pulled me onto his lap, holding me tightly against him as his lips parted mine. I became aware of every pore in my body when his tongue entered my mouth.

...I pushed Tamlin onto the bed, straddling him, pinning him as if it would somehow keep me from leaving, as if it would make time stop entirely.

His hands rested on my hips, and their heat singed me through the thin silk of my nightgown. My hair fell around our faces like a curtain. I couldn't kiss him fast enough, hard enough to express the rushing need within me. He growled softly and deftly flipped us over, spreading me beneath him as he wrenched his lips from my mouth and made a trail of kisses down my neck.

...My back arched as he reached the spot he'd once bitten, and I dragged my

hands through his hair, savoring the silken smoothness.

He traced the arc of my hipbones, lingering at the edge of my undergarments. My nightgown had become hitched around my waist, but I didn't care. I hooked my bare legs around his, running my feet down the hard muscles of his calves.

He breathed my name onto my chest, **one of his hands exploring the plane of my torso, rising up to the slope of my breast.** I trembled, anticipating the feel of his hand there, and his mouth found mine again as his fingers stopped just below.

His kissing was slower this time- gentler. The fingertips of his other hand slipped beneath the waist of my undergarment, and I sucked in a breath.

He hesitated at the sound, pulling back slightly. But I bit his lip in a silent command that had him growling into my mouth. **With one long claw, he shredded through silk and lace, and my undergarment fell away in pieces. The claw retracted, and his kisses deepened as his fingers slid between my legs, coaxing and teasing. I ground against his hand, yielding completely to the writhing wildness that had roared alive inside me,** and breathed his name onto his skin.

He paused again- his fingers retracting- but I grabbed him, pulling him further on top of me. I wanted him now- I wanted the barriers of our clothing to vanish, I wanted to taste his sweat, wanted to become full of him. "Don't stop," I gasped out.

"I-" he said thickly, resting his brow between my breasts as he shuddered. "If we keep going, I won't be able to stop at all."

I sat up and he watched me, hardly breathing. But I kept my eyes on his, my own breathing becoming steady as I raised my nightgown over my head and tossed it to the floor. **Utterly naked before him, I watched his gaze travel to my bare breasts, peaked against the chill night, to my abdomen, to between my thighs. A ravenous, unyielding sort of hunger passed over his face. I bent a leg and slid it to the side, a silent invitation.** He let out a low growl- and slowly, with predatory intent, raised his gaze to mine again.

The full force of that wild, unrelenting High Lord's power focused solely on me- and I felt the storm contained beneath his skin, so capable of sweeping away everything I was, even in it's lessened state. But I could trust him, trust myself to weather that mighty power. I could throw all that I was at him he wouldn't balk.

"Give me everything," I breathed.

He lunged, a beast freed of its tether.

We were a tangle of limbs and teeth, I tore at his clothes until they were on the floor, then tore at his skin until I marked him down his back, his arms. His claws were out, but devastatingly gentle on my hips as he slid down between my thighs and feasted on me, stopping only after I shuddered and fractured. I was moaning his name when he sheathed himself inside me in a powerful, slow thrust that had me splintering around him.

We moved together, unending and wild and burning, and when I went over the edge the next time, he roared and went with me.

Pg 247 ...and when I awoke a few hours later, we made love again, lazily and intently, a slow-burning smolder to the wildfire of earlier. Once we were both spent, panting and sweat-slicked, we lay in silence for a time...

Pg 346 ...they stripped me naked, bathed me thoroughly, and then- to my horror- began to paint my body.

...Things only worsened when they painted more intimate parts of me...

Pg 348 ...my face burned as I silently bemoaned the too-sheer fabric of my dress. Beneath it, my breasts were visible to everyone, the paint hardly leaving anything to the imagination...

Pg 375 The music was Tamlin's fingers strumming my body...

Pg 378 I couldn't kiss him deeply enough, couldn't hold him tightly enough, couldn't touch enough of him.

...I tore at his shirt, needing to feel the skin beneath one last time, and I had to stifle the moan that rose up in me as he grasped my breast. I didn't want him to be gentle- because what I felt for him wasn't at all like that. What I felt was wild and hard and burning, and so he was with me.

He tore his lips from mine and bit my neck-

...I had to grind my teeth to keep myself from moaning and giving us away.

...My fingers grappled with his belt buckle, and his mouth found mine again. Our tongues danced-...

...I wanted him- here.

I hooked a leg around his middle, needing to be closer, and he ground his hips harder against me, crushing me into the icy wall. I pried the belt buckle loose, whipping the leather free, and Tamlin growled his desire in my ear-...

...I tossed away his belt and started fumbling for his pants.

...But the air became a cold kiss upon my skin- upon my exposed breasts.

Pg 379 Rhysand chuckled. "If you're that desperate for release, you should have asked me."

Pg 380 ...and then his lips were crushing mine. His tongue pried my mouth open, forcing himself into me, into the space where I could still taste Tamlin. I pushed and thrashed, but he held firm, his tongue sweeping over the roof of my mouth, against my teeth, claiming my mouth, claiming me-

Pg 411 His ragged breath was the only sound- and his hands soon began roaming across my back and sides, caressing and teasing and baring me to him. When my

traveling fingers reached his mouth, he bit down on one, sucking it into his mouth. It didn't hurt, but the bite was hard enough for me to meet his eyes again. To realize that he was done waiting- and so was I.

He eased me onto the bed, murmuring my name against my neck, the shell of my ear, the tips of my fingers. I urged him- faster, harder. His mouth explored the curve of my breast, the inside of my thigh.

FW: Sarah J. Maas' A Court of Thorns and Roses series - Moving from YA to Adult

Amy Skipper <askipper@tylertexas.com>

Tue 6/6/2023 2:02 PM

To: Ashley Taylor <ataylor@tylertexas.com>

From: Amy Skipper

Sent: Monday, February 20, 2023 10:26 AM

To: Taylor Weaver <tweaver@tylertexas.com>; Jacqueline M. Salter <jsalter@tylertexas.com>

Subject: FW: Sarah J. Maas' A Court of Thorns and Roses series - Moving from YA to Adult

Hi Jacqueline and Taylor,

Please see the email below that I've highlighted. I stumbled upon this when searching for the reconsideration request for third book in the A Court of Thorns and Roses' reconsideration request for this week. It concerns the publisher MacMillan (I believe the Ingram rep intended for it to be Bloomsbury Publishing) as well as Ingram's move of the A Court of Thorns and Roses series from YA to Adult in September 2020. It seems like this series should have been looked at this time but wasn't. I showed this to Ashley, and she instructed to go ahead and move it to Adult. I'll work on a blanket letter to the individuals who sent in reconsiderations regarding the moving of this series' location.

This means that rather than assess another book of this series this week, the reconsideration committee will be assessing the **Empire of Storm** book by Sarah J. Maas also which is part of her YA series (as listed by the to the Bloomsbury Publishers), Throne of Glass.

Best,



Amy Skipper Souza

Youth Librarian

(903) 593-7323

askipper@tylertexas.com

Called to SERVE | www.TylerLibrary.com

From: Lara Tabri <ltabri@tylertexas.com>

Sent: Wednesday, September 23, 2020 4:32 PM

To: Library Admin <libraryadmin@tylertexas.com>

Cc: Emma Crye <ecrye@tylertexas.com>

Subject: FW: Sarah J. Maas' A Court of Thorns and Roses series - Moving from YA to Adult

Interesting – something a lot of people thought should have happened from the beginning. I wonder what prompted this change?

Lara

Ps – we don't actually have any standing orders from Ingram – I subscribe to some standing order lists.

From: #fiction.standingorders <fiction.standingorders@ingramcontent.com>

Sent: Wednesday, September 23, 2020 4:28 PM

Subject: Sarah J. Maas' A Court of Thorns and Roses series - Moving from YA to Adult

Dear Library Customer,

We wanted to alert you to a recent change to a popular series by Sarah J. Maas. MacMillan announced that the *Court of Thorns and Roses* series, originally marketed to young adults, will be considered an adult series going forward.

Due to this change of direction from the publisher, we are removing the series from the Popular Series (Youth) program. If you would like to continue receiving this series on a Standing Order Program, it will now be available through Sarah J. Maas's Author (Adult) standing order program, beginning with book five, *A Court of Silver Flames*. Sarah J. Maas will remain on the Author (Teen) program for any future teen titles.

A Court of Silver Flames (9781681196282) ran on the Author (Teen) program before we were aware of this change. If you need to cancel or change your order for that title, or if you would like assistance enrolling in the Author (Adult) program for this author, please contact Kim Collins at 1-800-937-5300 ext 35748 or email her at fiction.standingorders@ingramcontent.com.

Best,

Kim Collins

Collection Development Administrator

Ingram Library Services MS 635

14 Ingram Blvd

Lavergne, TN 37086

1-800-937-5300 ext. 35748

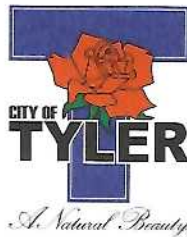
fax: 1-615-213-5102

fiction.standingorders@ingramcontent.com



CAUTION: This email originated from outside of the organization. Do not click links or open attachments unless you recognize the sender and know the content is safe.

WARNING: The sender of this email could not be validated and may not match the person in the "From" field.



Heather Stoner
618 W. 6th St.
Tyler, TX 75701

RE: Review of Request for Reconsideration; Tyler Public Library

Dear Ms. Stoner,

Thank you for your interest in Tyler Public Library and submitting a Request for Reconsideration regarding your concern for *A Court of Thorns and Roses* part of the *A Court of Thorns and Roses* series by Sarah J. Maas. A copy of your Request for Reconsideration, as well as a copy of the Library's Collection Development Policy for Reconsideration Appeals process, are attached hereto. Per our process as described in the Library's Policy, the request and item was reviewed by the Collection Development Review Committee ("Committee") and the results of the review are as follows.

The Tyler Public Library first added this series to its Young Adult section, separate from our children's area, upon its release in 2015 on the basis that it met criteria, set forth in the adopted Collection Development Policy including the popularity of the author, nominations, and awards received.

Library staff consider professional reviews, awards, and credentials in the process of selecting materials for the collection and each area of the Library. *A Court of Thorns and Roses* series initially had the professional recommendation of teen and young adult audiences, however, since its inclusion within the Library's collection, the series has grown and been reassessed by its library distributor and publisher, Bloomsbury Publishing. While they continue to market this series as Young Adult, the series now has a recommendation of ages 17+, or what the publisher has termed "New Adult".

The City Committee responsible for reviewing your request for reconsideration determined, in accordance with the Library's Collection Development Policy, that the entire *A Court of Thorns and Roses* series by Sarah J. Maas should be relocated to the adult Science Fiction/Fantasy materials currently located on the second floor of the Library.

The Tyler Public Library believes that it is important for caregivers, parents, guardians, and grandparents to be guides to their children for the materials they check out. Per the Library's Circulation Policy, parents (or legal guardians) wishing to restrict their children's borrowing of library materials may do so at any time. We understand that not all persons will agree on what should be available to whom, the City of Tyler is bound by federal court decisions regarding the First Amendment, and no one set of beliefs or values can serve as the lens for developing a well-rounded library collection. However, the Tyler Public Library respects all citizen comments and seeks to serve the entirety of the City of Tyler while also making memberships available for purchase to those who reside within Smith County.

In conclusion, the Tyler Public Library finds that the inclusion of *A Court of Thorns and Roses*, part of the *A Court of Thorns and Roses* series shelved within the Tyler Public Library's Young Adult collection is no longer in accordance with the Library's Collection Development Policy. Accordingly, the City's Committee has determined that the series, in its entirety, which includes *A Court of Thorns and Roses* should be relocated to the Adult Science Fiction/Fantasy materials as requested.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Ashley Taylor". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name and title.

Ashley Taylor
City Librarian



D <nativetexandee@gmail.com>

Books In They Tyler Library

1 message

Detrese Harkey <detreseharkey@gmail.com>

To: bmcgee@tylertexas.com

Bcc: nativetexandee@gmail.com

Tue, Jan 31, 2023 at 11:52 AM

Good morning Mr. Councilman McGee,

I pray that your New Year has started out wonderful.

I wanted to bring to your attention the books I have found in the library. Whenever you have time, Please see the information I have attached,

--

"Character is like a tree and reputation is like its shadow. The shadow is what we think of it; the tree is the real thing".

---Abraham Lincoln

2 attachments



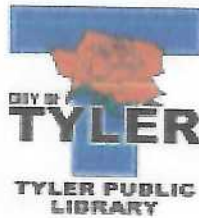
Reconsideration Form Tyler Public Library.docx

28K



Reconsideration Form Tyler Public Library A COURT OF SILVER FLAMES (2).docx

43K



Tyler Public Library

Citizen's Request for Reconsideration of Material

Thank you for bringing an item to our attention you feel may not have merit. The Collection Development Committee will examine the material in an attempt to be objective, but they need your help to determine specifically the objection. Your Help in this matter is appreciated. We hope you will continue to support the library in its efforts to bring a well-balanced and meaningful collection together for every citizen of Tyler.

Please complete the follow form. Your may use the back of the form if you require more space.

Author: Sarah J. Maas
Title: A Court of Mist and Fury
Publisher: Bloomsbury
Format: Hardcover X Paperback Recording Other

Request Initiated by: Detrese Harkey

- To what in the item do you object? Please be specific, citing pages:

This book, purchased with taxpayer dollars and made available to minors in the Tyler Public Library, contains **pervasively vulgar, sexually explicit language** throughout the book. See a few actual excerpts below:

...that I climaxed with his name on my lips. Rhys hauled me up against him, one hand cupping my breast as the other rolled and stroked that bundle of nerves between my legs, and I couldn't tell where one climax ended and the second began as he thrust in again, and again,...

Tamlin let out a low snarl of approval, and I bit my bottom lip as he removed his pants, along with his undergarments, revealing the proud, thick length of him.

His palm pushed against the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs, and I groaned his name as I shattered. ... He stretched out above me, his head lowering to my breast, and all it took was one press of his teeth against my nipple before I was clawing at his back, before I hooked my legs around him and he settled between them. This—I

needed this. He paused, arms trembling as he held himself over me. "Please," I gasped out. He just brushed his lips against my jaw, my neck, my mouth. "Tamlin," I begged. **He palmed my breast, his thumb flicking over my nipple.** I cried out, and **he buried himself in me with a mighty stroke.**

He grazed my belly button as he leaned down, **sucking the tip of my breast into his mouth.** Hmm?" he said, and the **rumble against my nipple made me writhe.** ... He lifted his head long enough to look at me. Do you want a title?" Before I could answer, he **nipped at my breast, then licked over the small hurt—** licked as his fingers at last **dipped between my legs.** He stroked lazy, taunting circles. "No," I gasped out. ... **His fingers slid into me again, and he growled in approval at the wetness between my thighs, both from me and him.** "They won't," he said against my skin, positioning himself over me again and sliding down my body, trailing kisses as he went. "There is no such thing as a High Lady. **He gripped my thighs to spread my legs wide, lowering his mouth,** and— ... The heat, his touch—all of it stopped. He looked up from between my legs, and I almost climaxed at the sight of it. But what he said, what he'd implied ... **He kissed the inside of my thigh.**

This book is filled with sex, innuendos and violence.... **See extensive excerpts at the end of this book reconsideration form.**

- What do you feel might be the result of using this material?

This book contains vivid descriptions of sexual acts and is completely inappropriate for minors to read. It contains language, themes and describes sexual acts that are too complex and disturbing for a child or young teenager to process. It is a proven fact that **violent, sexually explicit materials are not developmentally healthy for young children and impacts their cognitive, emotional and social well-being.**

- For what age group would you recommend this material?

This book should not be anywhere in the library where children are present.

- Can you recommend anything good about this material?

Having seen and read sections of this book I see no redeeming qualities **that outweigh the effects these egregious sexually graphic passages can have on minors who are too young to understand such actions.** This is merely a work of fiction filled with constant sexual content that is inappropriate for children under the age of 18.

- Did you read, view or listen to this item in its entirety?

I read as much as I could tolerate. See more excerpts below.

- Are you aware of the reviews received by this material? The librarian will be happy to help find them.

I am aware of the reviews (such as Kirkus) that give a glowing review of this fantasy-themed novel. I also read the summary in the Tyler Public Library online catalog which merely says:

"Though Feyre now has the powers of the High Fae, her heart remains human, but as she navigates the feared Night Court's dark web of politics, passion, and dazzling power, a greater evil looms--and she might be key to stopping it." Having read these passages myself I want to ensure that can't pretend not to know about the **sexually explicit materials they are distributing in the library that is easily accessible to children as young as 12**. This book and others like it should be removed from the children's section.

Signature of Complainant _____ Detrese Harkey
Address _____

Library Card Barcode # 28957002021276

Phone _____

NOTE: Out of respect to the Mayor and City Council, four additional pages of filth have been truncated from the end of the report originally submitted to the Tyler Librarian. The deleted pages will be provided should the Mayor or a City Council member, for whatever reason, request the additional pages.

Passage #1 from Court of Mist and Fury

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. 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, **revealing the proud, thick length of him**. My mouth went dry, and I dragged my gaze up his muscled torso, over the panes of his chest, and then --- Come here," he growled, so roughly the words were barely discernable. **I pushed back the blankets, revealing my already naked body, 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. He held my gaze through the kiss, even as I pushed myself closer, biting back a small noise when he brushed against my stomach. 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 seam of my lips had me opening fully for him, and he swept in, claiming me, branding me. I moaned then, tilting my head back to give him better access. His hands clamped on my waist, then moved—**one going to cup horny rear**, the other sliding between us. This—this moment, when it was him and me and nothing our bodies. His tongue scraped the roof of my mouth as **he dragged a finger down the center of me, and I gasped, my back arching**. '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. His tongue swept my mouth again, in time to the finger that he slipped inside of me. My hips undulated, demanding more, craving the fullness of him, and his growl reverberated in my chest as he added another finger. 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 at the apex of my thighs, and I groaned his name as I shattered.** My head thrown back, I gulped down night-cool air, and then I was being lowered to the bed, gently, delicately, lovingly. **He stretched out above me, his head lowering to my breast, and all it took was one press of his teeth against my nipple before I was clawing at his back, before I hooked my legs around him and he settled between them.** This—I needed this. He paused, arms trembling as he held himself over me. "Please," I gasped out. He just brushed his lips against my jaw, my neck, my mouth. "Tamlin," I begged. **He palmed my breast, his thumb flicking over my nipple.** I cried out, and he buried himself in me with a mighty stroke. For a moment, I was nothing, no one. Then we were fused, two hearts beating as one, and I promised myself it always would be that way as **he pulled out a few inches,** the muscles of his back flexing beneath my hands, and **then slammed back into me. Again and again. I broke and broke against him as he moved,** as he murmured my name and told me he loved me. And when that lightning once more filled my veins, my head, when I gasped out his name, his own release found him. I gripped him through each shuddering wave, savoring the weight of him, the feel of his skin, his strength. For a while, only the rasp of our breathing filled the room. **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 my stomach, along my breasts.** I'm sorry about earlier," he murmured. It's fine," I breathed. "I understand. Not a lie, but not quite true. His fingers grazed lower, circling my belly button. "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." 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?" 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 kiss my heart, right between my **breasts.** It was answer enough. "Soon," he murmured, and those fingers traveled back to my waist. I almost groaned. "Soon you'll be my wife, and it'll be fine. We'll leave all this behind us. I arched my back, urging his hand lower, and he chuckled roughly. I didn't quite hear myself speak as I focused on the fingers that obeyed my silent command. "What will everyone call me, then?" **He grazed my belly button as he leaned down, sucking the tip of my breast into his mouth. Hmm?" he said, and the rumble against my nipple made me writhe.** Is everyone just going to call me 'Tamlin's wife'? Do I get ... title? He lifted his head long enough to look at me. Do you want a title?" **Before I could answer, he nipped at my breast, then licked over the small hurt—licked as his fingers at last dipped between my legs. He stroked lazy, taunting circles.** "No," I gasped out. "But I don't want people ... Cauldron boil me, his damned fingers— I don't know if I can handle them calling me High Lady. **His fingers slid into me again, and he growled in approval at the wetness between my thighs, both from me and him.** "They won't," he said against my skin, positioning himself over me again and sliding down my body, trailing kisses as he went. "There is no such thing as a High Lady. **He gripped my**

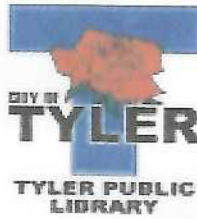
thighs to spread my legs wide, lowering his mouth, and— What do you mean, there 's no such thing as a High Lady?" The heat, his touch—all of it stopped. He looked up from between my legs, and I almost climaxed at the sight of it. But what he said, what he'd implied ... He kissed the inside of my thigh.

Passage #2 from Court of Mist and Fury

I tumbled into a- sleep so -heavy. my dreams were an undertow dragged me down, down, down until I couldn't escape them. 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. "Lying, traitorous human," she purred, "with your filthy, lying heart." The knife scratched, a cool caress. I struggled to get up, but my body wouldn't work. She **pressed a kiss** to the hollow of my throat. "You're as much a monster as me." **She curved the knife over my breast, angling it toward my peaked nipple, 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. "I'm going to make eternity a hell for you," she promised, the tip of the dagger piercing the sensitive flesh beneath my **breast**, her lips hovering a breath above mine as she pushed—

Passage #3 from Court of Mist and Fury

But his hands resumed their roaming. "Then allow me the pleasure of distracting you. He **slipped a hand beneath the top of my sweater, diving clean under my shirt. Skin to skin, the calluses of his hands made me groan as they scraped the top of my breast and circled around my peaked nipple.** "I love these," he breathed onto my neck, his hand sliding to my other breast. "You have no idea how much I love these." I groaned as he caressed a knuckle against my nipple, and I bowed into the touch, silently begging him. **He was hard as granite behind 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." I would do no such thing. I began twisting, reaching for him, needing to just feel him, but he clicked his tongue and pushed himself harder against me, until there was no room for my hand to even slide in. "I want to touch you first," he said, his voice so guttural I barely recognized it. "Just— let me touch you." **He palmed my breast** for emphasis. It was enough of a broken plea that I paused, yielding as his other hand again trailed lazy lines on my stomach. I can't breathe when I look at you. Let me touch you. Because I was jealous, and . pissed off She's mine. I shut out the thoughts, the bits and pieces he 'd given me. Rhys slid his finger along the band of my pants again, a cat playing with its dinner. Again. Again. Please," I managed to say. He smiled against my neck. "There are those missing manners. **His hand at last trailed beneath my pants. The first brush of him against me dragged a groan from deep in my throat. He snarled in satisfaction at the wetness he found waiting for him and his thumb circled that spot at the apex of my thighs, teasing, brushing up against it, but never quite—** His other hand gently squeezed my breast at the same moment his thumb pushed down exactly where I wanted. I bucked my hips, my head fully back against his shoulder now, panting as his thumb flicked— I cried out, and he laughed, low and soft. "Like that?" A moan was my only reply. More more more. His fingers slid down, slow and brazen, straight through the core of me, and every point in my body, my mind, my soul, narrowed to the feeling of his



Tyler Public Library

Citizen's Request for Reconsideration of Material

Thank you for bringing an item to our attention you feel may not have merit. The Collection Development Committee will examine the material in an attempt to be objective, but they need your help to determine specifically the objection. Your Help in this matter is appreciated. We hope you will continue to support the library in its efforts to bring a well-balanced and meaningful collection together for every citizen of Tyler.

Please complete the follow form. Your may use the back of the form if you require more space.

Author: Sarah J. Maas
Title: A Court of Mist and Fury
Publisher: Bloomsbury
Format: Hardcover X Paperback Recording Other

Request Initiated by: Detrese Harkey

- To what in the item do you object? Please be specific, citing pages:

This book, purchased with taxpayer dollars and made available to minors in the Tyler Public Library, contains **pervasively vulgar, sexually explicit language** throughout the book. See a few actual excerpts below:

...that I climaxed with his name on my lips. Rhys hauled me up against him, one hand cupping my breast as the other rolled and stroked that bundle of nerves between my legs, and I couldn't tell where one climax ended and the second began as he thrust in again, and again,...

Tamlin let out a low snarl of approval, and I bit my bottom lip as he **removed his pants**, along with his undergarments, **revealing the proud, thick length of him.**

His palm pushed against the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs, and I groaned his name as I shattered. ... He stretched out above me, his head lowering to my **breast**, and all it took was one press of his teeth against my **nipple** before I was clawing at his

back, before I **hooked my legs around him and he settled between them**. This—I needed this. He paused, arms trembling as he held himself over me. "Please," I gasped out. He just brushed his lips against my jaw, my neck, my mouth. "Tamlin," I begged. He **palmed my breast, his thumb flicking over my nipple**. I cried out, and **he buried himself in me with a mighty stroke**.

He grazed my belly button as he leaned down, **sucking the tip of my breast into his mouth**. Hmm?" he said, and the **rumble against my nipple made me writhe**. ... He lifted his head long enough to look at me. Do you want a title?" Before I could answer, he **nipped at my breast, then licked over the small hurt—licked as his fingers at last dipped between my legs**. He stroked lazy, taunting circles. "No," I gasped out. ... **His fingers slid into me again, and he growled in approval at the wetness between my thighs, both from me and him**. "They won't," he said against my skin, positioning himself over me again and sliding down my body, trailing kisses as he went. "There is no such thing as a High Lady. **He gripped my thighs to spread my legs wide, lowering his mouth**, and— ... The heat, his touch—all of it stopped. He looked up from between my legs, and I almost climaxed at the sight of it. But what he said, what he'd implied ... **He kissed the inside of my thigh**.

This book is filled with sex, innuendos and violence.... **See extensive excerpts at the end of this book reconsideration form.**

- What do you feel might be the result of using this material?

This book contains vivid descriptions of sexual acts and is completely inappropriate for minors to read. It contains language, themes and describes sexual acts that are too complex and disturbing for a child or young teenager to process. It is a proven fact that **violent, sexually explicit materials are not developmentally healthy for young children and impacts their cognitive, emotional and social well-being**.

- For what age group would you recommend this material?

This book should not be anywhere in the library where children are present.

- Can you recommend anything good about this material?

Having seen and read sections of this book I see no redeeming qualities **that outweigh the effects these egregious sexually graphic passages can have on minors who are too young to understand such actions**. This is merely a work of fiction filled with constant sexual content that is inappropriate for children under the age of 18.

- Did you read, view or listen to this item in its entirety?

I read as much as I could tolerate. See more excerpts below.

- Are you aware of the reviews received by this material? The librarian will be happy to help find them.

I am aware of the reviews (such as Kirkus) that give a glowing review of this fantasy-themed novel. I also read the summary in the Tyler Public Library online catalog which merely says:

"Though Feyre now has the powers of the High Fae, her heart remains human, but as she navigates the feared Night Court's dark web of politics, passion, and dazzling power, a greater evil looms--and she might be key to stopping it." Having read these passages myself I want to ensure that can't pretend not to know about the **sexually explicit materials they are distributing in the library that is easily accessible to children as young as 12**. This book and others like it should be removed from the children's section.

Signature of Complainant Detrese Harkey

Address _____

Library Card Barcode # 28957002021276

Phone _____

Passage #1 from Court of Mist and Fury

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. 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, **revealing the proud, thick length of him**. My mouth went dry, and I dragged my gaze up his muscled torso, over the panes of his chest, and then --- Come here," he growled, so roughly the words were barely discernable. **I pushed back the blankets, revealing my already naked body, 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. He held my gaze through the kiss, even as I pushed myself closer, biting back a small noise when he brushed against my stomach. 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 seam of my lips had me opening fully for him, and he swept in, claiming me, branding me. I moaned then, tilting my head back to give him better access. His hands clamped on my waist, then moved—**one going to cup horny rear**, the other sliding between us. This—this moment, when it was him and me and nothing our bodies. His tongue scraped the roof of my mouth as **he dragged a finger down the center of me, and I gasped, my back arching**. '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. His tongue swept my mouth again, in time to the finger that he slipped inside of me. My hips undulated, demanding more, craving the fullness of him, and his growl reverberated in my chest as he added another finger. 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 at the apex of my thighs, and I groaned his name as I shattered.** My head thrown back, I gulped down night-cool air, and then I was being lowered to the bed, gently, delicately, lovingly. **He stretched out above me, his head lowering to my breast, and all it took was one press of his teeth against my nipple before I was clawing at his back, before I hooked my legs around him and he settled between them.** This—I needed this. He paused, arms trembling as he held himself over me. "Please," I gasped out. He just brushed his lips against my jaw, my neck, my mouth. "Tamlin," I begged. **He palmed my breast, his thumb flicking over my nipple.** I cried out, and he buried himself in me with a mighty stroke. For a moment, I was nothing, no one. Then we were fused, two hearts beating as one, and I promised myself it always would be that way as **he pulled out a few inches, the muscles of his back flexing beneath my hands, and then slammed back into me. Again and again. I broke and broke against him as he moved,** as he murmured my name and told me he loved me. And when that lightning once more filled my veins, my head, when I gasped out his name, his own release found him. I gripped him through each shuddering wave, savoring the weight of him, the feel of his skin, his strength. For a while, only the rasp of our breathing filled the room. **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 my stomach, along my breasts.** I'm sorry about earlier," he murmured. It's fine," I breathed. "I understand. Not a lie, but not quite true. His fingers grazed lower, circling my belly button. "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." 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?" 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 kiss my heart, right between my **breasts.** It was answer enough. "Soon," he murmured, and those fingers traveled back to my waist. I almost groaned. "Soon you'll be my wife, and it'll be fine. We'll leave all this behind us. I arched my back, urging his hand lower, and he chuckled roughly. I didn't quite hear myself speak as I focused on the fingers that obeyed my silent command. "What will everyone call me, then?" **He grazed my belly button as he leaned down, sucking the tip of my breast into his mouth. Hmm?" he said, and the rumble against my nipple made me writhe.** Is everyone just going to call me 'Tamlin's wife'? Do I get ... title? He lifted his head long enough to look at me. Do you want a title?" **Before I could answer, he nipped at my breast, then licked over the small hurt—licked as his fingers at last dipped between my legs. He stroked lazy, taunting circles.** "No," I gasped out. "But I don't want people ... Cauldron boil me, his damned fingers—I don't know if I can handle them calling me High Lady. **His fingers slid into me again, and he growled in approval at the wetness between my thighs, both from me and him.** "They won't," he said against my skin, positioning himself over me again and sliding down my body, trailing kisses as he went. "There is no such thing as a High Lady. **He gripped my**

thighs to spread my legs wide, lowering his mouth, and— What do you mean, there 's no such thing as a High Lady?" The heat, his touch—all of it stopped. He looked up from between my legs, and I almost climaxed at the sight of it. But what he said, what he'd implied ... He kissed the inside of my thigh.

Passage #2 from Court of Mist and Fury

I tumbled into a- sleep so -heavy. my dreams were an undertow dragged me down, down, down until I couldn't escape them. 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. "Lying, traitorous human," she purred, "with your filthy, lying heart." The knife scratched, a cool caress. I struggled to get up, but my body wouldn't work. She **pressed a kiss** to the hollow of my throat. "You're as much a monster as me." **She curved the knife over my breast, angling it toward my peaked nipple, 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. "I'm going to make eternity a hell for you," she promised, the tip of the dagger piercing the sensitive flesh beneath my **breast**, her lips hovering a breath above mine as she pushed—

Passage #3 from Court of Mist and Fury

But his hands resumed their roaming. "Then allow me the pleasure of distracting you. He **slipped a hand beneath the top of my sweater, diving clean under my shirt. Skin to skin, the calluses of his hands made me groan as they scraped the top of my breast and circled around my peaked nipple.** "I love these," he breathed onto my neck, his hand sliding to my other breast. "You have no idea how much I love these." I groaned as he caressed a knuckle against my nipple, and I bowed into the touch, silently begging him. **He was hard as granite behind 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." I would do no such thing. I began twisting, reaching for him, needing to just feel him, but he clicked his tongue and pushed himself harder against me, until there was no room for my hand to even slide in. "I want to touch you first," he said, his voice so guttural I barely recognized it. "Just— let me touch you." **He palmed my breast** for emphasis. It was enough of a broken plea that I paused, yielding as his other hand again trailed lazy lines on my stomach. I can't breathe when I look at you. Let me touch you. Because I was jealous, and pissed off She's mine. I shut out the thoughts, the bits and pieces he 'd given me. Rhys slid his finger along the band of my pants again, a cat playing with its dinner. Again. Again. Please," I managed to say. He smiled against my neck. "There are those missing manners. **His hand at last trailed beneath my pants. The first brush of him against me dragged a groan from deep in my throat. He snarled in satisfaction at the wetness he found waiting for him and his thumb circled that spot at the apex of my thighs, teasing, brushing up against it, but never quite—** His other hand gently squeezed my breast at the same moment his thumb pushed down exactly where I wanted. I bucked my hips, my head fully back against his shoulder now, panting as his thumb flicked— I cried out, and he laughed, low and soft. "Like that?" A moan was my only reply. More more more. His fingers slid down, slow and brazen, straight through

the core of me, and every point in my body, my mind, my soul, narrowed to the feeling of his fingers poised there like he had all the time in the world. Bastard. "Please," I said again, and ground my ass against him for emphasis. He hissed at the contact and slid a finger inside me. He swore. Feyre----- But I'd already started to move on him, and he swore again in a long exhale. His lips pressed into my neck, kissing up, up toward my ear. I let out a moan so loud it drowned out the rain as he slid in a second finger, filling me so much I couldn't think around it, couldn't breathe. "That's it," he murmured, his lips tracing my ear. I was sick of my neck and ear getting such attention. I twisted as much as I could, and found him staring at me, at the hand down the front of my pants, watching me move on him. He was still staring at me when I captured his mouth with my own, biting on his lower lip. Rhys groaned, plunging his fingers in deeper. Harder. I didn't care—I didn't care one bit about what I was and who I was and where I'd been as I yielded fully to him, opening my mouth. His tongue swept in, moving in a way that I knew exactly what he'd do if he got between my legs. His fingers plunged in and out, slow and hard, and my very existence narrowed to the feel of them, to the tightness in me ratcheting up with every deep stroke, every echoing thrust of his tongue in my mouth. You have no idea how much 1——" He cut himself off, and groaned again. Feyre. The sound of my name on his lips was my undoing. Release barreled down my spine, and I cried out, only to have his lips cover mine, as if he could devour the sound. His tongue flicked the roof of my mouth while I shuddered around him, clenching tight. He swore again, breathing hard, fingers stroking me 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 withdrew his fingers, 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 brought those fingers to his mouth and sucked on them. On the taste of me. I was going to eat him alive. I slid a hand up to his chest to pin him down, but he gripped my wrist. "When you lick me," he said roughly, I want to be alone—far away from everyone. Because when you lick 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. I was instantly liquid again, and he laughed under his breath. "And when I lick you, he said, sliding his arms around me and tucking me in tight to him, "I want you splayed out on a table like my own personal feast." I whimpered. I've had a long, long time to think about how and where I want you," Rhys said onto the skin of my neck, his fingers sliding under the band of my pants, ...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 fuck you against the wall.

Passage #4 from Court of Mist and Fury

He hardened against me, and I groaned into his mouth. 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. He deepened the kiss, and I wrapped my legs around his back, hooking him closer. He tore his lips from my mouth to my neck, where he dragged his teeth and tongue down my skin as his hands slid under my sweater and went up, up, to cup my breasts. I arched into the touch, and lifted my arms as he peeled away my sweater in one easy motion. Rhys pulled back to survey me, my body naked from the waist

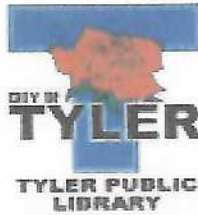
up. Paint soaked into my hair, my arms. But all I could think of was his mouth as it lowered to my breast and sucked, his tongue flicking against my nipple. I plunged my fingers into his hair, and he braced a hand beside my head—smack atop a palette of paint. He let out a low laugh, and I watched, breathless, as he took that hand and traced a circle around my breast, then lower, until he painted a downward arrow beneath my belly button. "Lest you forget where this is going to end," he said. I snarled at him, a silent order, and he laughed again, his mouth my other breast. He ground his hips against me, 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. My mate—my mate. His mouth crashed into mine, his bare skin so warm against my own, and I gripped his face, smearing paint there, too. Smearing it in his hair, until great streaks of blue and red and green ran through it. His hands found my waist, and I bucked my hips off the table to help him remove my socks, my leggings. Rhys pulled back again, and I let out a bark of protest—that choked off into a gasp as he gripped my thighs and yanked me to the edge of the table, through paints and brushes and cups of water, hooked my legs over his shoulders to rest on either side of those beautiful wings, and knelt before me. Knelt on those stars and mountains inked on his knees. He would bow for no one and nothing But his mate. His equal. The first lick of Rhysand's tongue set me on fire. I want you splayed out on the table like my own personal feast. He growled his approval at my moan, my taste, and unleashed himself on me entirely. A hand pinning my hips to the table, he worked me in great sweeping strokes. And when his tongue slid inside me, I reached up to grip the the edge of the world that I was very near to falling off. He licked and kissed his way to the apex of my thighs, just as his fingers replaced where his mouth had been, pumping inside me as he as he sucked, his teeth scraping ever so slightly--- I bowed off the table as my climax shattered through me, splintering my consciousness into a million pieces. He kept licking me, fingers still as I was moving. "Rhys," I rasped. Now. I wanted him now. But he remained kneeling, feasting on me, that hand pinning me the table. I went over the edge again. And only when I was trembling, half sobbing, limp with pleasure, did Rhys rise from the floor. He looked me over, naked, 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. I wanted the wall—I wanted him to just take me against the wall, but he carried me into the room I'd been using and set me down on the bed with heartbreaking gentleness. Wholly naked, I watched as he unbuttoned his pants, and the considerable length of him sprang free. My mouth went dry at the sight of it. I wanted him, wanted every glorious inch of him in me, wanted to claw at him until our souls were forged together. He didn't say anything as he came over me, 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. And I wanted to touch him. I leaned up, reaching over his shoulder to caress the powerful curve of his wing. Rhys shuddered, and I watched his cock twitch. Play later," he ground out. Indeed. His mouth found mine, the kiss open and deep, a clash of tongues and teeth. He lay me down on the pillows, and I locked my legs around his back, careful of the wings. Though I stopped caring as he nudged at my entrance. And paused. "Play later," I snarled into his mouth. Rhys laughed in a way that skittered along my bones, and slid in. And in. And in. I could hardly breathe, hardly think

beyond where our bodies were joined. **He stilled inside me**, letting me adjust, and I opened my eyes to find him staring down at me. "Say it again," he murmured. I knew what he meant. You're mine," I breathed. **Rhys pulled out slightly and thrust back in slow. So tortuously slow.** "You're mine," I gasped out. Again, he pulled out, then thrust in. You're mine. Again—faster, deeper this time. I felt it then, the bond between us, like an unbreakable chain, like an undimnable ray of light. With each pounding stroke, the bond glowed clearer and brighter and stronger. "You're mine," I whispered, dragging my hands through his hair, down his back, across his wings. My friend through many dangers. My lover who had healed my broken and weary soul. My mate who had waited for me against all hope, despite all odds. I moved my hips in time with his. He kissed me over and over, and both of our faces turned damp. **Every inch of me burned and tightened**, and my control slipped entirely as he whispered, "I love you." **Release tore through my body, and he pounded into me, hard and fast, 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. Rhys roared as he came, 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. Silence fell, interrupted only by our panting breaths.

Passage #5 from Court of Mist and Fury

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 muscled abdomen—farther. He stopped objecting. He was enormous in my hand—so hard, yet so silken that I just ran a finger down him in wonder. He hissed, **cock twitching as I brushed my thumb over the tip**. I smirked as I did it again. He reached for me, but I froze him with a look. "My turn," I told him. Rhys gave me a lazy, male smile before he settled back, tucking a hand behind his head. Waiting. **Cocky bastard. So I leaned down and put my mouth on him. He jerked at the contact with a barked, "Shit," and I laughed around him, even as I took him deeper into my mouth.** His hands were now fisted in the sheets, white-knuckled as I slid my tongue Over him' grazing slightly with my teeth. His groan was fire to my blood. Honestly, I was surprised he waited the full minute before interrupting me. Pouncing was a better word for what Rhys did. One second, he was in my mouth, my tongue flicking over the broad head of him; the next, **his hands were on my waist and I was being flipped onto my front. He nudged my legs apart with his knees, spreading me as he gripped my hips, tugging them up, up before he sheathed himself deep in me with a single stroke.** I moaned into the pillow at every glorious inch of him, rising onto my forearms as my fingers grappled into the sheets. Rhys pulled out and plunged back in, 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 kissed the length of my spine. 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 climaxed with his name on my lips. Rhys hauled me up against him, one hand cupping my breast as the other rolled and**

stroked that bundle of nerves between my legs, and I couldn't tell where one climax ended and the second began as he thrust in again, and again, his lips on my neck, on my ear. I could die from this, I decided. From wanting him, from the pleasure of being with him. He twisted us, pulling out only long enough to lie on his back and haul me over him. 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. It broke my heart. I leaned forward to kiss him, softly, tenderly. As our mouths met, I slid onto him, the fit so much deeper, and he murmured my name into my mouth. I kissed him again and again, and rode him gently. Later—there would be other times to go hard and fast. 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. But I would glow—for him, I'd glow. For my own future, I'd glow. 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. Rhys barked my name, thrusting his hips up. Stars wheeled as he slammed deep. I think the light pouring out of me might have been starlight, or maybe my own vision fractured as release barreled into me again and Rhys found his, gasping my name over and over as he spilled himself in me. When we were done, I remained atop him, fingertips digging into his chest, and marveled at him. At us. He tugged on my wet hair. "We 'll have to find a way to put a damper on that light. I can keep the shadows hidden easily enough. Ah, but you only lose control of those when you're pissed. 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. Always thinking; always calculating. Rhys kissed the corner of my mouth. "You have no idea how many things I've thought up when it comes to you. I remember mention of a wall. His laugh was a sensual promise. "Next time, Feyre, I'll fuck you against the wall." Hard enough to make the pictures fall off. Rhys barked a laugh. "Show me again what you can do with that wicked mouth." I obliged him.



Tyler Public Library

Citizen's Request for Reconsideration of Material

Thank you for bringing an item to our attention you feel may not have merit. The Collection Development Committee will examine the material in an attempt to be objective, but they need your help to determine specifically the objection. Your Help in this matter is appreciated. We hope you will continue to support the library in its efforts to bring a well-balanced and meaningful collection together for every citizen of Tyler.

Please complete the follow form. You may use the back of the form if you require more space.

Author: Sarah J. Maas
Title: A Court of Silver Flames
Publisher: Bloomsbury Publishing
Format: Hardcover X Paperback Recording Other

Request Initiated by: Detrese Harkey

- To what in the item do you object? Please be specific, citing pages:

BELOW IS ONE PASSAGE OF **SEXUALLY EXPLICIT, VIOLENT AND EROTIC SEXUAL CONTENT.**

THIS BOOK IS LOCATED IN THE YA SECTION OF THE LIBRARY WHERE CHILDREN THE AGE OF 12 AND EVEN YOUNGER CAN EASILY ACCESS THIS MATERIAL:

She could see it: **Cassian in his own bed, sprawled out like a dark king, gripping himself, pumping hard-** ...she traced her hand up her nightgown, the slide of silk against her skin nearly unbearable. **She moaned into her pillow as her fingers slid between her legs, instantly slippery with the wetness pooled there... Her hips arched into the touch, and she gritted her teeth, letting out a long hiss as she dragged her fingers down her aching, throbbing center. ...She slid her fingers in deep, writhing at the intrusion, unable to stop seeing Cassian's face... She withdrew her fingers nearly to their tips, and she plunged them back in,** it was Cassian's hand she pictured there, felt there. **Cassian's other hand that rose to clasp her breast, squeezing hard, just the way she liked it, a sharp, slight edge of pain to heighten the pleasure.** It was Cassian's hand she rode, biting her lip to keep her moaning contained. It was Cassian's hand that brought her over the edge and into a release so intense she nearly cried out. **It was Cassian's**

hand that slid into her, over and over again, release after release, until Nesta lay wrung out and panting upon the bed...

Documented at the end of this form are FIFTEEN MORE PAGES of sexually explicit, profane and vulgar descriptions of sexual acts that appear throughout this book.

- What do you feel might be the result of using this material?

This book contains vivid descriptions of violent, explicit, profane sexual activities and is completely inappropriate for minors to read. It contains language, themes and describes sexual acts that are too complex and disturbing for a child or young teenager to process. It is a proven fact that **violent, sexually explicit materials are not developmentally healthy for young children and impacts their cognitive, emotional and social well-being.**

- For what age group would you recommend this material?

This book contains violent sexually explicit and graphic material that should not be anywhere in the Tyler Public Library where a child can access it. I don't believe that our taxpayer dollars should be spent buying profane material. If an adult were caught reading this to a child it could easily result in an arrest. There are pages and pages of graphic sexual content that minors should never, ever be allowed to access. The taxpayers of Tyler have every expectation that our library staff will consider the age-appropriateness of materials placed in the library.

- Can you recommend anything good about this material?

This book is not merely 'coarse language' but is actually **profane, explicit, detailed and raw descriptions of sexual activities between two beings (one is a winged beast). The pages and pages of graphic sexual activities is clearly beyond the comprehension of minors.** The theme of the book, under the guise of a fiction thriller, is primarily about sex and this theme is woven throughout the entire narrative.

- Did you read, view or listen to this item in its entirety?

I did and have noted actual excerpts below. I am curious to know if anyone on the library staff read this and still decided to put in in the YA section.

- Are you aware of the reviews received by this material? The librarian will be happy to help find them.

I read this book and formed my own opinion. I am familiar with Kirkus reviews and also the reading lists promoted by the American Library Association. I also read the Tyler Public Library's online catalog and learned that our staff believes this book is merely a

work of imaginary wars and battles, spies, magic and 'romance.' **I beg to differ and so will other parents and grandparents that are tax-paying residents of Tyler.** I would like this book immediately removed from any place in the library that children are able to access.

Signature of Complainant Detrese Harkey

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13 She chuckled the white shirt at him, "You can use the front door now." He slung the shirt over his head. "I- Is he still-" His gaze kept snagging on her breasts, peaked against the chill morning; her bare skin. The apex of her thighs.

17 "I'd hoped you at least changed the sheets between visitors, but apparently that doesn't bother you." ...He shrugged, though the tightness on his face didn't reflect such nonchalance. "If I can smell a few different males in here, then surely your companions can, too."

..."when you're out until the darkest hours of the night, **drinking yourself stupid and fucking anything that comes your way.**"

63...the nakedness of having her thighs and ass on display

68 ...without descending into thoughts of peeling those pants off her and worshipping every inch of that spectacular backside. ...But fuck- when had he last had a satisfying roll in the sheets? ...it had been the month before Amarantha had fallen, hadn't it? With that female he'd met at Rita's. **In an alley outside the pleasure hall. Against a brick wall. Quick and dirty and over within minutes, neither he nor the female wanting anything more than the swift release.** That had been more than two years ago. It had been his hand ever since.

142 He had no idea how it happened: how he'd gone from mocking Nesta to taunting her with his own bedroom habits. Then imagining **her hand wrapped around him, pumping him, until he was a heartbeat away from exploding out of his chair** and leaping into the skies. ...How his skin had become too tight at the way she said his name, **his cock an insistent ache rubbing against the buttons of his pants.** He could count on one hand the number of times she'd addressed him

by name. The thought of that one hand led him back to her hand, **squeezing him rough and hard, just the way he liked it**

182 Cassian surveyed her. Gazed into her eyes and breathed, "Beautiful." He didn't halt the hand she laid on his muscled chest. Or when she pushed against that chest, backing him to the wall... ...Her back arched slightly at the way he said her name, the way he bit out the second syllable. Like he was imagining clamping his teeth down on other parts of her. But only her hand bridged their bodies. On her hand, now bunching up his shirt, his thundering heartbeat pulsing beneath it. ...The urge to press her body into his, **to feel his warmth and hardness grinding into her**, nearly overrode every rational thought. ...Her knees nearly wobbled at the desire blazing in them. Liquid, unrelenting desire, all fixed upon her. She couldn't get a breath down as she drowned in that stare. **As low, sensitive parts of her tightened and began throbbing, her breasts becoming heavy and aching. His nostrils flared, scenting that, too.**

184 **She could see it: Cassian in his own bed, sprawled out like a dark king, gripping himself, pumping hard- ...she traced her hand up her nightgown, the slide of silk against her skin nearly unbearable. She moaned into her pillow as her fingers slid between her legs, instantly slippery with the wetness pooled there...** ...Her hips arched into the touch, and she gritted her teeth, letting out a long hiss as she dragged her fingers down her aching, throbbing center. **...She slid her fingers in deep, writhing at the intrusion, unable to stop seeing Cassian's face... ...She withdrew her fingers nearly to their tips, and she plunged them back in,** it was Cassian's hand she pictured there, felt there. Cassian's other hand that rose to clasp her breast, squeezing hard, just the way she liked it, a sharp, slight edge of pain to heighten the pleasure. It was Cassian's hand she rode, biting her lip to keep her moaning contained. It was Cassian's hand that brought her over the edge and into a release so intense she nearly cried out. **It was Cassian's hand that slid into her, over and over again, release after release, until Nesta lay wrung out and panting upon the bed...**

185 **It was hard to sleep well when he'd been so aroused he'd had to pleasure himself not once but three times just to calm the hell down enough to close his eyes.** But he awoke before dawn aching for her, her scent still in his nose, and another release had barely taken the edge off.

186 And when he looked at them, she pulled her hand under the table. As if it were blazing with proof. His blood heated as he realized the blush, her embarrassment... ...Being at attention wasn't only unhelpful, but inappropriate in the training ring. It didn't make him stop picturing it: **that hand between her legs, her body as aching for release as his had been. The way she'd probably bitten her lip, just as he had, to keep from crying out. His cock grew hard, pushing at his pants to the point of pain.** Cassian shifted in his seat, trying to free up any space for himself. It only succeeded in making the hard seam rub against his cock, the friction enough to make him grit his teeth.

186-187 And if she looked at the bulge in his pants with that heat she'd had in her eyes last night, the he'd come to just picturing her, he might very well make a fool of himself. It was a risk he was willing to take. Had to take, before he laid her flat on the table and removed her clothing piece by piece.

189 She tried not to wonder if that panting was how he'd sounded last night when he'd pleased himself.

218-219 For a heartbeat, there was only the warmth of Cassian's mouth, the press of his body, the stiffness in his every trembling muscle as Nesta slanted her lips over his, rising onto her toes. ...her surged forward to kiss her back. The force of that kiss knocked them toward the wall, the stone slamming into her shoulders as all of him lined up against all of her, a hand sliding into her hair while the other gripped her hip. ...She opened her mouth, and his tongue swept in, the kiss punishing and savage. ...She moaned, unable to help herself. It seemed that sound was his undoing, for the fingers in her hair dug into her scalp, angling her head so he could better taste her, claim her. Her hands roved over his muscled chest, desperate for any skin, anything to touch as their tongues met and parted, as he licked the roof of her mouth, as he slid his tongue over her teeth. She met him stroke for stroke, and all sense of self went flying from her. She plunged her fingers into his hair, and it was as soft as she'd imagined, the strands like silk against her skin. Every hateful thought eddied from her mind. She gave herself to the distraction, welcomed it with open arms, let the kiss burn through all of it. There was only his mouth and his tongue and his teeth, licking and tasting and biting; there was only the strength of his body, pressing against hers, but not nearly close enough He slid his hands around her, grasping her ass and lifted her into the air. **She wrapped her legs around the middle, and moaned again as he pressed himself between her thighs. ...Cassian ground into her, and groaned into her mouth at the first push of his hips. She arched her back at that deep-throated sound, baring her neck to him.** He seized on it, dragging his mouth from hers. His tongue traced a line up the column of her neck, dragging heat in its wake, and reached that spot just below her ear that had her clenching, had her whimpering. He let out a laugh against her skin. "Like that?" he murmured, and licked it again. Her breasts ached, and she moved against him, seeking any contact with his chest, any bit of friction. But Cassian buried his face against her neck, teeth clamping down lightly atop her fluttering pulse. The slight hurt set her panting; the scrape of his tongue over the spot had her eyes rolling back in her head. He pulled his head from her neck, though. **And Nesta had never been laid so bare as she was while he ground his hips into her again and watched her writhe. A dark smile graced his mouth. "So responsive,"** he purred in a voice she'd never heard but knew she'd crawl to hear again. He drove his hips between hers, a lazy, thorough push of the hardness of him into the throbbing ache of her. ...to let him touch and touch and touch her, lick and suckle and fill her Cassian growled, as if he read that in her stare, and kissed her again. Their tongues tangled, their bodies pressed so tightly she could feel his heartbeat against her chest. He tasted her thoroughly, withdrew, and tasted her again. Like he was learning every place in her mouth. She had to feel his skin. **Had to feel the hardness pushing into her with her hands, her mouth, her body.** She'd go mad if she didn't, go mad if she couldn't get these clothes

off, go mad if he stopped kissing her. Nesta wedged her hand between their bodies, seeking him out. **Cassian groaned again, long and low, as her hand cupped him through the leather of his pants. The breath stole out of her. The sheer size of him. Her mouth watered. She was aching, so wet that every stitch of the seam down the center of her pants was torture.** His kiss turned deeper, wilder, and she grappled with the laces and buttons of his pants. There were so many she didn't know where to find the ones to undo them, her fingertips ripping at every loop, nearly clawing to get him free. Cassian's panting caressed her skin as he nipped at her bottom lip, her ear, her jaw. ...he captured her mouth again, moaning into her as she gave up on the laces and buttons and laid her hands flat against him. He bucked as she rubbed the heel of her palm down his length, marveling at every inch. He tore his mouth from hers. "If you keep doing that, I'll-" Nesta did it again, dragging the heel of her palm upward, toward the tip she knew pressed against his lower abdomen. **His hips arched toward her, and he tilted back his head, exposing the strong column of his throat. She learned the shape of him through his pants, and pressed her hand harder, working him. He gritted his teeth, chest heaving like a bellows, and the sight of him coming undone and her leaning forward. Had her clamping her teeth onto his neck. Just as she rubbed him again, harder and rougher. He hissed. ...his hips thrust into her hand with a strength that made her core throb to the point of pain, imagining that force, that size and heat, buried deep in her. Another punishing rub of her palm, a scrape of teeth at his neck, and Cassian erupted.** His wings tucked in tight as he came, and each spurt of his cock shuddered through his pants, echoing along her hand as she stroked and stroked him. Cassian had stilled, when he was shaking- only then did Nesta remove her face from his neck. ...A blush stained his golden cheeks, so enticing that she nearly leaned forward to lick that, too.

220 **He'd come in his pants after a few touches from Nesta,** soaking himself like was no better than he'd been in his youth. But the moment she had kissed him in the hall, he'd lost all semblance of sanity. He'd turned into something just short of an animal, licking and biting at her neck, unable to think clearly beyond the base instinct to claim. The taste of her had been like fire and steel and a winter sunrise. That had just been her mouth, her neck. **If he got his tongue between her legs...**He shifted in his seat.

220 But he'd come hard enough to see stars, and only then realized she had not. That he'd embarrassed himself, that he'd left her unsatisfied, and if it was the only taste of her he'd ever get, he'd monumentally fucked it all to hell.

244-248 He said it with such intent that her breasts pebbled. **His eyes dipped again, and when he saw her nipples hard against the silk of her nightgown...** ...Her skin tightened becoming almost painful as she went molten and throbbing between her legs. **...She looked then. Below his waist. At what strained against his pants. ..."** **"This is just sex."** ...Cassian lunged for her, a beast freed of its cage, and she barely had time to twist toward the edge of the bed before his lips were on hers, devouring and claiming. Deep purring sounds vibrated from his chest through her fingers as she clawed off his jacket, his shirt, ripping through the fabric. He tore his lips from hers only long enough to pull his shirt away, the fabric snaring on his wings before falling to the

floor. Then he was on her again, climbing onto the bed, and she spread her legs for him, letting his body fall into the cradle between her thighs. She couldn't stop her moan as he drove his hips into hers, the leather of his pants sliding against her. He plunged his tongue into her mouth, the kiss like a brand, one hand sliding up her bare thigh, tugging her nightgown with it. When he reached her hip and still had found no underwear, he hissed. Looked to where he pressed his hardness against her and realized that only the leather of his pants separated him from her wetness. She was shaking, and not from fear, as he took a trembling hand and slid her nightgown higher. Pulled it up to her navel and then stared at her, bare and gleaming, pressed against the bulge in his pants. His chest heaved, and she waited for that brutal, demanding touch, but he only leaned down and pressed a kiss to her throat. Tender, coaxing. Cassian pressed another to her shoulder, and she shivered. Shivered more as he dragged his tongue over the spot. He kissed the hollow of her throat. Licked it. He slipped the straps of her nightgown down her arms. Kissed her collarbones. With each kiss, he pulled down the neck of her nightgown further. Until his breath warmed her bare breasts. Cassian let out a sound from the back of his throat, from his gut. Like some sort of starved, tormented creature. He stared at her breasts, and she couldn't breathe under that burning gaze. Couldn't breathe as his head dipped and he wrapped his lips around her nipple. Nesta arched off the bed, a breathless sound rupturing from her. Cassian only repeated the movement on her other breast. And then raked his teeth across the sensitive peak before clamping down lightly. She moaned then, tipping her head back, thrusting her chest up toward him in silent plea. Cassian let out that dark laugh and returned to her other breast, teeth grazing, teasing, biting. She strained her hands toward him, toward where he'd gone still between her legs. She needed him now. In her hand or her body, she didn't care. But Cassian only pulled away. Pulled up, and knelt before her. Surveyed her spread beneath him, her nightgown a bunch of silk around her middle, everything else bared to him. His own feast to devour. "I owe you a debt," he said in that guttural voice that made her writhe. He watched her hips undulate, and braced his large, powerful hands on either thigh. He waited for her to signal that she understood what he intended. What she'd dreamed of for so long, in the darkest hours of the night. In a choked whisper, she said, "Yes." Cassian gave her a feral, purely male smile. And then his hands tightened on her bare thighs, spreading them wider. His head lowered, and all she could see was his dark hair... He didn't waste time with gentle touches and tastes. Parting her with one hand, he dragged his tongue clear up her center. ...He cursed against her wetness, and he reached down with his other hand to adjust himself in his pants. He licked her again, lingering at the spot atop the apex of her legs. Sucking it into his mouth, teeth nipping, before he withdrew. She arched, unable to stop the moan breaking from her throat. Cassian's tongue ran downward in an unhurried sweep, and he pressed a hand to her abdomen, stilling her, as he slid his tongue straight into her core. It curled into her, driving deeper than she'd expected, and she couldn't think, couldn't do anything but luxuriate in it, in him- "You taste," he growled against her, making his way up again toward the bundle of nerves in short, teasing licks, "even more delicious than I dreamed." Nesta whimpered, and he flicked his tongue there. Her whimper turned to a cry, and he laughed against her and flicked his tongue again. Release became a shimmering veil, just beyond grasp but drifting closer. "So wet," he breathed, and

licked at her entrance, as if determined to consume every drop of her. "Are you always this wet for me, Nesta?" She wouldn't allow him the satisfaction of the truth. But she couldn't think of a lie, not with his tongue pumping in and out of her, coaxing her toward but still denying her the pressure and relentless pounding she so badly needed. Cassian snickered, as if he knew the answer anyway. He licked her, his silken hair brushing over her belly, and looked up to meet her gaze. As their eyes locked, he slid a finger into her. She cried out, and he trailed a hand from her thigh to hold her open again as he licked at that spot while his finger pumped in and out of her in a teasingly slow rhythm. More- she wanted more. She undulated her hips against him, hard enough to drive his finger deeper. "Greedy," he murmured onto her, and withdrew his finger nearly to its tip. Only to add a second finger as he plunged it back in. Nesta let go entirely then. Let go of sanity and any pride as he filled her with those two fingers. He sucked and nibbled and release gathered around her like an iridescent mist. Cassian growled again, given over to whatever need drove him, and the reverberations of the sound echoed into places of her that had never been touched. In and out his fingers slid, stretching and filling, all while he tasted and savored. Nesta rode his hand, his face, grinding into him with abandon. "Holy gods." Cassian's teeth grazed against her. "Nesta." The sound of her name on his lips against her most sensitive place sent her mind scattering into eternity. She bowed off the bed with the force of her climax, and he became ravenous, fingers pumping and pumping, tongue and lips moving against her, like he'd devour her pleasure whole. He didn't stop until she'd collapsed against the mattress, until she was limp and reeling... The slide of his fingers out of her left her empty and aching, the removal of his tongue and mouth from between her legs like a cold kiss. Cassian was panting, still hard as he rose up and stared at her. She couldn't move... No one had ever done that to her. ...It knocked the breath from her, the thoroughness of her pleasure. Like the world could be remade in the force of what had erupted from her. ...Nesta reached for the cock she was dying to feel, to taste, but he backed off the bed.

249-250 Watching Nesta climax had been as close to a religious experience as Cassian had ever had. ...and only pure will and pride had kept him from spilling in his pants again. Only pure will and pride had made him back off the bed when she'd reached for him. Only pure will and pride had made him leave the room, when all he'd wanted was to plunge his cock into that sweet, tight warmth and ride her until they were both screaming. He couldn't get her perfect taste out of his mouth. Not as he washed for bed. Not as he pumped himself dry, soaking his sheets. ...Couldn't stop feeling the clamp of her around his fingers, like a burning, silken fist. He'd washed his hands a dozen times by the time he faced Nesta in the training ring, and he could still smell her there, could still feel her, taste her. ...Nesta might have felt good on his fingers, on his tongue, but it would be nothing compared to how she'd feel on his cock. She been tight enough that he knew it'd be paradise and madness- his undoing. And she'd been so drenched for him that he knew he'd do deplorable things to be allowed to taste that wetness again.

...And maybe it was the fact that it had been two years since he'd had any sort of sex, but he couldn't remember the last time he'd been so ridden by his own base need.

... Nesta crossed her arms, face so neutral he wondered for moment if he'd dreamed some wild fantasy last night of his head between her legs.

...filthy thoughts had poured in, leaving her half-distracted while she'd walked to the library. The thought of Cassian pumping into her mouth while Azriel pounded into her from behind, the two of them working her in tandem

... Nesta blocked out **the memory of his head between her thighs, his tongue at her entrance, sliding into her.**

288 So Nesta braced her hands on the arms of his chair as she brushed a kiss to his neck. Cassian's breath caught. But she pressed another kiss to the soft, warm skin of his neck, just beneath his ear. Another, lower now, closer to the collar of his dark shirt. He trembled, and she kissed the hard knot in the center of his throat. Licked it. Cassian shifted in his chair, groaning softly. His hand rose to clasp her hip, as if he'd push her away, but she removed him. "Let me," she said against his neck. "Please." He swallowed, and that hard knot moved against her mouth. But he didn't stop her, and so Nesta kissed him again, moving to the other side of his neck. Reaching that spot just beneath his ear as she laid a hand on his chest and felt his heartbeat hammering in her palm. She didn't kiss his mouth. She didn't want that distraction. Not as she slid between him and the table and dropped to her knees. His eyes went wide. "Nesta." She reached for the top of his pants, the bulge already pressing through. "Please," she said again, and met his stare. From where she knelt between Cassian's legs, he towered over her, but the edge in his eyes softened almost imperceptibly before he nodded. He reached to help her with the buttons and stays, but she slightly laid a hand atop his. Her fingers were steady, sure, as she unfastened his pants. Her head wholly clear. **The muscles in his thighs shifted against her as she pulled him free and nearly gasped. His cock was enormous. Beautiful, and hard, and absolutely enormous.** Her mouth dried out, every plan she'd had requiring sudden reassessment. **There was no way he'd fit entirely in her mouth. Perhaps no way he'd even fit in her body. But she sure as hell wanted to try.** Her fingers shook a little as she stroked them down the thick, long shaft. The skin was so soft- softer than silk or velvet. And he was hard as steel beneath. He shuddered, and she lifted her eyes to find his gaze fixed on her hand. "How do you like it?" she asked, her voice breathy as hot need washed through her. She wrapped her hand around his cock- her fingers barely able to reach around him completely. "Gentle?" She made a feather-soft pass over him, squeezing lightly. Cassian shook his head, as if beyond words. She stroked him again, slightly harder, "Like this?" His chest heaved, his teeth shining as he gritted them. But he shook his head. Nesta smiled, and when she pumped him a third time, she squeezed hard, letting her nails graze the sensitive underside of his shaft. His hips arched off the chair, and she pinned a hand to them. "I see," she murmured, and did it again. Harder still, twisting her fist as she reached the round head. He tried to arch into her hand, but she pinned him again with that other hand. "And this?" she purred, head lowering. "Do you like this?" Nesta licked across his broad head, tongue sliding into the small slit across its tip. She licked up the

small bead of moisture already gathered there. **Everything in her body turned molten; a surge of wetness slicked between her thighs as the taste of him filled her mouth, salt and something more, something vital.** "Oh, gods," Cassian panted. And the words, the groan they were borne on, were so delicious that Nesta sucked his tip into her mouth and grazed her tongue along its underside. He leaned his head back against the chair, hissing. She licked up his shaft in one long motion. Rubbed her thighs together as she tasted him, felt all that hot, proud steel against her mouth. She licked down the other side, coating him, making it easier for herself as she put her mouth around him again and slid him between her lips. He filled her almost immediately, and she glanced down to discover there was enough of him still exposed that she needed to add her hand. "Nesta," **he pleaded, and she made another pass at him, pulling him out nearly all the way before swallowing him again, letting her throat relax, desperate for as much of him in her mouth as could fit.** Cassian's hand speared into her hair, gripping, and she realized he was holding himself back. Didn't want to ram himself into her, hurt her, displease her. And that wouldn't do. Not at all. She wanted him undone, wanted him grabbing her head and fucking her mouth as hard as he wished. So when Nesta took him into her mouth again, hand working in unison, she dragged her teeth. Lightly enough to hurt- just a bit. Cassian bucked, and she let him, **swallowing him down greedily, squeezing him with her hand enough to tell him she wanted this, wanted him to let himself go. She withdrew her lips to the tip of him, rolling her tongue around him,** and gazed at him from under her lashes. His eyes were on her, wide and glazed with lust. And when Cassian met her stare, beheld her looking up at him- He unleashed himself.

290 -293 He couldn't take it. It was torture, a special kind of torture, to have Nesta kneeling before him with his cock in her mouth and hand and not be able to roar with pleasure. **But then she stared at him through her lashes, and the sight of her with his cock between her lips snapped something.** ...Cassian slid his other hand into her hair, fingers twining into her braided coronet, and he thrust up into her mouth. **She took him deep, and moaned so loudly it reverberated along his cock and straight into his balls.** They tightened further, and release gathered in his spine, a scorching knot that had him arcing into her mouth again. He was utterly at her mercy. Nesta moaned once more, a soft encouragement, and Cassian needed nothing else. **Gripping her hair, her scalp, holding her in place, he thrust his hips. She met him with each stroke, mouth and hand working in unison, until the slick heat of her, the teeth that sometimes grazed him, teased him, the tightness of her fist they were unbearable, we all he cared about. Cassian fucked her mouth, and her moaning had him deciding he'd fuck the rest of her too. Strip those pants off her and drive into her so hard she's screaming his name to the ceiling.** He made to pull out, but Nesta refused to move. He growled, his fingers clamping on her head to still her. "I want to be inside you," he managed to say, his voice like gravel. But Nesta looked up at him again from under her lashes, and he watched his length disappear into her mouth. His tip bumped against the back of her throat. Oh, gods. He clenched his teeth. **"I want to finish inside you." Nesta only huffed a laugh, and sucked him down so deep that he couldn't stop it. Couldn't stop the release as he slid her other hand into his pants and cupped his balls, squeezing softly.** Cassian came with a roar that shook the glasses on the table, arcing up into

her as he spilled himself down her throat. She weathered it, weathered him, and when he'd stopped shuddering, she smoothly, gracefully, slid her mouth off him. **Nesta held his stare while she swallowed. Swallowed down every ounce of what he'd spilled into her mouth. ...Cassian panted, not caring that his cock was still out, slick and leaking, only that she was mere inches away and he was going to return this particular favor she'd given him.** Nesta rose to her feet, eyes flicking to his cock. The heat in her gaze threatened to burn him... **"Take off your pants," he growled. ...He'd fuck her on this table. Right now. He didn't care about anything else... He needed to be inside her, to feel that hot tightness around him** and claim her as she had claimed him. Nesta's fingers slid to the buttons and lace of her pants, and he shook as he watched them free the top button Steps scuffed down the hall. A warning. From someone who knew how to remain silent. Cassian stiffened, then shoved his aching cock into his pants.

293...Az took a bite. **"You let her suck your cock in the middle of the dining room.** At a table I'm currently using to eat my dinner..."

295...The taste of him lingered in her mouth, as if he'd branded himself onto her tongue. She'd lain awake in bed last night thinking of every stroke, every sound he'd made, still feeling the press of his fingers into her head as he'd thrust into her mouth. **The memory alone had made her slide a hand between her legs, and she'd needed to find release twice before her body calmed enough to sleep.**

...And pity. Fuck, if she'd sucked him because she pitied him

...He nodded to the table between them, the floor where she'd knelt between his legs. "I didn't hurt you, did I?" ... "No, you didn't hurt me." She reached across the table, tracing a finger down his arm before meeting his eyes. "I loved it when you fucked my mouth, Cassian>" ... "Do you want to fuck me on this table?" she asked softly, running a hand over the smooth surface. ... "Yes," he said, voice guttural. "On this table, on this chair, on every surface in the House." "I don't think the House would appreciate such filthy behavior. Even if it's a romance reader as well." ...She leaned in to press a kiss against his torn mouth. ...Desire had fogged his eyes, and she knew if she looked down, she'd see the evidence of how affected he was. But she wouldn't give herself that temptation. He'd be her reward... "When you're healed and looking pretty again," she said, pulling away, "then I'll let you fuck me wherever you please in this House."

... "Let go of the stones and bones, and then you and I can play," Cassian said, letting her sense his heat and need, forcing himself to remember that taunting kiss at dinner and her promise to let him fuck her wherever he wished in the House; what it had done to him, how much he'd ached. He let it all blaze in his eyes, let the scent of his arousal wrap around her. Everyone tensed as he leaned in, head dipping, and kissed her. ...Nipped at her bottom lip until he felt it drop a fraction. He slid his tongue into that opening, and found the inside of her mouth, usually so soft and warm, crusted with hoarfrost. ...So Cassian sent his heat into it, fusing their mouths together, his free hand bracing her hip as his Siphons nipped at her hand once more. Her mouth

opened wider, and he slid his tongue over every inch- over her frozen teeth, over the roof of her mouth. Warming, softening, freezing. Her tongue lifted to meet his in a single stroke that cracked the ice in her mouth. He slanted his mouth over her, tugging her against his chest, and tasted her as he'd wanted to taste her the other night, deep and thorough and claiming. Her tongue again brushed against his, and then her body was warming, and Cassian pulled back enough to say against her lips, "Let go, Nesta." He drove his mouth into hers again, daring her to unleash that cold fire upon him.

384-393-... Nesta stood, water sluicing off her, her hair plastering to her breasts and doing nothing to hide her peaked nipples beneath. ...With each uneven lift, she began to throb between her legs, as if her body answered his own. Yes, her body seemed to say. This- him. ...If he wouldn't climb into the bath, then she'd have to go to him. ...Another step upward had her sex bared to him. ...Cassian lifted his focus to her face as she walked to him, water dripping off her body. "You want to do this?" he breathed. "Yes." She stopped a foot away, her wet hair draped along her torso, and stared up into his face. ... "Just sex." ... "Right. Just sex." ... "Then I'll take whatever you offer me." He leaned in, his body still not touching hers, and said against her ear, "And I'll take you however you wish me to." Her toes curled on the stones, her hair dripping. "And if I wish to take you?" He smiled against her ear. "Then I'll beg you to ride me into oblivion." She went molten...she knew he could scent the wetness building between her thighs. Cassian gently pulled her wet hair from her breasts. **Her breathing came in sharp pants as he traced the tip of a finger around her nipple. Then did it again. ...that one finger, circling her nipple, her entire body throbbing with need. Cassian flicked her nipple, a hard, sharp bite that made her whimper. ... "Do what you want." He circled her nipple again, a predator playing with his dinner.** "That doesn't sound very exciting, do what you want." He clamped her nipple between his thumb and forefinger, the demand in it enough that she looked up at his face. ... **"The way you sometimes look at me makes me think such filthy things, Nesta." "Do them. Do all of them."** He pinched her nipple just short of drawing pain, and she arched into the touch, a silent plea for more, for him to unleash himself. "We don't have time in one night for all the things I want to do to you, with you. Every place I want to touch and fill you." She rubbed her thighs together, desperate for any friction. "Then do your best." Cassian laughed darkly, but his other hand came up to her untouched breast, circling as well. She watched his light brown fingers play against her pale skin, watched him touch her like he wanted to map every inch of her body and had all the time in the world to do it. Below his waist, she could just make out his hardness. **"Do you want to suck me again?"** he whispered against her ear. "Do you want me down your throat again?" Nesta let out a confirming whimper. "Did you still taste me days later?" ...His fingers clamped on her nipples, drawing just enough pain that she went wholly wet. "Did you?" "Yes. I tasted you for days." The words tumbled out, and with them, clarity and hunger sharpened her focus. Ripped her from that needy daze. **"I've thought about your cock in my mouth every night since, while I had my hand between my legs."** He growled, and she skimmed a hand against his hardness, squeezing. She lifted her head and met his darkened stare, baring her teeth. "I thought about your head between my legs, too," she said..."and how your tongue slid into me." She squeezed him again. Cassian groaned, and his thumbs caressed

her too-sensitive nipples. Nesta put her other hand on his chest, backing him toward the bed, and he went willingly, letting her set the pace, the location. "I promised that you could fuck me wherever you wanted in the House," she said, her voice a deep, rolling purr that she barely recognized. The backs of his thighs hit the bed, and he halted her, one hand dropping to her waist to steady him. "But this isn't the House." His breathing rasped around them as she smiled up at his drawn taut feature. **"So I think that means we'll fuck wherever I want." Cassian grinned, and the hand at her waist swept down to cup her bare ass. He squeezed one cheek. "As long as I still get to fuck you in the House."** ...His hand drifted further south, between her legs, feeling her from behind. His fingers brushed against the wetness pooled there, and he swore, drawing his hand back, holding it between them. Her wetness gleamed on his two fingers, and his eyes glittered with predatory intent as he lifted them to his mouth and licked them, one by one. Her body ached, clamping around emptiness, desperate for something to fill it. For him to fill it. She stroked her fingers down the length of his cock, still trapped within his pants. And as she made a second pass, he slanted his mouth over hers. ...She bit his lower lip. And then he was grabbing her to him, crushing their bodies together, both hands now gripping her ass as he pressed her against his length. Their open mouths clashed and met, and she tasted herself on his tongue, her fingers grappling in his silken hair, dragging against his scalp. Cassian twisted, flipping them, and then she was lying flat against the mattress as he stood before her. He tore his mouth away as he propped her legs on the bed, folding them at the knees. As he tugged her to the mattress's edge, so that her sex was on display for him. He knelt, wings rising above him, and dragged his tongue clean up her center. Nesta moaned at the same moment he did, and he let her writhe, as if he knew it'd torment her more to undulate, but to have nothing to fill her, not until he wished it. **He gave her another savoring lick, lingering at the apex of her thighs, sucking the bundle of nerves into his mouth, nipping with his teeth, before he began again. Again. Again. He was devouring her, melting her body like a piece of chocolate on his tongue. She couldn't endure it, and she clasped her own breast, desperate for more touch, more sensation. He looked up from between her legs and marked her hand kneading her breast. Marked it and smiled... ..."****"Do you like seeing me kneel before you?" he asked, the words rumbling into her very core. He dipped his tongue into her. "You taste like you do."** Nesta arched, thrusting herself further onto his tongue, but Cassian only laughed against her and denied her what she wished. He gave her another slow, slow lick from base to top, and as she reached that bundle of nerves, he slid two fingers into her. Two, not one, because he seemed to know she was already waiting for him, that she wanted him unbound and rough and wild. She bowed off the bed, and he thrust his fingers in again..."How do you want it?" He pumped his hand into her again, wringing out her reply. "Hard," she gasped. "Thank the Mother," he swore, and she heard metal clicking and leather whispering, and then his tongue caressed her again, past that bundle of nerves, up her stomach, to her breasts, until he was over her. Cassian moved her further onto the bed. She didn't care that her legs fell open for him, only cared that he was now naked, and all that rippling muscle and golden skin gleamed above her. He lowered himself to the cradle of her thighs... ...She framed his face in her hands and kissed him savagely, her tongue scraping over his teeth as she ground their mouths together. The broad tip of his cock nudged at her entrance, slipping in the slickness there, and he reached

down to guide himself in. At Cassian's first prod into her body, fire erupted within her. She panted into his mouth, nipping at his bottom lip as he eased himself in. Just an inch. He halted. He was large enough that the stretching was edged in sweetest pain large enough that she wondered if she'd be able to fit all of him. He trembled, holding himself barely inside her, as if her were now wondering the same. His hesitation, his care, melted some ice-cold shard within her. ...Nesta gripped his ass, muscles flexing beneath her fingertips, and hauled him into her. Only another inch. Only another inch, because Cassian braced his arms against the bed, hips pulling against her hold. "I'll hurt you." "I don't care." She ran her tongue over his jaw. "I do," he ground out, body straining as she attempted to pull him into her. "Nesta." Her fingers dug in again, her very blood and bones crying out for more of him, but he refused to move. "Nesta. Look at me." Fighting the roaring of her body, she obeyed. Heat blazed in his eyes, and something more than that. ...His hips flexed, and he slid in another inch- then retreated nearly to her edge. Their breathing synced, and Nesta still beneath him, a feeling of utter calm, utter fullness spreading through her as his hips moved again, and he pushed back in, a little farther this time. Cassian held her gaze through each small thrust, each retreat. He stretched her, filling her inch by inch, and Nesta knew he'd been right to go slow for this first joining. Retreating and advancing, Cassian filled her. ...He pulled outward again, the movement long enough this time that she knew he was nearly all the way in. He halted, his cock barely inside her... ...Cassian leaned down to kiss her. And as his tongue slid into her mouth, he thrust home in a mighty, final push. Nesta moaned as he slammed to the hilt, and the full impact of him hit her, stretched her, and she couldn't breathe fast enough. Cassian withdrew again, and slammed back into her, propelling their bodies farther onto the bed. He groaned this time, and the sound was her undoing. She wrapped her legs around his back...and lifted her hips to meet his. He sank even deeper, and she dug her nails into his shoulders. Gods- nothing had ever felt so good, so full, so burning with pleasure. Nothing had ever felt like this, nothing. Cassian set the pace, smooth and deep, and for a moment, it was all Nesta could do to match him stroke for stroke. **For a moment, she looked between their bodies to where his cock plunged into her, so thick and long and gleaming with her that she tightened around him,** her release already building. He felt her inner muscles squeeze him harder and growled, "Fuck, Nesta." And she liked seeing him undone enough that she did it again, clenching on him just as he seated himself fully. He arched into it, fingers digging into the bed. "Fuck," he repeated. ... "I want you deeper." Cassian panted, eyes wild, as she crawled out of his arms. As she turned onto her stomach and lifted her backside for him, offering herself. He made a low sound of need. She arched her hips higher, inviting him to take, to feast. ...He was on her in an instant, lifting her hip higher as he sheathed himself in a single thrust. Nesta screamed then, a sound of such pleasure she knew it echoed off the mountain, feeling him hit the deepest spot of her. Cassian pounded into her, a hand moving her hip to her hair, tugging her head back, baring her throat. She gave herself over to it, to him, and the lack of control was heady, so pleasurable that she could barely stand it. He thrust harder, so deep with this angle that she might have been screaming again, might have been sobbing. **His other hand drifted between her legs, his cock pounding into her, her hair gripped like reins in one hand, her pleasure in his other. She was utterly at his mercy, and he knew it- he was snarling with desire, slamming home so hard his balls slapped against her. The silken**

touch had her erupting. Her climax crashed upon her, out of her, her inner muscles clenching him tight. Cassian roared, the sound echoing through the room, and he became utterly wild as release found him and he spilled into her with such force that his seed ran down her thighs. And then his weight fell upon her back, and only nan arm that he threw out to brace them kept them from collapsing. ...Cassian lay buried in her, and it felt so good, so right, that she wanted him always this deep in her, his seed spilling down her legs, forever. ...**"I've made a mess of you."** She buried her face in the blanket. **"I like it."** Cassian went still, but he gently extracted himself from her in a long, long pull. He dragged his seed with him, and another rush of it trickled down her thighs, dripping on the blanket, as he pulled out fully. ...**She felt him kneeling behind her, staring at the ass she still held upward, the view it presented.** "I shouldn't enjoy seeing that so much," he growled. Her breasts tightened. But she asked coyly, "Seeing what?" "You. Covered in me. That beautiful sex of your." ...Nesta twisted, her legs and core drenched in his essence and hers... ...**"Just sex, right?"** ...**"Right."** ...**"Thanks for the ride, Nes."** He winked and he was gone. She stared at the door, puzzling over his exit, so swift that his seed still leaked out of her. ...She had proof of his enjoyment between her legs, but males could find their pleasure and still not deem it good.

399... Something to do with her only wanting sex, something to do with the sex being the best damn sex he'd ever had, and how it had left him in veritable pieces.

401... Every thought of sex, of how good it had felt, eddied from her head as she lifted the blade before her.

... He hadn't sought her out last night... ...The sex had been that good...

433-440... "How could I be so selfish- to demand more sex from you when you're so invested in training?" ...**"I enjoyed myself too much. I've thought about it for days and days."** ...He loved this...seeing how he affected her. "Have you been touching yourself at night, thinking about it like I do?" ...**"Have those sweet little fingers felt as good as mine?"** ...He nipped at her earlobe, drawing a gasp from her. **"Well?"** "I don't know," she whispered. **"I'd have to see again."** "Hmm." Cassian lowered his mouth, pressing a kiss beneath her ear. His cock hardened, already aching against his pants, **"Shall we do a little side-by-side comparison?"** She whimpered, and he crawled onto the bed, straddling her legs. His blood pounded through every inch of him, in time to the pulse in his cock, and he pulled away from her neck to find her eyes bright with desire. ...Her nightgown was rucked up her thighs, and he ran a hand over one of them, thumb stroking the sleek muscles building there. **"Why don't you show me how you touch yourself, Nesta? And then I'll remind you how I touch you."** ...**"You can tell me what feels better."** Her chest heaved, her pebbled breasts peeked through the nightgown. His mouth watered, body trembling with the restraint needed to keep from putting his mouth over them. She seemed to read every line of his body, his desire. Her eyes glinted with molten fire. **"While I...touch myself, you are forbidden to touch me."** ...**"And forbidden to touch yourself."** His skin heated, stretching too tight over his bones. **"All right."** Cassian waiting for her to nestle into the

pillows, but she grabbed the hem of her nightgown to pull over herself, bunching it into a ball before chucking it to the floor. Every thought eddied from his mind as **she half-reclined there, utterly naked, those beautiful breasts peaked and waiting for him, her silken flesh near-glowing. And between her legs...She drew her knees up slightly, spreading them. Baring herself. Her pink sex gleamed- its heady, seductive scent beckoning. He needed to taste it, to feel her on his tongue, on his cock-** "No touching," Nesta purred, because his hand had been drifting toward his cock, desperate for any sort of relief from the sight of her open and bare, the faelights gilding her. His breath rasped in his throat- and then vanished entirely as Nesta slid two delicate fingers down her body. They stopped atop that bundle of nerves, circling slowly. ...she watched him observe her as she made another circle, and then moved lower. A slow torturous slide down her center before her wrist curved, and she dipped her fingers into herself. Cassian groaned, hips bucking a bit where he knelt... ...He stilled, unable to think about anything other than her two fingers as she slid them into herself again, and moaned. They emerged shining with her wetness, and he might have been panting as she plunged them into herself a third time, deep and slow. "This," she breathed, her fingers beginning to slow, steady pump, "is what I do when I think of you every night." If she so much as touched him, he'd come. But he growled, "Do it harder." She shivered as if his words were a physical touch, and obeyed. They both groaned this time, and he found himself saying, "Please." He didn't know what it meant- only that he needed to touch her. Nesta smiled at him with feline amusement. "Not yet." She drove her hand between her legs again. "I imagine you taking me, over and over again. Rough, like we did before." ... "I imagine you less patient than you were the first time, just thrusting into me, all the way." She echoed her words with a swift plunge of her fingers. "I don't want to hurt you," he got out, praying to the Mother and the Cauldron to maintain his sanity. "You won't hurt **me.**" **Her other hand teased that bundle of nerves. "I want you unleashed."** Cassian made a low noise of need. ... "Do you want to watch me come? Or do you want to taste it?" "Taste." He'd beg on hot coals for one lick of her. She spread her legs wider. "Then have at me, Cassian." ...He gripped her thighs and spread them wide, and then his mouth was on her, licking her from base to apex in a long, luxurious slide. She moaned, louder than the first time, and he only grabbed her legs again, hooking them over his shoulders as he buried his face against her. ...He feasted with tongue and lips and teeth, and every taste of her made the roaring in his blood rise like a mighty wave within him. Nesta ground against him, toes tickling his wings so much he had to pause for a moment to keep from coming at that mere touch. He'd teach her wingplay later. Because he wanted her to touch his wings, to learn where to stroke while he fucked her so that he'd come hard enough to see stars, to learn what places to stroke even while he wasn't fucking her so he'd come in her hand, her mouth. He slid his tongue into her core, release already building under his skin, in his spine. ...The sight of her on the pillows, naked and open for him, nearly made him come. But he removed his shirt. His pants. Only when he was naked, kneeling between her legs, his cock jutting forward, did he say, "Do you want my fingers, my tongue, or my cock, Nesta?" He fisted the last item for her, pumping himself in a slow, nearly painful squeeze. She watched, eyes widening, as if remembering the size of him inside her. "What of a side-by-side comparison?" She managed to say...as he pumped himself again, savoring how it made her breath catch. "Whatever you want. Whatever you need from

me." ...But she only looked at his cock. "I want that. Now." He muttered a prayer of thanks to the Mother and lay over her, bracing himself on his arms. "Put me inside you." When Nesta's hand wrapped around him, he arched, gritting his teeth. She smiled at that, and pumped him as hard as he'd pumped himself, just this side of pain. Then she fitted him to her drenched entrance. He didn't wait this time. Didn't go tenderly, not when she told him she wanted it otherwise. Cassian plunged into her, driving to the hilt. Nesta let out a sound somewhere between a moan and a scream, and he found himself echoing it all as her silken, blazing heat gripped him. She was so perfectly, mind-meltingly tight. As if she'd been made for him, and he'd been made for her. Cassian drew out in a long slide, and thrust back, seating himself fully. Her fingernails dug into his shoulders, the pain of it secondary, the pain of it a pleasure as she marked him. He withdrew again, lowering his head to watch his cock slide out of her, gleaming with her wetness- and then enter her anew. Every inch into that tight, blazing core of her was paradise and torment, and he needed more, needed to be deeper, needed to crawl so far inside her that there would be no disentangling them. Her nails sliced through his skin, and the tang of his blood filled the air. He just leaned down to kiss her. She parted for him instantly, and he let her taste herself on his tongue, moving his own in time to his thrusts. Nesta wrapped her lips around his tongue and sucked on it as she had his cock, and any sane thought faded away. Gathering her to him, Cassian knelt, her legs locking around his waist as he thrust up and up and up into her. She tipped her head back, baring her throat, and he bit down on the center of it, hard enough to leave a mark. Nesta moved on his cock, and he drove deeper into her. Scraped his teeth over her neck. She let go of his shoulder to cup her breast, and he nearly climaxed as he found her lifting it up toward him in a silent command. Cassia licked her nipple, and she ground onto him, those delicate inner muscles clenching tight. "Fuck," he said around her breast. She laughed breathily and did it again. **Then there was only his tongue and teeth at her breast, the near-savage pounding of his cock into her tight warmth, the rhythm of her hips as she met him for each stroke, as if trying to work him even deeper.** He dragged his mouth from her breast to bite her neck, her shoulder, sealing their bodies together, fusing them into one being as he thrust deeper still, harder still. And then her fingers around his wings. ...Release barreled into him, and he rammed up into her in such a mighty thrust that she screamed, climaxing with him. She clamped around him, pulsing and milking, and he bucked, frenzied, reduced to this need to be in her, to spill into her, to spill as much of him as he could. Nesta rode him until he'd stopped spurting, until her pleasure had her draped over his chest, an arm still outstretched toward his wing. They clung to each other...to remember what the fuck his name was and where they were. ...Wrapped around Cassian where he knelt in the center of the bed, his hands still digging into her ass to hold her in place, his cock buried deeply inside her, she didn't want to move. ...He was trembling, his wing twitching as his cock at last finished spending itself. ...feeling his seed inside her, leaking out of her. And the fact that she did had her climbing away at last, moaning softly as she slid off his cock. She knelt before him, nearly knee to knee. "I still need more." Cassian's head lifted..."I know." ...She needed him back inside her, needed his weight, his mouth and teeth on her. ...And then, to her shock and delight, Cassian hardened before her eyes. "Do you see what you do to me?" he asked. "Do you see what happens every time I look at you, all fucking day?" ... "I vaguely recall you boasting weeks ago that I would be

the one to crawl into your bed. It seems like you did the crawling." ...**"Get on your hands and knees," he ordered, his voice so low she could barely understand him. But her blood heated, and an ache that had nothing to do with how hard he'd just taken her began to build between her legs once more. So Nesta did as he bade, baring herself, still wet and gleaming with both of their releases. He snarled with satisfaction.** "Beautiful." She whimpered a bit- because beneath the praise, pure lust simmered. He growled "Put your hands on the headboard." ...Cassian rose behind her, gripping her hips. He knocked a knee against each of her own, spreading her legs wider. Callused fingertips brushed down the length of her spine... ...He leaned to whisper in her ear, "Hold on tight."

441... Sleep had been elusive as he'd thought of what they'd done, what he'd done to her. The second time had been even rougher than the first, and she'd taken everything he'd thrown at her, met his demanding pace and depth, and had held that headboard until her body collapsed with pleasure. Gods, sex with Nesta was like...

463... Nesta endured all of a minute until she'd needed to touch him, and had pivoted, **letting him continue devouring her while she'd stretched down his body and taken him into her mouth. She'd never done that- feasted and been feasted upon- and he'd come on her tongue just before she'd come on his.** They'd waited only a short time, panting in silence on her bed, before she climbed over him, stroking him with her hand, then her mouth, and when he was ready, she'd sunk onto him, taking in each marvelous, thick inch. With him stretching and filling her so deliciously, she'd climaxed swiftly. He'd chased her pleasure with his own, gripping her hips and bucking into her, hitting that perfect spot and sending her climaxing again. She'd been slightly, pleasantly sore this morning, and he'd winked at her across the breakfast table, as if aware of how tender certain areas were while sitting.

516-518... They only made it as far as his desk against the wall before **she'd grabbed him right as he'd pushed her down onto the wooden surface and stripped off her pants. Bent over the desk, her bottom half entirely exposed, Nesta ground her aching nipples into the wood surface, savoring the brutal crush.** Her jacket, her shirt, her boots- all stayed on. In fact, her pants were only pushed down to her ankles, restricting her movement further. Leaving her utterly at his mercy. And his cock at last sank deep into her, the two of them groaned. He stood behind her, on hand braced on the desk, the other clenching her hip as he pulled out nearly to the tip, then pushed back in slowly. Nesta writhed. "I could fuck you for days," he said against her sweaty neck. She moaned into a pile of papers. "I'm fucking soaked with you," he growled, and the hand at her hip slid around to tease the apex of her thighs. At the first taunting stroke, she breathed, "Cassian." **He pounded into her at a steady, deep pace. The liquid slide of his cock into her sounded obscenely through his otherwise silent bedroom. His balls brushed against her, tickling her with each powerful thrust. "Harder."** She wanted him imprinted on her very bones. "Harder." "Fuck," he exploded on a breath, and pulled back from where he'd braced himself. "Hold on to the desk," he ordered, and Nesta stretched to grip the edges just as his hands landed on her hips. His thighs pushed into her own, spreading her further- as wide as she

could go- and he gave no warning before his hands tightened and he unleashed himself. Exquisite, punishing thrusts slammed so deep he hit her innermost wall, and her eyes rolled back into her head at the sheer bliss of it. He became savage, unrelenting. She might have been sobbing at the pleasure, the sheer size of him, so large there would never be any getting used to it. Every unrelenting push had her inching against the desk, the wood and papers teasing her breasts, and she nearly wept at that, too. Cassian's fingers dug into her hips so hard Nesta knew she'd bruise, loved that she'd bruise. He shifted his stance, and his cock plunged even deeper, rubbing against that spot, and the sounds that came from her weren't human or Fae, but something far more primal. "Fuck, yes," he snarled at her abandon. "That's it, Nesta." He accentuated each word with a savage thrust. "Do I feel good to you?" She whimpered her confirmation, then managed to say, **"I like it when you ride me hard. Every time I move and my body is sore..."** She had to fight for words. For control. **"I think of you. Of your cock."** "Good. I want my cock to be the only thing you think about." His pace faltered as he licked the column of her neck. She could hear the taunting smile in his words as he whispered, "Because your pretty little cunt is the only thing I think about." At the words, his foul language, her toes curled. But she wouldn't let him win this one, not when this had somehow become a competition for who could make the other come first, so she whispered, "I love being so covered in your seed that it leaks out of me for ages afterward. I love feeling it slide down my thighs and knowing you left your mark in me." "Fuck," he blew out, his pounding wild now, so unchecked only her hold on the desk kept her feet on the ground. "Fuck!" Cassian came with a roar, and at the first pulse of his cock spurting deep into her, she climaxed, screaming loud enough that he clamped a hand over her mouth. She bit down on his fingers, and he kept moving in her spilling himself over and over. Until his seed was again running down her thighs, until he slid his fingers through a stream of it and brought it up to that spot at the apex of her sex. "You have no idea what you just started," he whispered in her ear, smearing his wetness there, rubbing into her sensitive flesh with idle circles. Nesta didn't reply as his fingers flicked against her, and she came again.

... She took Cassian to her bed every night and sometimes during the day, though they never slept in each other's rooms. Not once. **They fucked, they savaged each other, and then they parted.**

... The vision shifted, and they writhed on a great black bed, the golden skin of Lanthy's back shining as he moved inside her. Such pleasure- she had never known such pleasure with anyone. Only he could fuck her like this, driving so deep, her body warm and supple and wet for him, and soon, soon his seed would take root in her womb and the child she would bear him would rule entire universes- ...Her body was not his to touch, to fill with life. And she had known pleasure richer than what he'd shown her. 747 Even with Cassian fucking her on every surface of the House, sometimes until the early hours of the morning, the exhaustion, the purple bruises under her eyes, had vanished. She told herself it didn't matter that he never stayed in her bed afterward to hold her. **...Even if he feasted on her each night as if he were starving. Gripped her thighs in his powerful hands and licked and suckled at her until she writhed. Sometimes she straddled his face, hands clenching the headboard, and rode his tongue until she came on**

it. Sometimes it was her tongue on him, around him, and she swallowed down every drop he spilled into her mouth. Sometimes he spilled on her chest, her stomach, her back, and she came at the first splash of him on her skin.

608-611... The kiss was punishing and exalting thorough and frenzied, a claiming and a yielding. She had no words for it. She flung her arms around him, pressing as close as she could get, meeting his tongue stroke for stroke. He growled and nudged her back toward the bed, his mouth devouring and tasting and saying everything she couldn't yet voice, but one day, maybe soon, she could. For him, she'd fight to find the courage to say it. The backs of her legs hit the mattress, and he broke their kiss to attend to their clothes. She expected tearing and rending. But he gently removed her dress, fingers trembling as they unhooked each button down the back of her gown. Her own trembled as he removed his shirt. Then they were naked, and staring at each other again with those unspoken words in their eyes, and she let him lay her upon the bed. Let him climb atop her. There was nothing rough or wild about what followed. **She didn't want his head between her legs. Didn't even want his fingers. When he slid one down the center of her, she let him feel that she was ready and then took his hand, interlacing their fingers as her other wrapped around his cock and guided him toward her. He nudged her entrance, and then halted.** ...And then Cassian kissed her deeply as he slid home. She gasped. Not at the fullness of having him inside her- but at the fullness of having him inside her- but at that thing in her chest. The thing that thundered and beat wildly as he looked at her again, slid out nearly to the tip, and thrust back in. On that second thrust, the thing in her chest- her heart... On that second thrust, it yielded entirely to him. On his third, he kissed her again. On the fourth, Nesta twined her arms around his head and neck and held him there as she kissed and kissed and kissed him. On the fifth... Cassian pulled away, as if sensing it, and his eyes flared as they met her own. But he kept moving in her, making love to her thoroughly, unhurriedly. So Nesta let all that lay beyond those iron walls unspool toward him. Thread after thread of pure golden light flowed into him, and he met with his own. Where those threads wove together, life glowed like starfire, and she had never seen anything more beautiful, felt anything more beautiful. She was crying, and she didn't know why- only that she wanted it to end, this binding between them, the feeling of him moving so deep in her that wanted him imprinted beneath her skin. His tears dripped onto her face, and she reached up to brush them away. He leaned his head into her hand nuzzling her palm. "Say it," Cassian whispered against her skin. **...Nesta waited until he thrust again, driving as deep into her he'd ever gone,** and "You're mine." He groaned, thrusting hard. She whispered, "And I am yours." **..."Nesta."** She heard the plea in her name. He was close, and wanted her to go with him. Wanted to tumble into ecstasy together. Cassian lowered his head to her breast, teeth clamping around her nipple as his tongue flicked against it. It was all Nesta needed to spur her toward climax. She moaned, and he did it again, timing his tongue to the hard thrust of his cock. Again, again. ...Release blasted through her... ...Cassian roared as he came, and the sound was the summons of a hunt... ... Nesta reached up to kiss him. One kiss led to another and another, and hunger rose like the tide within her, between them. And then Cassian was moving in her again, faster and harder, and time ceased to exist once more. ...Cassian pulled out of her and collapsed against the bed.

... She'd become desperate enough for him that her hand now slid between her legs in the bath, in bed, even during lunch in her room. But release left her empty, as if her body knew it needed him in her, filling her.

... Fucking usually happened at lunch or random times, against a wall or bent over a desk or straddling his lap, impaling herself on him again and again. Sometimes it started off as fucking and became the tender, intense thing she called lovemaking. **Sometimes the lovemaking dissolved into frantic fucking.** She could never tell what would happen...