Entangled Chapter IV : Freeing Rapunzel

By sprite

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I spent several weeks moping about heartbroken before comingout of the fog. Nearly two months wasted as Punz grew further and further away. In the end, however, I found myself recalling how we had met and why. That was the key. If I was to find her again, I would need to draw on skills long in disuse, but not forgotten. I resolved that I would be relentless in my pursuit of my beloved. I had stalked her once and won her over. I would track her down a second time, and win her back.

That settled, I returned to the scene of the crime, the Manse where the Gala had taken place. It took little time for me to piece together the truth. Rapunzel had not left of her own free will. Hébert had shown his hand as a scoundrel, and taken her against her will. A wintery fire burned deep within. He would pay, I vowed, sealing my vow by pressing my lips to the moon shaped tag declaring me Rapunzel's property. In my heart, I had remained so, even though I'd suspected her of betraying me. Now I knew the truth. Swearing vengeance, I set out upon a trail gone cold, one that only someone trained in the arts of hunting her own kind might navigate. One such as me.

Their trail led me though city and country side, across borders, seemingly random and yet, I knew better. Jean Hébert was trying to cover their tracks, a task near impossible when coupled with a radiant girl with magical hair. Grimly, I followed, gaining ground slowly, but inexorably; an hour here, a day there, until finally, I could taste victory, the scent of daisies almost palpable to my keen senses.

Ironically, their trail led to a small keep, one in which a masquerade was scheduled to take place. Perfect for my plans, for I intended to attend the event disguised. I spend the night before the gala hidden in the hills, a sense of deju vu haunting me as I watched her pace the highest floor of a tower. I had learned one other thing as well, that afternoon. At the stroke of midnight my darling girl was to be auctioned off to the highest bidder, a concubine worth her weight in gold, or so it was whispered. The fury within me grew, darkening my thoughts as I watched and waited, my blade as sharp as my senses. I could, I surmised, simply steal her away before the clock struck twelve, but as I watched her from my hiding place, glimpsed her despair, I knew that I could not leave without wrecking my

vengeance upon the man who had imprisoned her once more. And so I planned ruthlessly and tirelessly until darkness fell and it was time to enact my terrible retribution.

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Remembering that last night we had been together, I entered the gates as a red devil, my scarlet hair blending impeccably with my pointed horns and tail. I dressed alluringly, smiling at the absurdity of the need to stand out in order to remain unnoticed. The affair this evening was not for the faint of heart, after all. In Punz's company, I would have felt right at home dressed in crimson from head to toe, my tightly laced corset narrowing my waist and presenting my breasts proudly. Leather boots with a horseman's heel rose half way up my thighs, a collared cape flowed gracefully behind, and a mask covered my face so that even Rapunzel, had she been searching for me, might not have recognized me. As a prop, a bore a coiled whip as well. A rather functional prop, I admit, should I have need of a weapon beyond the slim silver stilettoes tucked away in the inner seems of my boots. I would not take any chances with my lover's freedom this night, nor any other. Never again, I swore, would I be parted from her.

I fit in so easily, falling into my role of sex toy with ease, despite the hollow feeling in my chest; I should have been on a leash – Her Leash. Still, I felt the faint tug of the tether, knowing that she was near at hand. Miles no longer separated us, only time, and a few stone walls. Before the night was done, we would be together or I would be dead. There was no other outcome in my mind.

Old habits die hard, they say. The lure of the forbidden was still strong within me and the scent of sex permeated the air here. Who can blame me if I dallied, my single mindedness lay aside like a stole in a greenhouse? After all, it was part of the deception.

By the time I reached her tower, my mouth tasted of cum, as should my pussy had I the inclination to sample it. The laces on my corset had been loosened enough to display my hardened nipples which showed signs of being ravaged by rather sharp teeth. The material covering my smooth shaved cunt had been pushed aside early on, and the inside of my thigh was damp with my own cum as well as several nameless 'gentlemen'. I was, I admitted with a coy smile, enjoying myself, despite my reasons for being here. Still, as midnight drew nearer, my pulse raced and I sought solace and solitude in the shadows, far, far away from the revelry and merry-making of the crowd. Eventually I found myself perched atop a crenellation upon the wall overlooking the moat, the breeze brushing past me, carrying the scent of the wetlands and wildflowers, which to my mind, reminded me of my Rapunzel.

o-o-o

I made short work of the guards as they escorted her towards the heart of the keep. The less said about it, the better. At least it was painless. Hébert was not so lucky. I made sure he suffered as much as I had, as much as I am sure Punz had in his company over the months I had spent relentlessly tracking them down. Our reunion was short, if sweet; although haste was the wisest course open to us I could not resist the lure of her eyes, so lost and frightened, reminding me of she had first cast her gaze upon me. We kissed, her golden hair coiling about us alike a tempest, as overjoyed as my Mistress at her timely rescue. Oh, how I desired her. It took unimaginable strength of will to break our kiss. Only the knowledge that, once we were away, there would be time less precious to lay her down and ravish her kept me from tearing the diaphanous gown that they'd attired from her youthful body.

We fled the keep, her hand gripping mine, mine hers, never parting for an instant, our pulses blending as we merged into the shadows, the gaiety of music and amusement fading from hearing. Not until we'd put the entire night between us and our pursuers, for I was sure they would muster some form of pursuit, did we pause, and then only to enable Punz to catch her breath.

"Do you need to pause?" I asked, concerned as she collapsed against me with weariness.

"Just a moment." She breathed, cupping my face, her eyes searching mine. Once again, I fell under the spell of her impossible lavender eyes, unable to draw breath, or even move, hypnotized by her beauty.

This time, when we kissed, it was tender and heartfelt, and I felt something break inside of me. She must have felt it too, for we both clung to each other sobbing until our tears ran dry. Then, and only then, did we continue on our way, this time at a less vigorous pace. Still, we covered more ground than I am sure they expected from two women clothed such as we were. Eventually we made good our escape, hiding out in a small cottage I has secured for just that purpose. There, we let our guard down and made love, not in the manner of the past, but sweetly, tenderly, slowly, our passion building steam with each kiss, each whispered word, each brush of fingers against bare skin until she climaxed, her sweet juices gushing from her quivering cunt, drenching my face, even as I cried out and shook in ecstasy for her. Afterwards, we lay in each other's arms, clinging to each other as if our very lives depended upon it. If it weren't for the simple needs of substance and the call of nature, we might never have left our bed.

We stayed there through the snows, warm and secure, our trail long cold, the larder stocked for the winter months, our desire growing, rather than diminishing, as the hands of time turned. I had thought we'd been wicked and wanton before. How wrong I'd been. Rapunzel's decadence knew no bounds, sequestered away in our love nest with nothing to do but feast on each other's bodies, although, with time, our roles once again evolved, hers into submission as I took up the leash once more.

o-o-o

“You look sad.” I murmured into her hair whilst combing out the tangles.

I’d caught her staring wistfully out the window, watching the snows melt and the wildflowers struggling to replace them.

“I miss our old life, Ariel.” She replied pensively, shrugging one slender shoulder.

“I miss the museums and the libraries, the hustle and bustle of the city. I miss the all the beautiful noise. When I was in my tower, it was always so quiet. I liked the liveliness of the crowds. I especially miss the parties. All those masquerades we’d attend…”

“With me on your leash as your little pet?” I interrupted as I grasped a hank of her hair and forced her head back, tilting her chin skyward.

“No, Mistress.” She replied quickly, making me smile as I relaxed my grip. “It matters not to me who holds the leash. Only that I miss that life.”

I took her that evening with a violence that left us both breathless, not that she offered one word of complaint, only encouragement as I bound her wrists with rope behind her back, binding her arms above and below the elbow as well.

“Who do you belong to, slut?” I hissed, pushing her out to the middle of the room, admiring her nakedness with gleaming eyes. I thirsted for her beyond reason. Her and only her.

“You, Mistress.” She breathed, her breasts heaving with desire, her voice thick with yearning.

My smile grew wicked as I threw a length of hemp over the rafter, securing it to her wrists, tugging her arms upwards until she was forced to bend at the waist, her flailing fingers reaching upwards, her face veiled by silken waterfalls of finely spun gold. I drove steel pegs into the floor, ignoring her whimpers, my face set into a cold smile. Kicking her feet apart, I spread her open, binding her ankles to the spikes, than lifted her once more until she rested on the petite balls of her feet.

“I mean to give you a reminder of who owns your flesh, Punz.”

The previous owner had left a whip coiled on one wall, the kind one might use on an unruly horse. I’d caught Rapunzel staring at it with longing more than once over the past months. Until now, I had

ignored it.

“I am going to mark you as mine, pet. Do you have any objection?”

“Please!” she cried out, at which I nodded, hearing it for what it was; animal need.

I had some skill with a whip, thanks to my former profession. I wielded it with the intention to hurt, but not harm. I loved her too much to cause her injury or even permanent markings. Still, the scarlet stripes I wished to gift her with would be a reminder for many days.

I started out gently, whipping the backs of her pale thighs and her nicely rounded bottom, gaining confidence in my mastery with every blow. As for Rapunzel, her sobs and whimpers turned quickly to craven moans as he began to beg, not to end her torment, but to increase it. Let it not be said that I did not fulfill her wishes. I left my mark upon her back, her flanks, her pliant tits, circling her, stalking her, striking out without pattern, taking her by surprise each and every time. I savored her screams as the tip of my whip kissed the tender soles of her feet and then her nipples and, finally, her cunt, the wet smack of her sodden sex satisfying in a way I cannot describe. Needless to say, if she had begged me to stop, I would have dropped the whip and freed her, taking her in my arms and soothing her with gentle ministrations. She did not.

“Who do you belong to, slut?” I put as much iron in the question as I could muster, as I pushed the whips braided leather grip into her drenched cunt, chuckling as she fought to thrust her hips forward and impale herself on it. If she’d not been so securely strung, she would have fucked herself raw. I stepped back, admiring the sight as I awaited her answer.

“To you, Mistress.” She finally replied, grunting with frustration as I removed the leather ‘cock’ from between her legs.

“Good girl.” My voice grew soft as I praised her, stroking her hair, an almost girlish giggle pushing past my lips as her hair began winding its way along my arm, coiling around my waist, pulling at me, trying to bring me closer. Relenting, I knelt before her, smiling as I searched her eyes, my breath catching at her impossible beauty before teaching her the other ways to mark one’s property; with tooth and nail. When I had finished, she was a writhing mass of pain and ecstasy, thrashing in her bonds, screaming my name as I sank my teeth into the tender meat of her thighs and raked my clawed nails down the globes of her perfectly shaped ass.

“Would you like to cum for me, Rapunzel?” I goaded her, pleased at her instinctive response as she thrust her hips forwards, her back arching almost painfully in the effort, her arms still straining at the rope securing her to the rafters.

“For all that is holy, please!” she exclaimed even as I fastened my mouth against her and drove my tongue within, holding on for dear life as she climaxed for the first time, a stream of fluids exploding from her gash as her cries filled the room.

I was gentle afterwards, releasing her, massaging her carefully, easing the soreness of her limbs. And yet I did not apply any salve to the stripes I’d given her. I wasn’t done with her yet, and I wanted them to remain a painful and burning reminder until I was.

“Do you love me?” she whispered, looking suddenly unsure, lavender pools filled with uncertainty and fear.

“Until time the end of time.” Was my simple yet heartfelt vow, one which I sealed with a kiss even as I gently pushed my fingers into her, stroking her slowly to the edge of orgasm, leaving her gasping for breath and wanting.

“Greedy little bitch.” I chided her, flicking her clit urgently with my finger, at which she managed to appear apologetic, making me smile rather fondly at her before pushing her down on her back.

“Stay.” I commanded, and she obeyed, biting down on her lower lip, a gesture that was made my blood boil as it reminded me of the youthful innocence I had seen from afar as I watched her in her tower so many seasons ago.

Undressing quickly, my eyes never leaving my depraved little pet, I fell on her, straddling her chest as I grabbed handfuls of her hair and forced her head from the woven carpet that covered the floor of our well hidden love nest. I couldn’t help but chuckle at her reaction, her mouth forming a perfect pink oval, her tongue snaking out, expecting me to press my pussy against her face and let the little bitch tongue fuck me. I watched her eyes, my heart full of love as I trapped her head between my thighs, feeling her mouth on my cunt as I relaxed my muscles and let forth a stream of piss. To my delight and her credit, although she stiffened, she made no attempt to avoid the shower of liquid gold, lapping at me like a puppy, eager to get every last drop, swallowing what she could while the rest streamed down her cheeks and chin. After that, I let her tongue me into a deeply satisfying orgasm. It was my turn to fill the air with my cries of passion and add a flood of cum to that of piss on her blushing cheeks.

She was insatiable after that, fueled by lusts beyond description. I took her to new heights, keeping her balanced carefully on the edge, never letting her enter the valley of earthly delights until she appeared to be losing her sanity with the need to climax.

“Please!” she begged, thrashing as I filled her clenching star with the soaked handle of the whip, letting her drive her fingers into her creamy little slit with strict orders not to cum.

Forcing her up on her knees, I held her gaze in mine, her hole still plugged, her fingers still desperately working between her legs, and gripped her throat, gentle enough not to hurt her, tightly enough to ensure the flow of air to her lungs was all but cut off.

“Cum for me, Punz.” I mouthed, watching as her eyes rolled back in her head and her mouth gaped like a landed fish.

“Cum for me.” I repeated, this time in a fierce whisper as she met my gaze frantically and exploded violently, climaxing as I held her throat, and then again as I released her and drew her shivering, quaking body to me, her hair slithering around us, binding us together as we clung to each other, her sobs for breath turning to hiccups and those, in turn, to giggles as we made love once more, this time tenderly, slowly, making it last through the night until she gave in to exhaustion.

While she slept, I tended to her, carefully applying salve to her hurts, cooing over her, pausing more than once to drink in her beauty while her magical tresses shifted contentedly about her naked body, sometimes reaching out and caressing my flesh as well, as if reassuring me that I had chosen well and, while I comforted her, I began to plan our departure…