

## Book Report

Book: **A COURT OF WINGS AND RUIN**  
by Sarah J Maas

### (Direct Quotes):

Page 134

- “My eyes fluttered closed, and his hands coasted around my hips to **cup my rear**, squeezing as he bend 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.”
- “Either **I lick every inch of you** clean ... Or you can get into the bath that should be ready.”
- “...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. 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.”
- “His voice was rough, quiet – and it slid invisible **hands down my breasts, between my legs**.”
- “And lower, the sleek, powerful cut of thighs, **his ass** – I was going to devour him. From head to toe. I was going to devour him – “

Page 138

- “I let my towel drop to the carpet. Let him look me over as I put a hand on his chest, his heart raging beneath my palm. ‘Ready for ravishing’... ‘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.... Just before that 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.... Along my neck. Chest. **Straight over a nipple**. I was shaking now, barely able to keep standing as his finger continued past **my breast**. ‘Or?’ I managed to breathe... 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**. Then slid it out and drawled, brows rising. ‘Well?’ ... His clothes vanished - and his mouth angled over my own... And the taste of him... the heat of him, the demanding stroke of his tongue ...Rhys nudged me toward the bed ... Further and further onto the bed, until I was bare before him... **I wanted him on me, in me...** Rhys used a knee to **nudge my legs apart** ... his hips rolled in gentle thrusts and **he pushed in**, and in, and in... I moved my hips, urging him deeper, harder...through me ...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.”

Page 198

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

Page 218

- "His hand slid down my thigh, then cupped my knee... His hand began a lethal, taunting exploration up my thigh, his fingers grazing along the sensitive inside. Higher, higher. '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.' ... even as his hand stopped very, very close to the apex of my thighs... My **breasts tightened** beneath my shirt ... His **hand slid between my legs**, brazenly cupping me, his thumb pushing down on an aching spot. A low groan slipped from me ... 'Let's see what names you call me when **my head is between your legs**...'"

Page 276

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

Page 279

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

Page 310

- "... his hands slid to my calves. He began a slow progression, higher and higher, up my thighs, teasing strokes between them that left me panting through my nose.... His touch turned different. Exploring... My core heated ... right as his other **hand slid between my legs**... 'How shall I **make love to you tonight**?' ... and that **finger glided into me...** with his **hand between my legs**... as another finger joined the one sliding in and out of me with taunting, indolent strokes... My hips moved with him, driving him deeper... **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. 'I never got to take you in the library,' he said, **dragging his tongue right up my center**. 'We'll have to remedy that.' ... his mouth closed around the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs ... My **climax tore through me** with a hoarse cry ..."

Page 379

- "I only straddled him, unfastening the button at the top of his dark jacket... unbuttoned his pants... as the rest of his clothes vanished. I stroked my hand over him once, twice ... Then I echoed the movement with my mouth. His growls of pleasure filled the tent ... But I tasted Rhys, worshipping him with my hands and mouth and then my body ..."

Page 418

- “**When you fuck her**, have you ever noticed that little noise she makes right before she **climaxes**?”

Page 421

- “Who knew ... that **a cock could be so persuasive**?”

Page 425

- “Tamlin growled, ‘**The moment you let him fuck you** like an ....’”

Page 450

- “You never know until you try ... The three of them in bed .. with him? I must have been blinking like a fool because Rhys said to me, Helion favors both males and females. Usually together in his bed... My mate just came up behind me and slid his arms around my waist, pressing a kiss to my neck. ‘Would you like someone to join us in bed, darling? I think you’d like two males worshipping you.’ My toes curled.”

Page 515

- “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...”