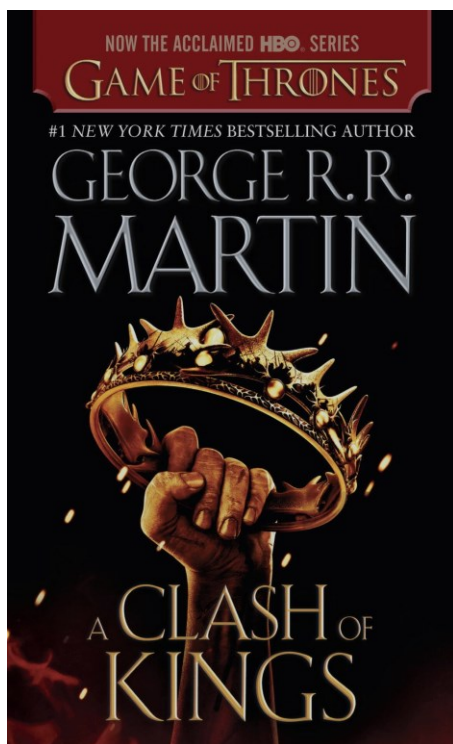


A CLASH OF KINGS



Adult

By George R.R. Martin

ISBN: 9780553897852

CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

Book Summary:

Tensions rise amongst regions and rulers in a fantasy world.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; violence; gore; and profanity.

4 / 5

Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
24	Slender she was, graceful, taller than most knights, with full breasts and narrow waist and a heart-shaped face.
61	<p>“That you were fucking our sweet Jaime?”</p> <p>She slapped him.</p> <p>“Did you think I was as blind as Father?” Tyrion rubbed his cheek. “Who you lie with is no matter to me ... although it doesn’t seem quite just that you should open your legs for one brother and not the other.”</p> <p>She slapped him.</p> <p>“Be gentle, Cersei, I’m only jesting with you. If truth be told, I’d sooner have a nice whore. I never understood what Jaime saw in you, apart from his own reflection.”</p>
68	<p>Bending, Shae took her gown by the hem, drew it over her head, and tossed it aside. She did not believe in smallclothes. “You’ll never be able to rest,” she said as she stood before him, pink and nude and lovely, one hand braced on her hip. “You’ll think of me every time you go to bed. Then you’ll get hard and you’ll have no one to help you and you’ll never be able to sleep unless you”—she grinned that wicked grin Tyrion liked so well—“is that why they call it the Tower of the Hand, m’lord?”</p> <p>“Be quiet and kiss me,” he commanded.</p> <p>He could taste the wine on her lips, and feel her small firm breasts pressed against him as her fingers moved to the lacings of his breeches. “My lion,” she whispered when he broke off the kiss to undress. “My sweet lord, my giant of Lannister.” Tyrion pushed her toward the bed. When he entered her, she screamed loud enough to wake Baelor the Blessed in his tomb, and her nails left gouges in his back. He’d never had a pain he liked half so well.</p> <p>...Will you never learn, dwarf? She’s a whore, damn you, it’s your coin she loves, not your cock. Remember Tysha? Yet when his fingers trailed lightly over one nipple, it stiffened at the touch, and he could see the mark on her breast where he’d bitten her in his passion.</p>
87	“Come closer,” Rorge said, “and I’ll shove that stick up your bunghole and fuck you bloody.”
130	“You help me most here, between the sheets,” he told her one night after their loving as he lay beside her, his head pillowed against her breast, his groin aching with a sweet soreness. She made no reply, save with her eyes.
167	<p>The captain’s daughter had not been turned over to his use, but she had come to his bed willingly enough all the same. A cup of wine, a few whispers, and there she was. The girl was a shade plump for his taste, with skin as splotchy as oatmeal, but her breasts filled his hands nicely and she had been a maiden the first time he took her. That was surprising at her age, but Theon found it diverting. He did not think the captain approved, and that was amusing as well, watching the man struggle to swallow his outrage while performing his courtesies to the high lord, the rich purse of gold he’d been promised never far from his thoughts.</p> <p>As Theon shrugged out of his wet cloak,</p> <p>...His life was his own again, and nowhere a Stark to be seen. He drew the captain’s daughter close and kissed her on her ear. “Take off your cloak.”</p> <p>She dropped her eyes, suddenly shy, but did as he bid her. When the heavy garment, sodden with spray, fell from her shoulders to the deck, she gave him a little bow and smiled anxiously. She looked rather stupid when she smiled, but he had never required a</p>

Page	Content
	<p>woman to be clever. "Come here," he told her. She did. "I have never seen the Iron Islands." "Count yourself fortunate." Theon stroked her hair. It was fine and dark, though the wind had made a tangle of it.</p>
168	<p>"And warm my bed by night?" He reached for the laces of her bodice and began to undo them, his fingers deft and practiced.</p>
169	<p>The girl's eyes grew wide, and not because he had bared her breasts. ...Theon's finger circled one heavy teat, spiraling in toward the fat brown nipple. ...He took her nipple in his mouth, and bit it until she gasped. "You can put it in me again, if it please you," she whispered in his ear as he sucked. When he raised his head from her breast, the skin was dark red where his mouth had marked her. "It would please me to teach you something new. Unlace me and pleasure me with your mouth." "With my mouth?" His thumb brushed lightly over her full lips. "It's what those lips were made for, sweetling. If you were my salt wife, you'd do as I command." She was timid at first, but learned quickly for such a stupid girl, which pleased him. Her mouth was as wet and sweet as her cunt, and this way he did not have to listen to her mindless prattle. Once I would have kept her as a salt wife in truth, he thought to himself as he slid his fingers through her tangled hair. ...His climax came on him sudden as a storm, and he filled the girl's mouth with his seed. Startled, she tried to pull away, but Theon held her tight by the hair. Afterward, she crawled up beside him. "Did I please milord?" "Well enough," he told her. "It tasted salty," she murmured. "Like the sea?" She nodded. "I have always loved the sea, milord." "As I have," he said, rolling her nipple idly between his fingers.</p>
171	<p>"Tell him he should be pleased. As many times as I've fucked you, you're likely with child. It's not every man who has the honor of raising a king's bastard."</p>
200	<p>She tried to imagine herself in Ser Jorah's arms, kissing him, pleasuring him, letting him enter her. Chapter 15</p>
237	<p>In a cushioned alcove, a drunken Tyroshi with a purple beard dandled a buxom young wench on his knee. He'd unlaced her bodice and was tilting his cup to pour a thin trickle of wine over her breasts so he might lap it off. Two other girls sat playing at tiles before a leaded glass window. The freckled one wore a chain of blue flowers in her honeyed hair. The other had skin as smooth and black as polished jet, wide dark eyes, small pointed breasts. They dressed in flowing silks cinched at the waist with beaded belts. The sunlight pouring through the colored glass outlined their sweet young bodies through the thin cloth, and Tyrion felt a stirring in his groin. "I would respectfully suggest the dark-skinned girl," said Chataya. "She's young." "She has sixteen years, my lord." A good age for Joffrey, he thought, remembering what Bronn had said. His first had been even younger. Tyrion remembered how shy she'd seemed as he drew her dress up over her head the first time. Long dark hair and blue eyes you could drown in, and he had. So long ago ... What a wretched fool you are, dwarf. "Does she come from your home lands, this girl?"</p>

Page	Content
	<p>“Her blood is the blood of summer, my lord, but my daughter was born here in King’s Landing.” His surprise must have shown on his face, for Chataya continued, “My people hold that there is no shame to be found in the pillow house. In the Summer Isles, those who are skilled at giving pleasure are greatly esteemed. Many highborn youths and maidens serve for a few years after their flowerings, to honor the gods.”</p> <p>“What do the gods have to do with it?”</p> <p>“The gods made our bodies as well as our souls, is it not so? They give us voices, so we might worship them with song. They give us hands, so we might build them temples. And they give us desire, so we might mate and worship them in that way.” “Remind me to tell the High Septon,” said Tyrion. “If I could pray with my cock, I’d be much more religious.” He waved a hand. “I will gladly accept your suggestion.” “I shall summon my daughter. Come.” The girl met him at the foot of the stairs. Taller than Shae, though not so tall as her mother, she had to kneel before Tyrion could kiss her. “My name is Alayaya,” she said, with only the slightest hint of her mother’s accent. “Come, my lord.” She took him by the hand and drew him up two flights of stairs, then down a long hall. Gasps and shrieks of pleasure were coming from behind one of the closed doors, giggles and whispers from another. Tyrion’s cock pressed against the lacings of his breeches. This could be humiliating, he thought as he followed Alayaya up another stair to the turret room. There was only one door. She led him through and closed it. Within the room was a great canopied bed, a tall wardrobe decorated with erotic carvings, and a narrow window of leaded glass in a pattern of red and yellow diamonds.</p> <p>“You are very beautiful, Alayaya,” Tyrion told her when they were alone. “From head to heels, every part of you is lovely. Yet just now the part that interests me most is your tongue.”</p> <p>“My lord will find my tongue well schooled. When I was a girl I learned when to use it, and when not.”</p> <p>“That pleases me.” Tyrion smiled. “So what shall we do now? Perchance you have some suggestion?”</p> <p>“Yes,” she said. “If my lord will open the wardrobe, he will find what he seeks.”</p>
377	<p>Theon turned to give her an appraising glance. He liked what he saw. Ironborn, he knew at a glance; lean and long-legged, with black hair cut short, wind-chafed skin, strong sure hands, a dirk at her belt. Her nose was too big and too sharp for her thin face, but her smile made up for it. He judged her a few years older than he was, but no more than five-and-twenty. She moved as if she were used to a deck beneath her feet.</p> <p>“Yes, she’s a sweet sight,” he told her, “though not half so sweet as you.”</p> <p>“Oho.” She grinned. “I’d best be careful. This lordling has a honeyed tongue.”</p> <p>“Taste it and see.”</p> <p>“Is it that way, then?” she said, eyeing him boldly. There were women on the Iron Islands—not many, but a few—who crewed the longships along with their men, and it was said that salt and sea changed them, gave them a man’s appetites. “Have you been that long at sea, lordling? Or were there no women where you came from?”</p> <p>“Women enough, but none like you.”</p> <p>“And how would you know what I’m like?”</p> <p>“My eyes can see your face. My ears can hear your laughter. And my cock’s gone hard as a mast for you.”</p> <p>The woman stepped close and pressed a hand to the front of his breeches. “Well, you’re no liar,” she said, giving him a squeeze through the cloth. “How bad does it hurt?”</p>

Page	Content
	<p>“Fiercely.”</p> <p>“Poor lordling.” She released him and stepped back. “As it happens, I’m a woman wed, and new with child.”</p> <p>“The gods are good,” Theon said. “No chance I’d give you a bastard that way.”</p> <p>“Even so, my man wouldn’t thank you.”</p> <p>“No, but you might.”</p> <p>...“Oh, is it love we’re talking now? And here I thought it was just cocks and cunts.”</p> <p>“Is it love you fancy?” He’d decided that he liked this wench, whoever she was; her sharp wit was a welcome respite from the damp gloom of Pyke.</p> <p>...He caught her hand. “Help me, my lady. In the green lands, they believe a woman with child means good fortune for any man who beds her.”</p> <p>...“Never,” he admitted, “but I am trying to repair that lack, my sweet Esgred. The wind is cold. Come aboard my ship and let me warm you. On the morrow my uncle Aeron will pour seawater over her prow and mumble a prayer to the Drowned God, but I’d sooner bless her with the milk of my loins, and yours.”</p> <p>...I am a man grown, if I want to bring a wench to bed it is no one’s business but my own.</p> <p>...“You could take my squire’s mount.”</p> <p>“And leave your poor squire to walk all the way to Pyke?”</p> <p>“Share mine, then.”</p> <p>“You’d like that well enough.” The smile again. “Now, would I be behind you, or in front?”</p> <p>“You would be wherever you liked.”</p> <p>“I like to be on top.”</p> <p>Where has this wench been all my life?</p> <p>...He liked the way she walked; there was a boldness to it, part saunter and part sway, that suggested she would be just as bold beneath the blankets.</p> <p>...It was said about the inn that Otter Gimpknee’s whores were being fucked bowlegged by beardless boys in sashes. The boys were welcome to them so far as Theon was concerned. A poxier den of slatterns he hoped he’d never see. His present companion was more to his taste. That she was wed to his father’s shipwright and pregnant to boot only made her more intriguing.</p>
385	<p>When they were well beyond Lordsport, Theon put a hand on her breast.</p> <p>...When he reached the part about coming that close to the Kingslayer himself, he slid his hand back up to where it had been. Her breasts were small, but he liked the firmness of them.</p> <p>...Esgred pried his fingers off her breast. This time she kept him firmly prisoned. She had strong hands.</p> <p>“I like a woman with a good tight grip.”</p> <p>She snorted. “I’d not have thought it, by that wench on the waterfront.”</p> <p>...“So you say, but your body shows no signs of it. How shall it be proven? Before I believe you, I shall need to see your breasts grow ripe, and taste your mother’s milk.”</p> <p>...She unlaced my breeches, he thought, outraged, and she said ... oh, gods, and I said ...</p> <p>He groaned. He could not possibly have made a more appalling fool of himself.</p> <p>No, he thought then. She was the one who made me a fool. The evil bitch must have enjoyed every moment of it. And the way she kept reaching for my cock ...</p>
393	<p>“It was not me who grabbed your cock.”</p> <p>“I don’t have one, remember? You grabbed every other bit of me quick enough.”</p>

Page	Content
	<p>He could feel the flush creeping up his cheeks. "I'm a man with a man's hungers. What sort of unnatural creature are you?"</p> <p>"Only a shy maid." Asha's hand darted out under the table to give his cock a squeeze. Theon nearly jumped from his chair.</p>
423	<p>The women wore gowns that left one breast bare, while the men favored beaded silk skirts.</p>
447	<p>"Did he tell you to fuck her too?"</p>
453	<p>Shae had kicked off her blankets and sheets as she slept. She lay nude atop the featherbed, the soft curves of her young body limned in the faint glow from the hearth. Tyrion stood in the door and drank in the sight of her. Younger than Marei, sweeter than Dancy, more beautiful than Alayaya, she's all I need and more. How could a whore look so clean and sweet and innocent, he wondered?</p> <p>He had not intended to disturb her, but the sight of her was enough to make him hard. He let his garments fall to the floor, then crawled onto the bed and gently pushed her legs apart and kissed her between the thighs. Shae murmured in her sleep. He kissed her again, and licked at her secret sweetness, on and on until his beard and her cunt were both soaked. When she gave a soft moan and shuddered, he climbed up and thrust himself inside her and exploded almost at once.</p> <p>Her eyes were open. She smiled and stroked his head and whispered, "I just had the sweetest dream, m'lord."</p> <p>Tyrion nipped at her small hard nipple and nestled his head on her shoulder. He did not pull out of her; would that he never had to pull out of her. "This is no dream," he promised her.</p>
488	<p>"Enough," she heard the Hound rasp.</p> <p>"No it isn't," the king replied.</p> <p>"Boros, make her naked." Boros shoved a meaty hand down the front of Sansa's bodice and gave a hard yank. The silk came tearing away, baring her to the waist. Sansa covered her breasts with her hands. She could hear sniggers, far off and cruel. "Beat her bloody," Joffrey said, "we'll see how her brother fancies—"</p>
552	<p>"Seems to me I promised to fuck you with it." He took a step toward her. Arya edged backward. "Not so brave now that I'm not in chains, are you?"</p> <p>"I saved you." She kept a good yard between them, ready to run quick as a snake if he made a grab for her.</p> <p>"Owe you another fucking for that, seems like. Did Yoren pump your cunny, or did he like that tight little ass better?"</p>
579	<p>While Ser Jorah had scarcely been able to keep his eyes from her bare breast when he'd helped her into the palanquin, Xaro hardly deigned to notice it, even in these close confines.</p>
591	<p>If I were Mace Tyrell, I would sooner have Joffrey's head on a pike than his cock in my daughter.</p>
638	<p>Tyrion opened her robe and buried his face between her breasts.</p> <p>...Tyrion covered her mouth with his own. He'd had talk enough; he needed the sweet simplicity of the pleasure he found between Shae's thighs. Here, at least, he was welcome, wanted.</p>

Page	Content
641	<p>“You have me.” Shae kissed him, her arms sliding around his neck as she pressed her body to his.</p> <p>The kiss aroused him, as her kisses always did, but this time Tyrion gently disentangled himself. “Not now. Sweetling, I have ... well, call it the seed of a plan. I think I might be able to bring you into the castle kitchens.”</p> <p>Shae’s face went still. “The kitchens?”</p> <p>“Yes. If I act through Varys, no one will be the wiser.”</p> <p>She giggled. “M’lord, I’d poison you. Every man who’s tasted my cooking has told me what a good whore I am.”</p> <p>...“Has m’lord grown tired of me?” She reached a hand under his tunic and found his cock. In two quick strokes she had it hard. “He still wants me.” She laughed. “Would you like to fuck your kitchen wench, m’lord? You can dust me with flour and suck gravy off my titties if you ...”</p> <p>...Tyrion breathed a deep sigh. Remember how young she is, he told himself. He took her hand. “Your gems can be replaced, and new gowns can be sewn twice as lovely as the old. To me, you’re the most precious thing within these walls. The Red Keep is not safe either, but it’s a deal safer than here. I want you there.”</p> <p>“In the kitchens.” Her voice was flat. “Scouring pots.”</p> <p>“For a short while.”</p> <p>“My father made me his kitchen wench,” she said, her mouth twisting. “That was why I ran off.”</p> <p>“You told me you ran off because your father made you his whore,” he reminded her.</p> <p>“That too. I didn’t like scouring his pots no more than I liked his cock in me.” She tossed her head. “Why can’t you keep me in your tower? Half the lords at court keep bedwarmers.”</p> <p>...And to take her one last time, after the rest were done. One last time, with no trace of love or tenderness remaining. “So you will remember her as she truly is,” he said, and I should have defied him, but my cock betrayed me, and I did as I was bid.</p>
644	<p>“And such a pretty young kitchen wench will incite lust as well as curiosity. She will be touched, pinched, patted, and fondled. Pot boys will crawl under her blankets of a night. Some lonely cook may seek to wed her. Bakers will knead her breasts with floured hands.”</p> <p>“I’d sooner have her fondled than stabbed,” said Tyrion.</p>
671	<p>“Do you always smell so bad, or did you just finish fucking a pig?”</p> <p>“Haven’t fucked no one since they took me, m’lord. Heke’s me true name. I was in service to the Bastard o’ the Dreadfort till the Starks give him an arrow in the back for a wedding gift.”</p>
700	<p>In one room, a beautiful woman sprawled naked on the floor while four little men crawled over her. They had rattish pointed faces and tiny pink hands, like the servitor who had brought her the glass of shade. One was pumping between her thighs. Another savaged her breasts, worrying at the nipples with his wet red mouth, tearing and chewing.</p>
703	<p>The breast she had left bare in the Qartheen fashion was as perfect as a breast could be.</p>
705	<p>One withered breast was left bare in the Qartheen manner, to show a pointed blue nipple hard as leather.</p>

Page	Content
707	She felt a hand on her bare breast, twisting her nipple. Teeth found the soft skin of her throat. A mouth descended on one eye, licking, sucking, biting ...
720	Kyra nestled against him, one arm draped lightly over his, her breasts brushing his back. ...She came to him wet and eager and lithe as a weasel, and there had been a certain undeniable spice to fucking a common tavern wench in Lord Eddard Stark's own bed. ...Theon started back to bed. He'd roll Kyra on her back and fuck her again, that ought to banish these phantoms. Her gasps and giggles would make a welcome respite from this silence.
735	His lips look like two worms fucking.
776	<p>"Are you unwell, brother?" She leaned forward, giving him a good look at the top of her breasts. "Suddenly you appear somewhat flustered."</p> <p>"Flustered?" Tyrion glanced at the door. He thought he'd heard something outside. He was beginning to regret coming here alone. "You've never shown much interest in my cock before."</p> <p>"It's not your cock that interests me, so much as what you stick it in. I don't depend on the eunuch for everything, as you do. I have my own ways of finding out things ... especially things that people don't want me to know."</p>
780	<p>"I wanted some hand on my titties...but these little gold ones are cold."</p> <p>..."All they did was fuck her."</p> <p>"Her mother says she's sick."</p> <p>"She has a baby in her belly, that's all."</p>
781	<p>Tyrion made a round of the bedchamber. One of the sconces looked loose. He stood on his toes and tried to turn it. It revolved slowly, scraping against the stone wall. When it was upside down, the stub of the candle fell out. The rushes scattered across the cold stone floor did not show any particular disturbance. "Doesn't m'lord want to bed me?" asked Shae.</p> <p>"In a moment." Tyrion threw open his wardrobe, shoved the clothing aside, and pushed against the rear panel. What worked for a warehouse might work for a castle as well ... but no, the wood was solid, unyielding. A stone beside the window seat drew his eye, but all his tugging and prodding went for naught. He returned to the bed frustrated and annoyed.</p> <p>Shae undid his laces and threw her arms around his neck. "Your shoulders feel as hard as rocks," she murmured. "Hurry, I want to feel you inside me." Yet as her legs locked around his waist, his manhood left him. When she felt him go soft, Shae slid down under the sheets and took him in her mouth, but even that could not rouse him.</p> <p>After a few moments he stopped her. "What's wrong?" she asked. All the sweet innocence of the world was written there in the lines of her young face.</p> <p>Innocence? Fool, she's a whore, Cersei was right, you think with your cock, fool, fool.</p> <p>"Just go to sleep, sweetling," he urged, stroking her hair. Yet long after Shae had taken his advice, Tyrion himself still lay awake, his fingers cupped over one small breast as he listened to her breathing.</p>
799	<p>"That name again. I don't think I'll fuck you after all, Littlefinger had you first, didn't he? I never eat off another man's trencher. Besides, you're not half so lovely as my sister." His smile cut. "I've never lain with any woman but Cersei. In my own way, I have been truer than your Ned ever was. Poor old dead Ned. So who has shit for honor now, I ask you? What was the name of that bastard he fathered?"</p>

Page	Content
801	The night before, it had been the miller's wife. Theon had forgotten her name, but he remembered her body, soft pillowy breasts and stretch marks on her belly, the way she clawed his back when he fucked her. Last night in his dream he had been in bed with her once again, but this time she had teeth above and below, and she tore out his throat even as she was gnawing off his manhood.
808	He had gone too far with Reek to turn back now. "Two hundred men and she's yours. But a man less and you can go back to fucking pigs."
809	He wants me to sleep, yes ... to sleep and never wake. He'd like that as much as Asha would. He sent for Kyra, kicked shut the door, climbed on top of her, and fucked the wench with a fury he'd never known was in him. By the time he finished, she was sobbing, her neck and breasts covered with bruises and bite marks. Theon shoved her from the bed and threw her a blanket. "Get out."
870	Her small breasts moved freely beneath a painted Dothraki vest, and a curved dagger hung from her medallion belt.
936	They would kiss for hours, and spend whole days doing no more than lolling in bed, listening to the waves, and touching each other. Her body was a wonder to him, and she seemed to find delight in his. ..."Yes. Yes. I love your hands, and how you touch me. Your cock, I love your cock, I love how it feels when it's in me." "It loves you too, my lady."
952	On the other side of the line, another spearwife opened her ragged furs to show Jon a heavy white breast. "Does the baby want his mamma? Come, have a suck o' this, boy."
1028	The sweetness of his laugh, the warmth of his hand. She could only imagine what it would be like to pull up his tunic and caress the smooth skin underneath, to stand on her toes and kiss him, to run her fingers through those thick brown curls and drown in his deep brown eyes. A flush crept up her neck.

Profanity	Count
Ass	2
Bitch	12
Cock	28
Fuck	33
Piss	34
Shit	20
Tit	3