

# A COURT OF Frost and Starlight

BY SARAH J. MAAS

**A**nother 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...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 stomach tightened int anticipation, my breasts turning achingly heavy...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..."Or shall it be the wall the entire time?"...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. The 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. "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. 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...Again, he withdrew and drove in, and released the damper on his power....Rhys remained before me, my legs wrapped around his waist...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...

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