

XXXXX School District
Citizen's Request Form for Re-Evaluation of
Instructional Materials

XXXXX

Initiated By:

Please Print

Address: Telephone:

City: State: Zip Code:

Are you representing Yourself? **Yes**

Are you representing an Organization? **No**

If yes, name of Organization:

School where materials are used: **XXXXX**

Grade level used: **9-12**

Type of instructional material: **Book**

Title: **Kings Rising**

Author: **C.S. Pacat**

Publisher/Producer: **Berkley Books**

Copyright Date: **2016**

Please respond to the following questions. If sufficient space is not available, please use back of this form or an additional sheet of paper.

1. Have you read, seen, viewed, and/or listened to this material in its entirety? **Yes**

2. What do you believe is the main idea of this material?

Fantasy books about two princes who join forces to face an

Army opposition. This is Book 3 of a trilogy in this series.

Consider this a request for YOU to be proactive and check the other books in this series by this same author.

3. To what do you object? Please cite specific passages, pages, sequences, etc. **This book contains graphic sex, profanity, nudity, passages depicting orgasms, etc.**

PDF version. Page numbers may vary.

‘Laurent,’ said Damen, and sat up then, he couldn’t help it, his hands riding up the fabric over Laurent’s thighs to clasp his unclothed waist. Skin touched skin. His whole body felt like it was shaking.

Laurent slid a little, straddling Damen’s lap, his thighs opening. He put his hand on the plane of Damen’s chest, on the mark where Auguste had run him through, and the touch made Damen ache. In the dim light, Auguste was between them, sharp as a knife. The scar on his shoulder was the last thing Auguste had done before Damen had killed him. The kiss was like a wound, as if to do it Laurent was impaling himself on that knife. There was an edge of desperation to it, Laurent kissing like he needed it, his fingers clutching, his body unsteady.

Damen groaned, wanting it selfishly, his thumbs pressing hard into Laurent’s flesh. He kissed back knowing it hurt him, hurt them both. There was a desperation in both of them, an aching need that could not be filled, and he could feel it in Laurent, the same unconscious striving.

He had envisaged slow lovemaking, but it was as if, having reached the

edge, they could only hurtle. The slight shudders of Laurent’s breath, the urgent kisses that strove for closeness, Laurent’s boots pulled off, the thin silk of his courtier’s clothes peeled down.

‘Do it.’ Laurent was turning in his arms, presenting himself as he had on their first night together, offering his body from the curve in his back to the dip of his lowered head. ‘Do it. I want it. I want—’

Damen was unable to stop himself pressing his own weight forward, running his hand up Laurent’s back, and slowly rubbing himself, close to

his object, in sweet, simulated fuck. Laurent arched his back, and Damen’s body ran out of breath.

‘We can’t, we don’t have—’

‘I don’t care,’ Laurent said.

Laurent shuddered, and his body gave a jerk that was an unmistakable fuck backwards. For a moment both their bodies were operating somewhat on instinct, pushing together.

It wasn't going to work. Physicality was an obstacle to desire, and he groaned into Laurent's neck, slid his hands down over Laurent's body. **In a burst of explicit fantasy, he wished Laurent were a pet, or a slave, wished him a body that was not going to require extensive, coaxing preparation before it could be penetrated. He felt like he was right on the edge of control, felt like he had been that way for days, months. He wanted to be inside. He wanted to feel Laurent's surrender shudder**

and give way, become total. He wanted no denying that Laurent had let him in, who he had let in. *It's me.* His body primed, as though only in one act could this be driven home.

He slid his hands up Laurent's thighs, pushing them apart a little. The view was pinked, small, and tight, the curl of a calyx, impenetrable. 'Do it, I told you, I don't care—'

A smash, the unlit oil burner hitting the marble and shattering in the dim room, his fingers clumsy. He pressed with his oiled fingers first. It was inelegant, braced over Laurent's back, guiding himself in with one hand. It wouldn't, quite.

'Let me in,' he said, and Laurent made a new sound, his head dropped between his shoulder blades, his breath ribboning out of him. 'Let me inside you.'

There was some give, and he pushed, slowly. He felt every inch, as the room faded into sensation. There was only the feel of it, the slide of his chest against Laurent's back, the dip of Laurent's head, and the sweat-damp hair at the nape of Laurent's neck.

Damen was panting. He was aware of his own insistent weight, and Laurent beneath him, pushed forward onto his elbows. Damen dropped his forehead to Laurent's neck and just felt it.

He was inside Laurent. It felt raw and unprotected. He had never felt more like himself: Laurent had let him inside, knowing who he was.

His body was already moving. Laurent made a helpless sound into the bedding that was the Veretian word, 'Yes.'

Damen's grip tightened in helpless reflex, his forehead bent to Laurent's neck as the heat of that admission pulsed through him. He wanted Laurent fully against him. He wanted to feel every cooperative muscle, every encouraging movement, so that every time he looked at Laurent he would remember that he had been like this.

His arm slid around Laurent's chest, thigh fit against thigh. Damen's grip, still oiled, was wrapped around the hottest, most honest part of Laurent. Laurent's body responded, moving, finding its own pleasure. They were moving together.

It was good. It was so good, and he wanted more of it, wanted to drive it towards its conclusion, wanted it never to end. He was only half aware that he was speaking words unchecked and in his own language.

'I want you,' said Damen, 'I've wanted you for so long, I've never felt like this with anyone—'

'Damen,' said Laurent, helplessly, 'Damen.'

His body pulsed, almost climaxing. He barely knew the moment when he pressed Laurent onto his back, the brief sundering, the need to be back inside him, Laurent's mouth opening under his, the tug on his neck as Laurent took hold of it and pulled him in. His weight bore down on

Laurent, shuddering heat as he entered him again with a strong, slow push.

And Laurent opened for it, a single, perfect slide. Damen took up the rhythm that he needed, their bodies tangled and a harder, continuous fucking.

They were caught in each other, and when their eyes met Laurent said, *'Damen,'* again, like it meant everything, and as if Damen's identity was enough, he was shuddering, pulsing against the air. Strident as proof, Laurent came with Damen inside him, Damen's name on his lips, and Damen was lost to it, his whole body given over, the first deep pulse of his own climax just one part of a choking pleasure that took him, overwhelming and bright, into oblivion. (p.

144-146)

He opened the second lace, felt the low throb of his own pulse, the warmth of Laurent's skin as his fingers moved to the third.

'We'd have time,' Damen said, 'to be together.'

And in the warm flame light, he lifted his hand and cupped Laurent's cheek, and then leaned in, and kissed him on the lips, gently.

He felt Laurent's shock, as though he had not expected to be kissed after what he had just done. After a moment, Laurent kissed back. The way Laurent kissed was nothing like the way he did anything else. It was simple and without artifice, as if kissing were serious. And there was an expectant feel to it, as if he was waiting for Damen to take control of the kiss. When he didn't, Laurent angled his head differently, and his fingers curled into Damen's hair, still damp from the baths.

The kiss deepened at Laurent's bidding. Damen could feel Laurent's body against him, and he slid his hand inside Laurent's open shirt, liking how it felt to spread his palm there, the sort of proprietary touch he wouldn't have dreamed of before tonight, and still half expected Laurent to kill him for. Laurent made a small sound of encouragement, breaking off the kiss for a moment and closing his eyes, all his attention on Damen's touch.

'You like it slow.' He dipped his head near Laurent's ear.

'Yes.'

He kissed Laurent's neck very softly, even as his palm smoothed slowly over skin inside Laurent's shirt. Laurent's overfine skin was more sensitive than his own, though during the day Laurent ruthlessly strapped himself into the most severe clothing possible. He wondered if Laurent repressed sensation for the same reason that he struggled to admit it now, his jaw taut. **His own body was rousing again, as he thought of sliding into Laurent slowly, taking him as slowly as he liked, for a long, drawn out interval of time, until they didn't know where one of them ended and the other began.**

When Laurent lifted his shirt up and off, and stood naked before him as he had once, long ago, in the baths, Damen couldn't help stepping forward, brushing Laurent's skin with his fingertips, his eyes following his touch, from chest to hip. Laurent's body was golden cream in the flame light. Laurent was looking at him in turn, as though Damen's

physicality was more pronounced now that they were both naked. **It was Laurent who pushed him down onto the bedding. Laurent's hands were on him. Laurent touched him** as if to learn the shape and feel of his body, as if to catalogue every part of him and commit it to memory. Damen felt the heat of the fire against his skin as they kissed. Laurent broke off, and appeared to have come to a decision, his breathing quickened but controlled.

'Make me come,' he said, and **placed Damen's hand between his legs. Damen closed his hand. The breathing perhaps got a little more difficult to control.**

'Like that?'

No. Slower.

There was no noticeable change in Laurent, other than his lips parting, his lashes lowering a fraction. Laurent's reactions had always been subtle, his preferences never obvious. **He hadn't been able to come in Ravenel with Damen's mouth on his cock. He didn't know whether he could come now, Damen realised.**

He slowed right down so that for a moment there was nothing other than a tight grip and the slow movement of his thumb on the head. He felt Laurent's flushed, erect cock in his hand, liking the weight of it. It was beautifully shaped, and in pleasing proportion to its owner. His knuckles brushed the line of fine gold hair that trailed down from Laurent's navel.

His own body's renewed interest had grown from lazy arousal to primed, heavy; ready to mount, even as he put it aside to watch Laurent attempt to let his guard down.

He felt the repression **when it came, the hard restraint that Laurent exerted over his body, his stomach clenching, a muscle moving in his jaw. He knew what it signalled. Damen didn't stop moving his hand.**

'Don't like to come?'

'Is that a problem?' His breathing shallow, Laurent didn't quite manage the approximation of his usual tone.

'Not for me. I'll tell you how it was when I'm done.'

Laurent swore, once, succinctly, and the world flipped, Laurent

suddenly on top of him, his body painfully aroused. On his back, Damen felt the straw mattress beneath him, and looked up at Laurent above him. His own desire flared at the reversal, even as he took Laurent in his hand and said, 'Come on, then.' It felt ridiculously daring to tell Laurent in any respect what to do.

The first thrust against him was deliberate, a push of heat into his hand. Laurent's eyes were on his. He could feel that it was new for Laurent to do this, just as it was new for him to feel like he was receiving it. **He wondered if Laurent had ever fucked anyone in earnest, and he realised with a jolt of shock that Laurent hadn't.** The flood of heat that came at that wasn't comfortable. And then like Laurent he was suddenly somewhere he had never been.

'I've,' said Damen, 'never—'

'Nor have I,' said Laurent. 'You'd be my first.'

Everything was magnified, the sensation of Laurent's cock sliding so near his own, the slow roll of hips, the flush of skin. The heat of the fire was too hot, his palm on Laurent's flank feeling the muscle's rhythmic flex there. Looking up at Laurent, Damen's own eyes were showing more than he knew, showing everything, and Laurent was responding, **thrusting against him.**

'As you'd be mine,' he heard himself say.

Laurent said, 'I thought that in Akielos, a First Night was special.'

'For a slave it is,' said Damen. 'For a slave it means everything.'

Laurent's first shudder came with his first sound, unconscious with exertion, his body driving him now. It was happening with their eyes wide on each other, Damen's arousal spiralling out of control. Climax hit even though they were not inside each other's bodies, but joined together, one.

Laurent was panting above him, his body still jerking with aftershocks, the intervals between them longer. His head was turned to the side, not looking at Damen, as if too much had been shared. Damen had his hand against Laurent's flushed skin, could feel the beat of Laurent's heart against him. He felt Laurent shifting, too soon.

'I'll get—'

Laurent detached himself, while Damen sprawled on his back, one arm raised above his head, his own body taking longer to recover. With Laurent gone, he felt the warmth of the fire once again against his skin, and heard the crack and spark of its flame. He watched Laurent cross the room to fetch towels and a pitcher of water before his breathing had even settled. He knew that Laurent was fastidious after lovemaking, and he liked that he knew it, liked that he was learning Laurent's idiosyncracies. (p. 179-182)

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4. What do you feel would be the negative impact that might result from the use of this material? **Violation of 847.012.**

5. Have you read any expert reviews relating to this material? If so, please describe. **A proactive librarian, principal and school district would quickly review all books by this same author, especially in this series.**

6. Were students required to read or view the material? **N/A**
Was an alternative to the material provided at parent or student request? **N/A**

What action would you prefer that the school take on this matter?
Follow the law

7. What other material of equal or better quality do you recommend that could be substituted? **N/A**

8. Have you completed and attached the checklist form? **Yes**

Signature:

Date: **Feb. 27, 2024**