

A COURT OF FROST AND STARLIGHT



Adult

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CONTENT WARNING

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Book Summary:

A winter celebration brings insight into the casualties of war and deepens relationships between friends and family.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains obscene sexual activities; explicit sexual nudity; profanity; alcohol use; and violence

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Not For Minors
BookLooks Review Rating

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14	<p>There wasn't a surface inside where I hadn't taken Feyre- the kitchen table being my particular favorite, thanks to those raw initial days after we'd first mated, when I could barely stand to be near her and not be buried inside her.</p> <p>...To get more than a few hours to sleep and bury myself in her.</p> <p>...Last week had been so stupidly busy and I'd been so desperate for the feel and taste of her that I'd taken her during the flight down from the House of Wind to the town house. High above Velaris- for all to see, if it weren't for the cloaking I had thrown into place. It'd required some careful maneuvering, and I'd planned for months now on actually making a moment of it, but with her against me like that, alone in the skies, all it had taken was one look into those blue-gray eyes and I was unfastening her pants.</p> <p>A moment later, I'd been inside her, and had nearly sent us crashing into the rooftops like an Illyrian whelp. Feyre had just laughed.</p> <p>I'd climaxed at the husky sound of it.</p>
17	<p>Taking my mate to bed on a regular basis wasn't exactly a pressing issue.</p>
46	<p>His gaze slid over my bare legs as I pushed back the covers.</p> <p>Heat bloomed in me, but I shoved my feet into slippers.</p>
47	<p>Rhys sat, folding his wings behind him before reaching to pull me into his lap, but I dodged his hands and kept a healthy distance away. "Eat the food first."</p> <p>"Then I'll eat you after," he countered, grinning wickedly, but tore into the food.</p>
51	<p>I ran a hand over the swirls and whorls of tattoos across his muscled chest, tracing the intricate lines. He shuddered under my fingers, wings twitching.</p> <p>...He rested his brow against my chest, right between my breasts, and wrapped his arms around my waist. For a long minute, he only breathed in the scent of me, as if taking it deep into his lungs.</p> <p>..."Prick," I hissed, making to step back, but his arms tightened around me.</p> <p>...He nuzzled the plane of my stomach.</p> <p>I dragged my hands through his dark hair, savoring the silken strands against my calluses.</p>
53	<p>His fingers again stroked down my back. Lower.</p> <p>...He traced the seam of my backside with a long, lazy stroke. With me standing before him like this, he could instantly smell the shift of my scent as my core heated.</p> <p>...He pressed a kiss to my stomach, right over my navel.</p> <p>...He smiled against my stomach, his fingers still exploring, coaxing. "You tackled me like an Illyrian. Perfect form, a direct hit. But then you lay on top of me, panting. All I wanted to do was get us both naked."</p> <p>"Why am I not surprised?" Yet I threaded my fingers through his hair.</p> <p>The fabric of my dressing gown was barely more than cobwebs between us as he huffed a laugh onto my belly. I hadn't bothered putting on anything beneath. "You drove me out of my mind. All those months. I still don't quite believe I get to have this. Have you."</p> <p>My throat tightened. That was the thought he wanted to trade, needed to share. "I wanted you, even Under the Mountain," I said softly.</p> <p>...His eyes gleamed, and he buried his face between my breasts again, hands caressing my back.</p> <p>...Rhys's hands clamped on the back of my thighs, the only warning before he smoothly twisted us, pinning me to the bed as he nuzzled my neck. "A week," he said onto my skin, gracefully folding his wings behind him. "A week to have you in this bed. That's all I want for Solstice."</p>

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	<p>I laughed breathlessly, but he flexed his hips, driving against me, the barriers between us little more than scraps of cloth. He brushed a kiss against my mouth, his wings a dark wall behind his shoulders. "You think I'm joking.</p> <p>"We're strong High Fae," I mused, fighting to concentrate as he tugged on my earlobe with his teeth. "but a week straight of sex? I don't think I'd be able to walk. Or you'd be able to function, at least with your favorite part."</p> <p>He nipped the delicate arch of my ear, and my toes curled. "Then you'll just have to kiss my favorite part and make it better."</p> <p>I slid a hand to that favorite part- my favorite part- and gripped him through his undershorts. He groaned, pressing himself into my touch, and the garment disappeared, leaving only my palm against the velvet hardness of him.</p> <p>"We need to get dressed," I managed to say, even as my hand stroked over him.</p> <p>"Later," he ground out, sucking on my lower lip.</p> <p>...My core pounded, sister to my thunderous heartbeat, the need to have him buried inside me, to have him-</p> <p>...Rhys let out a low growl that skittered over my skin, his hair slipping over his brow as he turned his head toward the door. Nothing but predatory intent in his glazed eyes. "We have thirty minutes," he said with remarkable smoothness.</p> <p>..."This isn't finished," he promised me, his voice rough, before he kissed the hollow of my throat and pulled away.</p> <p>...I slumped against the pillows and breathed deep, cooling the need that coursed through me. Water gurgled in the bathing room, followed by a soft yelp.</p> <p>I wasn't the only one in need of cooling, it seemed.</p> <p>Indeed, when I strode into the bathing room a few minutes later, Rhys was still cringing as he washed himself in the tub.</p> <p>A dip of my fingers into the soapy water confirmed my suspicions: it was ice-cold.</p>
61	"And I am not in the habit of fucking Illyrian leftovers."
62	I am not in the habit of fucking Illyrian leftovers.
83	<p>I'd be an excellent nude model?</p> <p>...Perhaps I'll model for you later, then. A sensuous brush down the bond that had my blood heating. It's been a while since we had paint involved.</p> <p>That cabin and kitchen table flashed into my mind, and my mouth went a bit dry. Rogue.</p>
100	<p>Save that tongue for later. I have ideas for it.</p> <p>...Mor called from the front hall, startling me from the warmth pooling in my core.</p>
112	<p>"There are concert halls. Fine restaurants. Pleasure clubs. And yet your sister..."</p> <p>...Rhys kissed my brow. "If someone propositions you, tell them we'll both be free in an hour."</p>
148	<p>I admired the view from behind as Feyre's glass was filled.</p> <p>It was an effort to leash every raging instinct at that particular view. At the curves and hollows of my mate, the color of her- so vibrant, even in this room of so many personalities. Her midnight-blue velvet gown hugged her perfectly, leaving little to the imagination before it pooled to the floor. She'd left her hair down, curling slightly at the ends- hair I knew I later wanted to plunge my hands into, scattering the silver combs pinning up the sides. And then I'd peel off that dress. Slowly.</p> <p>...In my town house. Smiling. Drinking my liquor.</p>

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152	I leaned down to kiss him, a brush of our mouths.
153	<p>I kissed him again, and when I made to pull away, he slid a hand behind my head and kept me there.</p> <p>He kissed me deeply, lazily- as if he'd be content to do nothing but that all day. I might have considered it.</p> <p>But I managed to extract myself, and crossed my legs as I settled back on the bed and reached for my new sketchbook and satchel of supplies. "I want to draw you," I said. "As my birthday present to me."</p> <p>His smile was positively feline.</p> <p>I added, flipping open my sketchbook and turning to the first page. "You said once that nude would be best."</p> <p>Rhys's eyes glowed, and a whisper of his power through the room had the curtains parting, flooding the space with midmorning sunshine. Showing every glorious naked inch of him sprawled across the bed, illuminating the faint reds and golds of his wings. "Do your worst, Cursebreaker."</p> <p>My very blood sparkling, I pulled out a piece of charcoal and began.</p>
154	<p>I'd filled pages and pages of my sketchbook with him- drawings of his wings, his eyes, his Illyrian tattoos. And enough of his naked, beautiful body that I knew I'd never share this sketchbook with anyone but him. Rhys had indeed hummed his approval when he'd leafed through my work, smirking at the accuracy of my drawings regarding certain areas of his body.</p>
168	<p>"Drink?" A decanter and pair of glasses appeared in her hands.</p> <p>"Mother above, yes."</p> <p>She waited until I'd sat beside her on the oak steps and downed a mouthful of amber liquid, the stuff burning its way along my throat and warming my belly, before she asked, "Do you want my advice?"</p>
169	I refilled my glass, set the crystal decanter on the step behind us, and drank again.
171	"There's more alcohol in the cabin.
172	"An Illyrian custom, actually- the heated sheds. The birchin. A bunch of naked warriors, sitting together in the steam, sweating."
173	<p>I snorted. "So the three of them are just in there. Naked. Sweating."</p> <p>Mother above.</p> <p>Interested in taking a look? The dark purr echoed in my mind.</p> <p>Lech. Go back to your sweating.</p> <p>There's room for one more in here.</p> <p>I thought mates were territorial.</p> <p>I could feel him smile as if he were grinning against my neck. I'm always eager to learn what sparks your interest, Feyre darling.</p> <p>I surveyed the cabin around me, the surfaces I'd painted nearly a year ago. I was promised a wall, Rhys.</p> <p>A pause. A long pause. I've taken you against a wall before.</p> <p>These walls.</p> <p>Another long, long pause. It's bad form to be at attention while the birchin.</p> <p>My lips curved as I sent him an image. A memory.</p> <p>Of me on the kitchen table just a few feet away. Of him kneeling before me. My legs</p>

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	<p>wrapped around his head. Cruel, wicked thing.</p>
182	<p>I didn't fail to note that when Elain turned again to the liquor cabinet, she poured a finger of amber-colored liquor into a glass and knocked back the contents with a grimace before facing Nesta again.</p>
183	<p>Az, to his credit, gave Mor a smile of thanks, a blush creeping over his cheeks, his hazel eyes fixed on her. I looked away at the heat, the yearning that filled them.</p>
185	<p>I blinked away the tears that threatened at those words and leaned into the kiss he pressed to my mouth.</p>
192	<p>He knew about the drinking, about the males. He told himself he didn't care. He told himself he didn't want to know who the bastard was who had taken her maidenhead. Told himself he didn't want to know if the males meant anything- if he meant anything.</p>
197	<p>By the time Cassian returned, quiet and brooding, and knocked back a glass of liquor before stalking upstairs.</p>
198	<p>He ran his hand down my thigh. "I'm glad."</p>
201	<p>Rhys leaned in, brushing a kiss to my neck, right beneath my ear. "Shall we begin tonight, mate?" My toes curled. "That was the plan." "Mmm. Do you know what my plan was?" Another 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. That precious, beautiful 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 eyes opened just as his hands began to trace long lines along my bare back. Lower. I found Rhys smiling down at me, his eyes heavy-lidded while he surveyed my naked body. Naked, save for the diamond cuffs at my wrists. I went to remove them, but he murmured, "Leave them." My stomach tightened int anticipation, my breasts turning achingly heavy. I unbuttoned the rest of his jacket, fingers shaking, and peeled it from him, along with his shirt. And his pants. 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. He slid a hand down the front of my torso in brazen possessiveness. "Or shall it be the wall the entire time?" My knees buckled, and I found myself beyond words. Beyond anything but him. 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. Then 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</p>

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	<p>he'd winnowed us. My head hit the wood with a soft thud as Rhys lowered his mouth to me.</p> <p>He took his time.</p> <p>Licked and stroked me until I'd shattered, then laughed against me, dark and rich, before he rose to his full height.</p> <p>Before he hoisted me up, my legs wrapping around his waist, and pinned me against that wall.</p> <p>One arm braced on the wall, the other holding me aloft, Rhys met my eyes. "How shall it be, mate?"</p> <p>..."Hard enough to make the pictures fall off," I reminded him, breathless.</p> <p>He laughed again, low and wicked. "Hold on tight, then."</p> <p>...My hands slid onto his shoulders, digging into the hard muscle.</p> <p>But he slowly, so slowly, pushed into me.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>"Every time," he gritted out. "Every time, you feel exquisite."</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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."</p> <p>Another slight withdrawal- then a plunge in. I panted and panted, leaning my head into the hard wall behind me.</p> <p>Rhys let out an approving sound, and withdrew slightly. Then pushed back in. Hard. A low rattle sounded down the wall to my left.</p> <p>I stopped caring. Stopped caring if we did indeed make the pictures fall off the wall as Rhys halted once more.</p> <p>"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." My nails cut into his broad shoulders. "How even if we a thousand years together, I will never tire of this."</p> <p>Release began to gather along my spine, shutting out all sound and sense beyond where he met me, touched me.</p> <p>Another thrust, longer and harder. The wood groaned beneath his hand.</p> <p>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."</p> <p>His voice was a caress that had my hips moving, begging him to go faster.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>"Watching me move in you?"</p> <p>...He let me in instantly, mind-to-mind and soul-to-soul, and then I was looking through his eyes- looking down at me as he gripped my hip and thrust.</p> <p>He purred, Look at how I fuck you, Feyre.</p> <p>...Look at how perfectly we fit.</p> <p>My flushed body was arched against the wall- perfect indeed for receiving him, for taking</p>

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	<p>every inch of him. Do you see why I can't stop thinking of this- of you? Again, he withdrew and drove in, and released the damper on his power. ...And still Rhys remained before me, my legs wrapped around his waist. I brushed my own mental hands down him and breathed, Can you fuck me in here, too? That wicked delight faltered. ...Then undiluted, utter predator answered, It would be my pleasure. ...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. ...All while he moved in me, relentless and driving as the sea. Ove rand over, power and flesh and soul, until I think I was screaming, until I think he was roaring, and my mortal body clenched around him, shattering. ...And when my mind could form words, when I could again feel his essence around me, his body still moving in my own, I sent him that image one last time, into the dark and stars- my gift. ...Rhys spilled into me with a roar, his wings splaying wide. ...He remained buried in me, leaning heavily against the wall as he panted against my neck, "FeyreFeyreFeyre." He was shaking. We both were. I worked up the presence of mind to crack open my eyes.</p>
207	<p>"Do it again," I breathed, my voice hoarse. Rhys knew what I meant. And I'd never been so glad for a Fae mate when he hardened again a heartbeat later, lowered me to the floor and flipped me onto my stomach, then plunged deep into me with a growling purr. And even when we eventually collapsed on the rug, barely avoiding the broken pictures and vase shards, unable to move for a good long while, that image of my gift remained between us, shimmering as bright as any stare.</p>
208	<p>The words we'd exchanged last night, what we'd done, flowed between us, as invisible and solid as our mating bond.</p>
209	<p>"Build a house with an office for you, and one for me. Build a house with a bathtub big enough for two- and for wings."</p>
210	<p>The sex had destroyed me.</p>
229	<p>Before I could elbow him, Rhys kissed me again, breathless and swift.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	4
Fuck	4
Piss	1
Prick	4
Shit	9