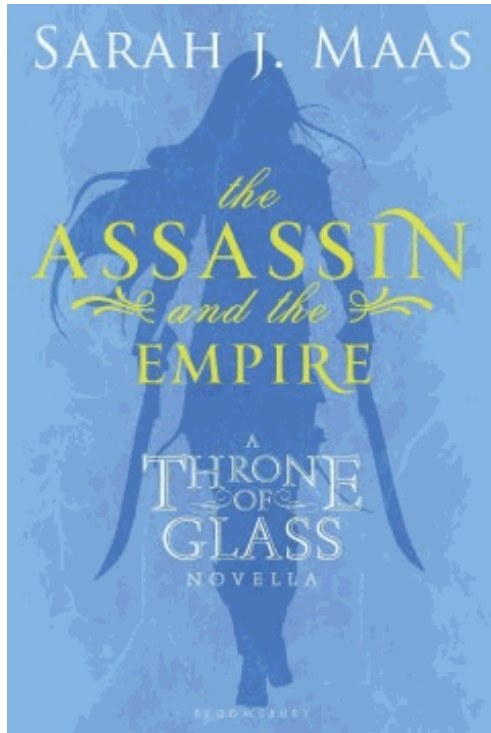


THE ASSASSIN AND THE EMPIRE



Young Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

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CONTENT WARNING

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Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; violence; and mild profanity.

3 /5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
6	<p>Even from the rafters, she could see the King of the Assassins holding the hand of the young courtesan, his leg resting against the skirts of her rose-colored gown. A month after Arobynn had won the Bidding for Lysandra's virginity, it seemed that he was still monopolizing her time. It wouldn't be a surprise if he'd worked out something with her madam to keep Lysandra until he tired of her.</p>
10	<p>She slipped through the crowd packed around the main pit, trying not to look to the exposed rooms on either side—to the girls and women who weren't fortunate enough to be sold into an upper-class brothel like Lysandra.</p>
18	<p>Footsteps thudded on the wooden floor, a warm breath caressed her neck, and then Sam's arms slipped around her waist from behind. He rested his chin on the crook between her shoulder and neck, and they stared at the city.</p> <p>"I just want to be with you," he murmured. "I don't care where we go. That's all I want." She closed her eyes, and leaned her head against his. He smelled of her lavender soap—her expensive lavender soap that she'd once warned him to never use again. He probably had no idea what soap she'd even been scolding him about. She'd have to start hiding her beloved toiletries and leave out something inexpensive for him. Sam wouldn't be able to tell the difference, anyway.</p> <p>"I'm sorry I went to the Vaults," he said onto her skin, planting a kiss beneath her ear. A shiver went down her spine. Though they'd been sharing the bedroom for the past month, they hadn't yet crossed that final threshold of intimacy. She wanted to—and he certainly wanted to—but so much had changed so quickly. Something that monumental could wait a while longer. It didn't stop them from enjoying each other, though.</p> <p>Sam kissed her ear, his teeth grazing her earlobe, and her heart stumbled a beat.</p> <p>"Don't use kissing to swindle me into accepting your apology," she got out, even as she tilted her head to the side to allow him better access.</p> <p>He chuckled, his breath caressing her neck. "It was worth a shot."</p> <p>"If you go to the Vaults again," she said as he nibbled on her ear, "I'll hop in and beat you unconscious myself."</p> <p>She felt him smile against her skin. "You could try." He bit her ear—not hard enough to hurt, but enough to tell her that he'd now stopped listening.</p> <p>She whirled in his arms, glaring up at him, at his beautiful face illuminated by the glow of the city, at his eyes, so dark and rich. "And you used my lavender soap. Don't ever do that—"</p> <p>But then Sam's lips found hers, and Celaena stopped talking for a good while after that. Yet as they stood there, their bodies twining around each other, there was still one question that remained unasked—one question neither of them dared voice.</p>
30	<p>She scowled, but Sam kissed her. She wrapped her arms around his neck, opening her mouth to his, and a low growl escaped from him as their tongues met. Her hands tangled in the strap that held his sword against his back, and she withdrew long enough to unclasp the scabbard buckle across his chest.</p> <p>His sword clattered to the wooden floor behind them. Sam looked her in the eyes again, and it was enough for her to grab him closer. He kissed her thoroughly, lazily, as if he had a lifetime of kisses to look forward to.</p> <p>She liked that. A lot.</p> <p>He slid one arm around her back and the other beneath her knees, sweeping her up in a fluid, graceful movement. Though she'd never tell him, she practically swooned.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>He carried her from the living room and into the bedroom, gently setting her down on the bed. He withdrew only long enough to remove the deadly gauntlets from his wrists, followed by his boots, cloak, jerkin, and shirt beneath. She took in his golden skin and muscled chest, the slender scars that peppered his torso, her heart beating so fast she could hardly breathe.</p> <p>He was hers. This magnificent, powerful creature was hers.</p> <p>Sam’s mouth found hers again, and he eased her farther onto the bed. Down, down, his clever hands exploring every inch of her until she was on her back and he braced himself on his forearms to hover over her. He kissed her neck, and she arched up into him as he ran his hand down the plane of her torso, unbuttoning her tunic as he went. She didn’t want to know where he had learned to do these things. Because if she ever learned the names of those girls ...</p> <p>Her breath hitched as he reached the last button and pulled her out of the jacket. He looked down at her body, his breathing ragged. They had gone further than this before, but there was a question in his eyes—a question written over every inch of his body. “Not tonight,” she whispered, her cheeks flaring with heat. “Not yet.”</p>
82	<p>His hands were roving over her neck now, sensual caresses that promised unbearable agony. With each passing second, some of the numbness did indeed wear off—but hardly any control of her body returned.</p>

Profanity	Count
Ass	1
Shit	2