

<div> <div></div> <div>A court of mist and fury</div> <div>Sarah J. Maas.</div> <div>(Series: Court of thorns and roses series ; [book 2])</div> </div>				
Copies at Kingwood High School				
Call #	Barcode	Status	Description	Sublocation
F MAA SF	T 72452	Available	Court of Thorns BK 2	Sci-Fi / Fantasy
Off-site Copies				
Copies: 1 - 5 of 5				
Call #	Barcode	Status	Description	Site
F MAA SciFi/Fantasy	3AHS00031367D	Available		Atascocita High School
F MAA SciFi/Fantasy	3AHS00059630G	Available		Atascocita High School
FANTASY MAA	T 20948	Available		Atascocita Middle School
F MAA SciFi/Fantasy	3KPHS00036464U	Available		Kingwood Park High School
FIC MAA SCI-FI FANTASY	3SCHS00019229P	Due: 11/1/2021		Summer Creek High School
Copies: 1 - 5 of 5				

A Court of Mist and Fury



## A Court of Mist and Fury- Maas Some Concerns: erotica, graphic sex scenes

"... 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."

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 my rear, the other sliding between us.

This—this moment, when it was him and me and nothing between 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

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 a ... 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.

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.