Entangled Chapter II : Serving Rapunzel

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Published on Lush Stories on 27 Dec 2012

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“Good morning, my pet. I trust you slept well?”

Rapunzel greeted me that next morning as she always had, her voice full of boundless energy and anticipatory joy for what the day would bring. It was one of the qualities I loved best about her; her endless optimism lay untarnished despite a lifetime of imprisonment in her tower. I made to rise from our bed with a contented sigh, puzzled at first by my inability to do so, blinking the dust of sleep from my eyes as I focused on her the impish smile on her face.

“I grew bored waiting for you to wake. We will have to have a very serious conversation about your new rules, Ariel. Already, you have been a naughty girl,” she laughed merrily as she tapped me on the nose playfully with her fingertip. “And lesson number one, naughty girls get punished.”

She settled on the mattress with a grace only slightly marred by her youthful enthusiasm, and appraised me, tucking her lip between her teeth as if in deep thought. As for me, I simply lay there, staring at her, transfixed, my memory of the night before slowly returning. I’d made a promise, an oath in fact, to give myself to her, not as a lover, but as a pet, a plaything. The journey from rescuer and teacher had led, inevitably to this place. My role as equal had vanished, eclipsed like the sun by the shadow of the moon.

Vaguely, I recalled dreams of serpents coiling about my limbs. Not nightmares certainly. Nor unpleasant. Now I understood why. I lay exposed before her, my apparel but a distant memory, her fantastical hair coiled around my ankles and wrists, seeming to wake as I did, twisting restlessly. As for Rapunzel…

My god, she was magnificent. Clothed only in a veil of her own hair, she shone like the sun, her smile radiant, her lavender eyes clear guileless, if not wholly innocent. Twisting towards me, her hand coming to rest upon my quivering thigh, caressing it absently, her smile turned dark.

“I do hope you won’t make me do this again, Ariel. I find the thought of punishing you most tedious, to be truthful, and it makes me cross.”

When I attempted to reply, her hair filled my mouth wrapping around my head, tightening until I was both blind and dumb, though not deaf. Worse, my limbs began to stretch, her tresses spreading me wide, my muscles complaining as my body was drawn into the shape of St. Andrew’s Cross. When it was over, after she had released me, I discovered she’d used a quirt, something she’d acquired at a nearby stable. Most used them for goading cattle or as a form of punishment for an unruly horse. At least, I later mused, livestock had a layer of bristly hair as protection while I had none.

Once again, she left her mark on me. The harsh kiss of leather left me fighting for breath, unable to scream with the pain I felt at first, nor the pleasure I felt later as her attention shifted from my parted thighs, out stretched arms, and soft belly to my ripe tits and swollen nipple and finally to my sopping wet cunt.

Oh, God, the humiliation of my arousal outweighed any other thought as she cruelly teased me, leaving harsh red stripes paralleling my outer lips, the leather biting the tips of my once pink nipples as it flickered out time and again, and then my throbbing clit receiving the same treatment. I thrashed, fighting her hair’s grip, struggling to break free of it, cursing her silently as my body betrayed my, my hips lifting in anticipation of each blow, pumping and thrusting the empty air, frustration when she paused in her mistreatment renewing my struggles until finally I could endure no more and I exploded in an orgasmic frenzy that left me dizzy.

Afterwards, she freed me, holding me as I clung to her, sobbing with both remorse and relief, thanking her, if you can believe that, for what she’d just put me through. And oh, my words weren’t empty. Once again, I could not claim to have cum that hard for anyone, nor ever imagined doing so. If there had been any question before that I *belonged* to her, it was quelled forevermore. There was only one thing left, a simple ritual that I accepted without pause. A delicately sturdy band of black leather encircling my throat, a simple moon-shaped silver tag dangling and inscripted with my owner’s name as well as my new station; *Property of Rapunzel*

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And so, a new chapter had begun. Some things remained consistent; Rapunzel’s natural zeal for learning, her curiosity, her boundless enthusiasm for knowledge both conventional and unconventional; in the realm of wickedness, her creativity knew no bounds. Our games evolved, certainly. No more was I her mentor. Now I was her plaything, a role that I dove into with an exuberance that astounded the both of us. She had made me promise that I would do all that she

asked of me, and I did that and more. Nothing was too depraved, nothing too perverse for either of our sensibilities and despite it all, or perhaps because of it, we were happy.

We travelled. After eighteen years hidden away in her tower, Rapunzel was anxious to see the world. We never spent too long in one place, aware that my ex-employers might still be casting their net for my Mistress although as time passed, I slowly relaxed my guard. Days turned to weeks and weeks to months. Soon we found that a full year had passed since I'd freed her from her lonely prison. She decided that it warranted a special evening for both of us; a night of revelry. Had I known what she had planned I might have been less anxious to celebrate. Or, I confess, perhaps more.

We attended a costumed masquerade that night, one that had the reputation of being scandalously risqué, fitting her mood perfectly.

"I intend to make a statement." She confessed without embarrassment as she dressed me for the event, and then herself, her choices of attire leaving me anxious and aroused.

We arrived by carriage well after dark, the warm spring air heralding the onset of summer. There was little doubt that we made an impression when we were announced, her clothed only in the golden silk of her hair and a red feathered mask, and me dressed in green and red ribbons, attached to her wrist by a matching leash. She'd taken great care to arrange the cloth streamers so that they highlighted, rather than concealed, my most intimate of places, drawing everyone's gaze to my smoothly shaved mound and my pink tipped breasts, my nipples perking out, aroused by their attentions and appreciative murmurs. Even the whisper of 'slut' that circulated as we passed heightened my lust as I wondered what Rapunzel would do to prove the accuracy of their remarks.

It was a feast for and of the senses. Music swirled around me as I trailed behind Rapunzel like an eager dog. Laughter spilled from the crowd, as well as the tinkle of wine glasses almost, but not quite, masking lurid whisperings. I could detect with little effort the mixed musk and perfume of everyone we passed, but most especially of my Mistress, an unmistakable scent of rosewater and sex, not so different from mine.

Gaily dressed men and women, each and every one masked, brushed against me as we assumed the curved stairs, opulent marble cold against the soles of my feet. She paused, once or twice, as she rose above the crowd, helping herself to the finest chocolates or succulent fruit on platters carried by servants chosen for their beauty as well as their skills, allowing me to taste only her fingers after devouring the delights, bidding me to lick them clean before resuming our climb.

I was aware of the eyes upon us, staring hungrily at her as we passed, some reaching out to her, then thinking better of it and fondling her pet instead. I admit that it wasn't as unpleasant as I'd

imagined, to be touched intimately by strangers. By the time we had ascended to the upper floor, I was warm with desire.

“Ariel, kneel here.” She commanded, her girlish voice taking on a regal tone.

I knelt, spreading my legs apart as she tapped the insides of my thighs with her toe, displaying my cunt for her and anyone else who might bare witness, my back to the railing so that anyone below might get an ample glimpse of my bare bottom.

“Stay, pet.” She cooed, turning her attention to a Harlequined lady and her princely escort, one hand resting possessively atop my head. The ignored me, or rather, she did, as they shared innuendos that made my cheeks burns warm, the couples eyes shifting over her semi-nude form as well as over mine. Soon, however, her attention drew back to me, her fingers brushing my face softly, arousing me beyond all reason. How I wanted to beg her to touch me elsewhere. I wondered if she would and then, gazing into her eyes, I had my answer. All in good time, she promised with a single smile paired with an arched eyebrow. All in good time.

Eventually, she did fulfill her vow. Turning her back to the costumed pair, she raised first my right arms, laying it out stretched along the handrail and securing it with ribbon, and then my left, effectively binding me. Not content with that, she bound my narrow waist as well and then my ankles, leaving me helpless, my desire drenched cunt on display like a common whore, my tits thrust out as she secured my scarlet mane as well, leaving my chin tilted slightly up.

“Keep yourself entertained while I mingle, pet.” She bid me, the pads of her slender fingers resting lightly under my chin.

And then, with a cruel smile, she pressed into me, her smooth mound pressing against my forehead, her sex tantalizingly near my hungry mouth. I serviced her like that, my tongue dipping into her dripping cunt, scooping out her nectar like an industrious honey bee, flickering over her engorged clit until I was gifted with a soft moan of pleasure. She began to grind herself against me, her fingers clenching my hair as I thrust into her, hardening the muscle of my tongue as I filled her canal. She fucked me, or rather fucked my tongue, like that until I her cream run down my chin, my throat, trickling between my heaving breasts, never allowing me to push her over the edge. Finally, when I thought she might give in, she stepped back, her laughter rising huskily from her throat, and tapped me lightly on the nose.

“That, my beautiful little slut, is how I want you to treat all who require your services while I am away.”

With that, she abandoned me to fate or, more aptly, to the whims of the revelers.

The Finely dressed ‘prince’ was the first to take advantage of her hospitality, unbuttoning his codpiece and resting the head of his cock on my lower lip.

“Suck it.” He ordered, and I obeyed with vigor, bound and helpless as he pushed his meat between my lips and slowly rolled his hips, until he came in my mouth with a strangled cry, his cum filling my cheeks and leaking slowly from my mouth to join my Mistress’s sweet juices. The Harlequin was next. Following my Mistress’s lead, she too forced me to fuck her with my tongue. Unlike Rapunzel, she didn’t step back before coming, her lewd moans and eventual ecstatic cry carrying like the siren’s song, alerting all to my predicament.

I lost track that night of how many used me, and in what ways. Cocks and cunts were presented for me to service, and I did so until my jaw was sore and my tongue numb. Tied as I was, I could do no else. By the time Rapunzel ‘rescued’ me, I was drenched in cum. It dripped from my face, my tits, rivulets of it slid down my belly and past my cunt, dripping into a puddle between my legs. Some hadn’t cum in my mouth, or even on my face or breasts, instead spewing their load upon my hair until it lay on my head like the most obscene cake frosting you could imagine, soaking my scalp so that I felt deliciously unclean. In Rapunzel’s service, as I she had promised, there was nothing too perverse or depraved that I wouldn’t gladly endure.

I was not, at first, aware that she had rejoined me, watching me with a wicked smirk, her hair coiling sensuously around her like a living thing. Our eyes met, and her gaze softened, her mesmerizing lavender eyes filling with tenderness. Then, and only then, did she put a halt to the proceedings, ushering a great bear of a man away from me even as he sent a steam of hot cum down my throat, with a gentle, yet firm, command.

“Mine.” She growled, when he hesitated, her manner brooking no argument, her hand a claw as her fingers slid through my hair, smearing cum over the palms of her hand as she claimed my mouth once more, grinding against me like a soul possessed, fucking my tongue, bucking like a wild horse as a mighty orgasm tore through her.

“One more game for you to endure, pet, and then I shall take you home and reward you properly.” She whispered as she knelt before me, her lips pressed against mine hard, her tongue exploring my mouth, tasting all that I had tasted, her own sex as well as the cunts and cocks of masked strangers, stroking up and down my slippery flesh as she did so.

Finally, she sat back on her heels, holding my gaze with her impossibly purple orbs as she carefully freed me from my bindings. I wanted to collapse into her arms, but I knew better by then. Instead, I

simply awaited her next capricious whim. It was not long in coming.

“On your hands and knees, facing the railing, Ariel.” her voice so casual that she might have been sharing a recipe with me.

I complied, resting my forehead on the floor as instructed, my ass raised and presented for all to admire.

“Now clean up your mess, slut.”

Once again, I didn’t hesitate. She’d positioned me so that the puddle of cum that had been between my thighs was now inches away from my lips. I began to slowly lick the floor clean, sucking the milky white spew into my mouth as swallowing it as her next game began and those who hadn’t had the pleasure of my lips wrapped around their pricks now took pleasure in another orifice, lubricating themselves in my pussy before pushing into the tight winking hole of my ass. One after another, they filled me with their seed, until I thought I might drown from the inside out. I took very little pleasure in it at first, but as the hour wore on, and my pussy became a target as well, I sang a different tune, eventually giving into my body’s needs and cumming with a strangled howl, and then again, this time with a helpless whimper, after which Rapunzel bid me to rise.

She escorted me, my feet unsteady, immune to the smirks of the crowd and the cool night air as we made our way back to the apartment in our rented carriage. There, she lay me down gently and bathed me with her tongue, cleaning all the fluids from my skin before burying her face between my shaking thighs and doing the same with my cum filled pussy and ass, bringing me, once more, to an earth shattering orgasm before wrapping me up in her arms and singing me softly to sleep.

After that, she was tender, treating me as a lover rather than a plaything, as we took up travelling the countryside once more. Yes, there was little doubt that I we were pet and Mistress as well as lovers in my eyes, but the lines became blurred as time passed. Her Passion never dwindled, not for the arts of love, nor for the love of the arts, but when it came to me, it was a softer, gentler passion. We confessed often and with great sincerity our love for each other, and in truth, in our hearts, we desired no other. At least not for love. For play, however, she still sought darker adventures, seeking playmates who could give her what I was no longer able to; pain and defilement that brought her as much pleasure in receiving as it did in bestowing. Once in a fortnight she would seek out other company, usually coming home with her clothing in distress, her hair coiling around me like a living creature, binding me to whatever piece of furniture was nearest as she clutched my head between her thighs and made me suck cum from her dripping wet pussy and asshole, shuddering with orgasm after orgasm until she was quiet spent. Those nights, I did not enjoy as much as she, although I freely submitted to them, knowing how much pleasure they brought my Mistress, my lover, my beloved

Rapunzel.