THORNS 97

Chapter 97: The Spankening

"My ears must be deceiving me because I could've sworn I heard you say something utterly inappropriate." Kiana looked back at Emelie with a smile that was about to crack into a face of terror.

"No, your ears are working just fine, Kiana. You heard me right."

"Y-You want me to take off... my skirt? "

Emelie pointed her chin vaguely at Junior. "Our brave prince took his medicine like a man, or at least like a very loud toddler. If we're being fair, and we must be fair in front of all these good people, the same rules apply." She returned a predatory grin toward Kiana. "Skirt off. If his was bare, yours has to be, too."

A collective gasp hissed through the street. One old man actually dropped his pipe, while a group of nearby mothers began hurriedly ushering their children away, though they themselves didn't move an inch.

"... Mommy. Was the princess naughty? Why is she getting a spank?"

"... Oh my baby. Ask no questions, here no lies."

"... Goddess Bula, please vanquish the wicked thoughts that's going through my mind."

The blood drained from Kiana's face so fast it left her ghostly pale. Her hands also began trembling where they gripped the cold cast iron of the streetlamp.

"What... Y-You can't be serious." She choked out the words in a fragile voice.

Kurt, on the other hand, felt a surge of pure, unadulterated panic. The situation was spiraling from "public embarrassment" into "exile-worthy scandal." He could feel the heat of a hundred judgmental glares burning into the back of his neck.

He then stepped between Emelie and the terrified girl. He looked at the crowd, then back at Kiana, who looked like she was one second away from fainting on the spot. "We aren't doing that. This has gone far enough."

"But Kurt, the bet–"

"The bet will be settled with a small compromise!" He interrupted in a tone of finality, trying to sound more authoritative than he actually felt in the moment. "Look, just... the skirt. The princess can keep her panties on. That's the deal. No bare skin, just the layers. Alright, Emy?"

"... Whatever. I just wanted you to get paid back in full after the shit you've been through. If that's how you're gonna collect your reward, then so be it." Emelie shrugged and took a step back to stand with Amy and Junior who was determined not to look away.

'Hm? She really gave up that easily?' Kurt wondered.

Kiana's breath was coming in short, jagged hitches. She looked at the crowd, then at her brother, and finally at Kurt. The logic of "just the panties" seemed like a lifeline in a sea of total humiliation. With shaking fingers, she reached for the fastening of her skirt.

The sound of the fabric sliding down and pooling around her ankles was deafening in the silence of the street. And the sight that was revealed to everyone was something that no one expected.

She stood there in her black garter panties.

"""""....."""""

Complete silence. Except for one.

"PFFTAHAHAHAHAHAHA! As expected of our princess! I bet you came here knowing that you're about to get spanked! Ahahahaha!" Emelie burst out laughing.

'What the hell is she wearing!?' Kurt panicked internally. 'Can't you wear normal panties!? How is this any different than you showing your bare ass!? Is this why Emy didn't argue back!?'

Every single eye in the crowd traced the line of her legs. She leaned back over the streetlamp and buried her face in her arms, which hid the tears of pure concentrated shame that were finally starting to prick at her eyes.

Seeing that there was no way out of this, Kurt took a steadying breath, raised his hand, and prepared for the first strike.

'Lord. If you're watching. Please don't let Diana find out about this.' Little did he know that there were reporters mixed in with the crowd, capturing every moment.

SPANK!

"Eeek!!" Kiana flinched.

The first strike landed with a sharp, fleshy thwack that made Kurt's hand tingle instantly. The impact sent a ripple through her skin, a visible jiggle that didn't stop until–

SPANK!

"Mmn!!"

Kurt quickly followed up with the second strike, which was even harder than the first. The sting was immediate as it radiated from his palm up his arm. Although Kiana's entire body jolted at the first two strikes, she still bravely stood properly as she kept her face buried in her arms.

SPANK! SPANK!

"Nmph!!!"

As he continued, the sensation in his hand shifted from a sharp sting to a dull, throbbing heat. With every blow, he watched the soft flesh recoil and settle with the black lace straining against her skin. Kiana's fingers were white knuckled on the pole, her body jerking forward with each impact.

SPANK! SPANK!

"Mmnhaah!" She let out a quiet gasp.

By the halfway mark, Kurt's hand was glowing red as strikes five and six landed with more weight. He then noticed that Kiana was no longer trying to pull away, nor was her body trying to fight the strikes, but rather, it was absorbing them. Her breathing, once hitched, became heavy and slow as she arched her back in anticipation for the next strike.

SPANK!

"Hmnn!!"

'Wait a minute...'

SPANK!

"Haah~!!"

'HELLO?! Princess?! Are you enjoying this?!'

Kiana no longer flinched; instead, a low, guttural vibration started in her chest. It was a sound that wasn't quite a sob and wasn't quite a protest.

At this point, Kurt's hand was heavy, almost magnetic. Every time he struck, Kiana leaned closer to him and arched her back in a curve that made the next strike even more unavoidable.

SPANK!

"Heeee~!"

The penultimate strike was the hardest yet. The impact was so deep that her entire frame shuddered at the sound of the crack. And a high-pitched, involuntary squeal escaped her breath, muffled only slightly by her arms. Her flesh was now a warm, radiating pink beneath the black straps.

The Final Strike.

'This is it.'

Kurt took a final, steadying breath. His own heart was racing, the sheer intimacy of the public act blurring his vision. He raised his hand one last time as the air around them felt hot and electric.

'This one's for all the marbles. I'm sorry that you had to endure this humiliation, Princess Kiana. But I truly hope that you'll walk away from this as a better person.'

He didn't hesitate for the final one. He brought his hand down in a wide, forceful arc, landing the tenth strike with the full weight of the "Bet."

SPANK!

"AAAHH~!"

The reaction was instantaneous and devastating. Kiana didn't just cry out in pain. Her head snapped back and eyes nearly rolled to the back of her skull, as a loud, resonant moan tore from her throat. It was deep and carried a tone of such overwhelming, visceral relief that the entire square went deathly

still. This wasn’t the sound of a girl being punished; it was the sound of someone whose body had just betrayed her most private secrets in front of hundreds of strangers.

Thud

Kiana, whose legs felt like melted jelly, finally fell to her knees. Her chest heaved in exhaustion, and the black garter belt, which connected her panties to her leggings became damp with sweat, while Kurt stood frozen looking at his hand, which was still tingling from the final point of contact.

"... D-Did I hear what I just think I heard?"

"... What are those undergarments? And that... that noise? He’s clearly corrupted her. He’s a deviant."

"... What kind of ’bet’ leads to that? He looked so calm doing it, but the princess... she looked like she’d been waiting for that tenth one her whole life. Did you see her eyes?"

"... No! Shut up! Our lovely and innocent princess would never indulge herself in such acts!"

Suddenly, Kurt turned on his heel and walked away like a soldier in a parade. He didn’t look at anyone in the crowd; he didn’t look at the sobbing prince who was biting down on his shirt, and he certainly didn’t look at Kiana, who was still slumped on the ground, hair covering her face, breath coming in ragged, and bright red cherries on full display.

He simply kept his gaze fixed on the distant nothingness, refusing to let his eyes flicker toward the faces of the townspeople. And when he approached the thickest part of the gathering, the effect was instantaneous. The crowd recoiled as if he carried an invisible chilling aura that pushed them back.

’They heard it. They saw it. And they’ll never forget it. I just ruined the princess of this country’s reputation while also squandering whatever goodwill I could have potentially built up between them. Goodbye, Bloody One-Eyed Doctor. Hello, Princess Spanker.’

Finally reaching the end of the sea of people, Kurt turned towards the nearest alleyway and disappeared from their sight. Only then, once he was certain no eyes could see him, did his knees give a slight,

traitorous wobble. He leaned his forehead against the cold, damp stone of a building and hitched his breath in a silent, desperate gasp of pure mortification.

"For shame! Oh, the shame–"

"Kurt! There you are!" Emelie walked in the alleyway with Amy following hesitantly behind her. "That was a bloody good show you put on." She patted him on the back. "I couldn't have done it better myself, hahaha!"

"....."

"Oh come on. No need to be sad or ashamed. We would've done much worse things had we lost that fight. So stand proud, Spanker. You are a hero in my eyes." She smiled, trying to uplift his spirits.

"... I see. How's the princess doing?"

"Junior immediately rushed to her side once you left. He'll make sure that she's okay."

"Good. Then if that's all, I'm going back to the hotel where I can wallow in misery." Kurt walked towards the opposite exit where, hopefully, whispers of what he had done had not reached their ears yet.

"That's fine. Amy and I will come with you. She's staying with me for the week and still needs to unpack. Amy! Let's go!"

"Uhm! O-Okay!" She trotted along while pulling her big yellow suitcase with one hand and covering up her flushed face with the other.

Chapter 98: Late Night Visit

"Well, this is my stop." Kurt said as he leaned against the door of his room. "You guys wanna get dinner at Sophie's later?"

"Can’t." Emelie shook her head. "Amy and I are going to be busy with a few things. I’ll see you tomorrow just like we planned."

"Planned? Are you two going somewhere tomorrow?" Amy adjusted her glasses and drew an inch closer to them.

"Oh, uhm... How do I say this? It’s just. Emelie and I are–"

"It’s related to the ’thing’ we discussed earlier," Emelie interrupted, coming in for the save.

The near-worried look on Amy’s face vanished instantly, replaced by a knowing and determined nod of understanding. "Right. The ’thing’. I get it."

"You told Amy about what we’re doing?"

"Circumstances called for it, yes. But don’t worry, I only told her the bare bones. She won’t tattle to anyone about what we’re doing. Isn’t that right, Amy?"

"Y-Yes! Your secret is safe with me! You and Kurt can trust me on this!" To emphasize her point, she began nodding her head in such a frantic manner that her round glasses slid right past the bridge of her nose. "Oops. Hahaha..."

"Real smooth, Amy." Emelie rolled her eyes. "That clumsiness of yours really amplifies the level of faith we have in you."

"I got it." Kurt bent down to pick it up. "Here you go."

Amy reached out as he handed them back, but instead of taking the frames, her fingers stopped when it brushed against the palm of Kurt’s hand.

"S-Second base..." She mumbled while frozen. Her wide eyes locked onto his and her breath hitched as she momentarily forgot to pull away.

Kurt, who was confused about what was happening, looked at Emelie. What he didn't notice, however, was that Amy was slowly leaning in towards him when suddenly–

BONK!

"Ouchie! Emy, what are you doing?!" Amy held the top of her head. "Why'd you punch meee? *Sniff*"

"Me? What am I doing? Funny, that's what I should be asking you. What exactly do you think you're doing? Cause to me, it looks like you forgot about what we discussed." Emelie asked, her voice dry and laced with a hint of suspicion.

"N-Nothing! I was... errr... I... Goodbye, Kurt! See you next time!"

She grabbed Emelie by the sleeve of her hoody, nearly yanking her off balance as she began marching down the corridor in the opposite direction. "Emy, move! Where is our room? Which door is it? Just walk faster!"

"Wait! Wrong way! Wrong way! Our room is the second door next to his!"

Kurt watched them retreat, Emelie stumbling along while Amy continued to mutter hurried directions to herself. He couldn't help but let out a soft chuckle at the sheer goofiness of behaviour. Shaking his head, he tapped his room card on the scanner and stepped inside, closing the door with a soft click behind him.

As he stood in the silence of his room, a sudden wave of exhaustion hit his entire body all at once.

"Haaaaa... What a friggin' day..."

With a heavy groan, he peeled off his jacket and tossed it toward the corner of the room. His shoes followed next, as he kicked them off with enough force that one bounced off the wall before settling.

The physical toll of the day made it feel like he was dragging a pair of 25-pound iron balls that was chained to both of his legs. But it was the mental exhaustion that truly weighed on him, dealing with the twins afterward, having to actually follow through with a spanking as punishment, had drained whatever patience he had left.

He collapsed onto the mattress without even pulling back the covers. The springs creaked under his weight as he buried his face in the pillow and fell into a deep, dreamless sleep before his breathing had even fully leveled out.

...

A few hours later and the afternoon greys of the clouds had bled into the dark skies of the evening. Kurt, who had somehow unconsciously covered himself with the bed sheets, was sleeping peacefully when a sudden knocking on the door pulled him out of his resting state.

Knock Knock Knock

"... Nooo..." Kurt groaned. "Please let this be a dream... I don't wanna get up..."

"..."

Knock Knock Knock

"Oh my... Gaawwd." He growled into the pillows. Every muscle complained as he forced himself upright, rubbing his face with his palms. He squinted at the door, half-expecting Emelie to have some kind of problem, or maybe it was simply room service.

Kurt looked through the small gap between the curtains and saw that it was completely dark out. He then lazily turned on his phone and saw that the time was 11pm, definitely past visiting hours.

'Or maybe it's an enemy? Has my location been compromised?' He thought as the assassin side of his brain starting to kick in

Either way, Kurt dragged himself to the door, tapped his card on the scanner and slowly pulled it open while holding his knife, bracing for another headache. Instead, the tension in his shoulders vanished instantly. Standing in the dim light of the hallway, wearing a soft, familiar smile on her face, was–

"... Diana?" Kurt squinted his eye in confusion, but that sudden confusion left his system just as quickly as it arrived when he realised it was actually her. "Hey! What are you doing her–!?"

Before he could finish his sentence, she surged forward, crashing into him in a heavy, desperate hug that forced him back several steps into the shadows of the room. With a swift flick, she moved her heel behind her and kicked the door shut.

"Whoa, I missed you too. What are you doing here this late?" He chuckled, his voice still sounding deep with sleep as he wrapped his arms around her.

"..."

"Diana?"

She didn't answer him. She only buried her face deeper into the center of his chest as her fingers bunched the fabric of his shirt until his skin felt the pull.

"Hey," he said more softly this time, tilting his head to try and see her face. "Seriously, what's going on? Is everything alright? I wasn't expecting you to come here. Especially when it's so late."

Slowly, her grip tightened around him. Not with affection, but with a possessive and body-crushing strength. She began to slide her face upward, resting her chin against his sternum as she looked up at him. The soft warmth he'd seen moments ago was gone. Her eyes were wide, vacant, and utterly devoid of their usual loving light. They fixed on him with a chilling stare that sent shivers down his spine, and a thin, cold smile pulled at the corners of her mouth.

'Oh no... This look... Don't tell me...'

"I've heard some things, Rosie. Seen some things." She whispered. The faint scent of wine hit his face like a wakeup call slapping the drowsiness out of his mind. "Tell me... what exactly were you doing today?"

"Today? Today was quite the event, let me tell you. I hung out with Dominik at the Prefect Station, I got to witness a live interrogation, oh and, I had lunch at an orphanage. I even made a couple friends over there. I had a great day, thanks for asking. How was your day?"

"That's it?"

"Hm? W-What do you mean?"

"...."

"O-Ooohh! Now that you mention it, I did see the royal twins today. But nothing really interesting hap–"

"The twins." She cut him off once again before he could finish his sentence. Her smile widened even more this time, but they never reached her eyes. "More specifically, Kiana. I know all about the little 'punishment' you enacted. I know how she reacted. How she moaned every time your hand hit her."

With each word that came out of her mouth, Diana pulled him even harder against herself, causing Kurt to take a few steps back until he finally stopped when he hit the bedframe.

"Tell me the truth. Did you enjoy slapping her like that? Did you like the way she sounded? Did you enjoy it as much as she clearly did?"

"Diana, listen–"

[AAAHH~!]

Although he couldn't see the source of the sound, Kurt did see a light illuminating on the ceiling, indicating to him that a video recording was playing from behind his back.

[... Did you hear that? That wasn’t the sound of someone in pain. Not by a long shot.]

[... A man who can do that in public and keep a straight face... there’s something dark in that one.]

[... He walks like a man who’s done that a thousand times before. Goddess above, look at his hand... it’s still red–

Switch

"... Was that a recording? How did you even get that?" Kurt asked when the sound cut off.

"You didn’t answer my question."

Kurt’s mind was racing and a small droplet of nervous sweat ran down his forehead as he was being overwhelmed by everything that was happening.

"Y-Your question? Oh right, that! Of course I didn’t enjoy– Mmmm–!"

She suddenly captured his lips in a deep, bruising kiss that felt completely desperate and tasted utterly toxic. The force of her kiss made Kurt fall on his bed, pulling her in with him. And when she finally pulled back, instead of seeing her entrancing red eyes, Kurt found the tip of his own knife pointed at his face.

’What the hell?! When did she take that?!’

"Do you love Kiana now?" She asked him in a tone dripped with insecurity. "I know how much you love ass, Rosie. Is mine not enough for you anymore? Now you’re going after royal ass."

"Diana, what are you talking about? You’re clearly drunk out of your mind. I obviously don’t love her. Besides, her ass is flat as paper! It felt like I was hitting a brick wall!"

"So, you don’t love her?"

"No! She’s just a kid, Ana!"

"But she enjoyed it."

"I dunno what was up with that, but I certainly didn’t. Listen, Ana. I was dealing out a punishment that was made between us. Did you know that if I lost that fight in the park, instead of me spanking her, I would’ve had to lick her feet and become her servant for a year?"

"She would’ve taken you away from me...? No... No! P-Please don’t go! Don’t leave me!" The knife in her hand began to shake as tears fell out her eyes.

’Holy mood swings!’

"You got it wrong!" Kurt tried moving his head, but wherever he turned, the knife would follow. "I’m not going anywhere! T-That’s why I spanked her! Haha! I had to get it through her thick skull that I belong to you and no one else!"

"R-Really~?" She stopped the knife from shaking and slightly pulled it back.

"Yes! And guess what? It worked! Now she won’t try to take me from you anymore!"

"So *sniff* you’re not leaving me~?"

’It’s time! Finish her!’

"Never!"

Spank

Squish~

"Aahn~"

"I love this ass too much. But more importantly, I love the person this ass is attached to even more. Ana, I'd never. Ever! Trade you for anything. Not even for royalty. I love you, Diana."

Thud

The knife fell next to Kurt's head with a dull thud as it hit the pillow.

"R-Rosie... I *sniff*I didn't mean... I'm so sorry!" Diana leaned down on him and started crying in the crook of his neck.

"Shhh. It's ok." Kurt gently patted the back of her head as he hugged her. "Let it aalll out. I'll be right here with you."

"I-I *sob* I don't know what came over me!"

"Just blame it on the wine, Diana. Just blame it on the wine."

"Rosieee... B-Buaaa! *sniff* U-Uaaaaa *sob* Boohoo!"

It took about one hour for Diana to finally stop crying before her breathing hitched and she fell asleep soundly in Kurt's arms.