

Book Report

Book: **A COURT OF FROST AND STARLIGHT**
by Sarah J Maas

Direct Quotes):

Page 14

- "... 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**. Feyre had just laughed. **I'd climaxed at the husky sound of it.**"

Page 53

- "... **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.... Then you'll just have 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."
- "... My core pounded, sister to my thunderous heartbeat, **the need to have him buried inside me, to have him ...**"

Page 173

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

Page 201

- "I found Rhys smiling down at me, his eyes heavy-lidded **while he surveyed my naked body**. Naked, save the diamond cuffs at my wrist. 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 .. 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**. Before he pressed a kiss to my abdomen, as if in reverence and benediction. **Then 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**."
- "**He took his time. Licked and stroked me until I'd shattered** ... Before he hoisted me up, my legs wrapping around his waist, and pinned me against that wall. 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.”

- “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. 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...** 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...** 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.”
- “**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? ...**”
- “**He purred, Look at how I fuck you, Feyre.**”
- “My flushed body was arched against the wall – perfect indeed for receiving him, for taking every inch of him.... And he withdrew and drove in ...”
- “I brushed my own mental hands down him and breathed, **Can you fuck me in here, too?** 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...** All while he moved in me ... Over and over, power and flesh and soul, until I think I was screaming, until I think he was roaring, and my mortal body clenched around him, shattering.... 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.”

Page 207

- “Do it again, I breathed. Rhys knew what I meant.... **he lowered me to the floor and flipped me onto my stomach, then plunged deep into me with a growling purr.**”