

# GRACELING



*Young Adult*

**By Kristin Cashore**

ISBN: 978-0-547-35127-8

## **Book Summary:**

In a fantasy world, a young woman with a gift for fighting, befriends a prince and begins to struggle with her gift.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

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

**2** / 5

**Teen Guidance**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
30	Young girls who had disappeared from an Estillan village and reappeared weeks later in a Western whorehouse. A man held in a Nanderan dungeon as punishment for his brother's thievery, for his brother was dead, and someone had to be punished.
241	<p>She wrapped her arms around his neck. She felt warm in his arms, and calm, and safe and brave. And then she was laughing, laughing at how nice it felt, how good his body felt against hers. He grinned at her, a wicked, gleaming grin that made her warm everywhere. And then his lips touched her throat and nuzzled her neck. She gasped. His mouth found hers. She turned to fire.</p> <p>Some time later, as she lay with him in the moss, clinging to him, hypnotized by something his lips did to her throat, she remembered his bleeding hand. "Later," he growled, and then she remembered the blood on her mouth, but that only brought his mouth to hers again, tasting, seeking, and his hands fumbling at her clothing, and her hands fumbling at his. And the warmth of his skin, as their bodies explored each other. And after all, they knew each other's bodies as well as any lovers; but this touch was so different, straining toward instead of against.</p> <p>...He made her drunk, this man made her drunk; and every time his eyes flashed into hers she could not breathe.</p> <p>...He kissed her and slowed and would have stopped. But she laughed, and said that this one time she would consent to hurt, and bleed, at his touch. He smiled into her neck and kissed her again and she moved with him through the pain. The pain became a warmth that grew. Grew, and stopped her breath. And took her breath and her pain and her mind away from her body, so that there was nothing but her body and his body and the light and fire they made together.</p>
247	He dropped to his knees before her now, with a smile that looked like mischief. His hand grazed her side and then pulled her closer. His lips brushed her neck. She caught her breath, forgot whatever retort she'd been about to form, and enjoyed the gold chill of his rings on her face and her body and every place that he touched.
328	He pulled her close and kissed her, and he whispered something into her ear. She held on to him so hard that his shoulder must have ached, but he did not complain.
450	And then the rumble of his laughter again, and a kind of helpless heartache in his face that caused her to reach for him, take him into her arms, and kiss his neck, his snow-covered shoulder, his finger not wearing its ring, and every place that she could find. He touched her face gently. He touched her lips and kissed her. He rested his forehead against hers.

Profanity	Count
Ass	1
Shit	5