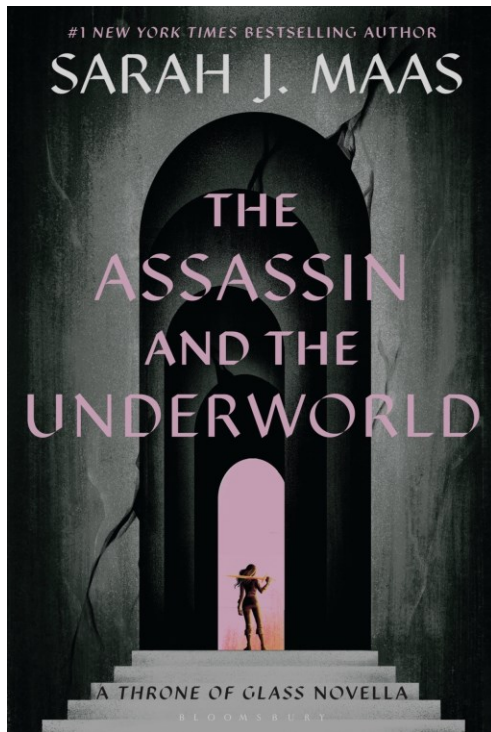


# THE ASSASSIN AND THE UNDERWORLD: A THRONE OF GLASS NOVELLA



*Young Adult*

**By Sarah J. Maas**

ISBN: 978-1-59990-986-8

**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:

A young female assassin fights to end the practice of slave trade.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains explicit sexual activities; sexual nudity; violence; alcohol use; and mild/infrequent profanity.

**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
18	Celaena had seen a few young courtesans go through the Bidding process—girls trained until they were seventeen, when their virginity was sold to the highest bidder.
32	Her low-cut ice-blue dress did little to hide her cleavage as she craned her neck over the rail.
49	<p>Doneval, one hand already wrapped around the bare shoulders of the girl beside him, didn't even thank either his manservant or the serving boy. Celaena felt her lip curl as Doneval pressed his lips to the neck of the courtesan. The girl couldn't have been older than twenty. ...“This is a madhouse,” she muttered, her gaze rising to the girls on the swings as they floated through the room. They arched their backs so far that it was a miracle their breasts stayed in their corsets.</p> <p>...Doneval was now slobbering over the neck of the girl on his other side, his hand roaming along her bare thigh.</p>
52	<p>The four courtesans noticed her, but Celaena kept her eyes on Doneval, who looked up from the neck of the courtesan currently on the receiving end of his affection. ...She forced a little smile to her lips as Doneval's eyes roved freely. Up and down, down and up. That was why she'd opted for a lower-cut dress than usual.</p> <p>...Doneval seemed to sense her discomfort and sat up, removing his hand from the thigh of the girl next to him.</p>
54	<p>But she blinked, tucking her arms into her sides enough that her chest squeezed a bit more out of her neckline. It was a trick she'd used often enough to know it worked. ...A twinkle in her eye that suggested the sort of curiosity in what a man like Doneval would be eager to show an inexperienced girl. He leaned farther forward. She wanted to claw at the skin his gaze raked over with such sensual consideration.</p> <p>...She rattled off details about her uncle's business and how well they'd get along, and soon she was curtsying again, giving him another long look at her cleavage before she walked away.</p>
56	Doneval remained where he sat on the cushions, drinking bottle after bottle.
59	“You're drunk,” he told her, so close her chest brushed his.
65	Sam grasped Lysandra's slender fingers politely. From the way she drank him in—especially his shirtless torso—Celaena had no trouble believing that two days from now, as soon as her Bidding Night was over and she could be with whoever she wanted, she'd seek out Sam. And who wouldn't?
88	<p>“You're a damned idiot,” she breathed, grabbing the front of his tunic. “You're a moron and an ass and a damned idiot.” He looked like she had hit him. But she went on, and grasped both sides of his face, “Because I'd pick you.”</p> <p>And then she kissed him.</p>
89	<p>She'd never kissed anyone. And as her lips met his and he wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her close against him, she honestly had no idea why she'd waited so long. His mouth was warm and soft, his body wondrously solid against hers, his hair silken as she threaded her fingers through it. Still, she let him guide her, forced herself to remember to breathe as he eased her lips apart with his own.</p> <p>When she felt the brush of his tongue against hers, she was so full of lightning she thought she might die from the rush of it. She wanted more. She wanted all of him.</p> <p>She couldn't hold him tight enough, kiss him fast enough. A growl rumbled in the back of his throat, so full of need she felt it in her core. Lower than that, actually.</p> <p>She pushed him against the wall, and his hands roamed all over her back, her sides, her</p>

Page	Content
	<p>hips. She wanted to bask in the feeling—wanted to rip off her suit so she could feel his callused hands against her bare skin. The intensity of that desire swept her away. She didn't give a damn about the sewers. Or Doneval, or Philip, or Arobynn. Sam's lips left her mouth to travel along her neck. They grazed a spot beneath her ear and her breath hitched.</p> <p>No, she didn't give a damn about anything right now.</p> <p>...It was nighttime when they left the sewers, hair disheveled and mouths swollen.</p>
102	<p>She leaned down to kiss him, a swift brush of her mouth against his.</p> <p>"It's done," she said onto his lips.</p>
109	<p>He brushed his lips against hers. "I love you," he breathed against her mouth.</p> <p>...Celaena put her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply, giving him her silent reply.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	3
Bitch	1
Shit	1