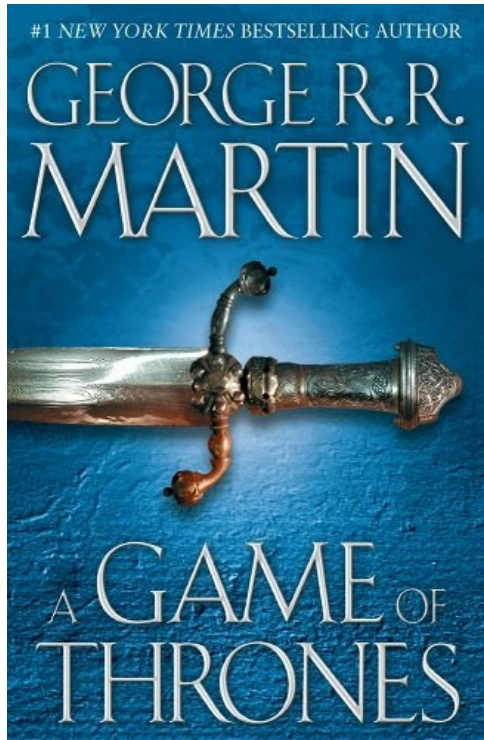


# A GAME OF THRONES



## Book Summary:

A series of events, including the murder of a king, set the stage for war among regions within a fantasy world.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains violence; explicit sexual activities; sexual assault; nudity; profanity; alcohol use; and suicidal ideations.

*Adult*

**By George R.R. Martin**

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**CONTENT WARNING**

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**3** / 5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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16	"He was a wildling," Bran said. "They carry off women and sell them to the Others."
29	"Let them see that you have a woman's shape now." His fingers brushed lightly over her budding breasts and tightened on a nipple. "You will not fail me tonight. If you do, it will go hard for you. You don't want to wake the dragon, do you?" His fingers twisted her, the pinch cruelly hard through the rough fabric of her tunic.
32	The girl brushed her hair until it shone like molten silver, while the old woman anointed her with the spiceflower perfume of the Dothraki plains, a dab on each wrist, behind her ears, on the tips of her breasts, and one last one, cool on her lips, down there between her legs.
38	"We go home with an army, sweet sister. With Khal Drogo's army, that is how we go home. And if you must wed him and bed him for that, you will." He smiled at her. "I'd let this whole khalasar fuck you if need be, sweet sister, all forty thousand men, and their horses too if that was what it took to get my army. Be grateful it is only Drogo. In time you may even learn to like him. Now dry your eyes. Illyrio is bringing him over, and he will not see you crying." ..."And stand up straight. Let him see that you have breasts. Gods know, you have little enough as is."
47	"If I wanted to honor you, I'd let you retire. I am planning to make you run the kingdom and fight the wars while I eat and drink and wench myself into an early grave."
52	"As I feared. Ah, well. I believe I was younger than you the first time I got truly and sincerely drunk."
59	Her loins still ached from the urgency of his lovemaking. It was a good ache. She could feel his seed within her.
84	Inside the room, a man and a woman were wrestling. They were both naked. Bran could not tell who they were. The man's back was to him, and his body screened the woman from view as he pushed her up against a wall. There were soft, wet sounds. Bran realized they were kissing. He watched, wide-eyed and frightened, his breath tight in his throat. The man had a hand down between her legs, and he must have been hurting her there, because the woman started to moan, low in her throat. "Stop it," she said, "stop it, stop it. Oh, please..." But her voice was low and weak, and she did not push him away. Her hands buried themselves in his hair, his tangled golden hair, and pulled his face down to her breast. Bran saw her face. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was open, moaning. Her golden hair swung from side to side as her head moved back and forth, but still he recognized the queen.
92	He took a swallow of strong black beer to wash it all down, and grinned up wolfishly at Jaime.
102	The warriors were watching too. One of them finally stepped into the circle, grabbed a dancer by the arm, pushed her down to the ground, and mounted her right there, as a stallion mounts a mare. Illyrio had told her that might happen. "The Dothraki mate like the animals in their herds. There is no privacy in a khalasar, and they do not understand sin or shame as we do." Danny looked away from the coupling, frightened when she realized what was happening, but a second warrior stepped forward, and a third, and soon there was no way to avert her eyes. Then two men seized the same woman. She heard a shout, saw a

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	<p>shove, and in the blink of an eye the arakhs were out, long razor-sharp blades, half sword and half scythe. A dance of death began as the warriors circled and slashed, leaping toward each other, whirling the blades around their heads, shrieking insults at each clash.</p> <p>...As the loser died, the winner took hold of the nearest woman- not even the one they had been quarreling over- and had her there and then.</p>
103	<p>"Illyrio and I selected them personally for you. Irri will teach you riding, Jhiqui the Dothraki tongue, and Doreah will instruct you in the womanly arts of love." He smiled thinly. "She's very good, Illyrio and I can both swear to that."</p>
108	<p>He began to undress her.</p> <p>His fingers were deft and strangely tender. He removed her silks one by one, carefully, while Dany sat unmoving, silent, looking at his eyes. When he bared her small breasts, she could not help herself. She averted her eyes and covered herself with her hands.</p> <p>"No," Drogo said. He pulled her hands away from her breasts, gently but firmly, then lifted her face again to make her look at him. "No," he repeated.</p> <p>"No," She echoed back at him.</p> <p>He stood her up then and pulled her close to remove the last of her silks. The night air was chilly on her bare skin. She shivered, and gooseflesh covered her arms and legs. She was afraid of what would come next, but for a while nothing happened. Khal Drogo sat with his legs crossed, looking at her, drinking in her body with his eyes.</p> <p>After a while he began to touch her. Lightly at first, then harder. She could sense the fierce strength in his hands, but he never hurt her. He held her hands in his own and brushed her fingers, one by one. He ran a hand gently down her leg. He stroked her face, tracing the curve of her ears, running a finger gently around her mouth. He put both hands in her hair and combed it with his fingers. He turned her around, massaged her shoulders, slid a knuckle down the path of her spine.</p> <p>It seemed as if hours passed before his hands finally went to her breasts. He stroked the soft skin underneath until it tingled. He circled her nipples with his thumbs, pinched them between thumb and forefinger, then began to pull at her, very lightly at first, then began to pull at her, very lightly at first, then more insistently, until her nipples stiffened and began to ache.</p> <p>He stopped then, and drew her down onto his lap. Dany was flushed and breathless, her heart fluttering in her chest. He cupped her face in his huge hands and she looked into his eyes. "No?" he said, and she knew it was a question.</p> <p>She took his hand and moved it down to the wetness between her thighs. "Yes," she whispered as she put his finger inside her.</p>
197	<p>"Follow me, and try to look a shade more lecherous and a shade less like the King's Hand. It would not do to have you recognized. Perhaps you could fondle a breast or two, just in passing."</p> <p>They went inside, through a crowded common room where a fat woman was singing bawdy songs while pretty young girls in linen shifts and wisps of colored silk pressed themselves against their lovers and dandled on their laps.</p>
228	<p>Yt every night, some time before the dawn, Drogo would come to her tent and wake her in the dark, to ride her as relentlessly as he rode his stallion. He always took her from behind, Dothraki fashion, for which Dany was grateful; that way her lord husband could not see the tears that wet her face, and she could use her pillow to muffle her cries of</p>

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	<p>pain. When he was done, he would close his eyes and begin to snore softly and Dany would lie beside him, her body bruised and sore, hurting too much for sleep. Day followed day, and night followed night, until Dany knew she could not endure a moment longer. She would kill herself rather than go on, she decided one night...</p>
230	<p>"You do not command the dragon. Do you understand? I am the Lord of the Seven Kingdoms, I will not hear orders from some horselord's slut, do you hear me?" His hand went under her vest, his fingers digging painfully into her breast.</p>
236	<p>She rose slowly and opened her sleeping silks and let them fall to the ground. "This night we must go outside, my lord," she told him, for the Dothraki believed that all things of importance in a man's life must be done beneath the open sky. Khal Drogo followed her out into the moonlight, the bells in his hair tinkling softly. A few yards from her tent was a bed of soft grass, and it was there that Dany drew him down. When he tried to turn her over, she put a hand on his chest. "No," she said. "This night I would look on your face." There is no privacy in the heart of the khalasar. Dany felt the eyes on her as she undressed him, heard the soft voices as she did the things that Doreah had told her to do. It was nothing to her. Was she not khaleesi? His were the only eyes that mattered, and when she mounted him she saw something there that she had never seen before. She rode him fiercely as ever she had ridden her silver, and when the moment of his pleasure came, Khal Drogo called out her name.</p>
245	<p>"Spare me your false courtesies, boy. You do not love me and you do not want me here. I saw an inn outside your walls, in the winter town. I'll find a bed there, and both of us will sleep easier. For a few coppers I may even find a comely wench to warm the sheets for me."</p>
331	<p>"And you are truly a fool, Lady Stark. Littlefinger has never loved anyone but Littlefinger, and I promise you that it is not your hand than he boasts of, it's those ripe breasts of yours, and that sweet mouth, and the heat between your legs."</p>
346	<p>"I want to fuck the queen myself, for all the good it does me," the younger one said.</p>
419	<p>"Where to begin? I am a vile little man, I confess it. My crimes and sins are beyond counting, my lords and ladies. I have lain with whores, not once but hundreds of times. I have wished my own lord father dead, and my sister, our gracious queen, as well."</p>
429	<p>"She cannot be more than fifteen, and a whore, and you thought she had sense?" Ned said, incredulous.</p>
458	<p>"After Jaime had made his confessions, to drive home the lesson, Lord Tywin brought my wife in and gave her to his guards. They paid her fair enough. A silver for each man, how many whores command that high a price? He sat me down in the corner of the barracks and bade me watch, and at the end she had so many silvers the coins were slipping through her fingers and rolling on the floor, she..."</p>
460	<p>"In my own bed, with a belly full of wine and a maiden's mouth around my cock, at the age of eighty," he replied.</p>
679	<p>At the end of the day's march, Tyrion had sent Bron back to find him a likely whore. "I would prefer one who is reasonably young, with as pretty a face as you can find," he had said. "If she has washed sometime this year, I shall be glad. If she hasn't, wash her. Be certain that you tell her who I am, and warn her of what I am." ...There was a look the girls got in their eyes sometimes when they first beheld the</p>

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	<p>lordling they'd been hired to pleasure...a look that Tyrion Lannister did not ever care to see again.</p> <p>He lifted the candle and looked her over. Bronn had done well enough; she was doe-eyed and slim, with small firm breasts and a smile that was by turns shy, insolent, and wicked. He like that. "Shall I take my gown off, m'lord?" she asked.</p> <p>"In good time. Are you a maiden, Shae?"</p> <p>"If it please you, m'lord," she said demurely.</p> <p>"What would please me would be the truth of you, girl."</p> <p>"Aye, but that will cost you double."</p> <p>Tyrion decided they would get along splendidly. "I am a Lannister. Gold I have in plenty, and you'll find me generous...but I'll want more from you than what you've got between your legs, though I'll want that too. You'll share my tent, pour my wine, laugh at my jests, rub the ache from my legs after each day's ride...and whether I keep you a day or a year, for so long as we are together you will take no other men into your be."</p> <p>"Fair enough." She reached down to the hem of her thin roughspun gown and pulled it up over her head in one smooth motion, tossing it aside. There was nothing underneath but Shae.</p> <p>...Tyrion put down the candle, took her hand in his, and pulled her gently to him. She bent to kiss him. Her mouth tasted of honey and cloves, and her fingers were deft and practiced as they found the fastenings of his clothes.</p> <p>When he entered her, she welcomed him with whispered endearments and small, shuddering gasps of pleasure. Tyrion suspected her delight was feigned, but she did it so well that it did not matter.</p> <p>...It had been nigh on a year since he'd lain with a woman, since before he had set out for Winterfell in company with his brother and King Robert.</p> <p>...He could feel the softness of her breasts pressed against his arm as she lay beside him. That was a good feeling.</p>
682	<p>Her hand went between his stunted legs, and found him hard. "Yes he is," she whispered, stroking him.</p> <p>..."You need not fear his like, m'lord," the girl said, her fingers busy at his cock.</p> <p>...She mounted him then, and for a time, she almost made him believe it. Tyrion went to sleep smiling...</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	3
Cock	6
Fuck	5
Piss	12
Shit	12