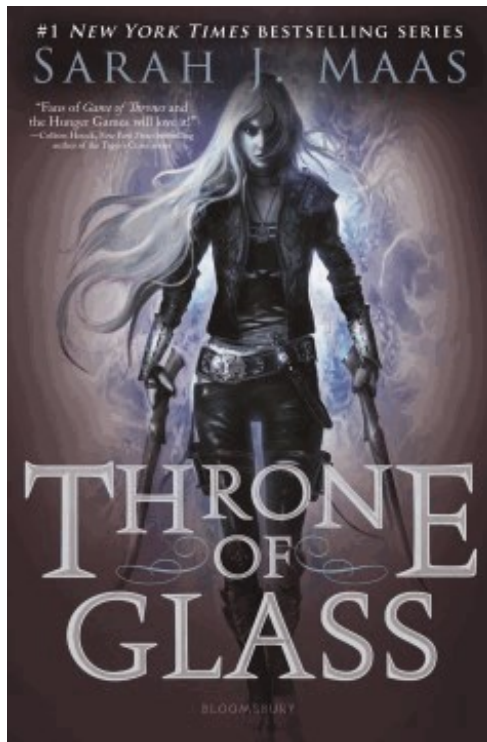


# THRONE OF GLASS



*Young Adult*

**By Sarah J. Maas**

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## Summary of Concerns:

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

**2**/**5**

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
21	And her breasts! Once well-formed, they were now no larger than they'd been in the midst of puberty.
217	"Is that the bargain? She opens her legs, and you keep an eye on her during practice?"
231	"You could easily love some woman on the side. Marriage doesn't mean you can't love other people."
232	The way the collar of his black jacket lay across his neck made her unable to sit still. She wanted to touch him, to trace the line between his tan skin and the golden lining of the fabric.
259	He'd never known an attractive woman for so long without courting her—save for Kaltain. And he couldn't deny that he was aching to learn what Celaena's lips felt like, what her bare skin smelled like, how she'd react to the touch of his fingers along her body.
261	Without thinking, he leaned down and kissed her cheek. She stiffened as his mouth touched her skin, and though the kiss was brief, he breathed in the scent of her. Pulling away was surprisingly hard.
290	Dorian was dancing with a small brunette with outrageously large breasts that he took no pains to avoid glancing at every so often.
299	He shook the hair out of his face. "I'm not interested in court ladies," he said thickly, and kissed her. His mouth was warm, and his lips were smooth, and Celaena lost all sense of time and place as she slowly kissed him back. He pulled away for a moment, looked into her eyes as they opened, and kissed her again. It was different this time—deeper, full of need. Her arms were heavy and light all at once, and the room twirled round and round. She couldn't stop. She liked this—liked being kissed by him, liked the smell and the taste and the feel of him. His arm slipped around her waist and he held her tightly to him as his lips moved against hers. She put a hand on his shoulder, her fingers digging into the muscle that lay beneath. ...Her eyes opened. Endovier. Why was she kissing the Crown Prince of Adarlan? Her fingers loosened and her arm dropped to her side.
335	"Are you sure that you're feeling—" he began, but she surged forward and kissed him. She almost knocked him to the floor. But he shot out an arm to the back of the chair and braced himself as his spare arm wrapped around her middle. She let the touch, the taste of him fill the room of her mind with water. She kissed him, hoping to steal some of his air. Her fingers entangled themselves in his hair, and as he kissed her fiercely, she let everything fade away.
336	After hours of kissing and talking and more kissing on her bed, Dorian had left only minutes before.
397	She was still wearing that absurdly short nightgown, which slid up her thighs as she propped her feet on the edge of the table. He focused on her face.

Profanity	Count
Ass	3
Bitch	4