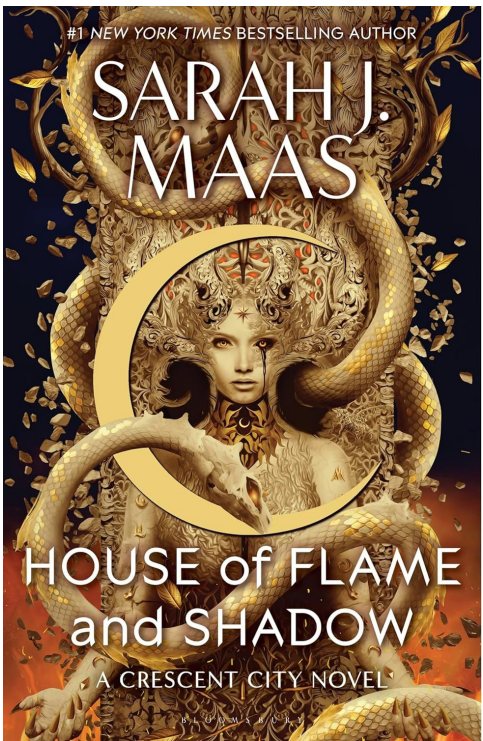


House of Flame and Shadow



Book Summary

Stranded in a new world, Bryce desperately seeks to return to Midgard while Hunt remains imprisoned by the Asteri, as their world faces potential collapse.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains: activism, alcohol, alternate gender/sexual ideologies, animal cruelty (mentioned), anxiety, assassinations, blackmail, body horror/dismemberment, cannibalism (referenced), dark content, death (including animals), deception, divination, domestic abuse, drugs/addiction/drugging, emotional abuse, gore, hate/discrimination, human trafficking, misogyny, obscene sexual activities/sexual nudity, oppression, potentially patently offensive content, potentially prurient content, profanity, rape/sexual assault (referenced), self-injury (blood ritual), self-sacrifice (attempted), smoking, slavery/ colonization, stealing, torture (graphic), toxic relationships, violence (significant), and war.

Adult

By Sarah J. Maas

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CONTENT WARNING

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Deviant Content

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146	<p>Pollux observed her without an ounce of mercy. To the contrary—his cock thickened. A cat enjoying the suffering of its dinner.</p> <p>But she ignored it, going back to the mirror. A broad, powerful hand stroked down her hair, brushing it aside. Then lips found her neck, his tongue flicking beneath her ear. “I hope you’ll feel better soon.”</p> <p>Lidia made herself lift a hand to his hair. Run her fingers through the damp strands and let out a low sound. It might have been pain or lust. To the Malleus, it was all the same. He pulled back, a hand pumping his cock as he headed into the dressing room, wings glowing white behind him.</p>
147	<p>She was in their bed—a great mass of down pillows and silken sheets—when Pollux left fifteen minutes later, wearing a tux with devastating effect. Such a beautiful exterior, this monster.</p> <p>“Lidia,” the Hammer purred, possession in his rich voice, and then he was gone.</p> <p>She lay in bed, fighting past the twisting in her gut, the nausea that wasn’t solely from her cycle. Only after ten minutes had gone by did she rise from the mattress.</p> <p>She hurried into the bathroom, still humid from Pollux’s shower—usually so hot she wondered if he was trying to scald the evil from himself —and pulled out the bag of feminine hygiene products that she knew he’d never open. As if touching a tampon might make his cock shrivel up and drop off.</p>
439	<p>Bryce rose onto her toes, brushing her mouth against his. And the taste of him ... Gods, yes. “But I need to feel you first.”</p> <p>His hands tightened around her waist. “Thank fuck.”</p> <p>There was more to be discussed, of course. But right now ...</p> <p>He lowered his face to hers, and Bryce met him, the kiss thorough and open, and just ... bliss. Home and eternity and all she’d fought for. All she’d keep fighting for.</p> <p>From the way he returned the kiss, she knew he realized it, too. Hoped he let it burn through any lingering scraps of remorse.</p> <p>“I love you,” he said against her mouth, and deepened the kiss. She stifled a sob of relief, arms winding around his neck. Hunt’s hands slid around to her ass and he hefted her up, smoothly walking them over to the enormous, curtained bed.</p> <p>Clothes were peeled away. Mouths met, and explored, and tasted. Fingers caressed and stroked. Then Hunt was over her, and Bryce let her joy, her magic shine through her.</p> <p>“Look at you,” Hunt breathed, hips flexing beneath her hands, cock teasing her entrance. “Look at you.”</p> <p>Bryce smiled as she let more of that power shine through her: Starborn light so silvery bright it cast shadows upon the bed. “Like it?”</p> <p>Hunt’s thrust, driving himself in to the hilt, was his response. “You’re so fucking beautiful,” he whispered. Lightning gathered around his wings, his brow. Like his power couldn’t help but answer hers, even with the halo’s damper on it.</p>

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440	<p>Bryce moaned as he withdrew, nearly pulling out of her, then plunged back in. Hunt angled her hips to drive himself deeper. And as his cock brushed her innermost wall, as lightning flickered above her, in her ...</p> <p>Mate. Husband. Prince. Hunt.</p> <p>“Yes,” Hunt said, and she must have voiced her thoughts aloud, because his thrusts turned deeper, harder. “I fucking love you, Bryce.”</p> <p>Her magic rose at his words, a surging wave. Or maybe that was her climax, rising along with it. She couldn’t get enough of him, couldn’t get close enough to him, needed to be in him, his very blood—</p> <p>“Solas, Bryce,” Hunt growled, pumping into her in a long, luxurious stroke. “I can’t—”</p> <p>She didn’t want him to. She gripped his ass, nails digging in deep in silent urging.</p> <p>“Bryce,” he warned, but he didn’t stop moving in her. Lightning crackled and snaked around them, an avalanche racing toward her.</p> <p>“Don’t stop,” she pleaded.</p> <p>Their magics collided—their souls. She scattered across the stars, across galaxies, lightning skittering in her wake.</p> <p>She had the dim sense of Hunt being thrown with her, of his shout of ecstasy and surprise. Knew that their bodies remained joined in some distant world, but here, in this place between places, all they were melted into one, crossed over and transferred and becoming something more.</p> <p>Stars and planets and rainbow clouds of nebulas swirled around them, darkness cut with lightning brighter than the sun. Sun and moon held together in perfect balance, suspended in the same sky. And beneath them, far below, she could see Avallen, thrumming with their magic, so much magic, as if Avallen were the very source of it, as if they were the very source of all magic and light and love—</p> <p>Then it ebbed away. Receded into muted color and warm air and heavy breathing. The weight of Hunt’s body atop hers, his cock pulsing inside her, his wings splayed open above them.</p> <p>“Holy shit,” Hunt said, lifting himself enough to look at her. “Holy ... shit.”</p> <p>It had been more than fucking, or sex, or lovemaking. Hunt stared down at her, starlight shimmering in his hair. Just as she knew lightning licked through her own.</p>
682	<p>Hunt chuckled, rising up to unbuckle his belt, then unzipping his pants. “So impatient.” She rubbed her thighs together, desperate for any friction. Especially as his impressive length sprang free, and—</p> <p>“Commando?” Bryce said, choking.</p> <p>Hunt smirked. “All the underwear they gave me on the Depth Charger was too small for this.” He palmed himself, pumping, and she groaned at the sight of the small bead of</p>

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682	<p>moisture at the tip of his cock. “Now let’s see what underwear you’re wearing, Quinlan,” he said, eyes dark with lust, and tugged down her leggings. She lifted her hips off the bed, coils screeching, and Hunt laughed at the sound.</p> <p>But his laugh died in his throat as he beheld the cherry-red thong. “This is what they gave you on the Depth Charger?”</p> <p>“Not the Depth Charger.” She grinned as he peeled off her leggings, exposing the tiny red lace thong. “I grabbed these from Morven’s castle—the guest rooms had whole unopened packs of them.”</p> <p>Hunt’s booming laugh set her star glowing, and the breath whooshed out of her as he gripped her knees in either hand and spread her legs wide. “If that asshole wasn’t dead, I’d send him a thank-you note.”</p> <p>Hunt pressed his mouth to the front of her underwear and huffed a hot breath.</p> <p>“Damn, Quinlan,” he said against her, and she buried a hand in his silken hair. He slipped a finger around the front of her underwear, toying with her entrance. “Gods-damn.”</p> <p>She clawed at her underwear, beyond words.</p>
683	<p>Hunt obliged her by removing the thong with cruel, brutal slowness. She growled, but he dangled the underwear on one finger before setting it aside. “I wouldn’t want to damage this precious thing.”</p> <p>“I’m going to damage you if you don’t get in me right now,” she managed to say, opening her legs wider.</p> <p>She nearly climaxed at the raw need, the ravenous hunger on Hunt’s face. Especially as he slowly, slowly lifted his gaze to hers, filled with pure lightning.</p> <p>“Hunt,” she begged, and he lunged for her.</p> <p>He gripped her hips, lifting her off the mattress, angling her precisely how he wanted as he slid into her in a long, smooth glide.</p> <p>Bryce moaned at the size of him, filling every part of her, and she dug her fingers into the hard muscles of his ass, pinning him there for a moment. Luxuriating in the stretch of herself around him, the weight of his body against hers.</p> <p>“How?” he panted against her hair. “How the fuck can it feel this good every time?”</p> <p>Her fingers clenched harder, urging him to move. He withdrew almost to the tip, and plunged back in, hard enough that another moan slipped out of her.</p> <p>“You like that?” He angled her hips again, his to play with. “You like my cock this deep in you?”</p> <p>She couldn’t manage anything more than a nod. He rewarded her with another long stroke that had her seeing stars.</p> <p>Those were ... those were actual stars dancing around them, filling the room.</p>

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683	<p>“Quinlan,” he breathed, eyes wide at the stars floating by. But she needed more friction, more pleasure. She palmed her breast, squeezing, rolling her hard nipple between her fingers.</p> <p>“Fuck,” he exploded, and thrust into her again, so deep and strong that it pushed them up the bed. Another stroke, and then his lightning was sparking over his shoulders, across his wings, a band of it over his brow like a crown—</p> <p>She lifted a glowing hand, and his lightning twined over her fingers, zapping her delicately.</p>
684	<p>He withdrew, and her moan of protest turned into one of pure pleasure as he flipped her onto her front and plunged into her again, the fit of his cock so tight in her that she could barely stand it.</p> <p>Starlight poured out of her, and his lightning skittered over her spine, ecstasy in its wake. “Hunt,” she cried, release hovering just over the horizon.</p> <p>His fingers dug into her hips. “Come for me, Bryce.”</p> <p>Release crashed into her, out of her, her starlight flaring, and the room was blindingly bright. Hunt pounded into her in sure, steady strokes, and his lightning was between her thighs, his lightning was in her very blood, and all that she was and he was blended into such light, such power—</p> <p>His hoarse shout was the only warning before he spilled into her, and it sent her climaxing again, knowing how deeply he was seated in her, marking her.</p> <p>His fingers slid to her clit, stroking her through the throes, amplifying it. She reared up against him, pressing back into his chest as his fingers circled and swirled, and nothing had ever felt so perfect as wave after wave of pleasure washed over and out of her. And then the world stilled, the light fading, and they were kneeling on the bed, Bryce leaning fully back against Hunt, one of his hands resting between her legs, the other looped around her middle. He pressed kiss after kiss to the space between her neck and shoulder. “Bryce,” he murmured against her skin, his chest heaving into her spine. “Bryce.”</p> <p>She slid a hand over his, holding him between her legs, as if she could freeze this moment, stop the next sunrise from coming.</p> <p>He shuddered, kissing her again. “I can ... Fuck, I can feel you. Like, in me.”</p> <p>She twisted enough to peer up at his stunned, devastated face.</p> <p>“It’s like that part of you that’s ... Made, or whatever you called it,” he breathed. “It’s in me. Like this piece of you is nestled there.”</p> <p>“Good,” she said, kissing his jaw. Inside her, his lightning lingered, fueling her up like a small sun.</p>
692	<p>Her lips grazed his, and he shuddered. “I want you—all of you. In me.” A grin spread across Ruhn’s face. “Happy to oblige.”</p>

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692	<p>He followed her lead, letting her set the pace. Each kiss, he answered with his own. Let her show him where she wanted him to touch, to lick, to savor.</p> <p>Thankfully, the parts where she wanted him to really focus were the ones Ruhn had been especially interested in. The taste of her sweetness on his tongue had him nearly coming in his pants—and that was before her breathy moans filled his ears like the most beautiful music he'd ever heard.</p> <p>“Ruhn,” she said, but didn't give him the order to halt, so he kept working her in long strokes of his tongue, wishing to the gods he still had his lip piercing, knowing he could have driven her to distraction with it—but there would be time later.</p> <p>She arched off the bed, and her orgasm sent him writhing, desperate for any sensation against his cock.</p> <p>She put him out of his misery a moment later, her eyes nearly pure flame as she unzipped him, and her slender hand wrapped around him—</p> <p>He bucked against her first stroke, and was about to start begging when she pushed him back onto the bed. When she climbed over him, straddling him, and that hand around his cock guided him to her entrance.</p> <p>Ruhn slid his hands into Lidia's golden hair, the silken strands spilling through his fingers, and held her gaze as she sank down onto him.</p>
693	<p>He gritted his teeth at the warmth and tightness of her, panting through the rush of pleasure, the sense of perfection, the flawless fit—</p> <p>She settled against him, seated fully, and her chest rose and fell so rapidly that Ruhn grabbed her hands, pressing kisses to her fingertips. Her eyes fluttered shut, and then her hips moved—and there was nothing more to say, to do, as she rode him.</p> <p>He lifted his hips, and her moans heightened. He wished he could devour the sound. He made do by rising up, kissing her thoroughly, her legs wrapping around his middle. It plunged him impossibly deeper, and he lost it. Went positively feral at being so far inside her, at the smell and taste of her—</p> <p>Lidia met him stroke for stroke, met his savagery with her own, teeth grazing his neck, his chest. Every thrust had him rubbing an inner wall, and fuck, he was going to die from this pleasure—</p> <p>Then her head tipped back, and her delicate muscles tightened around him as she came, sending him spiraling after her. He pounded into her through it, that feral part of him relishing spilling into her, and she was his and he was hers, and there was a word for it, but it eluded him.</p> <p>She stilled, and Ruhn took her weight as she leaned against him, their bodies now a tangle of arms and legs, his cock still buried to the hilt. Her every breath pushed against him, and he stroked his fingers down the column of her spine, over and over.</p>
795	<p>“How about hiring a sexy assistant?”</p> <p>She didn't miss the heat in his eyes. The spark.</p>

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795	<p>She bit her lip. “Sexy assistant, huh? You cool with going from the Umbra Mortis to fetching my coffee?”</p> <p>“If it comes with the perk of kinky office sex, I’m cool with anything,”</p> <p>Hunt growled, nipping at her ear.</p> <p>“Oh, the position definitely comes with kinky office sex,” she purred.</p> <p>She felt the hardness of him push into her hip before he said, low and wicked, “Sprites—go find somewhere else to be for a while.”</p> <p>They grumbled, but zoomed out to the stairs, all blushing a bright pink. Syrinx dashed after them, yelping.</p> <p>Bryce didn’t care where they went. Not as Hunt pressed his cock against her center, and she writhed. “Get on the desk,” he said, voice like gravel.</p> <p>Her blood thrummed through her. “We’re already late for our meeting with Ruhn and the others at the Aux.”</p> <p>“They can deal.” His voice was pure, unrelenting sex. Her knees wobbled.</p> <p>But Bryce had only taken one step toward the desk when her phone rang. Baxian.</p> <p>“Call back later,” Hunt said, coming to stand behind her. Sliding his hands up her thighs, bunching her skirt as he went. Yes—fuck yes.</p>
796	<p>Hunt’s phone rang. Baxian again.</p> <p>“Maybe we should ... answer,” Bryce said, though she almost didn’t, considering that Hunt had a fistful of her skirt in one hand and her bare ass palmed in his other—</p>

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	96
Bastard	20
Bitch	15
Breast / Tit	9
Clit	1
Cock	25
Cunt	4
Dick	3
Fuck, Fucked, Fucking etc.	437
Piss	14
Shit / Bullshit etc.	158
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn	50
Hell	1