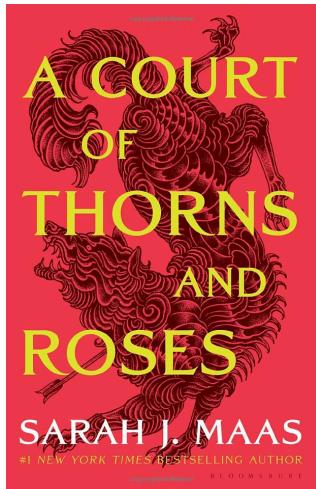




R.E.M.O.V.E. REPORT

REVIEWING EXPLICIT MATERIALS OPPOSING VULGAR EDUCATION



A Court of Thorns and Roses by Sarah J Maas

Page 172:

His lips were smooth against my skin, his breath warm, and my knees buckled as he lifted my other hand to his mouth and kissed it, too. Kissed it carefully- in a way that made heat begin pounding in my core, between my legs

Page 197:

His bite lightened, and his tongue caressed the places his teeth had been. He didn't move- he just remained in that spot, kissing my neck. Intently, territorially, lazily. Heat pounded between my legs, and as he ground his body against me, against every aching spot, a moan slipped past my lips.

...More- I wanted the hardness of his body crushing against mine; I wanted his mouth and teeth and tongue on my bare skin, on my breasts, between my legs. Everywhere- I wanted him everywhere.

Page 232:

He could have me right there, on top of that table. I wanted his broad hands running over my bare skin, wanted his teeth scraping against my neck, wanted his mouth all over me.

Page 239:

She has the most delicious thoughts about you, Tamlin" he said. "She's wondered about the feeling of your fingers on her thighs- between them, too." He chuckled. Even as he said my most private thoughts, even as I burned with outrage and shame, I trembled at the grip still on my mind. Rhysand turned to the High Lord. "I'm curious: Why did she wonder if it would feel good to have you bite her breast the way you bit her neck?"

⚠️ **WARNING - PERVASIVELY VULGAR CONTENT ⚠️**

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Page 245:

...My back arched as he reached the spot he'd once bitten, and I dragged my hands through his hair, savoring the silken smoothness.

He traced the arc of my hipbones, lingering at the edge of my undergarments. My nightgown had become hitched around my waist, but I didn't care. I hooked my bare legs around his, running my feet down the hard muscles of his calves. He breathed my name onto my chest, one of his hands exploring the plane of my torso, rising up to the slope of my breast. I trembled, anticipating the feel of his hand there, and his mouth found mine again as his fingers stopped just below. His kissing was slower this time- gentler.

The fingertips of his other hand slipped beneath the waist of my undergarment, and I sucked in a breath. He hesitated at the sound, pulling back slightly. But I bit his lip in a silent command that had him growling into my mouth. With one long claw, he shredded through silk and lace, and my undergarment fell away in pieces. The claw retracted, and his kisses deepened as his fingers slid between my legs, coaxing and teasing. I ground against his hand, yielding completely to the writhing wildness that had roared alive inside me, and breathed his name onto his skin.

He paused again- his fingers retracting- but I grabbed him, pulling him further on top of me. I wanted him now- I wanted the barriers of our clothing to vanish, I wanted to taste his sweat, wanted to become full of him. "Don't stop," I gasped out. "I-" he said thickly, resting his brow between my breasts as he shuddered. "If we keep going, I won't be able to stop at all."

...But I kept my eyes on his, my own breathing becoming steady as I raised my nightgown over my head and tossed it to the floor. Utterly naked before him, I watched his gaze travel to my bare breasts, peaked against the chill night, to my abdomen, to between my thighs. A ravenous, unyielding sort of hunger passed over his face. I bent a leg and slid it to the side, a silent invitation.

..."Give me everything," I breathed.

He lunged, a beast freed of its tether. We were a tangle of limbs and teeth, I tore at his clothes until they were on the floor, then tore at his skin until I marked him down his back, his arms. His claws were out, but devastatingly gentle on my hips as he slid down between my thighs and feasted on me, stopping only after I shuddered and fractured. I was moaning his name when he sheathed himself inside me in a powerful, slow thrust that had me splintering around him. We moved together, unending and wild and burning, and when I went over the edge the next time, he roared and went with me

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Page 378:

...I tore at his shirt, needing to feel the skin beneath one last time, and I had to stifle the moan that rose up in me as he grasped my breast. I didn't want him to be gentle- because what I felt for him wasn't at all like that. What I felt was wild and hard and burning, and so he was with me. He tore his lips from mine and bit my neck-

...I had to grind my teeth to keep myself from moaning and giving us away.

...My fingers grappled with his belt buckle, and his mouth found mine again. Our tongues danced...

...I wanted him- here.

I hooked a leg around his middle, needing to be closer, and he ground his hips harder against me, crushing me into the icy wall. I pried the belt buckle loose, whipping the leather free, and Tamlin growled his desire in my ear...

...I tossed away his belt and started fumbling for his pants.

.But the air became a cold kiss upon my skin- upon my exposed breasts.

Page 411:

His ragged breath was the only sound- and his hands soon began roaming across my back and sides, caressing and teasing and baring me to him. When my traveling fingers reached his mouth, he bit down on one, sucking it into his mouth. It didn't hurt, but the bite was hard enough for me to meet his eyes again.

To realize that he was done waiting- and so was I.

He eased me onto the bed, murmuring my name against my neck, the shell of my ear, the tips of my fingers. I urged him- faster, harder. His mouth explored the curve of my breast, the inside of my thigh.

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