Entangled Chapter I : Educating Rapunzel

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Published on Lush Stories on 22 Dec 2012

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http://www.lushstories.com/stories/hardcore/entangled-chapter-i-educating-rapunzel.aspx

She paced the floor restlessly, the flagstones under her bare feet worn smooth from a lifetime of relentless steps, her dark silhouette flitting through the dimly lit chamber, mimicking her every move, clinging to the walls and melting into the shadowed corners like some menacing stalker with an agenda all its own.

I watched her spin, her eyes filled with suspicion, trying to catch it off guard, pleased by the distraction; she knew she was being watched, but not by whom. Adjusting my focus, I zeroed in on her eyes and almost lost myself. Wide with suspicion, and marred by dark circles, her deep lavender pools were filled with a seductive innocence, one I'd fallen in love with, despite my better wisdom.

I'd been observing her for a week. Seven short days and night, with instructions to abduct her. By the third night I'd realized that I couldn't follow through with my orders. Oh, I still planned to take her from her tower. Rescue her, rather. The thought of turning her over to my employers sickened me. Such beauty and purity and they simply wanted to defile her. So did I, truth be told, only I wanted to do it for her own good, not mine. I'd committed the ultimate folly in my profession. I'd fallen in love with my prey.

With a soundless sigh of resignation, I continued to study her. Not that I needed to. I knew everything about her that I needed to know. I simply watched her now for my own pleasure, hating myself for what I planned, and yet, thinking that, in some ways, it would be heroic. Perhaps I was fooling myself. Perhaps I'd become so adept at telling lies that even I believed them. It didn't matter. I'd made my choice. I'd decided. Tonight, once the sun had set fully, I would act.

I let my thoughts drift, recalling the details of my assignment and her dossier. What I knew was sketchy at best. Those interested in her had given me what information I'd needed at the time. What I had *thought* I'd needed. Now, I realized it wasn't enough. I wanted so much more than what was in her file. I wanted to know what made her laugh, her favorite color, of what she dreamed of at night. I

wanted to know what her hair smelled like; for some reason I imagined the scent of daisies. I wanted to know what her mouth tasted like. I wanted to see her dance. I wondered what songs she sang herself to sleep with at night, isolated as she was in her tower in the midst of this lonely wilderness.

I wanted to know the feel of her fingers, trembling as she ran them through my hair, over my cheeks, and ultimately, as she undid the buttons of my blouse…

Her name was Rapunzel. She was, to the best of anyone's knowledge, eighteen years of age. Her eyes were uniquely lavender, and her hair was the color of spun gold. That's all that I had been given. Oh, one other thing. She was a virgin. That was an important point, apparently. That's why they'd sent me, rather than one of my male counter-parts. I had agreed to see that she was delivered pure and unharmed. *They* would be the ones to deflower her. To slowly corrupt her. Though the thought sickened me, I had agreed. After all, it wouldn't be the first time I'd delivered such a prize. That's what I was paid to do. That was before I fell in love.

I focused in on her again, her movement, or rather, her lack of movement, drawing my gaze. From my vantage point I was able to see through the arched windows of her room. They'd been placed so that she had very little privacy, not that it had ever been an issue, hidden away in this secluded valley by the old witch. I'd taken great pleasure in dispatching the hag. It had been after I'd gotten my first sight of her prisoner. My obsession hadn't yet turned to love, but it *had* grown fierce and deep. That had been five days ago. Five days since the old lady had stopped visiting. I'd spent five days watching Rapunzel's worry turn to fear, wondering when, or if, she'd try to escape the prison of her tower. Watching her hungrily, unable to move or act, my own slumbers as restless as hers were, my own fears as potent.

Would she see me as the hero I wanted to be or as some fearsome intruder? Would she go willingly from her prison or would she put up a fight? Would she fall in love with me or be reviled by my admissions? Uncertainty fueled my inaction. I knew I would have to act soon, and yet, I waited, and watched, memorizing her every movement, dreaming at night of her impossible long tresses wrapped around our naked forms as we made love. I had become as much of a prisoner as she.

I awoke in the middle of the night, instantly alert, intuition drawing my eyes to the opened window of her chamber. There she stood, the light of the full moon illuminating her, turning her hair into a nimbus of golden fire, her sleeping gown clinging to her body. It took my breath away. She was the most beautiful creature I had ever laid eyes on. Lifting my spyglass, I focused on her face, recognizing the look of resolve in her eyes. She had made her decision. She'd leave at first light, or so I assumed. If I was to "rescue" her, I would have to act tonight.

I didn't waste time. I gathered my gear and made a bee-line for the tower. I'd done this many times in

my head, studied the huge structure until I knew every crack and crevice, every rock and stone. I climbed it with ease, my heart beating not with fear of falling to my death, but of stepping through her open window and waking her. Would she scream? Would she struggle? Should I wake her gently and explain that I was here to save her or should I bind her wrists and steal her away and make my explanations later?

As quiet as I'd been, she awaited me, awake and aware, perched on the edge of her bed, her face kissed by the glow of the moon above. Breathlessly, my heart skipping a beat, I stood, my dark silhouette casting its shadow at her feet.

"Who are you?" she asked, her voice trembling with a mixture of emotions I could only guess at.

Wordlessly, I took a tentative step towards her, freezing as she flinched. Her voice was all I'd imagined it to be. Heartbreakingly Innocent and yet gently fierce. My thoughts wandered for a moment, imagining her singing herself to sleep, *knowing* that she had the voice of an angel.

"Who *are* you?" she repeated.

"I… I'm here to save you." I stumbled over the words, pressing my hands to my heart as if that would somehow convince her I meant no harm.

"Why?"

"I…" I didn't know how to answer her question. Because you're beautiful. Because I have fallen in love with you. Because there are people out there who will use you and turn you into something dirty and ugly. Because you're alone. Because I know that you have dreams, and you can't fulfill them in this prison.

I shrugged, using the motion to gather myself. It wasn't like me to be this rattled. Of course, I hadn't been myself since I'd set eyes on this girl. I tried again, desperately wanting to start over with her, needing her to at least trust me until I could win her over.

"My name is Ariel." I said, surprising myself. I hadn't used that name since… I shook the unpleasant memories away like the cobwebs that they were, and continued, forcing myself to look into her shadowed eyes and tell her the truth. Or at least as much as the truth as I dared.

"I've been watching you. You looked lonely and afraid. I thought… this is probably foolish, but I thought I could rescue you…"

She studied me with pools of lavender in which I felt I might drown, given time. I didn't move a muscle, not wanting to frighten her or, perhaps paralyzed with hope. The silence stretched between us, broken only by the sounds of the night outside her window; the soft chirp of frogs, the call of a nightingale, and the faraway howl of a lone wolf, to which I attributed the shivers travelling up and down my spine.

"My name is Rapunzel."

"Yes. I know." I whispered before I could stop myself.

She responded by furrowing her brows gracing me with a somewhat confused smile.

"I've often dreamed of leaving."

"I know that too." I dared to venture, my eyes never leaving hers, the pounding of my heart filling my ears, desire rising inside of me as I watched her shift on the bed, her impossible long hair framing her lithe body, veiling her expression as she surveyed her chambers. I wanted to take her in my arms, to kiss her, to hold her against me, not just to reassure her, but because I *hungered* for her body.

We stayed that way for a lifetime, or so it seemed, her seated upon the edge of her bed, me framed in the arch of her window, her gateway to the outside world, until finally, she sighed. I watched as she turned her face to me, her eyes lowered, almost shyly, her hands clasped upon her thigh, fingers twitching nervously.

"I was going to leave at first light. I thought it would be safer. Ariel?" she whispered, my name catching in her throat like a scared little girl.

It broke my heart. I wanted to take her into my arms and reassure her. I wanted so much more. I wanted to feel her lips against mine. I wanted to unveil her. I wanted to lift her arms and slide her diaphanous gown over her head and to devour her. I let my gaze stray, admiring her figure, seeing her for the first time up close, realizing just how sheer and flimsy the fabric of her nightgown was. She was more than just beautiful. She was a goddess, and one untouched. Her breasts were small, but full, tipped by pink nipples that had stiffened and were poking through. I could only surmise it had something to do with the chill breeze at my back. Oh, how I longed to take them into my mouth and show her what pleasure I could give her if she only let me.

Desire raged within me. I held myself back through sheer will power. The breeze stilled, and I dared to move towards her, breathing her in. Just as I'd imagined, her hair had the quality of freshly picked daisies, but there was more to her than that. Her scent was an aphrodisiac. I could smell arousal in

the air, not just mine, but hers as well. Alchemy in motion. I watched as her breasts rose and fell, drawing my attention from her face, and then lower as her thighs slowly spread, releasing her pheromones into the room, making it impossible to order my thoughts. She let out a soft whimper, and I focused on the shape of her lips, watching as the tip of her tongue glided slowly between them.

Locked away up here for an entire lifetime, her hormones raging through her, with no way of relief, with no one to touch her, or teach her. With no knowledge of pleasure, or so I imagined. I wasn't sure what my mere presence had awoken in her, but I was powerless to resist her. For seven days and seven nights, I had fancied seducing this beautiful innocent and now, and yet I found myself with the tables turned. I was powerless. Her draw coupled with my desire was too much to resist.

"I want you."

I'm not sure who said it first, of if either of us had voiced the thought. It didn't matter. I had lost all semblance of control. I found my feet gliding over the smooth worn stones towards her, reaching out, pulling her towards me. She came willingly, pressing herself against me, her heart thundering with a lifetime of unreleased passion. I meant to kiss her carefully, gently, not wishing to frighten her, but she would have none of it. Her hands were everywhere, tearing my simple apparel from me like a hungry animal even as I tore her translucent gown from her, revealing her in her full glory.

It became a contest, if you will, between us. One of seduction or rather, ravishment. She knew nothing of pleasuring another, and yet, her intuition took over quickly.

"I have no knowledge, no skill…" she murmured, breaking our kiss for a moment, her face rosy with embarrassment.

"Have you ever touched yourself?" I asked, my voice husky with lust, knowing from my vigil that she had.

"Yes." She breathed, her gaze boring into mine, intent and yet shy.

"Then let me pleasure you one and the same. I will educate you."

Foolishly, perhaps, or conceitedly, I thought I would teach this unschooled beauty, and perhaps I did. She was quick to learn, however, and soon, the line between teacher and student began to blur. Her tongue was relentless, as were her hands. I found her mouth on mine, tongue swirling as I tangled my fingers in her luxurious locks, her breath my breath, mine hers as I explored her body. Our moans and gasps became one, her fingers trembling as she cupped my breasts and swallowed my nipple, her tentative, yet sharp, bite awakening something fierce inside of me. We fought, or at least that is

what it seemed, for control and soon it became clear that she would be the victor. I found her fingers wrapped around my throat, not chocking, just limiting my breath until I became light headed with ecstasy. She sunk her teeth into the meat of my shoulder, near to drawing blood, and then fastened her mouth to my nipple once more, indenting my flesh until I cried out for mercy.

She would have none. Releasing my throat, she pinned me to the floor, using her hair like silk ropes, twisting it around my wrists. It was like a living being, winding around my forearms like some golden serpent.

“Surrender to me, Ariel.” She growled, relenting, her face so close that I could feel her heat.

I had no choice, I surrendered, not to her, but to something deep and carnal within me. Where this side of me risen from, I knew not, only that she called to something within me, waking the proverbial dragon in my loins. I twisted, forcing her to the floor, her shoulder blades pressing into the flagstones as I hissed into her ear.

“You belong to me, Ranpunzel. Mine.”

Shaking with a mixture of uncertain lust and unfathomable fear she submitted, her own hair betraying her. Perhaps it realized her true nature, or simply it reacted to her own needs. I didn’t think overly long about it as it released me, this time confining her slender wrists, wrapping itself around her arms, her torso, her thighs, teasing her to greater heights of need. Golden threads wound tighter and tighter, pulling her legs apart, brushing over her nipples and the, the flower of her woman hood as I teased her with my own moist tongue and trembling fingers.

“I need to…” she cried, her words suddenly cut off by my kiss and then, her own magical tresses. She was truly helpless, blinded and gagged, her hips rising with unfulfilled need, pumping the air, her cunt needing to be filled.

“Would you have me stop?” I teased her, chuckling when she vigorously shook her head in answer to my query.

“Good. For I am not sure I could even had you begged me.” I answered quite truthfully before plunging my tongue into her virgin slit, forcing her legs even wider as I impaled her, my face smacking against her drenched mons as she frantically drove herself against me, over and over until, finally, a great spasm wracked her. Stiffening, she plummeted over the edge of pleasure and into the realm of ecstasy so savage that it robbed her of her senses, or so she later whispered in my ear.

Afterwards, I guided her gently, striking her hair soothingly as I tutored her in the art of making love to

another woman. While my *petite mort* was not as violent as hers had been, it was still immensely satisfying.

“Come.” I told her after lying in each other’s arms for an eternity, our second love making gentler than that first, our third even more so. “We must depart. Say good bye to your tower.”

“Goodbye and good riddance.” She exclaimed with a kiss that was not so gentle, prodding me into yet another round of romance, this one nearly as rough as the first time I had taken her, her screams of delight echoing throughout the hidden vale, I am sure, after which we began a new life; one of lovers and of fugitives, never looking back, never regretting our decision.

o-o-o

We travelled far and wide together, our lust for each other insatiable. At first, I had been in control, as much as I could be, save for those occasions when the girl I’d glimpsed in the tower resurfaced. I was her teacher in all things, be they the dangers and delights of a world newly discovered or the more sensuous carnal desires that we had awoken within each other. Slowly, our dynamic shifted. She was a quick leaner in all things. Once the doors of her curiosity had been thrown open, she drank in everything with astonishing enthusiasm. Although she’d never been given a chance to shine in her tower prison, she was naturally bright; a quick learner. We spent our days in libraries and universities or exploring sprawling cities from north to south. Our nights, however, a different sort of exploration occurred, once again, spearheaded by this long haired, irresistible vixen. Our love making became more and more… creative. Not that I had any complaints. Nor had I any as our dynamic shifted. Once upon a time, she had been my shy, if enthusiastic lover, and I had delighted in teaching her the art of Sapphic fulfillment. It was enough, at first, but time found her needing more and more to sate her thirsts. It began slowly, but once it had begun, it was like a snowball rolling down a snow covered hill. It always began with; *I read about the most intriguing practice today* or *I overheard the most interesting conversation earlier* and always concluded with *can we just try it out, Ariel? Please? I promise never to ask again.* Of course, I never held her to that promise.

At first, it wasn’t anything untoward. She’s become quite proficient in the ways two women might make love. She had an eager little tongue and delighted in using it in ways that made me blush at times. Nothing was sacred or taboo with her and it had seemed almost natural for her to push it into the pucker of my ass one night while she was pumping her long, slender fingers into the depths of my drenched cunt, bringing me to an orgasmic eruption beyond imagining. Of course, she immediately insisted that I do the same for her. After that, it became part of our repertoire.

For two solid weeks, we spent our nights in bed with our fingers and tongue and toys of all variety (she’d begun collecting all manner of dildos and vibrating balls as soon as she’d discovered their

existence) in each other's asses, often into the small hours of the night. Needless to say, we didn't stay in anyone hotel room for long, our neighbors often complaining of our excessive noise; Rapunzel, as she'd proven that very first night in the tower, was very vocal when she came and I loved that about her.

And then, she discovered boys…

I have to admit, I wasn't too thrilled the first time it came up in conversation. We'd been lying in bed, breathing hard, her hair wrapped around us like a tangled cocoon as she slid her fingers in and out of my soaking wet slit and suckled at my nipple, biting me playfully. She'd stopped, suddenly, her huge lavender eyes glinting with mischief, much to my chagrin, as I was on the brink of cumming.

"I want to try something new, Ariel."

"Yes, ok, oh my god, Punz, don't stop now!"

"You need to cum, don't you."

"Yes!" I groaned, my fingers clutching her hair as I tried to grind my hips against her hand.

"I met a man, today. Jean. He… I…" she went suddenly silent, staring at me with the intensity of a young girl wanting something very badly but too shy to voice it. Then, before she went on, she began finger fucking me again, but slowly, too slowly to push me over the edge, her thumb rubbing gentle circles over my clit, but enough so that I couldn't think straight. She learned how to get what she wanted, the dirty little sex starved demoness that she had become and whom I so loved.

"I want him to fuck me."

"No." I gasped, shaking my head, not liking the idea at all.

"Yes." She said, grinning like an imp. "You don't get to cum until you say 'yes'."

I held out for another twelve minutes. In the end, though, she won. She always did.

o-o-o

Jean *Hébert* . He was an alluringly handsome rogue, I have to admit. Even I was taken in by his obvious charms as well as his more subtle sex appeal. Punz, much to my discontent, was obviously smitten with the man. And I, who have never been able to deny her anything, sat down with her one

evening and set out a plan to lure him to our, or rather her, bed.

Not that it took much. Rapunzel was a rare beauty. The odds were small that she couldn't simply send a smile his way and have him eating out of her cunt within the hour. That said, I think she wanted to experience something beyond simply "a good fucking", something less conventional. She wanted him to "take me against my will." Her own words, not mine. Her needs, as I have drawn them out, were becoming darker, less savory, scaring me at times. And yet, that beautiful young, sweet, innocent girl still peered out from her lavender tinged eyes. I could not, in this, or indeed, in anything, deny her.

o-o-o

She told me of their clandestine meeting mere hours after it had occurred. How she had flirted with him, how she had 'allowed' him to get her slightly drunk on wine, how she's reacted to his double-entendres and insistence that she accompany him to his apartment, the way she'd kissed him, letting him run his hands over her breasts and ass as she rubbed herself against him and whispered something quite shocking into his ear;

"I want you to take advantage of me, Jean. Not in your apartments, no. In an alley, like a common whore. I want you to ravish me despite any protests I might voice. Would you do that for me? Please?"

To say I was quite shocked by her lurid tale would be an understatement. Even more so, I was taken aback by her behavior as she unfolded it for me, lying back on our bed and slowly hiking the hem of her dress up her bare legs, spreading them wide, her bosom heaving, clearly aroused at her own tale of debauchery.

She told me of how he's responded, growing hard against her, cupping her moist cunt with his hand, growling as he kissed her forcefully, his tongue shoved into her eager mouth.

"Had I asked him," she told me. "He would have taken me in the tavern, on a table. Perhaps, next time, I will, Ariel. Let him fuck me in front of a roomful of strangers. Not this time, though. Not this time. Now, come here, my lovely girl and show me what you can do with that delightful tongue of yours in my cunt."

I will admit to being shocked at her words, not that I hesitated. As I have said, the dynamic had changed between us over the months we'd been together. She was the opium to my addict, and she knew it. I was powerless to refuse her, had I even wished it. As she continued with her tale, I ran my tongue along the insides of her thighs, taken aback at first by the taste of cum, not hers, but Jean's,

that covered her flesh. She laughed softly when I paused, gazing questionably into her fathomless lavender eyes.

“Did I not warn you, lover? Jean had his way with me, bending me over a bin in a darkened alley, using me like a dirty slut, and I enjoyed it. He ravished me. It wasn’t gentle, but it was good. Now, stop staring at me like a moon-struck calf and clean the cum from your Mistress’s cunt!”

Shocked, I simply nodded. She’d never taken that tone with me before, but is was one I found myself responding to well. Without a word, I buried my face in her pussy, pushing my tongue between her slick lips, the taste of his spunk still fresh, feasting on her, swallowing every last drop.

“Good girl. Make me cum and perhaps I’ll return the favor.” she said, her words ending with a sultry moan as I concentrated on her swollen pleasure nub, my face already smeared with a heady concoction of Rapunzel and Jean’s cream.

Lifting her hips, she grabbed a hold of my hair, her fingers tangling cruelly in my tresses, and guided me to her tight puckered hole, demanding with an air of authority that I attend to that orifice as well. Eyes squeezed shut, I pushed my tongue into her ass, mortified at how slick her opening was, guessing immediately why.

“Yes, my nasty little pet, he fucked me there as well.” she giggled, trapping my head between her thighs, grinding it against me as I tongued her cum filled ass, instinctively sucking her clean, knowing that I should be disgusted by the act, and yet, aroused beyond comprehension at the thought of swallowing Jean Hébert’s gift.

Mercy, but the taste of her cum filled ass drove my lust to a new pinnacle. She’d promised to allow me – allow me – to cum for her, and that need drove me to great lengths as she continued telling me of how he’d mauled her tits, ripping her bodice down, exposing them to anyone who happened to pass by. Of how she’d actually had sent a prayer heavenward that someone would catch them in the act, watch as she was defiled, perhaps even join in and use her as well. Bent over a bin, he fucked her, his fingers wrapped around her thick golden hair, pounding into her until he exploded inside of her, his cum running down her thighs as she, too, went over the edge, crying out in passion.

Her voice dripping with lust, she spoke of how she begged him to take her in the ass as well, and of what it felt like to have a man’s cock inside of her for the first time, how thick he was, how she sobbed with pain, begging him to stop and then begging him to finish the job when he heeded her words.

She told me how he came inside of her, of how she came again, not once, but twice while he ass fucked her. She bragged of how she cleaned his cock afterwards, her tits exposed, kneeling before

him, the taste of her own cunt and ass lingering on his meaty prick. She told me all this as I pleasured her, letting her guide me until I understood what she wanted; both her holes pleasured. When she finally came, I had a pair of fingers deep inside her well lubricated ass and my tongue inside her dripping wet pussy. As she screamed out his name – his name, not mine – I felt a stab of jealousy, but that was soon forgotten as she fulfilled her promise to me...

She wasn't gentle. This was not a gentle evening of sensuous love making. This was savage and dirty and cruel. As she smiled down at me, her eyes glittering with mischief, I stared back, transfixed at the way her hair writhed like a nest of serpents, forming long strands of silken gold that curled about my wrists, trapping them together, tightening until I was helpless in her grasp. Around my waist it coiled, and my breasts, squeezing them until I gasped, whimpering as she turned me over on my stomach and bit into my ass, leaving her very clearly defined teeth mark in my tender flesh.

"Please, Punz." I gasped, not sure what I was asking for as that thrice damned magical hair of hers wound itself in spirals down my legs, forcing then wide, caressing and stroking, yet another tendril brushing over my mound, it's feathered tips teasing like gossamer fingers into my soaking wet hole.

"It's Mistress, Ariel. From this day forward, it's 'please Mistress'," *she growled* , her voice thick with lust, as she spread my exposed globes apart, her silken locks using the opportunity to press at *that* opening as well. I renewed my struggles in vain as I felt myself being entered by thick strands of living hair, crying out with uncertainty only once before ecstasy silenced me.

Oh, to be ravished by this nypmh, her imagination and depravity unleashed on me like this, was heavenly. As the tendrils of her golden hair had their way with me, filling me with indescribable pleasure, she balanced it with cruelty, raking her claws down my back, leaving fiery pain in their wake that left me gasping for breath. She marked me thusly, taking her time, her single minded hair pushing me to the edge of oblivion and keeping me maddeningly there for what seemed like hours, never letting me peak, and yet, keeping me on the verge of exploding with unimaginable, unquenchable desire.

"Would you like to cum for me, pet?" she teased, her words whispered in my ear moments before biting into my neck hard enough to pierce my flesh and draw bright red beads of blood.

"For the love of all that is holy, yes." I managed to whimper, my heart pounding in my chest with anticipation as well as fear, fear that she wouldn't fulfill her unspoken promise and leave me like this.

"If I do, will you, willingly, do all that I ask?"

"Yes." I hissed franticly, my eyes threatening to roll back in my head.

“Not only tonight, Ariel. For each and every night we are together. *Every*thing, no matter how depraved or perverted. Promise me.” Her words were like iron, laying heavy upon me, giving me pause. She wasn’t asking for an idle assurance. She desired something more binding. A vow. A pledge. My oath. I gave it to her willingly and in return, she let me cum, not once, not twice, but again and again until, finally spent, I closed my eyes and fell into a stupor that lasted through the night and long after the sun rose the next morn.