RedTails : The Paddled Princess - Chapter 2

By Scarletdown

Published on Lush Stories on 01 Mar 2007

**All stories and original images and other media I produce and display here are posted under Creative Commons Copyleft terms of Share Alike / Attribution / Non-Commercial, aka CC: SA/BY/NC.

Derivative works are permitted and encouraged, and must follow the same CC terms. Attribution should be referenced as Scarletdown or Elery G. Any desire to use my works for commercial purposes will cause me to feel flattered, but please contact me and we can work out some arrangements. the NC restriction does not apply to reposting my works on sites where the viewer may be subjected to ads, but requiring viewing of such ads before being able to access the content would violate both the Share Alike and Non Commercial stipulations. There should be no access restrictions other than what is required by the laws of whatever countries these works end up hosted within.**

Warden Arlin, a Street Hunter, finds his prey and brings them in for a dose of discipline.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/redtails-the-paddled-princess--1.aspx

RedTails : Reckonings

The Paddled Princess

By

Scarletdown

Chapter II: Party Crasher

"Good evening to you too, Allisson," Arlin growled. His body shuddered, and his aching, still stiff maleness flexed at the Raccoon's touch. "I trust that you and Amanda are having a profitable night?"

She nodded and flashed him a coy smile, "Yep-yep, our tails have been remarkably busy. And we have only been working for not even two hours so far tonight." She snuggled up against the Tiger, sighed, and rested her head on his muscular chest.

Arlin smiled down at the Raccoon, affectionately ran his fingers through her her shoulder-length mane of black curly hair, and purred softly as he looked her over. Typical of her species, Allisson could best be described as compact and stocky; not truly fat by any means, but certainly not the type that one would expect to encounter whoring among the more curvaceous Vixens, slinky Felines, and sexually hyperactive Rabbits for example. No, she was that girl next door, with whom you grew up but never noticed back in the day, because you were too busy chasing after those aforementioned Vixens, Felines, and Rabbits. But what she lacked in physical assets, she more than made up for with her sweet temperament and endearing schoolgirl charm.

She gazed up at Arlin with genuine wide-eyed adoration, a look that she had perfected over the years, and one which never failed to generate a stir deep within the Tiger like no other girl could ever cause, save for one.

"You haven't answered my question, Arlee," she chirred, using the nick she called him back when they were both tendertails, "You seem rather tense and stiff tonight. You know good and well that I can help you relax and unwind. And since we have known each other for like ever, I can even give you a deep discount."

Arlin chuckled and scritched the exposed fur on Allisson's back between her bustier and skirt, causing her to squirm playfully. "You are quite the seductress, Allee," he accused her, "but as tempted as I always am by your charms, I am afraid that I can't come over and play tonight." He gave her a pat on the rump, touched his mouth to hers with a tender kiss, then froze and tensed up for a brief moment.

A paw lightly touched the Tiger's shoulder, then slid teasingly down his back and squeezed his rear. A sultry voice purred soothingly in his ear, "If you aren't in the mood to ream the Ringtail, then how about some sibling revelry instead?"

The Warden slowly turned around and found himself face to face with the most enchanting Furling Tigress he had ever known. She stood nearly as tall as Arlin. Her black and orange striped face was framed by a thick mop of honey gold hair, which flowed in gentle silky curls down to her waist. And her large feline eyes were like golden pools, which sparkled mischievously in the moonlight. Her physique, though nowhere near as hard and muscular as Arlin's, left no doubt to even a casual observer that this girl could hold her own against most any adversary, or against any potential lover. Her plush feminine curves belied the powerful muscles beneath the smooth silky striped fur. This girl, a mighty huntress in her own right was built equally for endurance and comfort. And she was on the hunt tonight, just like Arlin, but with a much different prey in mind.

The Tigress was dressed in naught but a plain, belt-cinched, grass-green tunic, the back of which draped over the base of her long, slinky tail, leaving her wide, pillow-soft bottom fully exposed; bare save for her covering of short, sleek fur.

"Amanda!" Arlin gave the girl a big toothy smile, then put his massive arms around her and pressed his mouth to hers. He took a firm, two-pawed grip on her butt, his fingers probing into the warm crevasse between her plush nether hills and teasing around the rim of her southern star.

"You're looking hot tonight, lil' sis," Arlin said. He took a half step back, still maintaining his grip on Amanda's rump, and looked her over from head to toe. "Allisson says that you've been having a remarkably profitable night."

Amanda wiggled her butt and Arlin heard the faint, muffled jingle of what sounded like a rather impressive amount of coins nested deep under her tail, "Yeah, we've been doing okay," she replied, "Gonna hafta take a short break soon to stash our earnings, since I'm already nearly full down there."

"Amanda is an amazing girl, as I'm sure you already know," Allisson interjected, "Personally, I have had a number of occasions to be shocked and in awe at the sheer range of your little sister's talents since I first began training her. I mean, it's only been barely more than a week since she started, and she is already performing as if she had been doing this since her awakening." She gave the Tigress an approving pat on the rump, "Sometimes, I feel as if our positions are reversed, and that I should be the apprentice whore, learning from her."

Amanda smiled sheepishly at Allisson. The insides of her ears betrayed a soft reddening between the thin, white fur, "Well, I do have the finest teacher a neophyte street tail could ever hope for." Her gaze returned to Arlin, and her expression regained its sparkle of mischief, "Plus, I have had the finest and most perversely skilled practice subject at my beck and call to help me with my homework, even for years before I started this apprenticeship, in fact."

Now it was the Warden's turn to blush as his little sister spoke openly and candidly about their intimate explorations of each other's assets and kinks, loud enough for any passersby to overhear.

"Amanda," he warned, his voice a low growl as he slipped a paw into one of the thigh pockets of his leather pants, "not so loud, little sister, not out here in public."

The Tigress giggled and planted a pair of quick, playful kisses on her brother's mouth, "Oh, don't be such a coward, Arlee," she chided him, "What is my big bad kitty afraid of?"

Arlin tightened his grip on his sister's butt with his other paw, "Amanda, I'm warning you..."

"Oh, I'm so scared," she taunted, "What's my big, powerful brother going to do, paddle my bottom as if I was still a tendertail schoolgirl?" She gave her wide rump a few firm, playful swats.

"I just might," Arlin growled, "Remember, although you may be a big girl now, you are still my little sister. And as such, I can put you over my lap and warm your sweet bottom as I see fit."

"She would have to charge you for the service, Arlin," Allisson interjected, "After all, Amanda may be your sister, but she is also my apprentice. Our craft focuses heavily on our tails; we are in the TL Sector; we are at work now, and spanking is one of the services we sell."

"Yeah," Amanda added, sticking her tongue out at her brother, "If you want to spank me, or even be spanked by me or Mistress for that matter, our rates are one copper bit per swat, or twelve swats for one silver laurel. But anyway, I don't understand why you are getting so worked up. It's not like our past is any big secret. I mean, what with our psi talents, y'know. Why do you think daddy paddled us after our first boinking that you gave me as my ninth birthday present?"

She rubbed her bottom as she fondly remembered that magical afternoon, her awakening, and continued her defense, "And not only that first time either. If you remember, for that first year, we always unfailingly found ourselves bent over Daddy's or Mother's lap within minuted after we finished fucking. It wasn't until I figured out how to put up a Psilence Wall that we were finally able to avoid..."

While Amanda was candidly engaged in her recap of her and her brother's early tendertail adventures with each other, Arlin discreetly extracted his paw from his pocket, slipped his fingers under his sister's tail, and expertly inserted three slightly chilled coins up her butt, where they joined the countless others she had already earned tonight.

"Three silver laurels," was all that he said as he pulled his fingers out of Amanda's aft passage, bent her over his arm, and planted twelve hard swats with his large, open paw on her plush bottom.

Amanda was too stunned to protest or put up any sort of struggle. And with the tight grip of Arlin's arm around her waist, pinning her in place, there was no way she could struggle and squirm out of her submissive, vulnerable position anyway. There was nothing the hapless Tigress whore could do except whimper and moan while her brother's massive paw made her lovely bare butt quite warm, and extremely sore. And to make matters worse, her ears and cheeks were developing a warmth that nearly matched the heat in her bottom, thanks to the small crowd that had naturally gathered to watch the mighty Tigress get spanked on the bare right out here on the busy walk. She knew it was inevitable that within hours her backside would be posted all over the global comm grid, and all over the interstellar grid within less than a day.

"Twelve for a laurel," Arlin confirmed, releasing Amanda from his grip, allowing her to stand upright so that he could talk to her face instead of to her ass. He paused to shoo away the last few lingering onlookers. When they were gone, he looked around hard in all directions, seemingly glaring at nothing, then returned his attention to his sister, "I will give your butt the other twenty four you owe me tomorrow morning, over my lap with a hard wood paddle of my choosing."

Allisson cringed and gave Amanda a sympathetic squeeze on her rump, "Oh, that's rough, 'Manda. I mean, spankings from your brother without the use of any toys already border on the cusp between pleasure and punishment. But a twenty four swat paddling from him? All I can say is ouch, very ouch. And believe me, young lady, my bottom is intimately familiar with the fiery kiss of Arlin's collection of paddles, crops, switches, straps, and whips." The Raccoon hiked up the back of her skirt and gingerly rubbed her furry butt in fond recollection.

Amanda defiantly crossed her arms over her chest and pouted cutely. It was an expression that never failed to generate a stir deep within Arlin's being. And had the Warden not possessed such remarkable self discipline from years of working the streets as a cop, he could very easily have succumbed to his sister's charms, haul her off into a nearby alley, bend her over a stack of crates, and fuck her silly all night long.

"Believe me," Mistress Allisson, Amanda replied, "I know all too well what is in store for my ass, should I allow Arlin to have his way. My brother seems to have quite a highly refined talent, and even an obsession for that matter, for rendering pretty bottoms hot and sore, especially my pretty bottom."

A devilish toothy smile crossed Arlin's muzzle, "And you are just now figuring that out after all these years, sweet tail?" He chuckled and put his arm around Amanda's waist, his paw resting on her flank.

"Your pretty bottom, as you so modestly describe it, sweet sister, was made for paddling and other painful pleasures. Isn't that right, Allisson?"

The Raccoon smiled, nodded her head, giggled, and patted the small round paddle that hung at her right hip, "You know good and well that your brother is right as always, my dear apprentice. Why else would nearly half of your earnings since you started your training be from spankings?"

"And I fully intend to get my money's worth," Arlin declared. He gave his sister's rump another hard swat that caused her to yelp in surprise, then he stuffed a copper coin up her butt, as per her and Allisson's stated rates. "I'm probably stating the blindingly obvious here, Amanda. But you will most likely be on your feet for most of tomorrow, as sitting may prove to be a rather uncomfortable activity."

"Actually," Allisson corrected him, "Amanda will be spending most of the day on all fours, considering the training I have planned for her after you are finished warming her bottom." She looked at her apprentice and shook her head sympathetically, "You really should have heeded Arlin's warnings and simply shut the fuck up about your escapades together, my little pet. But it is too late now. He may be your brother, but he is also now a paying client, and you now owe him your ass."

Amanda gave an indignant huff and glared defiantly at Arlin, "We will see about that, dear brother. There's nothing stopping me from simply refunding your two laurels right here and now." She reached a paw between her legs.

"Yes there is," Allisson growled. Amanda's mistress was a step ahead of her. Her eyes went wide as saucers as she felt the Raccoon take a tight grip on her bottom with one paw, while the other paw slipped between her nether cheeks, spreading them apart a full three fingers' width. With one quick and smooth motion, Allisson thrust her index and social fingers past the apprentice whore's tight southern star and deep up her coin-filled butt, all the way to the third joint.

"Don't even try," she warned the Tigress, "Remember our primary rule. Recite it to me now."

Amanda sighed and dropped her gaze to the ground, "All services paid for are to be rendered, unless the client's desires fall outside of our declared limits, or could otherwise result in injury or death."

Allisson sternly nodded her head and wiggled her fingers inside her student's ass. The coins shifted around within her rectal chamber, eliciting from the Tigress, a moan that echoed a mix of discomfort and pleasure.

"And you know good and well that the paddling your brother paid to give you does not meet either of those conditions," the Raccoon reminded her, "So tomorrow morning, you will go over Arlin's lap and submit to the ass roasting that he wishes to give you. There will absolutely be no weaseling out of your appointment, and no refunds. Is that clear, my little slut?"

Amanda sighed again, closed her eyes, and nodded her head, reaffirming her sworn submissiveness to her teacher's wishes, "Aye, Mistress Allisson. Your orders are clear as a desert night, and they will be obeyed in full." She raised her head and met Arlin's gaze. The expression on the Tiger's face reflected a mix of embarrassment, amusement, and lust-tinged excitement.

"My brother," the Tigress purred, her voice low and barely audible to all around save for Arlin and Allisson, "I humbly accept the appointment that you have scheduled for me. Tomorrow morning, at your convenience, my bottom shall exist solely for your pleasure."

Arlin smiled lovingly and wrapped his arms around his sister. His claws very gently kneaded the soft, but muscular flesh of her wide, furry butt as he echoed the same affirmation he had said to Karma earlier that night, "Indeed it is, Amanda of Lovenmusk. Indeed it is."

Allisson nodded her head, satisfied that the guidance that she had been providing for Amanda was finally starting to sink into the feisty kitten's head. She looked up at Arlin, "I wish to apologize to you for my apprentice's behavior. Her manners were most inappropriate for her position, and such impudence reflects poorly upon her mistress."

Arlin chuckled at the Raccoon's burst of melodrama, and gave her butt an affectionate squeeze through her skirt, "Don't you worry your pretty tail over this, love. Remember, the three of us have been best friends and more ever since we were tendertails. So I fully understand how difficult it must be for my sister to put aside our familiarity when she is working and learning her trade."

"Yes, yes," Allisson agreed, "It is difficult for all of us. And as her mistress, I must take some responsibility for Amanda's misbehavior." She took a deep breath, preparing herself mentally and emotionally for the gift she was about to bestow upon the Tiger.

"Warden Arlin, as penance for my errors in properly conditioning your sister for the level of humility and submissiveness that is appropriate to one whose social status is like that of a personal pet, I hereby offer to submit my own bottom to the same punishment for which my apprentice is fated."

Arlin was caught completely off guard by his friend's announcement, "Really, Allee? Twenty four with the paddle merely because my sweet little sister was nothing more than her normal bratty self? I mean, you know know all too well what you are getting yourself into. This is not, by any means going to be a pleasure spanking, at least not a pleasure spanking for you."

"Indeed I do know, and am fully aware of the intense punishment I will experience under my tail," she solemnly replied, "and I am totally serious about this. I deserve this just as much as she does, twenty four with the paddle, plus twelve administered open-paw as a warm up. Tomorrow at your convenience, my bottom shall exist solely for your pleasure."

Warden Arlin knew that he would be a complete and utter fool to turn down a gift like this. He held the Raccoon against him in a loving embrace, caressed the exposed fur between her top and skirt with one paw, and reached the other paw under her hem to knead the sweet, plush bottom that would be his to punish tomorrow, and affirmed for the third time that night, "Indeed it will, Allisson of Lovenmusk, indeed it will."

"Mistress," Amanda chimed in, "there is no need for you to put your ass through this ordeal. It was

totally my fault, and I claim full responsibility. If anything, as your apprentice and pet, I should take those additional thirty six for you."

"Too late, love," the Raccoon declared, "I have already given my oath and pledge." She gave the Tigress a knowing wink, and idly toyed with the coins nested up Amanda's butt while she thought for a moment. A mischievous gleam sparkled in her eyes, a glimmer that Amanda knew was cause to worry.

"Although I can't allow you to take my punishment for me, I have decided to take you up on your offer, my pet. After we next retire for a break to secure and stash our earnings thus far, I am going to give everyone around a free floor show. Specifically, I am going to bend you over a table and paddle you long and hard so that every time a client fucks you from behind tonight, the feel of his body slamming against your wide, sore, burning ass will remind you of your place as my submissive and obedient apprentice."

"Ah, marvelous," Arlin cheered, "It's a pity that I'm too busy to be there to see this little show live. But at least I can watch it on the security recordings from wherever you two are going to perform, and as a bonus, she should be primed and ready for our session tomorrow."

"Then it is settled," Allisson declared, "I will make a note on our schedule for tomorrow of your appointment over your brother's lap." She paused to think for a brief moment again, and idly wiggled her fingers around some more inside her apprentice's aft chamber, "As a matter of fact, I think I will leave the entire morning open for you, just in case your paddling leads to more intimate and tender activities." The Raccoon yanked her fingers out of Amanda's butt, causing the Tigress to gasp and flinch, then shudder as a wave of bestial pleasure rippled through her body. She stuck one finger in her mouth and chirred softly as she sampled her apprentice's intimate flavor.

"Mmmm, you are delicious, my naughty little pet," she said, causing Amanda's ears to warm up yet again in embarrassment, and her tight, damp, sex to tingle with the desire for fulfillment. Always willing to share, Allisson graciously offered the other finger to Arlin. He just as graciously accepted.

A deep purr rumbled in his throat as the intoxicating, exotic taste of his little sister's sweet nether depths spread out over his tongue, "Amanda, I know that I say this every time I taste you, but the truth is always worth repeating. You, dear sister, are pure unadulterated sweetness, outside and inside." He pressed his mouth to hers; their tongues touched, and the two Tiger siblings shared a purr together. After a half minute in tender embrace and muzzle lock, Arlin and Amanda pulled back and gazed deep into each other's large, golden, feline eyes.

:: Dear brother, ::

Once again, time seemed to slow down as Amanda's thoughts touched directly into Arlin's mind.

:: I am curious. Since we first found you out here tonight, we have engaged in activities in public that should have caused a mass orgy in the streets. I mean, within the past few minutes, both you and Mistress have fondled my bottom numerous times; you have bent me over and spanked me; you have stuffed coins up my butt, and both of you have spoken openly and candidly about my intimate flavor as well as about how I seemingly have the most spankable bottom in the known universe. Yet I am confuzzled. Why is it that... ::

Arlin intercepted Amanda's train of thought and completed the question she was about to ask.

:: Why is it that very few passersby have paused to watch our antics, or have even noticed us out here? It is simple, sweet sister. Right after I spanked you, I made use of a new power that I recently learned. I call it Perception Deflector. ::

:: I am not familiar with that one. Is it like a Psilence Wall? ::

:: No, they are not similar at all, although they are in the same general class of psionic disciplines. This is a new technique that I have personally been researching, developing, and refining for the past three months. Essentially, what I have managed causes most people to simply not notice our presence out here. ::

:: You mean invisibility? ::

:: No, not exactly. True invisibility is a skill that even the most powerful Psi-Masters have tremendous difficulty acheiving. That is well beyond my humble abilities. Invisibility would be ineffective out here anyway, since someone would have plowed into us by now. No, what my psionic invention does merely makes us a low priority on the mind's scanners. However, they do still perceive us on a deep subconscious level. So without even giving us a first thought, they automatically alter their paths to skirt around us. ::

:: Well all I can say is that is pretty fucking amazing, big brother, ::

A mischievous sparkle flashed in Amanda's eyes.

:: Does this mean that we could conceivably fuck right here on the sidewalk, and no one would even notice? ::

:: Not quite, at least, not yet. This power is not one hundred percent effective. There is a good chance that anyone who is already observing us at the moment the deflector is implemented would not be affected. And anyone already in close proximity to us would likewise be immune to it. ::

:: Ah, like Mistress Allisson, for example. ::

:: Yes, like Allee. ::

:: So then, would my dear, sweet, loving brother be willing to teach his adoring, devoted little sister this power? ::

Amanda gave Arlin a naughty smile, and touched his mind with an image of the two of them down on all fours in the Grand Atrium of the Chastity Society's meeting lodge, fucking like wild ponies in season while dozens of C.S. members passed by around them, oblivious to the hot passionate naughtiness taking place in their puritanical sanctuary.

Arlin was momentarily shocked by the tantalizing mental imagery. His cock pressed tight against his leather pants, its hardness instantly renewed.

:: In time, my sweet little slut of a sister, in time. I am not ready to field test this new power in such a public setting, least of all among such an emotionally tight-assed lot like the Chastity Society. However, you have given me an idea for how I will conduct my demonstration when I submit this new development to the Psion Academy. ::

:: I do hope that you will allow me to assist you in this endeavour, Arlin, ::

Amanda smiled at her brother again. Her eyes were half closed in dreamy anticipation as she envisioned the two of them together, putting on the hottest private performances ever in the most public places before the Psi-Masters.

:: If this works out as you say it should, then I would wager my ass that the powers that be at Psion-A will make you a fully certified Psi-Master. ::

:: That is my plan, love. I will be using both you and Allee in the trials. And when I do become a Master, your life is going to become many times busier than it is now. ::

:: Does that mean that I will...? ::

:: Yes. In addition to continuing your training as an apprentice whore under Allisson, I am going to claim you as my apprentice so that you may finally develop and refine your own psionic potential beyond those basic, rudimentary powers with which you have become comfortable and complacent. ::

Amanda purred ever so softly as Arlin's plans for her were revealed. She sealed her fate and affirmed her impending submission to her brother's care and guidance with one word. It was a single word that touched his mind ever so softly like a feather, a gentle whisper of total devotion...

:: Master... ::

"Arlin? Amanda?" Allisson chirred. Her voice sliced through their shared thoughts like a powerblade and her paws landed with a sharp smack on their behinds, bringing them back to the outer world.

"Hey, you two! Raccoon to Tigers, Raccoon to Tigers. Give me a sign here. I mean, you kittens have just been staring silently at each other for nearly ten whole seconds. Is there a problem?"

The Tigers turned their gaze to the Raccoon and smiled. "No, Allee. All is perfect," Arlin assured her. We were merely discussing our future together, all three of us."

"Oh, that sending thing you psi types do," she gave them a teasing smirk, "So, what were you thinking about? I mean, you said something about us. Since us includes me, please feel free to tell me all about whatever it is."

She paused for a moment, though not long enough for wither Arlin or Amanda to answer, "No. On second thought, tell me later. For now, we need to get back to biz. So how about it, Arlin? Those tight leathers hide nothing, love. Face the facts. Your cock has been hard as stone since you arrived here tonight."

"Mistress is right, Arlin," Amanda affirmed. She pointed an accusing finger at the Warden, "You, big brother, are obviously in need of some relief and relaxation. And you know good and well that we are the most qualified girls for the job around here."

Allisson ran her fingers down Arlin's rump and along his inner thighs, causing an involuntary shiver to ripple through his body, "So once again, how about it, just the three of us together for, say, an hour? And my offer still stands, honey kitten, a special discount just for you." Her paw slipped up his thigh and gave his ample male package a firm but gentle squeeze that nearly caused him to break his resolve.

The Warden sighed and flashed a sheepish look at the Raccoon and Tigress, "I truly am sorry, girls," he apologized, "You two are doing a damn fine job of tempting me. However, as I said earlier, I am on the hunt tonight. And if I let these three miscreants get away, Regent Tormanin will be serving my ass up on a platter for breakfast tomorrow morning."

Allisson nodded her head sympathetically, "Ah, I see. The Triple Terror again?"

"How did you guess?"

"It doesn't take an empath to know," she replied, "You get that same frustrated look on your face whenever you hafta deal with those brats. And let me be the first to offer my sympathies, Warden."

Arlin held Allisson close to him and pressed his mouth to hers, their tongues touching and sweetly gliding over each other, "Thank-you, love," he purred, once they came up for air. "I do have my work cut out for me tonight."

"Then how about after you are off duty?" the Raccoon suggested.

"I'm sorry again, honey. I already have an appointment scheduled with a Rabbit and a Ferret tonight," he confessed, "It's because of those two that I arrived here with this mega stiffy."

"We understand," Amanda interjected, "You really are going to have your paws full if she's the same Bunny I'm thinking of." She shut up for a brief moment and gazed into her brother's eyes. A naughty smile parted her muzzle, and the Tigress giggled, "Yep-yep, she's the one. And that stretch Rat looks like a rather hot little beastie as well. Nice choices, big brother. You're in for a wild ride tonight, if I may say so myself."

"Yes," Arlin agreed, "that goes without saying. Thankfully, I can take most of tomorrow off, what with the only critical action item on my agenda being Street Hunter Denali's paddling, scheduled for right after breakfast."

Allisson giggled and patted her rump, "Aw, poor Arlin," she teased, "The Court Warden's work is never ending, it seems."

"So you finally found a reason to take that little honey over your lap," Amanda said, "I know you've been watching her tail ever since she first signed on. Come to think of it, pretty much everyone in your department has been watching her tail ever since she first signed on."

"Indeed," Arlin agreed, "the troops have had a betting pool going on ever since Denali's first day,

wagering over when I would finally have to paddle her, why, and how many swats she would get."

Amanda purred as she thought about the young Otter lass and her impending fate, "I bet there is going to be one fuckuva turnout for this. After all, that girl has the cutest, most spankable, and most fuckable bottom in all of Lovenmusk...well, second only to mine and Mistress Allisson's of course."

Now it was the Raccoon's turn to be embarrassed. She buried her face in her paws and giggled, then gave her apprentice a playful slap on the ass, "You learn fast, my little slut. Flattery will get you everywhere."

"Well, girls," Arlin interrupted, "It's been surreal, but I really must be getting back to the hunt. They are already way ahead of me by now, and reacquiring their scent is going to take a miracle."

"Up yours," Amanda said.

Arlin stopped dead in his tracks. With one fluid motion, he spun around, grabbed his sister by the arm, and bent her over. His lightning crop was in his other paw, fully extended, buzzing and crackling loudly. Its shaft glowed an angry blue-white as he strategically poised it under her tail, ready to thrust it deep up the girl's ass.

"What did you just say, Amanda?" he demanded. His voice was low and menacing.

Amanda whimpered like a kitten, "I...I said...Up Yours," she stammered. She felt the fur on her bottom stand on end as the tip of the crop drew closer to her southern star, ready to unleash its punishing, electric kiss into her depths.

"Please, Arlin," she begged, "hear me through for once. It is not how it sounds."

Arlin maintained his grip, and kept the lightning crop near the entrance to his sister's butt. Although he refrained from thrusting it inside her for now, he did go ahead and touch the glowing tip very briefly against the crevasse between her plush nether cheeks. "I'm listening. Enlighten me, sweet sister. How was it really supposed to sound."

Amanda yelped loudly as a wave of searing, electric fire coursed through her wide bottom and down her muscular thighs. Her ass defensively clenched tight, awaiting the electrified raping that her rectal chamber could receive at any time now. "I wasn't bratting you, Master," she explained, "I was really trying to help you on your hunt."

Allisson cocked her head to one side and shot the Warden a quizzical look, "Did she just call you Master?"

"I'll explain later," Arlin growled, "Right now, I want her to explain to me how mouthing off like she did is going to aid me in my quest. And it better be a damn good explanation, or you are going to get to see your apprentice do a highly energetic dance like you've never seen before."

"It's true," Amanda insisted, "I'm telling you exactly where to find them. We last saw them at Up Yours."

Arlin's stern expression melted into one of confusion.

"It's a night club," Allisson explained.

"Huh, I'm not familiar with that one," Arlin admitted, "And here I thought I knew every club, dive, and whore house in the TLD."

"You've been spending far too much time sequestered in your lair back at the Regent's palace ever since you made Court Warden, love," she accused him, "You need to get yourself back out on the streets more often, among the people you protect. Up Yours is a brand spanking new joint, just opened last night."

"Yeah, that's why you've never heard of it," Amanda said.

Arlin relaxed his grip on the lightning crop. The blue-white glow vanished, and the shaft once again retracted back into itself. The Tiger returned the crop to its hook on his belt, and reached into his pocket. "I am truly sorry for my rash misjudgment of you, Amanda," he apologized, "I promise that in the future, I will try to fully hear you out before zapping your bottom. What I did to you was totally undeserved."

He removed his paw from his pocket and shot Allisson a glance that was both sly, and sheepish, then resumed addressing his sister's butt, "What do you think, Allisson? Would you say that your apprentice has earned this?" He held up another shiny silver coin, inserted it up Amanda's ass, gave her a pat on the rump, and released his grip on her arm. Amanda stood upright, gingerly rubbed her sore bottom, and assumed her submissive standby position, feet spread and paws clasped behind her back at the base of her tail.

"Yes," the Raccoon agreed, "I would say that a jolt like you gave her is worth a dozen swats. It's a good thing for you that you didn't follow through with a rectal shock. That would have cost you a pair

of gold tiaras."

"And I would have happily paid it," Arlin assured her.

"But mistress," Amanda protested, "electrical play, at least, rectally applied electrical play, is not within my declared limits."

Allisson smiled wickedly and touched a paw to her apprentice's cheek, "Don't you worry, my pet," she chirred, "After tomorrow's training, that will be added to your list, as well as a number of other services. I want you to be as versatile as possible, don'cha know? And don't call me Butt Mistress."

She turned her attention back to Arlin before Amanda could protest further, "Now then, Warden, as we were saying, your prey was last seen at Up Yours less than an hour ago. Come along with us, love. We will take you there."

With an arm around each of them, Arlin let the girls guide him a quarter block up to the next intersection and around the corner.

"There it is," Amanda said. She pointed to a large double door made of heavily tinted, unbreakable glass.

Arlin could not help but smirk as he pondered the gaudy animated sign on the wall above the doors. It featured a pair of Ornith Secretary Birds, one female and the other male. She was clad in a red plaid, pleated micro mini skirt and matching bikini top, and was posed in a three-quarter rear view, bent forward with her hands on her knees, wings and tailfeathers spread and raised, and her back arched. He was sporting a black leather miniskirt and matching sleeveless shirt. His fist was nested deep under her tail, pumping her ass like a piston. Above the two birds; in bold, angry read lettering, the sign read "UP YOURS." And below the birds was a list of services and activities to be had inside, such as: casual dining, drinks, dancing, live entertainment, and private suites rentable by the hour.

"Huh, seems like a rather hopping joint," Arlin remarked as he noted the steady stream of partiers entering the building, and a small crowd gathered around outside.

"Yeah," Allisson agreed, "I think this place is going to become the most successful business ever in the entire history of Lovenmusk. In fact, I'm predicting that Everett and Rhiana are going to be listed among Rain Valley Region's top twenty wealthiest citizens before the month is done."

"I would not be surprised at all," Arlin growled, "Those two lovebirds already have a bit of notoriety going for them. Pregenerated publicity is never a bad thing, you know."

"You mean their well-publicized adventures in sibling revelry?" Amanda asked, "Most peeps don't think that's any big deal."

"Ah, but didn't you hear?" Arlin corrected her, "They took it a step further less than a week ago, and actually got legally married. It was the top story in the society section of the Lovenmusk Voyeur."

"Oh, I never read that section," his sister admitted, "All that high and mighty social stuff is usually pretty boring. Still, I wonder if that is why the Chastity Society is already protesting this place." She nodded her head in the direction of a group gathered around the door of Up Yours. They were mostly Humans and Dwarves, with a very few Furlings among them, all dressed identically in silk tunics and pants of purest white.

Allisson huffed indignantly and rolled her eyes, "Why do those tightasses always hafta meddle and interfere with anything remotely pleasurable? It's not like Everett and Rhiana are engaging in anything illegal or harmful. Can't you do something about them, Arlin?"

The Warden sighed and gave the Raccoon a squeeze on her rump, "I wish I could. love," he replied, "But like with everyone else operating in this part of town, as long as they aren't doing anything illegal. I can't interfere."

"Then it's up to us to deal with their nonsense one way or another," Amanda declared. She gazed at her brother, noted the warning glimmer in his eyes, and added, "up to us to deal with them legally, that is."

"Oh? What do you have in mind, sis?"

The Tigress giggled and flashed a mischievous glance over at Allisson, "If Mistress approves, I suggest that we make use of our assets for the greater good of the community and show some of the White Silks the error of their ways."

Allisson was rendered momentarily speechless by her impetuous young apprentice's proposal, "You mean, we should try to rent our tails to those killjoys?"

Amanda nodded her head and smiled impishly, "Why not? They are just as mortal as the rest of us. I bet most any of them can be corrupted and lured away from their sterile sexless lifestyle with the right amount of persuasion." She canted her hip and seductively ran a paw over her wide, muscular flank, "And since they have never gotten any, and don't spend their resources on other simple pleasures either, that means most of them probably have plenty of indiscretionary cash to spend on the likes of

us."

Arlin chuckled and gave his sister's exposed rump a playful swat, "A virgin market, literally."

Allisson groaned at the bad pun, then flashed a smile at Amanda, "Okay, my pet. It's worth a shot. Choose your mark and get to work."

The three of them looked over the crowed of white-clad protesters, sizing up possible candidates, "How about that one there?" Arlin suggested, nodding to a youthful-looking Furling Fox who was nervously holding up a picket sign that declared Up Yours to be a den of perversions against nature.

Amanda shook her head dismissively, "Naw, he wouldn't be a challenge. I'll keep him in mind for a quick fuck later on when I need a break. That one there, on the other paw," she discreetly pointed to a stout, but muscular middle-aged Dwarf standing near the door and trying to hand out Chasity Society flyers to anyone within reach, "Now, he will make for a good test of the seduction skills that mistress has taught me."

"He won't be easy, sis," Arlin warned her, "That's Nyrion. He's one of the charter members of Lovenmusk's CS chapter. He is also their top recruiter. He will be a tough nut to crack."

Amanda shrugged and smiled in anticipation, "Can't hurt to try. The worst that can happen is he will say no, and possibly give me a spanking for attempting to corrupt him."

"And if that happens," Allisson reminded her, "you better make sure he pays for the service."

Arlin laughed, "Sounds like a no-lose situation. How about you, love? Which one are you going to try to steal away first?"

"This one's a no-brainer for me," she replied, "You see that Ringtail helping Nyrion hand out tracts?"

"Isn't that your little brother?" the Warden pointed out.

"Yeppers. Karlisle let himself be swayed by these numbnuts before I could get to him. Now, it's time for me to give him some sisterly guidance and bring him back to his senses before it's too late."

"Well, it sounds like you girls have your work cut out for you," Arlin said, "So I guess this is where we part ways for now." He gave them each a tender farewell kiss on the mouth, and a final friendly swat on the ass. "Best of luck to you both."

"Seeya later, love," Allisson said, as the Warden left them to work their magick.

He gave them one last look over his shoulder and smiled, "Don't get yourselves too worn out. I aim to get my money's worth out of you tomorrow, both of you."

The crowd parted before Arlin, allowing him to pass unimpeded as he padded with grim determination to the double door. Despite the crass name and signage outside, the interior of Up Yours was quite tastefully designed, modeled after the great hunting and mining lodges of the frozen Northlands. The common area was a single spacious room with a high ceiling supported by thick beams of unvarnished wood and matching rafters. A large, raised, stone fireplace dominated the middle of the room, and one wall was taken up by the bar, behind which a set of double doors led to the grill. Tables and chairs were scattered casually about, and at the other end, was a stage for the live performers, and a dance floor for the patrons. In the far corner, was another set of double doors, which led to the dressing rooms for the dancers and private suites for guests. The lighting was comfortably soft, about the equivalent of dusk, and the music the band was playing was an eerie, but medium-paced techno-synth style, easy on the ears, and easy to dance to.

Allisson was right, despite being brand spanking new, Up Yours was looking to be an instant platinum mine for the owners. There was not a single unoccupied table in the entire dining area, and only a couple empty seats at the bar. The dance floor was at full capacity, and the wait staff, male and female of a variety of races and species hustled about serving hot dishes from the grill and cold drinks from the bar. Arlin couldn't help but smirk as some of the servers turned their backs to their guests, leaned forward, and accepted gratuities under their tails, in keeping true to the name of their establishment. While he was busy ogling one Vixen waitress receive about a dozen cash capsules up her butt after serving a rather large party of Humans, Furlings, and Elves, Arlin felt a taloned hand on his arm.

"Warden Arlin!" a gentle but definitely male voice spoke from behind the Tiger, pulling his attention away from the Vixen who was now sashaying back to the private dressing rooms to stash her haul. The Tiger turned around and met the cheerful, sparkling blue gaze of a handsome Ornith Secretary Bird.

"Dammit, Everett," Arlin growled, "you startled the bejeezers out of me. You should know better than to sneak up on a Tiger."

The bird laughed and gave the Warden a friendly squeeze on the shoulder, "Aw, come now, Warden. What are you going to do? Spank me?" He teasingly presented his aft end to Arlin, spread his tailfeathers, and shook his butt in time with the music. Like his image on the animated sign outside, Everett was dressed in a black, sleeveless shirt and black hip-hugging leather miniskirt that showed

off his feathery, shapely thighs.

"Don't tempt me, silly bird," Arlin replied, failing to stifle a devilish chuckle. The powers know I've been in a spanking mood tonight, and would have no qualms about roasting your behind as I would your sister's."

"Hah. I'm flattered, Warden," the bird said, "And you know, flattery will get you everywhere. Now come on over to the bar, and try our house special, Kloakiss. My treat." He took a grip on the Tiger's arm and led him over to an unoccupied barstool.

Arlin sat down and cleared his throat, while Everett bent over and brought up a cold, frosty glass from the lowest shelf against the far wall, "So, if you don't mind my asking, birdie, why the girlie clothes?"

"Why not?" Everett shot back. "It feels comfortable, and looks sexy. Why should only the girls get to wear the nicest-looking clothes?" He strutted over to the tap and pulled the lever forward, causing a flow of delicious-looking golden ale to fill the glass. Arlin noted the custom bit of artwork on the tap handle, and stifled a laugh and a groan as he realized the pun. The logo for Kloakiss featured the same two Secretary Birds that graced Up Your's sign. But this time, she was crouched forward with her back arched, hands on her knees, and tailfeathers spread. And he, obviously Everett, was on his knees behind her with his beak pressed in an Ornith kiss between her plush, down-covered nether cheeks. Granted, being Orniths with humanoid anatomy instead of full birds, the pun wasn't totally accurate, but it was enough to make the joke obvious.

"Whoa! Calm down there," Arlin replied, "No need to be defensive. I'm not teasing you about your fashion. No, I always felt that if you have the body for it, there's no reason not to dress in ways to flaunt your assets. And I hope you don't mind me saying this, Everett, but you definitely have the body for it. You look quite sexy in a skirt. And coming from someone like myself, you can take that as a bigass compliment."

"Compliment gladly accepted," the bird laughed. He set the full glass down on the bar in front of Arlin, "And everyone knows that I won't be embarrassed about my assets. It's no secret that I swing both ways."

Arlin took a sip of the ale, swishing it around on his tongue before swallowing, "Even though you are married now?"

"Sure. Just because Rhiana is the one I share my bed with when we call it a night, doesn't mean that we can't play around with others. In fact, since we got married, I've had nearly as many propositions from other guys for the use of my tail as she has."

"Well, you know what they say," Arlin reminded him. he took another longer sip, then, "With birds, some Furling species, and quite often Elves, male or female doesn't matter. It's that tight, warm port to park in that counts."

The crest of feathers on top of Everett's head went vertical, a sign that he had just been delightfully embarrassed, "Er... well... Thank-you, I guess. Does this mean that you might want to..."

"Well, I've never considered it, actually," Arlin admitted, "I mean, I've engaged in some pretty kinky activities myself over the years, but always with a natural-born girl." He finished his drink with one long, uninterrupted pull, then set the empty glass down on the bar, reached into his money pouch, and extracted a pair of silver laurels.

"Ah, 'tis a pity," Everett sighed, "Perhaps I can think of another way to show my deep gratitude for signing mine and my sister's mating certificate. The notoriety our marriage generated really seems to be bolstering our business here. And a mere a free glass of ale is nowhere near enough thanks."

Arlin laughed, despite the warm blush in his ears, "Silly bird. I swear, it seems like everyone I encounter tonight wants me to fuck them silly. And I never said I wouldn't. I just said I never considered it. And the more you come onto me, the more tempted I am to haul you into one of your private suites and take you like the wannabe girl you are, you feathered slut."

"Oh!" Everett was genuinely surprised by Arlin's sudden revelation that he found him boinkable after all, "Just say when then, Warden, and I will get one of my wait staff to take over the bar for an hour."

"I can't tonight," Arlin admitted, I'm on a mission, and I pretty much have a full dance card for the night afterwards."

"I understand," the bird replied, "Still, you know where to find me once you are ready to sample my undertail."

"Of course. Oh, and Everett?" Arlin held up the two silver coins.

"No need, Warden," he insisted, "That was on the house."

"That doesn't include tips," the Tiger said, reminding him of eatery and bar service etiquette, "Now, present that cute birdie bottom of yours."

Everett's crest rose again. He gave the Tiger a coy gaze, leaped up onto the bar, and presented his aft end, mimicking the position his sister was in on the Kloakiss logo; hands on his knees, back arched, and tailfeathers spread. Arlin lifted the hem of the bird's skirt, revealing his soft, down-covered rump. All he wore underneath was a tight thong, to hold his maleness in place. The Tiger pulled aside the narrow strap that ran up the crevasse of Everett's ass, moistened the two silver coins with his tongue, and expertly inserted them one at a time past his southern star and deep up his rear chamber.

He wiggled his finger around in the Secretary Bird, and chuckled as he felt a considerable number of coins already nested inside him. "Well, I see you've been busy." He pulled his finger back out and gave Everett a firm slap on his bottom, then released the thong's strap so it snapped back into place.

Everett pulled his skirt back down and perched on the edge of the bar, one leg crossed over the other, very ladylike, "Yes," he admitted, "Business has been great, like I said earlier, and the gratuities have been considerable for all of us."

"So, is all that from just drink serving, or have you..."

"It's mostly just from serving," he interrupted, "plus the occasional flirty bit of lap sitting. No whoring or even dancing yet, if that is what you mean. Now, Rhiana, she's another story altogether. She's been making a killing on the stage most every night. I really should have her teach me her craft soon. Or if not her, perhaps our guest dancers can take on a student. Those three are simply amazing." He nodded in the direction of the stage. Occupying the center of the raised platform was Everett's mate and sister. She was dressed in nothing but her feathers. And her moves were pure magick, with the grace of a Panthress. The crowd gathered around was absolutely in love with Rhiana And every single time she would turn her backs to them and shake her shapely ass in their faces, several coins or cash capsules would get inserted up inside her. Arlin was impressed at how much she could seemingly carry.

"She's an amazing bird indeed," Arlin agreed. He then noticed the others also strutting about and gyrating alluringly up there on the stage with Rhiana There was a Human girl; very healthy-looking, obviously somewhat athletic with just the right amount of plushness, and two Furling Skunks, one girl and one boy. All three were dressed in identical green and white pleated schoolgirl minidresses that just barely covered their ample assets. The skunks were barefoot, their digitigrade legs, like Kata's giving the illusion of them being in a perpetual crouching position. The Human girl sported a pair of thigh-length high-heeled leather boots, black to match her neck-length mane of feathery ebony hair. And as they presented their cute bottoms to receive coins and capsules from their adoring fans, it was quite obvious to Arlin that the three wore nothing under their dresses, not even a thong.

"Wonderful show you got going here, bird," a slightly intoxicated Furling Panther purred. He took a long sip of Deep Shadow from the shot glass he held, then muttered to Arlin, "It's pretty rare to see tender tails who can dance like that, y'know. Those two Stripers work those poles like professionals."

"Yeah, I've never seen anyone perform like those three," the Gnome on the other side of the Warden added, "The Hooman lass is a real treasure. I bet she'd be worth a buttload if she had the right agent."

Arlin glared at the Gnome, then returned his attention to the stage, "Worth much more than you realize, bub," he growled.

"Whoa! Check that out," the Panther said, almost falling off his stool and steadying himself by grabbing Arlin's shoulder. Arlin watched in shock as a Furling Rat slipped a note into a cash capsule, placed one end in his mouth, and edged closer to the stage. The Human girl swirled around her pole, then backed up towards the Rat. She went down on all fours and presented her bottom to him. He pressed the exposed end of the capsule against her southern star, then pushed it deep up inside her with his tongue. She playfully wiggled her ass in his face, then turned around and gave him a kiss on the mouth while the crowd raised their mugs in a hearty cheer.

"That Rat must be a fuckin' rich bastard," The Panther remarked, "I've lost count of the number of capsules he's given them. You'd think they would be about ready to take a break and cash out soon."

"Well, hopefully, the girl has room for one more," Arlin replied. He took a capsule from a dispenser on the bar, reached into his pouch, and extracted a tiara note. He rolled up the bill, sealed it in the capsule, and padded off to the stage area.

"How are you girls doing?" Rhiana asked her guest dancers, as she took another three coins under her tailfeathers.

"Er, Miss Rhiana," Kennewick said, "not all of us up here are girls, y'know."

"You're dressed like a girl, so you should expect to be addressed as one, silly," the Secretary Bird admonished the Skunk, getting in a firm swat under his skirt as their paths on the stage crossed. "Anyway, that schoolgirl uniform looks great on you, young lady."

The insides of Kennewick's ears heated up and a slight reddening could be seen through the white fluff on his cheeks. He quickly rubbed his butt, and pouted. For just a quick drive-by swat, Rhiana packed quite a wallop. he hooked one leg around one of the stage poles and performed a graceful triple spin that caused his skirt to flower out and show off his maleness and his furry behind, which

really looked rather feminine, "It ain't my fault. It's Amalie that insists that me and Katella dress alike." His path took him to the edge of the stage. He turned his back to the crowd and presented his butt to accept a half dozen coins from a Furling Wolf.

"Well we are twins," the other Skunk reminded him, "And we both serve our Princess in the exact same way. So it's only natural she would want us to have the same uniform." Katella planted a playful kiss on her brother's mouth. then followed his lead and presented her bottom for coining.

"I'm about ready for a break," Amalie said, "I don't think I can carry much more inside of me." After the Rat gave her that last capsule, she knelt on the stage and bent forward, so her breasts were pressed against the floor and her behind thrust up in the air for all to see. She teasingly wiggled her bare bottom in front of the crowd, then rolled over onto her back. Next, she lifted her legs up in the air and brought them over her face. This, of course, caused her skirt to fall upwards and expose her tight, hairless sex. While she held this position for a moment, a burly Human fellow leaned over the edge of the stage and managed to slip a gold coin up her butt to join all the other coins and capsules she was carrying. She then thrust herself up so only her shoulders were supporting her, locked a leg around one of the poles, and continued to push herself up into a handstand. A few seconds later, she righted herself, coming down into a full split.

"This song is almost over, dear," Rhiana assured her and the Skunks, "then we can all take a short recess in the back and cash out. Oh, and it looks like your biggest fan is back with another token of appreciation."

Amalie smiled at the Furling Rat, who was once again waiting at the edge of the stage with a cash capsule in his mouth. She sauntered over to him and gently ran her fingers across his face. As before, she turned around and thrust her bottom out at him. She gasped as the capsule was inserted into her now rather full aft chamber. But instead of feeling that long tongue press in after it as before, she felt a long, taloned finger push itself deep up inside her.

"Oh, you are a naughty lad," she teased, "Perhaps after cashing out, we can retire to a private suite, and I can give you a private performance."

"Young lady," The voice behind her sent a chill of foreboding rippling through her body. Amalie bent over so that she was looking between her spread legs, and was mortified to see Warden Arlin standing where the Rat had been moments ago, and not only standing behind her, but standing behind her with one of his fingers up her butt.

"C-Court Warden," she stammered, "Wh-what brings you here? Don't you have paperwork or somethin' to be doing back at the palace?"

"Princess Amalie," Arlin growled. He extracted his finger from her depths and motioned for her to stand up. "The party is over, m'lady. Come with me."

As if on cue, the music came to an abrupt halt and silence reigned briefly in the area around the stage. Kennewick and Katella, who were down on all fours, with their gyrating asses thrust up in the air, stopped and peered over their shoulders at the towering Feline. Their hearts racing, and their large, green eyes wide with fear, they nervously arose to their feet and turned to face the Warden. Arlin motioned for them to come join him and Amalie, a commanding gesture that they understood would be foolish for them to disobey.

Rhiana also looked frightened. She nervously approached Arlin and placed a hand on his arm, "I'm truly sorry about this, Warden. I had no idea that the Princess was not to be here. Please don't..."

"Don't worry your lovely feathery head over this, Rhiana," Arlin interrupted her, "You and Everett have done no wrong. It's these three brats who are in trouble, not you."

The Secretary Bird's expression changed from one of worry to relief, "Oh, thank-you so much. As I'm sure most anyone here would vouch, neither I nor my brother would ever knowingly engage in any practices that would violate Lovenmusk's laws. We may be rather unconventional in our activities, but we do operate an honest and upright establishment."

"I do not doubt you at all, miss," Arlin assured her, "Still, before I depart, I must request that you present your tail to me for a moment."

Being the submissive and obedient bird she was, Rhiana humbly turned to face the back wall, assumed a position like she appeared on the sign outside, and lifted her tailfeathers, providing a lovely view of her muscular, white-down covered rump, "Your word is law, Warden. My bottom is for your pleasure." She turned her head to peer over her shoulder at Arlin, gave him a mischievous wink, and added, "even here in the presence of all these witnesses, for whom this should be a pleasure to behold."

Amalie giggled, eliciting a warning glare from Arlin, "Oh! Are you going to give her a spanking for harboring us, Warden?"

The Tiger did not grace her question with an answer. Instead, he placed one paw on Rhiana's rump, using his thumb to spread her plush cheeks just a little. With the other paw, he reached into his pouch, extracted a gold coin, and expertly slid it deep into her nether passage like he did previously to Everett. "This is my thanks to you for taking these three young ones under your wing and keeping

them safe."

He then landed a playful, but firm swat on the bird's butt and gave her a devilish smile as she stood upright again and turned back around, "My most humble apologies, m'lady. But I was not able to resist such a tempting target. His little display was met with raucous cheers and lewd catcalls, and hearty requests to take Rhiana all the way right there on the stage. He had to admit to himself that he would gladly oblige the hungry masses, and the look in the bird's eyes when she turned around and smiled at him told him that she would have no qualms about putting on a performance with him as well. But sadly, he had to restrain himself, considering he was still on duty, and urgently needed to return the princess and her friends to the palace.

"Do be sure to visit us again soon, Warden," Rhiana exhorted him. She gently nuzzled his cheeks with her beak, then turned her gaze on Amalie, Kennewick, and Katella, "And as for you three, thank you very much for gracing us tonight with your presence. You all performed remarkably well tonight. You danced like professionals. Perhaps some day, you might even be able to dance for us here full time."

"Thank-you, ma'am," Kennewick replied, speaking for all three of them, "It was pretty fun being up on stage and on display. I learned a lot in such a short time."

"And we made a lot in such a short time," his sister added, "My butt is so full of coins and cash capsules, it's going to be a rather uncomfortable walk back to the palace tonight."

"Well, you kids earned every last bit," Rhiana assured them. She gave them a final hug, a tender peck-kiss on the cheek, and a pat on their tender bottoms, "I don't know what's in store for you three tonight, but I do sincerely wish you all the best of luck."

"Hah!" Amalie said, "I know exactly what's in store. And no amount of luck is going to provide any relief."

"That's enough, Princess," Arlin growled, "Come along now. Regent Tormanin is worried sick about you kids." Without another word, he turned around and herded the three youngsters through the crowd.

Back on the stage behind them, Rhiana's musical voice cut through the noise as she announced, "Thank you all for being here with us tonight. As much as I'm enjoying dancing for you, I'm sorry to announce that I really must take a bit of a break. But don't fret, dear friends. The night is still young, and we still have plenty of entertainment for you tonight. In fact, you will soon be entranced by the delightful LiKressa. I do hope that you will treat her as wonderfully as you have treated me, the

Princess, and her friends. In the meantime, the bar is still open and the band is on fire. Drink and dance. The night is yours, here at Up Yours!" A hearty cheer rang out as the band started up again with a jamming fiery tune and the dance floor filled up.

"Great show tonight, Princess! Here's hoping we see you again soon." Arlin and his entourage cast a gaze over towards the bar on their trek to the door. The Furling Rat that had previously given Amalie so much attention and cash had retired to drink with the Gnome that the Tiger had glared at previously. The two had been joined by a pair of Human ladies, one dark skinned with silvery-white hair, and the other a fair-skinned brunette, both clad identically in school girl style pleated minidresses similar to those Amalie, Kennewick and Katella wore, only red and white instead of green and white.

"Yeah, per'aps you can teach our lady friends here a move or two," the Gnome said. He grinned at the dark-skinned lady and landed a friendly swat on her butt beneath her skirt, "You'd like that, wouldn't you, Triniti?" The girl just gave him a rather tipsy smile and a playful peck on the cheek.

The Tiger simply gave them a look that warned them, in no uncertain terms, to banish such thoughts from their minds, and the four of them promptly finished their drinks and hurriedly excused themselves to go engage in some intimate entertainment back in one of the private suites. At the door, they encountered Allisson and Amanda, with Karlisle and Nyrion in tow. Both the Dwarf and Karlisle looked rather nervous, no surprise really, considering the activities they would soon be engaging in with the two whores.

"And the mighty hunter gets his prey in the end," Amanda declared, flashing a playful wink to her brother, and a sympathetic smirk to his captives.

"As does the mighty huntress," Arlin replied, "Well done, sis. Well done."

Nyrion smiled sheepishly, "Ah, what can I say, Warden?" he confessed, "The kitten here proved to be more persuasive than me."

"Chalk up another pair of victories for life's pleasures," Allisson declared, "and another pair of defeats for uptight prudishness."

Forgetting momentarily the trouble she was in, Amalie's eyes lit up at the sight of the cute Raccoon lad Allisson was leading, "Karly! It's about time you got away from those tightasses and their silly protests outside. Figures it would take some sibling revelry to break your shell."

The insides of Karlisle's ears showed a bit of reddening as everyone within hearing range learned that he was about to lose his virginity to his big sister. "Well...Allie always did look out for me," he

stammered.

"Aw, don't be so nervous," the Princess chided him, "It's not as if you two are the first ever to..."

"Princess, that's enough," Arlin interrupted. He leaned over to Karlisle and gave him a squeeze on the shoulder, "Don't be scared, son," he reassured him, "Trust me, Allisson will take good care of you."

Karlisle smiled nervously up at the Tiger and nodded, then boldly wrapped an arm around Allisson's waist, resting a paw firmly on her rump.

"Atta boy, there," Arlin commended him, "Now, we really must be getting back to the palace. We need to get you kids cashed out and then properly paddled before putting you to bed." He took out his data pad and keyed in a call for a pickup, then gave Kennewick and Katella each a zap under their skirts with his lightning crop to prod them along. "Get a move on, you." The skunks cried out a yelp of surprise as the jolt of electricity from the crop burned their bottoms.

"Seeya at school tomorrow, Karly!" Amalie called over her shoulder as the three were herded out the door.

The crowd of protesters had dispersed already; only a small pawful of Chastity Society members were still hanging around outside of Up Yours, Arlin noted as the trio made their way to the patrol car waiting at the curb. Standing beside the cruiser was Denali. The Otter was holding the front passenger-side door open, like a chauffeur, "Your ride, sir, and madames," she said, putting on a comical high class snooty accent. Arlin hustled the youngsters into the front seat of the cruiser, and he nestled himself into the back, next to Denali's prisoners, a pair of shackled and subdued Ornith Crows, one male and one quite female. He guessed that the two were most likely mates or lovers in addition to partners in crime. "To the Regent's Estate, I presume?" Denali asked.

"But of course," Arlin replied, "And hurry, but hurry safely. The princess and her friends have an appointment with Regent Tormanin about their behavior before they are put to bed for the night. And it is getting rather late."

"Ah, I see. So some young'uns are destined for a date with the paddle," the Otter concluded.

"Yes," Arlin confirmed, "That goes without saying." Denali, of course, was unable to see the Warden's knowing smirk as he thought about tomorrow morning's proceedings culminating in the Otter laying over his lap and her own aft end being warmed by him.

"What did they do to warrant yours and Regent Tormanin's wrath?" the Ornith Crow sitting next to him

dared to ask.

Arlin turned his gaze to her and looked her over. She was a pretty little thing, most likely in her late teens. She looked rather frightened, sitting there wearing nothing but her shackles. Without even having to do a mental probe, the Tiger could tell that this was her first time in trouble with the law. He figured there would be no harm in talking about Amalie and her friends' activities. Just a minimal amount of information would be harmless, especially since tonight's happenings would be in tomorrow's gossip channels anyway. "They were engaged in conduct unbecoming of a prominent members of the Regency household," he said, "And that is more than enough information for you on this matter. You and your partner there obviously have other more serious worries to occupy your thoughts."

The Ornith girl nodded her head and let the matter drop, "Aye, sir. I won't probe any further. The biz and scandals of the upper high and mighties hold no interest for me anyway."

"Enough chatter, Darlene," the other Crow interjected, "Just sit quiet, think of how we're going to build our defense, and don't annoy the officers."

The girl sighed and cast a glance over at her partner, "I'm sorry, daddy," she said, "I'm just a little scared and thought that a bit of conversation might help..."

"I said enough chatter, young lady," he interrupted, giving the Tiger an apologetic look.

"You're her father?" Arlin asked. Even though he had not made the faux pas of verbally implicating the two as lovers, he still felt a tinge of embarrassment over his earlier assessment. It was often hard to tell with birds, just from a casual glance, but the Crow's proud bearing and air of authority in his voice when he spoke to Darlene, did tend to indicate that he was an elder to her instead of an equal.

"That's an affirmative, sir," he replied, "Name's Beryl, and this young chatterbird is my daughter, Darlene. You'll have to forgive her. She is always flapping her beak a little too much."

The Tiger nodded understanding, "That's normal for young'uns. Anyway, despite your current situation, I will still say it's a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Beryl; and yours too, Darlene. So, is this your first time on the wrong side of the law?"

"For my daughter, it is, but I myself have been in dungeons several times over the years," Beryl admitted, "However, up until now, it was all for minor, petty infractions."

"I see," the Tiger growled, "First time in the big leagues, eh? What did you nab them for, Denali?"

The Otter pulled the cruiser into a left turn, heading up a narrower street than the one they were previously on. Far off in the distance, the Regent's Estate, their destination, loomed before them, "Armed robbery it was," she reported, "Lovenmusk Central Bank. Fortunately, all stolen assets were recovered; there were no casualties, and no significant property damage." She reached back to hand Arlin her datapad.

"Whoa! That is big time," Arlin mused, "I pity the both of you. Master Toraq is going to have a wonderful time working you over and prepping you for ten years unpaid service to the highest bidder."

"Hah!" Darlene snapped, "We're not afraid. Right, daddy? After all, we're Orniths. We can happily take whatever punishments any dungeon warden can dish out to us."

Amalie turned around and smiled at the young Crow, "Then you are in for quite a treat," she said. The smirk on her face gave Darlene a chill, "Master Toraq is the most infamous dungeon warden in the entire world. Isn't that right, Katella?"

The Skunkette nodded her head and giggled, "Yeppers. Master Toraq is the best of the best at what he does. And he will absolutely enjoy training and disciplining you."

"Hah again, I say," Darlene shot back, "Bring him on. Like I just said, we can take any punishment anyone can give out. We're Orniths, remember?"

"So is Master Toraq," Kennewick chimed in.

"Oh, fuck," the girl moaned. Kennewick's revelation about their soon to be caretaker was like a kick in the chest, and she immediately transformed from a proud, arrogant brat back to the frightened young girl Arlin had earlier observed minutes before. She whimpered and rested her head on her father's shoulder. "I'm scared now, daddy. If I had known that getting caught would put us into the talons of another bird..."

"Oh, don't you worry your feathery head, sweetie," Beryl said, trying to comfort his daughter and set her at ease. "I'm sure that we can withstand whatever this Master Toraq can dish out. And I know that our reps will be able to manage a lighter sentence for us, or at least for you, since this is your first time. Chances are, that ten years slavery will be reduced to a year at the most."

"Don't count on it," Arlin warned him, "Regent Tormanin does not take crimes like yours lightly at all, and he rarely ever grants leniency for first offenses." He gave Beryl a naughty smile, "On the bright side, it's quite possible that your daughter will take well to the life of a slave, and those ten years will

pass quickly. As for you though, you can probably expect more than a mere decade."

"Oh? Why so?" Beryl asked.

"Oh, I'm just taking your past record into account," the Tiger replied. "According to the data we have on you, you have a rather interesting history, what with your previous convictions for various scams, extortions, thefts, illegal slave trafficking, and whatnot. You can probably expect to receive a quarter century of unpaid service."

"We'll see," Beryl countered, "We'll see."

The remainder of the ride passed in silence. Finally, the cruiser reached its destination, and Arlin and Denali parted ways for the evening. The Otter led the Crows off to be booked and turned over to Master Toraq for initial pre trial disciplining, while the Tiger delivered Princess Amalie and the Skunks to Regent Tormanin for their impending punishment.

It was not an unpleasant task. The insides of Warden Arlin's ears were burning with guilty embarrassment as his fingers probed deep under Kennewick and Katella's tails, extracting the cash capsules and coins that they had earned during their performance at Up Yours. Young, they might be, but the Tiger could tell that the two Skunks were getting aroused and enjoying the procedure, stripped of their school girl minidresses, and bent over a low bench with their tails raised and ass ends thrust up and out, vulnerably exposed for all to see. Kennewick's arousal was visible, of course, and Katella's scent as well as her soft moans and alluring back arch each time the Tiger's fingers probed up her ass, made her feelings obvious. Arlin understood that their reactions were perfectly normal for Furlings. Expressions of sexuality came naturally to their race. But he still couldn't shake the feelings of embarrassment for the twins, considering that they were barely a dozen years of age, and as far as he knew, still virgins. He also felt self conscious about his body's own reactions to the extraction process, and was thankful that the five of them, himself, the Skunks, Regent Tormanin, and Princess Amalie, were the only ones present in the audience chamber tonight.. The Skunks' arousal was contagious, and he could not deny that Kennewick and Katella's aft ends were irresistible, evidenced by the hard press of his maleness against his tight leathers. In an attempt to guide his thoughts elsewhere while he pulled coins and capsules from the young Furlings' bottoms, he turned his gaze to Princess Amalie.

This tactic failed, of course. The sight of the Princess, also stripped of all clothing and bent over the bench, with her father's left hand on her round, plush bottom and his other hand probing deep up her nether depths to cash her out, was no less torturous. In fact, it was even moreso, due to her lack of fur, making her truly and fully naked. He sighed to himself, futilely attempting to banish numerous improper thoughts from his mind, 'Come now, Arlin,' he silently scolded himself, 'This is Princess

Amalie, daughter of your employer and most trusted friend. She is barely fourteen years of age, still a tender tail, and has still never felt a shaft in her depths. 'Tis not right for you to be lusting after her assets.'

He turned his gaze away from Amalie's bare, upturned butt, and put his focus back on the Skunks' aft ends, digging deep inside them to extract the last of their earnings. "Okay, on your feet, you two," he ordered, giving Kennewick and Katella a firm open-paw slap on their asses for emphasis. The twins arose from the bench and looked in amazement at the two jars on the floor by their feet. They were close to overflowing with cash capsules and coins, as was the third jar, which Regent Tormanin was filling up with his daughter's own earnings from tonight's performance.

"Looks like you youngsters were quite the hit tonight at Everett and Rhiana's place," Arlin chuckled, thankful for this brief distraction from his naughty thoughts.

"I...I had no idea just how much I was carrying," Kennewick said, "And I also never realized how much money my ass could hold, for that matter. I honestly didn't think I was all that good on stage tonight."

"Apparently, everyone else at Up Yours thought you were pretty damn good," the Tiger commended him, "And even I will admit that you were quite enjoyable to watch, you too Katella."

The Skunkette smiled shyly, and a light reddening could be seen through the white fluff on her cheeks and inside her ears, "Thank-you, Warden Arlin," she replied, her voice a meek, embarrassed whisper, "I did have a lot of fun, and I think it was worth it, even though it got us in trouble. Oh, and I'm not surprised at all at how much you were able to take in, Kennewick. A lot of people, even total strangers seem to naturally become obsessed with your bottom for some unknown reason. Plus, you've had a lot of self-conditioning already, seeing how you are always stuffing anything you can up your butt whenever you get the chance."

Now, it was Kennewick's turn to blush, "Kattie, please. Do you hafta blab that to everyone?"

"Oh, come on," she snapped back at him, "It's not as if your obsession with your own bottom is any big secret. I mean, pretty much everyone in the palace, as well as everyone at school knows that you..."

"Kattie..." he warned her.

"Alright," Arlin interrupted, "enough bickering. You two already have a pretty heavy duty paddling coming to you. Keep this up, and it could be doubled." This was more than enough to shut the two Furlings up. They gave each other a playful glare, then turned their collective gaze on Princess

Amalie, or more appropriately, on Princess Amalie's smooth, bare bottom, from which Regent Tormanin was still extracting coins and capsules.

Amalie gave a passionate moan and whimper as her daddy's large fingers probed deep inside her. She turned her head and gave Arlin a coy smile, "What about me, Warden?" she asked, "Was I not enjoyable to watch as well?"

Arlin adjusted his position slightly in order to conceal his unbidden arousal, as his mind once more filled with lewd thoughts about his princess. He turned his gaze to Tormanin, who had paused momentarily in his enviable task, his right hand still buried up his daughter's butt. The Regent gave the Tiger an amused grin and nodded to reassure him that he was free to speak his thoughts.

"At the risk of bringing your father's wrath down upon me," Arlin growled, "I can not deny that your performance was indeed most delightful and titillating, Princess. And had I been anyone else, you, the Skunks, and Rhiana would have driven me into bankruptcy tonight."

"She is becoming quite the stunning young lady," Regent Tormanin said. He removed the last cash capsule from Amalie's depths, dropped it into the jar on the floor beside him, and combed his fingers through his shoulder-length mane of salt and pepper colored, silky hair, "I have no doubt that some day, she will make some lucky fellow very happy, should she ever choose to take a mate."

"Well, truth be known, sir," Arlin replied, "I would feel both envious of, and sorry for such a lad, considering what an intense and incorrigible personality your daughter possesses. Anyone who would dare take her on had better be extremely submissive or even more headstrong than she."

"Aye," the Regent agreed, "He will most certainly be an exceptional character to deal with my daughter. Now, up on your feet, young lady." He gave Amalie a firm, but affectionate pat on her rump.

Arlin could not help but think that Tormanin had him in mind as a future mate for Amalie. The thought delightfully teased him, no doubt about that. But deep down, he truly believed that he would not be right for her. He cast a glance over to the Skunks again. They were standing submissively side by side, holding paws, while their tails twitched nervously. Kennewick was also showing a hard shaft of pink protruding from the furry sheath between his legs. But apparently, he was either unaware, or nonplussed by his aroused state. Arlin couldn't blame him though, what with the little floor show he had just witnessed. Now that dear lad, the Tiger mused, would be most likely to someday become Amalie's mate. Or at the very least, he would most definitely be the first to couple with her, and probably the first to boink his sister for that matter, what with them being so emotionally bonded together as an inseparable duo. He and Katella absolutely adored their princess, and were always ready and willing to carry out her bidding. The twins were almost like personal pets to Amalie. And in

fact, that was quite often how others around the palace, especially Master Toraq, thought of them. He felt sorry for the Skunks, considering what they were about to experience over his lap in a few minutes. It wasn't their fault that they found themselves in trouble, at least not fully their fault. The greatest blame for their predicament fell on the princess they so adoringly followed. She was a natural leader, and the twins felt it was their duty to obey her every whim.

"Amalie, Kennewick, Katella, stand before me now," Tormanin ordered. His voice reverberated with authority. The three young miscreants hastily stepped forward and faced their judge. Standing before the Regent, with their feet spread and hands clasped behind them, the trio met Tormanin's stern gaze. Kennewick's erection had receded back into his sheath, and he and his sister looked frightened. Their musky scent was stronger than normal as well, which confirmed their fear over the upcoming judgment about to be passed upon them. Princess Amalie, on the other hand, remained calm and aloof. Even standing totally naked before her father, the most influential man in the entire region, she still managed to hold onto her pride and slight arrogance, looking every bit the regal young princess she was.

"Amalie, your actions tonight were absolutely unbefitting of a girl of your status. It's bad enough that you frequently insist on parading skyclad about the palace whenever you feel like it, but strutting about on stage at a night club in the shadowy part of town, flaunting your tender assets for all to see and even feel is going too far."

"Oh, come on, daddy," Amalie argued, "We just wanted to have a little fun outside the palace tonight, to unwind after finishing my big assignment for school tomorrow. Everett and Rhiana would not have let anything bad happen to us, and as you had said moments ago, I am pretty much a young lady now. I should be able to enjoy things grown ups get to enjoy."

Tormanin sighed in frustration. The girl just wasn't getting it. His icy gray eyes narrowed to slits as he continued chiding his daughter, "You may have the body of a young lady, Amalie; no one is denying that. However, you still have the mind and attitudes of a tender tail. You always go off and do whatever strikes your whims without a second thought for the possible consequences to you, your friends here, or our household. I can just imagine what the headlines are going to say tomorrow morning. This is not going to be good for the Regency."

"Oh, everything will be fine, daddy," Amalie pressed on, "I didn't see any reporters inside. They were all covering the Chastity Society's protests. Besides, even if there had been reporters there, it would make for good publicity for us anyway. Just look at how Everett and Rhiana's club is doing, what with them being married despite being brother and sister."

"You just don't understand, honey," Tormanin said, "We are not a night club. We are the ruling family

for this region. Those birds' sibling revelry may be great for their business, but for us, your naughty activities could be considered scandalous, which is not a good thing in the social and political scenes. You are my heir, Amalie. When I am retired or dead, you will assume control of Rain Valley. And it would be bad for us if the people knew their leader as a dancing stage slut. Your actions tonight were completely irresponsible, and can be a virtual black eye to our household."

"But daddy, like I said, there were no reporters inside. No harm was done to your precious reputation."

"You don't know that for sure," Arlin interjected, "Just because you didn't see anyone obviously writing up a story about the Party Princess of Lovenmusk does not mean that your actions went unnoticed. And even worse, had I not arrived to bring you home, you and the Skunks could have easily become prey for slavers."

"Ah, that's silly," Amalie giggled, "No slaver would dare try to take me or my friends. Who would they sell us to? It's not as if we are unknown to the rest of the world."

"Perhaps you are fairly well known across Lockke," the Tiger said, "But there are many many worlds throughout the galaxy where no one would have a clue about your identity and heritage. And as this one Gnomish fellow commented during your performance tonight, you would definitely be worth a considerable sum."

"What? you think that guy with the Panther and those two Human girls might be slavers?" Amalie asked.

Arlin shook his head, "I don't think so. Slavers haven't been active in this part of the world in a long time. No, I think that group might have just been talent scouts pondering hiring you, Kennewick, and Katella to dance for them, or to provide other services."

"At any rate," Tormanin said, resuming control of the conversation, "the actions of you three youngsters were unacceptable tonight, and punishment has been earned."

"Spankings, I presume?" Kennewick meekly asked.

"Yes," the Regent affirmed, "You have each earned a firm twenty swat paddling on your unclad bottoms."

"Twenty?" Katella repeated, protectively placing her paws over her plush, tender rear.

Regent Tormanin nodded his head, "Yes, twenty. And as for your cash earnings, Kennewick and Katella may keep theirs. However," he looked down at the jar on the floor beside him, "Princess Amalie's tips will be donated to one of the homeless shelters. Punishments are to be carried out immediately. Warden Arlin, the Skunks' aft ends are commended to your stern care."

The Tiger solemnly nodded his head, "By your command, my liege," he growled. He took the paddle Tormanin handed to him. It was one that originally started life as a joriball paddle, made of a fairly pricey and rare hard wood. It's thickness was approximately that of a Human's little finger; the elliptical "blade" was a full two and a half hands in length, and the handle, wrapped in black leather, was just the right length for either a one or two-handed grip. He sat down on the bench, silently nodded his head at Kennewick, and patted his thigh. The Furling lad, already intimately familiar with this ritual, nervously assumed his position face-down across his muscular lap.

With one arm firmly holding the Skunk's bushy tail out of the way and against his back, Arlin gave the boy's soft, vulnerably exposed licorice and whipped cream-furred musk end a few tentative light pats with the paddle. Then without warning, he lifted the board high in the air and brought it down hard on his butt, striking squarely on the sit spot of his right cheek. The impact echoed throughout the room with a loud smacking thud, muffled slightly by the plush furry pelt that covered his butt. This was immediately followed by a second strike on the right side, and one across the middle; it was pretty much a typical strike pattern all cubs and young adults were accustomed to. The pattern was repeated, only higher on his rump, along the upper curve, and then again dead center. Kennewick proved to be a stalwart lad, and took his paddling with little more than a series of sharp gasps and whimpers. He did squirm and struggle a little as the paddle slammed against his ass over and over again, but the firm press of Arlin's arm across his back held him in place securely enough to keep him from slipping off his lap.

The spankings the kids have been taking lately had become much harder than they were a few months ago. Arlin and Tormanin were pretty certain that the youngsters weren't secretly enjoying the lighter normal paddlings they had received back then, but they both agreed that these kids were getting to that age when they were becoming more and more aware of their bodies and confusing feelings. It was only a matter of time before they started eroticizing the feel of the paddle and other disciplinary tools on their bottoms, a perfectly normal and expected phenomenon among many races, as Kata had hinted at earlier that night. So to ensure that the paddlings earned did indeed serve as punishment, the Regent and Warden determined that they would be spanked with considerably more intensity than normal, hard enough that it would take Ornith-calibre willpower to actually get aroused by the ordeal.

In addition to feeling sorry for the kids, Arlin also found himself feeling a little guilty. As Kennewick lay there submissively across his lap, getting his cute little bottom thoroughly paddled, the Tiger was

unable to banish more improper thoughts from his mind. The sight of the Skunk boy's upturned butt in front of him caused a stir deep within him. Each smack of the paddle on those sweet, musky southern cheeks intensified the tingling sensation growing deep within his loins, and he had to exercise tremendous willpower to prevent his maleness from hardening and pressing against Kennewick's tummy, giving away his growing arousal. He had discussed this matter with both Regent Tormanin and Master Toraq on several occasions, confessing the disturbing feelings he experienced when disciplining the kids. Both of them reassured Arlin many many times that such feelings were perfectly normal and acceptable. And in fact, as Toraq had pointed out, the Warden was well within his rights to get aroused when administering spankings, even spankings administered to youngsters, since that could easily enhance the embarrassment aspect of the punishment, which was every bit as important as the pain aspect. Despite these reassurances, Arlin still could not shake the feelings of guilt whenever he entertained thoughts of using Kennewick and Katella's tails after spanking them. Ignoring the burning growing within him, the Tiger pressed on with his task, landing the final two swats again on Kennewick's burning sit spot, both evenly across both cheeks.

He released his grip on the boy, and helped him to his feet. Kennewick was sniffling and whimpering softly, his muzzle damp with tears. He stood aside and tried futilely to rub the intense fire from his well-punished bottom, which showed a lovely soft crimson glow beneath the snowy white fur. Arlin turned his gaze to Katella, and again patted his leather-clad thigh. She submissively stepped forward, and like her brother, obediently positioned herself across the powerful Tiger's lap.

The Warden wasted no time at all, and immediately began beating the Furling girl's furry ass in earnest, following the same pattern he took with her brother. Unlike her twin, Katella yelped out loudly with each swat, at least up until the sixth time the paddle struck her cute tender bottom. By then, she was crying rather loudly, not enough to be heard beyond the closed doors of the audience chamber, but still loud enough to where her pained sobs and wailings almost drowned out the smack of wood against furry flesh. As before, Arlin felt himself getting rather aroused, and had to mentally struggle to hold back the erection that was threatening to grow beneath his leathers and give away his shameful desires for the tender tail girl's virgin assets. Finally, much to both his and Katella's relief, the twentieth and final swat slammed down across the center of her burning, glowing butt. He helped the crying lass to her feet, where she immediately began rubbing her ass and hopping back and forth, doing what was commonly called the Redtail dance.

Arlin stood up and handed the paddle back to Regent Tormanin, "Justice has been served, your excellency," he solemnly announced.

Tormanin nodded and gave him an understanding smile, "Thank-you, Warden Arlin. Now, please stay and serve as witness to the final proceedings before we put these three delinquents to bed for the night, that is, if you don't have any other more pressing matters to which you must attend."

"Well, I do have a couple dates tonight, sir," he confessed, "But they can wait a little longer, since we didn't set any specific times, and they are going to be out and about pretty late tonight anyway."

Tormanin nodded again, then turned his gaze on his daughter. Amalie was idly kneading Kennewick's rump, attempting to soothe some of the soreness under his tail. "Princess Amalie," he said.

The girl looked up at her daddy and smiled, "Is it time?"

"Aye," the Regent replied, "Kennewick and Katella have received their punishment. Now it is time for yours. Front and center, young lady, you too, Kennewick."

The Princess and her pet Skunk obediently stepped forward and faced the large, graying man, awaiting his orders. "Twenty swats," he reiterated, "Kennewick, bend over, spread your legs, and place your paws on the bench."

The boy assumed his position, once again presenting his furry bottom. This position was even more alluring and tantalizing. It spoke of total submissiveness, obedience, and humility, traits that had been hammered into him and his sister easily after they had been brought under the Regent's protection.

"Amalie, hold onto him so that he does not hurt himself," Tormanin instructed his daughter, "Katella, hold your brother's tail up out of the way."

Katella, her bottom still very sore and red, took her place to Kennewick's right, grasped his tail, and lifted it up to fully expose his bottom, which still showed the blush from his previous paddling over Arlin's lap. Meanwhile, princess Amalie placed her gentle hands firmly on the boy's shoulders, and pressed down just enough to hold him in place.

"Twenty swats for Princess Amalie," Tormanin repeated, "to be shared between you and your sister, Kennewick, as per your agreement as her paddle girls."

The Regent positioned himself behind and to the left of Kennewick, assumed a two-handed grip on the joriball paddle, gave the Skunk's vulnerably thrust out rump the customary pair of warm up pats, then pulled the board back and swung it full force. It landed square across the boy's bottom with a loud smack, causing Kennewick to yelp out. The paddle struck a second time, firmly impacting the right cheek, and the lad yelped again. He did his best to hold his position despite the intense fire that coursed through his butt with each swat. His fingers took a death grip on the edge of the bench as the paddle struck a third time, landing on his left flank.

Katella and Amalie winced sympathetically each time the paddle connected with Kennewick's butt. Katella felt like she had will 'o wisps dancing around in her tummy as she waited with dreadful anticipation her turn to receive Regent Tormanin's wrath on her still sore bottom. Amalie, who maintained her firm grip on Kennewick's shoulders, bent down and whispered encouragement in his ear, "You are doing good, my pet," she told him. The fourth smack of the paddle landed again on the left side of his butt, along the upper curve, followed by a matching blow on the opposite cheek. "You're half way there now. Only five more to go." She planted an affectionate kiss on his forehead.

Kennewick couldn't hold back any longer. He tensed up and closed his eyes tight, trying to hold back the tears. But the sixth smack of the paddle, again on the upper curve of his ass, across the middle, was too much, and a steady stream of salty moisture flowed freely down his face. His whimpers became a loud, but not ear-shattering bawling, as the paddle slammed dead center on his sit spot. As expected, the eight and ninth swats connected on the lower curve of his rump, one on the left cheek and one on the right.

"Only one more to go," Katella announced, adding her encouragement to Amalie's.

"And then it's your turn," the princess giggled. Katella just nodded solemnly. She didn't understand why Amalie thought this was cute or funny. But she said nothing. It was not her place to question the princess's thoughts and feelings.

Kennewick nodded his head, closed his eyes tight, and gritted his teeth. His whole body tensed in pained anticipation. This would be the worst of the ten.

"Relax," Arlin coached him, "It is a little more bearable if you take it without your haunches flexed taut. That gives you a little more cushioning down there to absorb the blow. But you should know that good and well by now." He gave Kennewick's burning rump a friendly pat and squeeze. The Skunk took a deep breath and forced himself to relax as the Tiger suggested. As he exhaled, the paddle came down a final time, slamming with excruciating force once more on the center of his sit spot. He collapsed over the bench, his body quivering uncontrollably as he cried. Princess Amalie gently caressed his neck and face, wiping the moisture from his cheekfluff. Katella also gave her brother some comfort, by kneading his glowing, abused bottom with her paws, and even planting a series of sisterly kisses under his tail, which caused him to wince and then blush.

After a couple minutes, Kennewick finally regained his composure, and rose to his feet. Princess Amalie and Katella took turns pressing their mouths tenderly against his while reaching around to knead his paddled aft end even more.

"That was impressive, love," Katella chirred. "And don't you dare feel any embarrassment for crying

like you did. With a paddling like you just took, I would have started worrying if you didn't cry. You took it better than I could hope to. I mean, I will probably be bawling by the second swat."

"Aw, it wasn't easy, sis," Kennewick replied, "But I know you will do fine too. I've seen your bottom take some pretty hard punishments over the years. But like Warden Arlin said, try to relax."

"I'm proud of you, my little pet," Amalie said, "I don't think I can ever take a spanking like that." She wiped a final linge