

CURSED: GILDED DUOLOGY BOOK 2



Young Adult

By Marissa Meyer

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Book Summary:

A young woman is forced to marry an evil king to later become a vessel for another woman's soul.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains inexplicit sexual activities; alternate sexualities; moderate violence; and mild/infrequent profanity

2 /5

Teen Guidance
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
15	What Gild didn't know, and she could never tell him, was that she was already with child. That she had been since the night Gild pressed his lips to hers, trailing kisses along her jaw, her throat, the swell of her breast. They had been intimate only once, and Serilda still shivered when she let herself remember his closeness, his touch, the way he'd whispered her name like poetry. That night, in their passion, they'd conceived a child.
17	To lean forward and nuzzle her cheek against his temple. To press him against the wall and mold her body to his. I am not his. I will never be his.
103	His lips crushed against hers. Intense and wanting and needing. Fingers in her hair. Gild, engulfing her. All her senses, sparking and frantic.
113	They had never talked about what had happened between them, the third night she'd been asked to spin straw into gold. The night his kisses had burned trails down her throat. The night she'd had absolutely no qualms about letting him see her without her chemise, her bloomers ... without anything.
114	His mouth opened, but she didn't give him a chance to respond before she leaned forward and pressed her lips against his, trying to fill the kiss with all the words she wasn't allowed to say. She might be married to the Erlking, but she wanted him. Only him. ...He did not let his fingertips trace the triangles of bare skin, or linger at the nape of her neck. He did not lean closer, letting his breath dance against the back of her ear. He did not embrace her from behind and start to undo his hard work.
328	Her own hands reaching, cupping the sides of his face. Her own mouth pressing hungrily against his.
358	The door of the inn opened and Lorraine and Frieda walked out. Frieda flushed pink, and Lorraine shook her head as if the pomp of it all were absurd, but both of them were beaming from ear to ear. Though their dresses were simple, Serilda suspected they were probably the finest they owned, and they each had a circlet of flowers over their hair. They looked so lovely and so happy, their arms linked together. Serilda clasped her hands together delightedly. "It is a wedding!" Perhaps she should not have been so surprised. The first time she'd met Lorraine and Frieda, their feelings for each other had been obvious, though they'd both been far too shy to act on them. She wondered if it was Leyna, Lorraine's daughter, who had nudged them together. As soon as she thought it, Leyna poked her head out the inn's door and cleared her throat meaningfully. ...Frieda even gave Leyna a golden bracelet as part of the ceremony, making a vow that she would never be a wicked stepmother like in the fairy tales. ...When Frieda and Lorraine kissed, the cheers were so loud, Serilda thought her ears would ring the whole night through.
363	Without warning, he reached for Serilda and pulled her into his lap. She tumbled against him with a gasp and had barely caught her breath before he was kissing her. Arms cradling her, hands in her hair. Pouring a thousand promises into that touch. He ended the kiss as quickly as he had started it. His cheeks were flushed beneath his freckles, his eyes flashing and resolute.

Profanity	Count
Ass	1