THORNS 131

Chapter 131: Burning Desire [R-18]

"You’re right, the time for waiting is over." Kurt whispered over the sound of the fireplace crackling.

He then stepped into her space and held his hands on her waist, trailing it down until he found the underside of her thighs and hoisting her up.

Diana let out a soft gasp that melted into a purr of delight as she instinctively wrapped her legs around his waist, locking her ankles behind his back. She tangled her fingers into his hair, brushing the strands away from his eyepatch before cupping his face. Her eyes were dark with a mixture of possessive love and raw hunger.

"Finally, Rosie..." she whispered against his lips.

"Come, Ana." Kurt growled, and with a wave of anticipation, Diana onto him.

She leaned in, her lips crashing against his in a deep, desperate kiss that tasted of rain and desperate desire. Kurt groaned into her mouth, his palms sliding down from her thighs to firmly cup and squeeze the soft, rounded curves of her ass.

"Hehehe~ There’s the Rosie I love~"

The sensation of his calloused, powerful hands against her skin made Diana squeal with a mixture of surprise and intense pleasure. A giddy giggle escaped her before she redoubled the intensity of the kiss, her tongue dancing frantically with his.

Kurt began to walk. He carried her across the room toward the ornate dresser. He set her down on the polished wood, the cool surface providing a sharp contrast to the heat radiating between their bodies.

Without breaking eye contact, they both began to move with a messy, shared urgency.

Kurt gripped the hem of his shirt and yanked it over his head, discarding the fabric like trash on the floor. Diana's fingers were trembling as she undid the silk ties of her robe, letting it slide down her arms to reveal her lace-trimmed bra. Within seconds, that too was gone, joining the heap on the ground.

They crashed back together, skin meeting skin for the first time without the barrier of fabric. The kiss they shared now was deeper, wetter, a frenzy exploration of teeth and tongue that left them both lightheaded.

"You're so beautiful," Kurt rasped, his hands mapping the curves of her waist.

"Don't stop~" she pleaded, her hands roaming over the scars on his chest.

He picked her up again, her body a perfect weight in his arms, and carried her toward the tall wardrobe. He set her down and pressed her back against the polished wood, his mouth finding the sensitive junction of her neck and shoulder. Diana's head fell back, a soft moan escaping her as her hands worked on his belt and he removed her last piece of lingerie.

In a blur of motion, their lower clothes were discarded. Diana's red lacy panties joined the pile on the rug, and Kurt's boxers followed.

Diana didn't wait to be carried again; she jumped back into his arms, her legs once again finding their familiar home around his waist as she peppered his face with kisses.

Finally, he carried her to the massive four-poster bed. They collapsed onto the silk sheets in a tangle of limbs, the mattress dipping under their combined weight. They rolled across the bed, touching, tasting, and exploring every inch of each other. Kurt's hands were everywhere, tracing the curve of her waist, the swell of her breasts, and the wetness of her inner thighs.

Diana was a storm beneath him, her back arching as she let out sharp, high-pitched moans.

"Rosie... please~ I can't take it anymore. I need you inside me. Now."

She reached down, her fingers guiding his hard cock toward her wet, aching opening. Kurt's breath caught in his throat. He looked down at her, seeing the raw vulnerability and trust in her gaze. He gulped, positioned himself, and with one powerful, fluid motion, he thrust all of himself inside her.

Plap~!

"Ahhh~!" Diana's head snapped back against the pillows, her eyes rolling into the back of her head as a sensational, bone-deep moan tore from her throat. Her fingernails etched deep, red lines into the muscles of his back, anchoring her to the moment.

Kurt stayed still for a heartbeat, letting her walls clench around him, before he began to move. He pulled back until he was nearly out, then drove back in with another heavy–

Plap~!

"Oh, yes~! Rosie~!"

He thrusted again.

Plap~!

"Yes... just like that~!"

And again.

Plap~! Plap~!

"Mmm~! Yes~ Harder~! Harder~!"

Kurt thrusted again, harder this time as his hips found a primal, unrelenting rhythm. Each impact elicited another high-pitched moan from Diana, her voice echoing off the ceiling. His pacing grew faster and faster, the friction building a heat that felt like it would suffocate them both.

The room was quickly filled with nothing with the creaking of the bedframe and the wet, squelching sounds of their colliding. Diana's moans climbed in pitch, turning into a burning desire that kept sync with his movements.

"Wait... Rosie, wait~" she gasped, her hands pushing against his chest. "I want to be on top. Let me... let me take you~"

Kurt nodded, his movements fluid despite the haze of lust.

He smoothly rolled onto his back, lifting her with him. Diana settled over him, her platinum hair spilling over her shoulders. She leaned down, kissing him deeply while she began to move, grinding her hips and finding the exact angle that brought her the most pleasure.

Kurt reached up, his palms sinking into her ass once more.

SPANK~!

"MMN~! Diana's eyes went wide with the sudden jolt.

He sank his palms into her soft flesh again, lifting his hips to meet her every move.

SPANK~!

"AHHN~! Rosie~! Mmnn~!" Diana broke the kiss with a sharp cry escaping her. She leaned down and bit into the side of his neck, her teeth marking him as hers while she increased the pace of her hips.

The contrast of pain and pleasure sparked a new fire in Kurt's blood. He lifted his hips, meeting her grinds with powerful upward thrusts. He began to pound into her from below, his pace increasing until

the bed was shaking. He squeezed her ass harder, digging his fingers in as he drove them both toward the edge.

"HAA~! HAA~! HAA~! RIGHT THERE~! YES~! NNGH ~! DON'T STOP~!"

PLAP~! PLAP~! PLAP~!

"MMHHH~! OH YES~! HARDER~! YOU FEEL SO GOOD~!"

PLAP~! PLAP~! PLAP~! PLAP~!

"Ana~! I'm~!"

"Inside~! Finish inside me, Rosie~! I want to feel it~! Please, give it all to me~!"

Kurt didn't need to be told twice. He reached the height of his pleasure, the world narrowing down to the sensation of her tight, pulsing heat. And with one final, devastatingly deep thrust, he finished, his entire body twitching with the force of the release.

Diana let out a long, drawn-out moan, her body spasming in a powerful climax as she felt him twitching and filling her up. She collapsed onto his chest, her heart racing against his with both their bodies slick in sweat.

For several minutes, neither of them spoke. The only sound was the crackling fire and their synchronized, heavy breathing. Diana shifted slightly, reveling in the heavy, satisfied ache in her lower body. She leaned up and planted a soft, lingering kiss on his lips.

"You're amazing, Rosie~"

"You too, Ana~"

Diana smiled mischievously. She realized that Kurt hadn’t actually softened yet; the heat of the moment was still fueling him. She began to move her hips again in a slow, torturous grind, testing him.

"You’re not done for the count yet, are you, Rosie~?" she teased, her voice regaining its playful edge. "You did say you were mine for the entire night."

Kurt let out a low, dark chuckle as his hands slid back down to her ass. "I told you, Ana. I promised to be with you all night. And I’m a man of my word."

Suddenly he gripped her hips and flipped her around with surprising strength. Diana found herself kneeling on the bed in a submissive, beckoning posture. She felt him growing hard and heavy against her again, the heat returning to her core instantly.

Kurt leaned over her, pressing his chest against her back as he kneaded her tits and nibbled on her ear.

"Gods, Ana. Everywhere I touch... You feel so good. I can’t get enough of you."

"Mmm~ That’s because... I was made just for you~"

"You know just the right things to say, don’t you?"

He then got up and delivered another playful spank to her ass, the sound echoing in the quiet room. Diana clutched her fingers into the sheets, dropping her head as she arched her back and presented herself to him.

"Rosie~" She looked back at him with one eye and spread her pussy open for him.

"Come, Rosie. I’m ready for you~"

Kurt pulled back slightly, fixing his eye on the beautiful, trembling woman before him. Then, with one powerful motion, he thrusted back in, beginning round two with a ferocity that promised they wouldn’t be seeing the sunrise from anywhere but that bed.

Chapter 132: Goodnight? [Slightly R-18]

"Welcome to the inner sanctum, junior maid!" Sadie stood in the center of the foyer, hands on her hips as she gestured around with an air of immense pride.

"This is the maid's dorm. Don't go mixing it up with the servant's quarters on the east side now. That's where the grooms, the cooks, and the heavy lifters stay. A.K.A. The men."

Hope nodded slowly as she took in the comfort of her new home. "I'll remember, Sadie. It's very pretty."

Isabel stepped forward, her voice soft and maternal. "Hope, dear, since we didn't exactly have time to prepare a room for you, and your belongings won't be collected until tomorrow, you'll need to stay with one of us tonight. We can get you some spare nightclothes and a warm bed."

"Oh, uhm... Can I stay with Kur– I mean! Master Rossana tonight?"

"Hahaha! Oh, little one, life's a bit different now." Sadie let out a bark of a laugh, snickering as she leaned down to Hope's level.

"You're a maid of the Valentine mansion now. There's a hierarchy to keep! In this house, maids don't sleep with the Master. It's... well, it's not proper."

Then, she winked mischievously. "Unless, of course, the Master himself specifically asks for you to be there. But even then, I think Ms. Valentine might have something to say about sharing her pillow tonight."

Hope tilted her head, her innocence shielding her from the double meaning. "Really? Maybe I should go ask him–"

SMACK!

"Ow! Yuna!" Sadie straightened as she held her hands behind her dress, rubbing her butt to ease the pain.

"Stop filling the child's head with nonsense, Sadie," Yuna commanded. She turned to Hope, softening her gaze only slightly.

"Hope, listen to me. You are now a respected member of this household. To be a maid here is a position of honor, and that means acting with decorum. You are a professional now. This dorm is where you belong."

She then gestured toward the hallway leading to their private rooms. "As Isabel said, you must choose. Sadie's room is a disaster of discarded clothes and half-eaten snacks. Isabel's is filled with enough pressed flowers and lace to make you sneeze. Make your choice."

Hope looked at Yuna. The girl's eyes began to shimmer with an intense, quiet admiration. She saw the way Yuna stood perfectly straight .Every fold in her apron aligned, her authority unquestioned by the boisterous Sadie. To Hope, Yuna looked like a queen of the household.

"Can I stay with you, Yuna?"

"Me? Why would you want that? My room is for sleeping and reading, it's plain. You'll be bored to tears within twenty minutes. Stay with Sadie; you'll have fun until you pass out."

"Oh. Okay. I'm sorry I asked..." Hope's shoulders slumped. She looked down at the floor as her bottom lip trembled. The dejection was so palpable it felt like the guilt could swallow them whole.

Isabel's heart broke instantly. "Oh, Yuna, look at her!"

Sadie, never one to miss an opportunity to stir the pot, pointed a finger at the serious maid. "Wow, Yuna. Cold-blooded. You finally get a fan and you make the poor little girl. Real professional."

"I did not– I am not–!" Yuna sputtered, her composure crumbling as Hope let out a tiny, shaky sniffle.

"Fine! Fine. You may stay with me for tonight.. But do not complain if the bed is too firm or if I wake you up early for drills. Understood?"

Hope’s face transformed instantly. She let out a squeal of joy and lunged forward, wrapping her arms around Yuna’s waist in a fierce hug. "Thank you, Yuna! I won’t complain, I promise!"

Yuna stood awkwardly, her arms hovering in the air before she tentatively patted Hope’s head.

Tsk "Goodness, child. Such a fuss."

Sadie’s eyes glittered with a sudden, mischievous thought. She grabbed Isabel’s arm, ignoring the other maid’s confused protest.

"Well! Since that’s settled, Isabel and I are going to go... uh... reorganise the linen closet. Extremely important. Very time-consuming. Have fun, you two!"

"Wait, Sadie, the closet is already–" Isabel started, but she was dragged toward the stairs before she could finish.

Yuna watched them go, looking puzzled. She turned back to Hope, only to find the girl tugging gently on her apron.

"Yuna? Can I see Kurt one more time? Just to tell him goodnight?"

Yuna opened her mouth to give a firm no. But then she saw Hope’s face and the raw, lingering need for the one person who had been her anchor through the storm.

"I suppose..." Yuna sighed. "A quick goodnight. Nothing more. Take my hand, we must walk quickly."

Hope beamed, sliding her small hand into Yuna’s gloved palm.

As they entered the mansion and walked through the grand corridors, Hope watched in awe. Every servant and maid they passed stopped what they were doing to bow or curtsy to Yuna.

"Good evening, Miss Yuna."

"Good evening."

"Rain’s going to be hectic tonight, Miss Yuna. I hope you sleep well."

"You too."

Hope looked up at her guide, her chest swelling with pride. "Yuna?"

"Yes, Hope?"

"Not only are you really pretty, but you’re so cool. Everyone looks at you like you’re a general. I want to be just like you when I grow up. I want to be a cool maid."

Yuna nearly tripped over her own feet. She looked away sharply, her ears burning a deep shade of crimson. "Don’t be absurd. I simply hold people to a high standard. But... if that is your goal, I suppose I will have to ensure your training is twice as rigorous as the others. I’ll help you get there."

Hope nodded vigorously. "Yes! I’ll work hard!" She began to swing their joined hands as they walked, her small feet skipping over the intricate carpet patterns.

As they reached the final corridor leading to the Master Suite, Yuna’s voice dropped to a serious tone.

"Listen carefully, Hope. This wing is restricted. Only Head Maid Wendy, myself, Sadie, and Isabel are permitted to walk these halls without express invitation. As a junior maid, you are never to come here unless one of us is with you. Not even the senior staff are allowed to pass here without our permission. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"Good. Then let’s go."

They were twenty paces from the massive, double doors of the master bedroom when Yuna suddenly jerked to a stop. Her head tilted slightly, her keen ears catching a sound that shouldn’t have been there. A low, rhythmic thumping and a faint, melodic cry that sounded far too much like a woman in distress.

Or, perhaps, far too much like a woman in ecstasy.

"What’s wrong?" Hope asked, looking up.

Yuna stood frozen. The blush on her face intensified until she looked like she was running a fever. She realized exactly what those sounds were.

"Plans have been canceled," Yuna said, her voice strained and frantic. "We are going back. Now."

"But why? Aren’t we nearly there?" Hope protested, trying to peer around Yuna’s hip.

"Yuna? What are you doing here at this hour?"

The two of them spun around to find Wendy standing behind them with an unreadable expression. Yuna immediately snapped into a formal bow, her hand still clutching Hope’s.

"Head Maid Wendy! I apologize. Hope merely wanted to bid Master Rossana goodnight, but I realised..." Yuna’s voice trailed off as she gestured vaguely toward the Master’s door.

Wendy’s gaze flickered to the door at the far end of the hallway, then back to the frantic, red-faced Yuna. She didn’t need an explanation. She knelt down in front of Hope, placing a comforting hand on the girl’s shoulder.

"Hope, dear. I’m afraid Master Rossana is extremely busy at the moment. He’s... engaged in a task that requires his absolute, undivided attention. It’s a matter of great importance to the household, and he cannot be disturbed."

Hope’s face fell in distress as she let go of Yuna and held Wendy. "Is he okay? He’s not hurt?"

"Not at all," Wendy assured her with a tiny, knowing smile. "In fact, I believe he’s quite content. Don’t worry. As the Head Maid, I will personally ensure your message is delivered to him when he finishes his work. For now, go back with Yuna and get some rest. You have a busy day tomorrow."

"Okay... Thank you..." She turned to Yuna and took her hand again, but before they left, she looked back at Wendy. "Goodnight, Miss Wendy."

"Goodnight, Hope." Wendy replied softly.

Once the two were out of sight, Wendy let out a long, weary sigh. She looked at the Master’s door, hearing the faint but undeniable sounds of the "important work" continuing within. She shook her head, a hint of a smile playing on her lips, and followed the others back down to the quiet of the dorms.

...

"... Ah~!...Hah~!... Ah~!"

In the master bedroom, the wood snapped and popped in the fireplace. Two shadowed silhouettes were cast onto the distant wall, transforming into enormous figures that moved together in a frantic harmony.

"Mmn~! Yes~! Just like that~! Hah~! Ah~! Rosie~!"

"Ana~ I’m cumming soon~"

Kurt was sitting on the red carpet, his back braced against the bedframe. Diana was draped over him, her legs straddling his lap as she rode him with a desperate intensity. Her hair was a wild mess around her face, damp with sweat, and her eyes were locked onto him as her moans grew louder and higher in pitch.

"Ana~! I'm cumming~!"

"Rosie... Me too~! I'm~! Gonna–"

PLAP~!

"AHHH~!"

The sound of her climax was a long, soaring moan of pure release. She collapsed against his chest, her heart hammering against his as she shuddered with the force of the sensation. Kurt let out a low, guttural groan, his body twitching beneath hers as he finally relieved himself deep within her.

For a long time, the only sound was the crackle of a dying log and the ragged, heavy breathing of two people who had pushed themselves to the limit.

Diana finally lifted her head, a lazy, blissful smile on her face. She looked down at him, her eyes misty.

"Rosie."

"Yeah?"

"I think... I think we might need a quick break," she panted, letting out a soft, tired laugh. "Goddess, we are so sticky. The carpet is never going to be the same."

"Haha... A break sounds like a very good idea. My legs are starting to go numb."

"A bath," Diana suggested, nuzzling into the crook of his neck. "A long, hot bath before we continue. My stamina is coming back already, but I'd rather not feel like a glazed pastry."

"Not a bad idea at all," Kurt agreed. He braced his arms and stood up, lifting her effortlessly as he did. Diana latched onto him like a koala, locking her arms and legs tight as he carried her toward the en-suite bathroom.

"Now, remember, Ana. No funny business while we're taking a break. We need to actually wash."

Diana purred against his ear, her teeth grazing his lobe. "Oh, Rosie~ You know me. It all depends on how well you scrub."