

GILDED



Young Adult

By Marissa Meyer

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Book Summary:

A young woman's life takes a turn after she lies to an evil king about being able to spin straw into gold.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities and moderate violence.

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Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

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193	When your heart desired nothing more than to stoke the flames of a bonfire, howl at the stars, dance beneath the thunder and rain, and kiss your lover, languid and soft, in the frothy surf of ocean waves.
227	<p>Please forgive me this.”</p> <p>He leaned forward and pressed his lips to hers.</p> <p>Serilda gasped against him.</p> <p>She did not have time to shut her eyes, to even think about kissing him back, when the key turned.</p> <p>...Serilda blinked up at him, but for a long moment, she couldn’t really see him. Her thoughts lingered on Gild. The urgency of the kiss. The desire. As if he feared it might be his only chance. To kiss her. To kiss ... anyone.</p>
308	The pining and the yearning and the longing. The unbearable desire for someone to tuck a stray hair behind her ear. To press a kiss against the back of her neck.
311	Serilda nodded, happy for the chance to catch her breath, though it was difficult with Gild’s hands on her waist, sending waves of heat through her body. Her entire being was humming, tingling, caught between Gild and the stone walls. She wanted desperately to thread her fingers into his hair. To pull his mouth to hers.
312	<p>She finally allowed her hands the freedom they’d been craving, letting her fingers trail up his neck until they were buried in his hair. She pulled him to her, their mouths meeting. There was a moment in which Serilda overflowed with needs she didn’t know what to do with. The need to be closer, when such a thing was not possible. The need to feel his hands at her waist, her back, her neck, her hair, everywhere, all at once.</p> <p>But that first wave of craving ebbed, and something gentler replaced it. A kiss that was tender and unhurried. Her own fingers abandoned his hair to splay out across his shoulders and trail down his chest, even as his hands traced poetry across her spine. She sighed against him.</p>
358	<p>She bit the inside of her cheek, then did what her body had been yearning to do since he’d first appeared. She tied her arms around his neck and pressed her temple to his. Gild’s arms were quick to surround her, and she knew she wasn’t the only one who had been testing the strength of her will, to see how long she could go without falling into his arms.</p> <p>...Her pulse sped up as she slipped her fingers into his hair and turned her head, pressing a kiss just below his ear.</p> <p>He inhaled sharply, his arms tensing around her.</p> <p>The reaction encouraged her. She hardly knew what she was doing as she caught the tender flesh of his earlobe between her teeth.</p> <p>Gild groaned, startled, even as he leaned into her, his fingers clutching at the back of her dress.</p>
359	<p>His fingers found the back of her head, tangling in her hair, as he pulled her back to him. His mouth found hers. Ravenous.</p> <p>Serilda met him in kind. Her body was burning up in the confines of her dress. She felt light-headed, barely able to keep up with the sensations on her skin as Gild’s hands left trails of frazzled warmth on her neck, her back, along the sides of her rib cage, the curve beneath her breasts.</p> <p>She pulled away only when she needed to breathe. Trembling, she fitted her hands against Gild’s chest. He may not have had a heartbeat, but he was solid beneath her</p>

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	<p>touch. Under the thin linen there was strength and tenderness. Her thumb caressed the dip of his collarbone and she leaned forward, suddenly desperate to kiss that spot of bare flesh underneath his open collar.</p> <p>“Serilda...”</p> <p>Her name was a throaty plea, a yearning, a question.</p> <p>She met his eyes and realized that she wasn’t the only one who had started shaking. Gild’s hands were on her hips, gathering the fabric of her skirt into fistfuls.</p> <p>“I’ve never...,” he started, his eyes tracing the lines of her face, from her brow to her chin to her swollen mouth.</p> <p>“Me either,” she whispered back, nervous all over again. “But I’d like to.”</p> <p>He exhaled and tipped his head forward, pressing their foreheads together. “Me too,” he breathed, with a bit of a chuckle. “With you.”</p> <p>His hands slid up the back of her dress, and she could feel little tremors in his fingers as they found the laces and began to untie them.</p> <p>Slowly.</p> <p>Tediously slow.</p> <p>Agonizingly slow.</p> <p>With a frustrated huff, Serilda pushed Gild backward until his legs hit the settee. She tumbled on top of him, encouraged by the sound of his laughter, teasing and warm, before Serilda’s mouth effectively silenced it.</p>
361	<p>Gild had helped her back into her dress, tenderly kissing each of her shoulders before pulling up the fabric of her sleeves and retying the laces.</p>
377	<p>Right now, she just wanted to see him again. Kiss him again. Hold him again. Do ... other things with him. Again.</p>
469	<p>She and Gild had made love on the night of the Chaste Moon.</p>
490	<p>His mouth descended on hers, one arm roping around her waist, pulling her against him.</p> <p>Her words were cut off into a smothered scream. She tried to shove at his chest, but it made little difference. His other hand dug into the hair at the base of her neck, immobilizing her as he broke the kiss.</p>