

QUEEN OF SHADOWS



Young Adult

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual nudity; sexual activities; violence; and profanity.

3 / 5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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203	Asterin gave her a look that made Elide wonder if she could see through the homespun dress to the bandage she used to flatten her full breasts into an unnoticeable chest.
258	<p>He wasn't like other men—not even close. There was so little she could do to jar him, taunt him. A naked body was a naked body. Especially hers.</p> <p>...She rolled over. "You mean to tell me the females in Doranelle don't have scandalous nightclothes? Or anywhere else in the world?"</p> <p>..."My encounters with other females usually didn't involve parading around in nightclothes."</p> <p>"And what clothes did they involve?"</p> <p>"Usually, none at all."</p>
277	Kaltain had been shoved up against the wall, the neck of that too-flimsy gown tugged to the side, her breast nearly out. There was such emptiness on her face—as if she weren't even there at all.
338	<p>It was what Arobynn wanted—for her to think of him as she rubbed the oil into every inch of her skin. For her breasts, her thighs, her neck to smell like almond—his chosen scent.</p> <p>His scent, because he knew that a Fae male had come to stay with her, and all signs pointed to their being close enough for scent to matter to Rowan.</p>
379	Blood stained Lysandra's skin and matted her hair, and patches had soaked through the thin silk robe that did little to hide her nakedness.
399	The pink silk clung to her waist and slid over her hips as she approached the bed, revealing the glorious length of her bare legs, still lean and tan from all the time they'd spent outdoors this spring. A strip of pale yellow lace graced the plunging neckline, and he tried—gods damn him, he honestly tried—not to look at the smooth curve of her breasts as she bent to climb into bed.
400	<p>They were both really damn lucky that she currently couldn't shift into her Fae form and smell what was pounding through his blood. It had been hard enough to conceal it from her until now. Aedion's knowing looks told him enough about what her cousin had detected.</p> <p>He'd seen her naked before—a few times. And gods, yes, there had been moments when he'd considered it, but he'd mastered himself. He'd learned to keep those useless thoughts on a short, short leash. Like that time she'd moaned at the breeze he sent her way on Beltane—the arch of her neck, the parting of that mouth of hers, the sound that came out of her—</p> <p>She was now lying on her side, her back to him.</p> <p>"About last night," he said through his teeth.</p> <p>"It's fine. It was a mistake."</p> <p>Look at me. Turn over and look at me.</p> <p>But she remained with her back to him, the moonlight caressing the silk bunched over the dip of her waist, the slope of her hip.</p>
404	<p>"That dress suits you." She jerked her chin toward Lysandra's chest. "And does wonders for them, too. The poor men in here can't stop looking."</p> <p>"Trust me, having larger ones isn't a blessing. My back hurts all the time." Lysandra frowned down at her full breasts. "As soon as I get my powers back, these things will be the first to go."</p>
434	<p>Yet there he was, his hand a brand on her bare shoulder, his body nearly covering hers. "You have nothing to be sorry for," she whispered. "I trust you, Rowan."</p> <p>He gave her a barely perceptible nod.</p> <p>"I missed you," he said quietly, his gaze darting between her mouth and eyes. "When I was in Wendlyn. I lied when I said I didn't. From the moment you left, I missed you so much I went out of my mind. I was glad for the excuse to track Lorcan here, just to see you again. And tonight, when</p>

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	<p>he had that knife at your throat ..." The warmth of his callused finger bloomed through her as he traced a path over the cut on her neck. "I kept thinking about how you might never know that I missed you with only an ocean between us. But if it was death separating us ... I would find you. I don't care how many rules it would break. Even if I had to get all three keys myself and open a gate, I would find you again. Always."</p> <p>She blinked back the burning in her eyes as he reached between their bodies and took her hand, guiding it up to lay against his tattooed cheek.</p> <p>It was an effort to remember how to breathe, to focus on anything but that smooth, warm skin. He didn't tear his eyes away from hers as she grazed her thumb along his sharp cheekbone. Savoring each stroke, she caressed his face, that tattoo, never breaking his stare, even as it stripped her naked.</p> <p>I'm sorry, he still seemed to say.</p> <p>She kept her stare locked on his as she let go of his face and slowly, making sure he understood every step of the way, tilted her head back until her throat was arched and bared before him. "Aelin," he breathed. Not in reprimand or warning, but ... a plea. It sounded like a plea. He lowered his head to her exposed neck and hovered a hair's breadth away.</p> <p>She arched her neck farther, a silent invitation.</p> <p>Rowan let out a soft groan and grazed his teeth against her skin.</p> <p>One bite, one movement, was all it would take for him to rip out her throat.</p> <p>His elongated canines slid along her flesh—gently, precisely. She clenched the sheets to keep from running her fingers down his bare back and drawing him closer.</p> <p>He braced one hand beside her head, his fingers twining in her hair.</p> <p>"No one else," she whispered. "I would never allow anyone else at my throat." Showing him was the only way he'd understand that trust, in a manner that only the predatory, Fae side of him would comprehend. "No one else," she said again.</p> <p>He let out another low groan, answer and confirmation and request, and the rumble echoed inside her. Carefully, he closed his teeth over the spot where her lifeblood thrummed and pounded, his breath hot on her skin.</p> <p>She shut her eyes, every sense narrowing on that sensation, on the teeth and mouth at her throat, on the powerful body trembling with restraint above hers. His tongue flicked against her skin. She made a small noise that might have been a moan, or a word, or his name. He shuddered and pulled back, the cool air kissing her neck. Wildness—pure wildness sparked in those eyes. Then he thoroughly, brazenly surveyed her body, his nostrils flaring delicately as he scented exactly what she wanted.</p> <p>Her breathing turned ragged as he dragged his stare to hers—hungry, feral, unyielding.</p> <p>"Not yet," he said roughly, his own breathing uneven. "Not now."</p> <p>"Why?" It was an effort to remember speech with him looking at her like that. Like he might eat her alive. Heat pounded through her core.</p> <p>"I want to take my time with you—to learn ... every inch of you. And this apartment has very, very thin walls. I don't want to have an audience," he added as he leaned down again, brushing his mouth over the cut at the base of her throat, "when I make you moan, Aelin."</p> <p>Oh, by the Wyrd. She was in trouble. So much rutting trouble. And when he said her name like that ...</p> <p>"This changes things," she said, hardly able to get the words out.</p> <p>"Things have been changing for a while already. We'll deal with it." She wondered how long his resolve to wait would last if she lifted her face to claim his mouth with her own, if she ran her fingers down the groove of his spine. If she touched him lower than that. But—</p>

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	...He swallowed again, slowly peeling himself away from her and strode to the closet to dress. Honestly, it was an effort not to leap after him and rip that damn towel away.
503	Asterin unbuttoned her jacket and shrugged it off into the flowers. She removed her shirt, and the one beneath, until her golden skin glowed in the sunlight, her breasts full and heavy. Asterin turned, and Manon fell to her knees in the grass. There, branded on Asterin's abdomen in vicious, crude letters was one word: UNCLEAN
517	"Am I? I still serve my queen, even if she cannot see it. Who was the one who abandoned her the first time a pretty human thing opened her legs—"
525	But he got out of bed, risking all of one step, drinking down the sight of the long, bare legs; the curve of her breasts, peaked despite the balmy summer night; the bob of her throat as she swallowed.
526	She tried and failed to smile. He leaned in, sliding a hand around her waist, the lace and silk smooth against his fingers, her body warm and firm beneath it, and whispered in her ear, "Even when we're apart tomorrow, I'll be with you every step of the way. And every step after— wherever that may be." She sucked in a shuddering breath, and he pulled back far enough for them to share breath. Her fingers shook as she brushed them against his mouth, and his control nearly shredded apart right there. ..."Bastard," she murmured, and kissed him. Her mouth was soft and warm, and he bit back a groan. His body went still—his entire world went still—at that whisper of a kiss, the answer to a question he'd asked for centuries. He realized he was staring only when she withdrew slightly. His fingers tightened at her waist.
593	The two waiting guards sniggered, eyes on the flap of the robe that fell open as she kicked, revealing her thighs, her stomach, everything to them. Elide sobbed, even as she knew the tears would do her no good. They just laughed, devouring her with their eyes—
611	Rowan burst out laughing. She glared at him again as she sat up, the movement agonizing, exhausting. She was naked save for the clean undergarments someone had stuffed her into, but she supposed she was decent enough. He'd seen every part of her, anyway.
613	They were sitting on the bed, Aelin in Rowan's lap, the Fae warrior's arms locked around her as he looked at her the way she deserved to be looked at. And when they kissed, deeply, without hesitation—
614	She'd lost track of how long they'd kissed for, how long she'd lost herself in him. But then she'd taken his hand and laid it on her breast, and he'd growled in a way that made her toes curl and her back arch ... and then wince at the remnant of pain flickering in her body. He had pulled back at that wince, and when she'd tried to convince him to keep going, he'd told her that he had no interest in bedding an invalid, and since they'd already waited this long, she could cool her heels and wait some more. Until she was able to keep up with him, he'd added with a wicked grin. Aelin shoved away the thought with another glare in Rowan's direction, loosed a steadying breath, and pushed down on the handle.
644	She would have preferred a little more privacy, especially with Rowan, who kept looking at her in that way that made her want to combust. Sometimes when no one was watching, he'd sneak up behind her and nuzzle her neck or tug at her earlobe with his teeth, or just slide his arms around

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	her and hold her against him, breathing her in. One night—just one gods-damned night with him was all she wanted. They didn't dare stop at an inn, so she was left to burn, and to endure Lysandra's quiet teasing.
653	She would never forget how those guards had leered at her naked body, why her uncle had sold her to Duke Perrington.
657	She was delicately built, small enough that he might have thought her barely past her first bleed were it not for the full breasts beneath her close-fitting leathers.

Profanity	Count
Ass	28
Bitch	11
Piss	28
Prick	14
Shit	60