# Entangled Chapter III : Losing Rapunzel

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Time passed, and as it did, I remained under her spell, a willing prisoner of both the light of love and the dark persuasion of our shared depravity and lusts. Both of us fell into our roles as if we'd been born to them, her as my insatiable mistress and I as her willing pet, both in and out of the boudoir. I became accustomed to the leash she held, both literally and figuratively. In truth, the one time I removed the collar she had placed around my throat, I felt naked and uncertain. From that day forward, it was my constant companion, a reminder of whom I had finally surrendered to, body, heart, and soul. Everything was perfect until Jean Hébert re-entered our lives.

Punz had left me alone one evening, a familiar scenario of which I disapproved in silence. She would return to me, as she always did, smelling and tasting of the cum smeared on her lips and dripping from her pussy and ass, her bodice torn, her breasts bared like some common whore.

"Kneel, pet." She would command me with her throaty lust filled growl, fingers clenching my tresses, pulling my face to her cunt, shivering with desire as I sucked her clean and thrust my tongue deep into her quivering orifices until she came with an unbridled cry of purest passion.

That night was no different save for one detail. She wasn't alone as she returned to me. Hébert accompanied her, smirking as he escorted her into our room, pushing her roughly to her knees, undoing his trousers with one hand, taking a handful of her restless hair in his other, his dark eyes boring into mine.

"You must be the whore's plaything. Very pretty." He said with a grin. I did my best to answer him, but I fear that nothing intelligible passed my mouth as I watched Rapunzel pull his thickening cock in her hands and wrap her lips around the head, her bosom heaving with obvious passion as she hungrily took him into her mouth.

"This should be entertaining." He leered, rubbing his hands together with obvious glee as my mistress

pulled his trousers down around his thighs, cupping his balls in her hands as she took his entire length, gagging briefly, her saliva running from the corners of her mouth and dripping from her chin.

Unable to turn away, I watched as he defiled her, resting his hand on her head, fingers stroking through her hair as it slowly coiled around the both of them like a living creature, undressing him with silken fingers even as it tore her clothing from her nubile body, leaving them both naked before turning it's attention to me, wrapping me in a gentle cocoon until I, too, was divested of garb and left exposed to his cruel and hungry sneer.

"She begged me to treat her like a nasty little slut. ' Make me your fuck toy' , she whimpered, lifting her skirts for me. Not just me. The tavern was full of men just like me. Wicked men, hungry for her youthful beauty, wanting nothing better than to ravish her."

"No." I gasped, knowing all too well that he spoke truly. She'd talked of this before, her wish to surrender herself like this, to the mercies of those fueled only by their dark lust.

He grinned at me, nodding as he saw recognition in my eyes of the truth.

"She sat upon a bar stool and spread her legs, showing off her smoothly shaved cunt, licking her lips, her eyes full of desire, moaning like a whore as we starched her over the stool and hiked up her skirts, taking turns with her."

Shocked, I simply watched my beloved Rapunzel service him, reaching between her thighs and stroking her cunt, obviously turned on by the account of her depravity. Nor was I innocent, his story, coupled with the site of her sucking his cock, taking it down her throat, filling my with obvious lust. I watched Hébert's eyes drift downward to my own pussy, smiling at the sight of the pearlescent trickle it produced.

"Like mistress, like pet." He said with a dry chuckle, one that ended with a hearty groan as he stiffened, obviously overcome with pleasure, the need to blow his load down my lover's throat warring with the desire to make it last for as long as possible.

Blushing, I turned my face, trying to ignore the wet slurping sounds coming from my Mistress as he grabbed a hank of her hair and began lewdly pumping against her face until finally, he lost control and erupted inside of her, while she did her best to swallow every drop, renewing her efforts to make herself cum, fingers sunk deep inside of her drenched slit.

The rest of the night seemed a blur. With Rapunzel as his willing slave, and I as hers, there was very little we didn't dare. I tasted the cum of a room full of unseen strangers, cleaning her trembling pussy

and clenching ass of their spew, while he entered my own upraised ass, his cock still slick with her spit. I hated him, and yet Rapunzel loved the depravity of it all, and I loved her beyond reason, so I gave in to my own yearning thirsts.

I awoke the next morning alone, my cheek resting upon a gown sticky with Jean Hébert's cum.

"Punz?" I murmured, blinking the dust of sleep from my eyes, suddenly fearful of the silence greeting me.

"Rapunzel!" I cried out loudly, panic in my voice, throwing the sheets aside violently.

"Shush, Ariel." she murmured, hurrying to my side, her silken hair twisting gently, almost protectively, around my nakedness. "I'm right here."

"Is he… gone, Mistress?" I asked, hesitantly, trembling as I recalled the events of the previous night, humiliation coloring my cheeks.

"Yes, pet. He's gone."

I relaxed, hearing the smile in her voice as she stroked my hair lovingly, and then stiffened painfully as she continued.

"We're going to an event tomorrow evening at his invitation, love. A gala."

My silence must have spoken volumes, for she frowned, her hair mirroring her mood, dragging me over her lap, binding my arms behind by back and pulling my thighs tightly together so that, when she took her hair brush to me, I could only struggle helplessly, crying out as she reddened my bottom mercilessly. It wasn't long, however, before my howls of pain turned to whimpers and then soft moans of pleasure, her hair teasing it's way between my legs, caressing my sensitive clit and snaking between my swollen lips like an erotic serpent, thickening as it penetrated my moist cunt, probing deeper and deeper in rhythm with her blows until a wave of exquisite ecstasy over took me and I shuddered uncontrollably against her.

Afterwards, she was gentle, her warm hands cool on my burning bottom, murmuring loving words that soothed my spirit as well as my flesh.

"That's my good girl." She comforted me, frowning as she brushed the tears from my cheeks. "My beautiful lover, my obedient pet. I love you so much, Ariel."

“I love you too, Punz.” I managed through my soft sobs, emotion welling up within me. “Don’t ever leave me. Please?”

She shushed me then, telling me not to be silly, taking me in her arms, kissing me long and hard, until all my fear evaporated.

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As always when attending an event, Rapunzel made sure that we stood out, ignoring my teasing remarks that she would stand out dressed only in rags. She was radiant, the candlelight casting her in a brilliant nimbus, her hair shining like molten gold as we were announced, all eyes turning our way. Glancing over at my companion, my Mistress, I did my best to hide a smile, noting the delight in her eyes at the soft murmur that went through the crowd at our appearance. She had come to love the attention and loved making an impression; the more scandalous, the better, was her opinion. As was the fashion at the time, we were garbed in black and white Domino, although, unlike most, our costumes were sheer. I’d been amazed at the transformation she’d achieved, giving the illusion of mirrored images, only my soft scarlet curls and emerald eyes differentiating me from her impossible long golden spill and lavender eyes.

We strode into the room, arm in arm, masked and cloaked in lace and feathers, delicate collars upon our throats, waists made impossible narrow by tightly laced diamond patterned basques that lifted our bared breasts, displaying them with unapologetic vanity. We wore patterned silk stockings held up by delicate suspenders and supple leather boots with pearled buttons. Our gossamer undergarments displayed, rather than hid, our most intimate features. We were the essence of depraved sexuality and our fellow guest reacted instinctively, drawn to us as moths to a flame.

We mingled, welcoming rather than repulsing, the casual brush of fingers over our bared flesh, the even bolder touch of hands upon our breasts, our thighs, our bottoms, our mons, touches that grew brash with our encouragement. It was the perfect night, trailing in the wake of her magnificence, the sexual tension between us so thick that it was almost palpable; an invisible tether that tied me to her side as strongly as any leash.

We made our way slowly through the manse, taking our time to indulge in little moments of gratification; a shared kiss or more, her fingers pinching my nipples, twisting them until I begged for mercy, slipping into my undergarment, worming their way between my labia, stealing away my breath, and enticing animal moans from deep within. Had she but asked, I would have given myself to her many times over that night. She, however, had other ideas, which I would discover soon enough.

“Trust me, pet?” She whispered, standing behind me, lips pressed to my ear, hands resting

possessively on my shoulders.

I replied simply, with a wordless shiver, unable to tear my gaze from the glint of metal before me. She'd led my down a steep and narrow stair into a lightless room, the candle she'd brought along our only illumination, the faint light chasing the shadows away from the center of the room, and what hung there.

"Strip for me, Ariel."

Though her voice was soft, I knew it for what it was; a command. Eagerly, I undressed for her, cheeks coloring as she ran her hand between my thighs, her fingers feather light against my flesh, smearing the trickle of arousal that seeped from my cunt. Soon I was standing barefoot and naked, her hand pressing against the small of my back, guiding me towards what appeared to be a cage, rectangular in shape.

She looked me over carefully, tapping her finger thoughtfully against delightfully pursed lips, her lavender eyes narrowing as they met my gaze.

"Hands and knees, pet."

Although her words were soft, they had the bite of command to them, and I didn't hesitate to obey her instructions, prostrating myself to the cold, hard ground, watching her booted feet as she approached, unable to hold back a sharp whimper as she placed her hand upon my crown and ushered be into the cage, feet first, unrelenting until my bare soles and derriere were flush against the steel bars, swinging the well-oiled door carefully shut and latching it shut, securing it with a padlock, the sound of the clasp sounding ominous in the semi-darkness. I listened to her footsteps as best I could, over the pounding of my heart, as she retreated up the stairs, taking the light with her and leaving me in complete and utter darkness.

How long I waited, I could not say. An eternity, perhaps, although in my best estimate, it was considerably less, perhaps closer to one turn of the hour hand on the clock before I heard descending footfalls and the shimmer of candlelight preceding it. Time spent in a turmoil of emotions as I shivered at the touch of smooth iron bars, blinded by darkness, trembling with anticipation, knowing Rapunzel's devious mind.

The cage, I had learned from my exploration, was just large enough to fit a woman of my stature. My shoulders brushed against the sides and I had to tilt my chin up and press my forehead against the door to properly fit, wrapping my fingers around the sturdy bars as I awaited her return anxiously…

“Well, well. What a rare and precious catch.”

The voice was male and thick with lust. Although the dim light of a candle now cast soft light through the dungeon room, I was at a disadvantage my back, or rather, my ass, being presented to the stairs.

“Your Mistress sends her regrets.” Another voice, the tone taunting. “She is otherwise occupied, several rather impressive pricks filling her holes. She offered you up for our amusement, however, assuring us that you would be receptive to our needs.”

I swallowed hard, catching movement from the corner of my eye as I did my best to turn my head their way, squinting into the flickering flame at the shadows behind it. A quartet of gentlemen, though I doubted they were as gentle as their garb decreed, gawked at me like some prized possession, eyes glittering with avarice. I had little doubt as too their intent. Nor did my suddenly sopping wet cunt.

“Lovely bottom, lass. Even lovelier pussy. Not sure which to sample first…”

I let out a frightened whimper, which apparently, merely fueled their lust. Mine as well, truth be told.

They did not waste time with idle conversation after that. I found myself hoisted up on a chain attached to a pulley overhead, and slowly turned, getting a good glimpse of each of them. In the true spirit of the ball, they were appropriately costumed. Before me stood a devil, a headsman, a jester, and a fright. Much to my surprise, a young woman of Rapunzel’s age was present as well, looking coquettish in bloomers and a front lace corset that showed off considerable cleavage. She had scarlet heart upon one dimpled cheek and her hair was the color of midnight.

“She’s pretty.” Drawled the girl, obviously inebriated, her giggle as thick and slow as molasses in winter.

“Didn’t I tell you we’d find you a play thing, Melisandra?” the headsman chortled, pushing her forward as the others held back, waiting, watching eagerly, their cocks bulging beneath their costumes.

She stood before me, carelessly unlacing her corsets, baring her ripe breasts to me, pressing one between the bars, her nipple brushing my cheek. Suddenly hungry I shifted, taking her erect pink bud in my lips and suckling at her breast, my tongue flickering teasingly against the tip, pleased by her quick responsive moan.

“Whore.” The Headsman muttered. Whether the comment was directed at myself or Melisandra, I had no clue. Not that it mattered.

She reached through the bars, caressing my cheeks, stroking my hair, her tits mashed through the square openings in my prison, head rolling back as I strove to please her. As I did so, her companions moved forwards, one to each corner. Soon I felt a rough finger pushing into my cunt. With a soft, muted growl, I pushed back, pressing my ass against the unforgiving steel as he plunged the digit up to the knuckles of his hand, pulled out, and then joined it with a second, then a third as the Jester and the devil mauled my tits, pulling and twisting at my own nipples until I was forced to release hers, pain overcoming my lust for a brief moment.

“Lower her!” came the command, and I felt the cage drop suddenly, yanking fingers free of my sloppy cunt, fingers that were replaced with a ramrod hard cock. I was now waist level to my tormentors, trapped within the cage by Rapunzel’s mischief.

I was used hard, a meaty cock pumping into my rear, lubricated with spit, as one was shoved into my mouth. I relished it, burning from within with unbridled lust, the cage swinging back to front to their rhythm. They filled my mouth with cum, and my ass, laughing derisively as the drunken slut sucked their seed from my clenching puckered orifice, driving me into frenzy, on the verge of orgasmic bliss, and yet, never quite achieving it.

I moaned, begged, sobbed, and pleaded, much to their amusement, pounding my ass against the bars again, this time, a prick impaling my sodden pussy, another spearing my mouth. I felt warm spew strike my tits, the girl’s hands wrapped around an already sticky prick, while another mauled her tits from behind, tearing a rent in the seat of her bloomers and spearing her star-shaped target as well with such fury that it lifted her onto the tips of her toes.

I could not say how long the orgy lasted, only that I was at last allowed to cum, the girl’s face pressed to the bars as I pressed myself against the hole through which her tongue was threaded, shuddering as wave after wave of ecstasy held me in their grip, refusing to let go until I was spent. Then, they left me, leaving several rather crudely phrased gratitudes in their wake.

How long I knelt there afterwards, swaying slowly in the darkness, cum dripping from each and every hole, my tits smeared with it, nipples aching, my arm stretched back between my legs so I could finger myself to yet another climax, and another, and another, each time my Mistress’s name bubbling from my sticky lips, I cannot say. Until morning, I suspect, for after I had passed out, I was retrieved and put to bed, awaking to a new day, the sun long set high in the sky when my lids first cracked open.

“Rapunzel.” I breathed in benediction as I sat up groggily, searching for my beloved Mistress, slumping back against the pillow when I realized she was not there. I waited, hoping, until my welcome wore thin, only then returning to our rooms to find it empty of her belongings and her

presence. She had fled long before I’d awoke, and hurriedly so, if the state of our apartments was any indication. Bereft, I fell upon her bed, buried my face in her pillow, the scent of daisies filling my head, and wept.