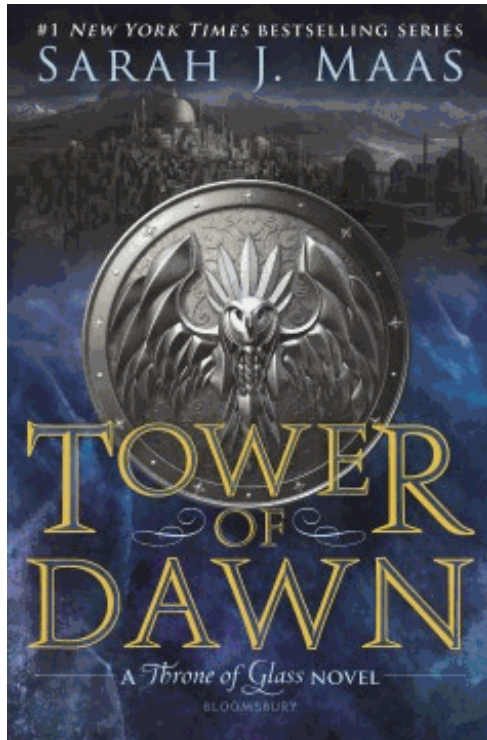


# TOWER OF DAWN



*Young Adult*

**By Sarah J. Maas**

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## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; mild profanity; and explicit violence.

## CONTENT WARNING

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**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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35	EThen she guided him down another and another, until he was sitting up to his shoulders. Eye-level with her full, peaked breasts.
61	<p>“The lack of feeling and movement begins at my hips.”</p> <p>Yrene’s eyes shot right to them, dancing over him. “Are you capable of using your manhood?”</p> <p>He tried not to flinch. Even Nesryn blinked at the frank question.</p> <p>“Yes,” he said tightly, fighting the heat rising in his cheeks.</p> <p>She looked between them, assessing. “Have you used it to completion?”</p>
63	Her hands pushed and pressed on his thighs, and he watched with no small amount of growing horror as she slid them higher and higher. He was about to demand if she planned to ascertain for herself about the life in his manhood, but Yrene lifted her head and met his stare.
148	<p>Kadara was beautiful.</p> <p>Each of the ruk’s golden feathers shone like burnished metal, the white of her breast bright as fresh snow. And her gold eyes had sized Nesryn up immediately. Before Sartaq even turned from where he’d been buckling on the saddle across her broad back.</p>
185	“For patients completely immobilized, this may not be an option, but Lord Westfall retains the ability to move above his waist and can steer the horse with the reins. Balance and safety, of course, remain concerns, but another is that he retains use and sensation of his manhood—which also presents a few hiccups regarding the comfort of the brace itself.”
192	She hadn’t even kissed a man until last autumn. Certainly had never giggled over one.
218	Too thin, she’d told Yrene by way of greeting. She needed a fatter ass for her lover to grip at night.
225	<p>He kissed her when she’d walked by to dress for dinner.</p> <p>He’d grabbed her by the wrist and tugged her down, and kissed her once. Brief—but thorough.</p>
255	<p>A young woman and man had positioned themselves on either side of Arghun, one nibbling at his neck while the other traced circles along the prince’s thighs. All the while, the prince continued conversation with a vizier seated in a chair to his left, unfazed.</p> <p>“I thought he had a wife,” Chaol said.</p> <p>Yrene followed his gaze. “He does. She stays at his country estate. And servants are not considered affairs. The needs they see to ... It might as well be giving a bath.” Her eyes danced as she said, “I’m sure you discovered that your first day.”</p>
259	<p>Yrene’s eyes dropped to his mouth, and every instinct, every bit of focus, narrowed on that movement. Every part of him came to aching attention. And the sensation of it, as he casually adjusted his jacket over his lap, was better than an ice bath.</p> <p>The smoke—the opiates. It was some sort of aphrodisiac, some lulling of common sense.</p> <p>Yrene was still watching his mouth as if it were a piece of fruit, her uneven breath lifting those lush, high breasts within the confines of her gown.</p>

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450	<p>“I had her in my bed, so I think that says enough about my feelings.”</p> <p>He hated the words, even as the temper, the sharpness ... it was a relief, too.</p> <p>Yrene sucked in a breath, but didn’t back down. “Yes, you had her in your bed, but I think she was likely a distraction, and was sick of it. Perhaps sick of being a consolation prize.”</p>
455	<p>And it was only when Yrene settled her hand on his chest, not to push him away but to feel the raging, thunderous heartbeat beneath, that Chaol lowered his head and kissed her.</p> <p>He was standing. He was walking.</p> <p>And he was kissing her.</p> <p>Yrene could barely breathe, barely keep inside her skin, as Chaol’s mouth settled over hers.</p> <p>It was like waking up or being born or falling out of the sky. It was an answer and a song, and she could not think or feel fast enough.</p> <p>Her hands curled into his shirt, fingers wrapping around fistfuls of fabric, tugging him closer.</p> <p>His lips caressed hers in patient, unhurried movements, as if tracing the feel of her. And when his teeth grazed her lower lip ... She opened her mouth to him.</p> <p>He swept in, pressing her farther into the wall. She barely felt the molding digging into her spine, the sleekness of the wallpaper against her back as his tongue slid into her mouth. Yrene moaned, not caring who heard, who might be listening.</p> <p>They could all go to hell for all she cared. She was burning, glowing—</p> <p>Chaol laid a hand against her jaw, angling her face to better claim her mouth. She arched, silently begging him to take—</p> <p>She knew he hadn’t meant what he said, knew it had been himself he’d been raging at. She’d goaded him into that fight, and even if it had hurt ... She’d known the moment he stood, when her heart had stopped dead, that he hadn’t meant it. That he would have crawled.</p> <p>This man, this noble and selfless and remarkable man ...</p> <p>Yrene dragged her hands around his shoulders, fingers slipping into his silken brown hair. More, more, more—</p> <p>But his kiss was thorough. As if he wanted to learn every taste, every angle of her. She brushed her tongue against his, and his growl had her toes curling in her slippers—</p> <p>She felt the tremor go through him before she registered what it was.</p> <p>The strain.</p> <p>Still he kissed her, seemed intent to do so, even if it brought him crashing to the floor.</p> <p>Small steps. Small measures.</p> <p>Yrene broke away, putting a hand on his chest when he made to claim her mouth again.</p>
457	<p>Yrene caught him, steadied him.</p> <p>“I thought you never stepped in to help me,” he said drily, raising a brow.</p> <p>“In the chair, yes. You have much farther to fall now.”</p> <p>Chaol huffed a laugh, then leaned in to whisper in her ear, “Will it be the bed or the couch now, Yrene?”</p>

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	<p>She swallowed, daring a sidelong look up at him. His eyes were still dark, his face flushed and lips swollen. From her.</p> <p>Yrene's blood heated, her core near-molten. How the hell would she have him nearly naked before her now?</p> <p>"You are still my patient," she managed to say primly, and guided him into his chair. Nearly shoved him onto it—and nearly leaped atop him, too.</p> <p>...Chaol's answering smile was anything but. So was the way he growled, "Come here."</p> <p>Yrene's heartbeat pounded through every inch of her as she closed the foot of space between them. As she held his burning gaze and settled into his lap.</p> <p>His hand slid beneath her hair to cup the back of her neck, drawing her face to his as he brushed a kiss over the corner of her mouth. Then the other. She gripped his shoulder, fingers digging into the hard muscle beneath, her breathing turning jagged as he nipped at her bottom lip, as his other hand began to explore up her torso—</p>
461	<p>The color on her face, he realized with no small amount of male satisfaction, was from far more than the heat. And when they'd eventually left, walking slowly into the cool shadows of the halls, Yrene had tugged him into a curtained-off alcove and kissed him.</p> <p>Leaning against a supply shelf for support, his hands had roved all over her, the generous curves and small waist, tangling into her long, heavy hair. She'd kissed and kissed him, breathless and panting, and then licked—actually licked the sweat from his neck.</p> <p>Chaol had groaned so loudly that it was no surprise a servant appeared a heartbeat later, ripping the curtain away, as if to chide two workers for shirking their duties.</p>
482	<p>While Chaol was in his usual teal jacket and brown pants, Yrene had forgone a dress.</p> <p>They'd swathed her in white and gold against the sun, her long tunic flowing to her knees to reveal loose, gauzy pants tucked into high brown boots. A belt cinched her slim waist, and a glinting bandolier of gold and silver beading sliced between her breasts. Her hair, she'd left in her usual half-up fashion, but someone had woven bits of gold thread through it.</p> <p>Beautiful. As lovely as a sunrise.</p>
491	<p>But it was the relief in his face as he asked, "Your tent or mine?" that made her worry—just a tad.</p> <p>"Mine," she said, aware of the servants and nobility who likely had no idea she was even the cause of this excursion, but who would happily report her comings and goings. He nodded, and she monitored each rise and placement of his legs, the shifting of his torso, the way he leaned on that cane.</p> <p>As Chaol edged past her and into the tent, he murmured in her ear, "I won, by the way."</p> <p>Yrene glanced toward the sun now making its descent and felt her core tighten in answer.</p>
500	<p>Yrene blushed as his gaze slid along her neckline, to the swaths of skin the flowing folds of the dress revealed along her waist. Her thighs. Silver and clear beads had</p>

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	<p>been sewn onto the entire thing, making the gown shimmer like the stars now flickering to life in the night sky above them.</p>
513	<p>She slid the locket's fine silver chain over her head, the links catching in the stray, luscious curls. He watched her lift the mass of her hair over the chain, setting it dangling down to the edge of her breasts. Against the honey-brown of her skin, the locket was like quicksilver. She traced her slim fingers over the engraved surface.</p> <p>...His heart thundered through every inch of him.</p> <p>Yrene rose onto her toes and pressed a kiss, light as a caress, to his mouth. Never breaking his stare.</p> <p>He read the unspoken words there. He wondered if she read the ones not voiced by him, either.</p> <p>"I will cherish it always," Yrene said, and he knew she wasn't talking about the locket. Not as she lowered a hand from his face to his chest. Atop his raging heart. "No matter what may befall the world." Another featherlight kiss. "No matter the oceans, or mountains, or forests in the way."</p> <p>Any leash on himself snapped. Letting his cane thump to the floor, Chaol drifted a hand around her waist, his thumb stroking along the sliver of bare skin the dress revealed. The other he plunged into that luxurious, heavy hair, cupping the back of her head as he tilted her face upward. As he studied those brown-gold eyes, the emotion simmering in them.</p> <p>"I am glad that I do not love them, either, Yrene Towers," he whispered onto her lips.</p> <p>Then his mouth was on hers, and she opened for him, the heat and silk of her driving a groan from deep in his throat.</p> <p>Her hands speared into his hair, onto his shoulders, across his chest and up his neck. As if she could not touch enough of him.</p> <p>Chaol reveled in the fingers she dug into his clothes, as if they were claws seeking purchase. He slid his tongue against hers, and her moan as she pushed herself against him—</p> <p>Chaol backed them toward the bed, its white sheets near-glowing in the lantern light, not caring that his steps were uneven, staggering. Not with that dress little more than cobwebs and mist, not when he never took his mouth from hers, remained unable to take his mouth from hers.</p> <p>Yrene's knees hit the mattress behind them, and she drew her lips away enough to protest, "Your back—"</p> <p>"I'll manage." He slanted his mouth over hers again, her kiss searing him to his very soul.</p> <p>His. She was his, and he had never had anything he could call such. Wanted to call such.</p> <p>Chaol couldn't bring himself to rip his mouth away from Yrene's long enough to ask if she considered him hers. To explain that he already knew his own answer. Had perhaps known from the moment she'd walked into that sitting room and did not look at him with an ounce of pity or sadness.</p> <p>He nudged her with a press of his hips, and she let him lay her upon the bed gently—reverently.</p> <p>Her reach for him, hauling him atop her, was anything but.</p>

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	<p>Chaol huffed a laugh against her warm neck, the skin softer than silk, as she scrabbled with his buttons, his buckles. She writhed against him, and as he settled his weight over her, every hard part of him lining up with so many soft parts of her ...</p> <p>He was going to fly out of his skin.</p> <p>Yrene’s breath was sharp and ragged against his ear, her hands tugging desperately at his shirt, trying to slide to his back beneath.</p> <p>“I’d think you were sick of touching my back.”</p> <p>She shut him up with a plundering kiss that made him forget language for a while. Forget about his name and his title and everything but her.</p> <p>Yrene.</p> <p>Yrene.</p> <p>Yrene.</p> <p>She moaned when he slid a hand up her thigh, baring her skin beneath the folds of that gown. When he did it to the other leg. When he nipped at her mouth and traced idle circles with his fingers over those beautiful thighs, starting along their outer edge and arcing over—</p> <p>Yrene did not appreciate being toyed with. Not as she wrapped a hand around him, and his entire body bowed into the touch, the sensation of it. Not just a hand stroking over him, but Yrene doing it—</p> <p>He couldn’t think, couldn’t do anything but taste and touch and yield.</p> <p>And yet—</p> <p>He found words. Found language again. Long enough to ask, “Have you ever—”</p> <p>“Yes.” The word was a rough pant. “Once.”</p> <p>Chaol shoved against the ripple of darkness, the line on that throat. He only kissed it instead. Licked it. Then asked against her skin, his mouth skirting up her jaw, “Do you want to—”</p> <p>“Keep going.”</p> <p>But he made himself pause. Made himself rise to look at her face, his hands on her sleek thighs and her hand still gripping him, stroking him. “Yes, then?”</p> <p>Yrene’s eyes were gold flame. “Yes,” she breathed. She leaned up, kissed him gently. Not lightly, but sweetly. Openly. “Yes.”</p> <p>A shudder wracked through him at the words, and he gripped her thigh right where it met her hip. Yrene released him to lift her hips, dragging herself over him. Feeling him, with only the thin gossamer panel of her gown between them. Nothing beneath.</p> <p>Chaol slid it to the side, bunching the material at her waist. He dipped his head, eager to look his fill, then to touch and taste and learn what made Yrene Towers lose control entirely—</p> <p>“Later,” Yrene begged hoarsely. “Later.”</p> <p>He couldn’t bring himself to deny her anything. This woman who held everything he was, all he had left, in her beautiful hands.</p> <p>So Chaol removed his shirt, his pants following with a few, trickier maneuvers. Then he removed that dress of hers, leaving it in scraps on the floor beside the bed.</p> <p>Until Yrene only wore that locket. Until Chaol surveyed every inch of her and found himself unable to breathe.</p>

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	<p>“I will cherish it always,” Chaol whispered as he slid into her, slow and deep. Pleasure rippled down his spine. “No matter what may befall the world.” Yrene kissed his neck, his shoulder, his jaw. “No matter the oceans, or mountains, or forests in the way.”</p> <p>Chaol held Yrene’s stare as he stilled, letting her adjust. Letting himself adjust to the sensation that the entire axis of the world had shifted. Looking into those eyes of hers, swimming with brightness, he wondered if she felt it, too.</p> <p>But Yrene kissed him again, in answer and silent demand. And as Chaol began to move in her, he realized that here, amongst the dunes and stars...</p>
518	<p>Her quick, unimpressive, and only brush with sex had been just last autumn, and had left her in no hurry to seek it out again. But this ...</p> <p>He’d made sure she found her pleasure. Repeatedly. Before he ever found his own.</p> <p>And beyond that, the things he made her feel—</p> <p>Not just as a result of his body, but who he was ...</p> <p>Yrene pressed an idle kiss to the sculpted muscle of his chest, savoring the fingers he still trained down her spine, over and over.</p>
519	<p>Between bouts of lovemaking, when she’d gone to move his cane within easy reach of the bed, she’d slid the small note inside. The fit had been perfect.</p>
576	<p>He went still at the smokiness in her eyes. Slowly, Yrene undid the laces down the front of that pale purple gown. Let it ripple to the floor, along with her undergarments.</p> <p>His mouth turned dry as she kept her eyes upon him, hips swishing with every step she took to the pool. To the stairs.</p> <p>Yrene stepped into the water, and his blood roared in his ears.</p> <p>Chaol was upon her before she’d hit the last step.</p> <p>They missed dinner. And dessert.</p> <p>And midnight kahve.</p> <p>Kadja snuck in during the bath to change the sheets. Yrene couldn’t bring herself to be mortified at what the servant had likely heard. They certainly hadn’t been quiet in the water.</p> <p>And certainly weren’t quiet during the hours following.</p> <p>Yrene was limp with exhaustion when they peeled apart, sweaty enough that another trip to the bath was imminent. Chaol’s chest rose and fell in mighty gulps. In the desert, he’d been unbelievable. But now, healed—beyond the spine, the legs; healed in that dark, rotting place within his soul ...</p> <p>He pressed a kiss to her sweat-sticky brow, his lips catching in the stray curls that had appeared thanks to the bath. His other hand drew circles on her lower back.</p>
578	<p>She kissed his chest, right over his heart. “How could I resist these muscles?”</p> <p>His laugh rumbled into her mouth, her bones. “The consummate professional.”</p> <p>...She let out a dainty hum and traced a circle around his nipple. “What sort of place?”</p> <p>...A corner of Chaol’s mouth kicked up, and he hauled her over him. “I think I know of just the position.”</p>
647	<p>Then you and I will fly back here. Together.” He kissed her again—a bare caress of his mouth. “And so we shall remain for the rest of our days.”</p>

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	<p>...So she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. It was tentative, and soft, and full of wonder, that kiss. He tasted like the wind, like a mountain spring. He tasted like home.</p>
652	<p>But Chaol pushed that from his mind as he slid his arms around Yrene’s waist and pressed a kiss to the crook of her neck. She didn’t so much as freeze at the touch from behind. As if she’d learned the cadence of his steps. As if she took none of them for granted, either. Yrene leaned back into him, her body loosening with a sigh as she laid her hands atop where his rested over her stomach.</p>
654	<p>“You’re suited to it,” he said, kissing her neck again. ...Where they had remained, to the annoyance of the fish, kissing until a servant had pointedly coughed on their way past.</p>
657	<p>Yrene was watching him warily. He kissed her once—twice.</p>
658	<p>“Will I ever hear an explanation for this dramatic reaction,” Yrene said at last, clicking her tongue, “or are you just going to kiss me for the rest of the day?” ...Yrene rose onto her toes to kiss him before he led them toward their spacious stateroom.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	8
Bitch	3
Piss	8
Shit	16