

Entangled Chapter V : Unleashing Rapunzel

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I gave her what she wanted or more accurately, what she needed. I gave her the world. I nourished her with knowledge. I set her loose, once more, in the greatest cities of the world, touring their libraries, their universities, their museums, encouraging her to take painting lessons, music lessons, to seek out astronomers, mathematicians, lawyers, and philosophers, and to learn from them. I taught her my own arts, the art of tracking, of fencing, and of stealth. And always, always, I kept one eye over my shoulder for pursuit. I had lost her once. I would not take that chance with her again. She was mine and I would keep her. At night, she took to the leash quit well. Still fiery with passion and inexhaustibly playful she would submit to me as I had to her not so long ago. Yes, she still yearned to steal away and find unsavory characters to defile her, but fearing another Jean Hébert I forbade her until she could stand it no more and demanded I give her the freedom to do that one awful thing... In the end, we compromised. I could not deny my Punz her happiness no matter how much I objected. We went forth one night, tethered together by the leash and collar she'd agreed to, pulling me along like an unruly puppy as we scoured the night for the most depraved establishment possible. The Red Stag was noisy with drunken laughter and music as we entered it. She'd heard that women performed lurid acts upon a stage here. "Please, Mistress." She'd pleaded earlier that evening. "I want to watch. Perhaps I will learn something new!" I laughed at that, carried away by her charming enthusiasm despite myself. "I find it hard to believe that there is anything under the stars that you have not already learned, pet." I replied with a fond kiss. And so we found ourselves seated before a curtained stage, her hands in her lap, rubbing herself through her skirts, already aroused with anticipation and already the center of attention in a roomful of well lubricated gentlemen. As for myself, I was wary. As had become my habit when travelling the streets with Rapunzel, I had a pair of silver stiletto daggers hidden away and no qualms about using them. Should anyone one cause trouble, it would be short lived. Rapunzel, however, was oblivious to anything save the pleasure she was obviously feeling, her soft whimpered moans drawing my notice time and time again, finding it harder and harder to draw my eyes away as she pinched her nipples to attention beneath the filmy material of her blouse as the curtains parted and the performance began. The girls were passable as pretty, and the act was

merely bawdy raunch performed by amateurs, something made clear when Rapunzel decided to put on her own show during a lull between acts. "Punz!" I hissed, thinking it might be best if we fled the establishment before events got out of hand. With a sly smile, she ignored me, too caught up in her own lust to abandon her newly minted plans. Rising from her seat, she nimbly unbuttoned her blouse and shrugged it from her shoulder, turning as she did so the male crowd, her eyes glazed with lust, her lips parted as she began inhaled and exhaled at a rate that made her breasts bounce on her small frame. The music was drowned out my appreciative whistles and remarks as she performed her impromptu strip tease, shedding all but her stockings before advancing on the suddenly silent audience. They too were brought to silence by the animal magnetism of her appeal coupled with her incredible beauty. It was as if a spell had been wrought over the entire room, one that she broke when she bent herself over the ladder back of a vacant chair, offering up her luscious orifices, her legs spread like wings, with a sultry purr. "Take me." I lost track of time as I watched her, unable to keep my own desire down, my skirts pulled up, my woman-hood exposed as I pleased myself to the sight of my beloved pet being fucked ceaselessly by every able body in the tavern. Cum covered her from head to toe, dripping from the reddened globes of her ass, down her thighs, from her cunt, her tits, her face. She took them on two at a time, sometimes three, sharing two cocks in her mouth as one was pushed roughly into the creamy mess of her cunt or her gaping, cum filled, ass. As the grey bolder, they grew rougher, pulling her from the chair and binding her arms behind her back, bending her backwards over the bar as the ravished her. I would have stopped them had she protested, or tried, but she simply spurred them on, begging and cajoling, lost in her lusts. Even the show girls joined in, drawn to her as moths to a flame. How could they resist? She was pushed and pulled to the stage and used by a woman with a greats cock strapped to her hips while Punz speared another girl's puckered star with her tongue. I lost track of how many times she came, or of how many times I did, just watching her. Objects were shoved into her snatch. Vegetables and kitchen utensils, mostly, using them like crude toys, much to her obvious delight. I caught sight of one man using his fist, his hand disappearing inside of her pliant cunt up to his wrist as she moaned and thrashed until she came again with an anguished cry. I watched with growing alarm as a giant of a man pulled out his enormous cock, almost relieved when, instead of fucking her, he grabbed her by the hair and pissed into her open mouth, his bright yellow pee splashing on her tongue and lips, cascading down her breasts as she did her best to swallow it. It was so out of control. She was out of control. When I deemed she'd had enough and leashed her, she was dripping with fluids, her lavender eyes glassy and glazed as she begged me to leave her, insatiable with lust. Wrapping her in a cloak I led her from the Stag smelling of sex and sweat and piss, my hands shaking after witnessing her voluntary defilement. All I wished to do was take her home, bathe her and fall into bed, my arms wrapped protectively around her, sheltering her from the outside world. I thought of our love nest in the hills, the little secluded cottage we'd shared, those thoughts leading to the tower from which I'd rescued her. Perhaps the hag who'd locked her away had foreseen a moment such as this... Midway to our apartments, in a poorly lit ally, my thoughts were interrupted by a voice from my past. "You stole something from us, fish-girl." I tensed, recognizing the voice instantly as one I had been dreading for

some time. That they'd caught up with us was no surprise, only that it had taken them so long. My former 'employers' or rather, my owners, had a vested interest in both Rapunzel and me. "She never belonged to you." I growled, eyes narrowing as I focused my gaze on his shadowed face. "She would have, had you done your duty, Ariel. You betrayed us." It was as simple as that for them. No amount of reasoning would convince them to release me from my contract nor would it lessen their interest in the girl with the magical hair. That left me with only one option. Desperation fueled my actions as I gave silent thanks that I'd taken to carrying a blade with me wherever I travelled. It was with grim satisfaction that I watched his eyes widen in surprise as I drove it home. After that, I fled the scene, planning our exodus as I ran, knowing that they would already be closing the ring around us. With her dressed only in a cloak and reeking of sex, and I hardly better off, we commandeered a carriage and fled the city. Fortunately, I had put aside a purse full of coin, enough to clothe and house and feed us in case of such an emergency. Rapunzel, still in a state of shock asked no questions as the coach rattled over cobblestone, the leash hanging loose between us, tethering her to me as my thoughts turned once more to the tower in which I had found her. o-o-o We travelled by day and slept by night, making our way swiftly through cities and towns, crossing border after border until we reached the small kingdom in which her old home was hidden away in a valley that only a few knew even knew existed. I smiled grimly, mentally going down the list of whom I would have to pay a visit to so that only I held the secret of the tower's location. We travelled by foot by the light of the moon for three days before we came upon the concealed entrance, Rapunzel protesting as I pulled her along cruelly, her collar locked tight around her throat, hands bound behind her back, her eyes swollen and red with tears. Had I not hardened my heart it would have broken in two at the sight. "This is for your own good, Punz!" I told her, whether to convince her or me, I am still not sure, as I pushed her towards her old bed, sneezing at the dust we'd stirred up in the lifeless room of the towering prison. I watched her carefully, lips pressed together grimly, my resolve unflinching as she turned to me, her despair clearly writ in her glistening lavender orbs as she fell to her knees before me. "Why, Ariel?" she whimpered, clutching at my hem with trembling fingers. "To keep you safe, Punz." "To keep me caged." She spat, unfamiliar fury making her voice rough. I flinched, turning my head, unable to meet her gaze, suddenly doubting my intentions, my heart thundering against my ribcage. "No." I whispered, staring out the arched stone window at the steep cliffs that marked the borders of this unmapped secluded valley. "I thought you loved me. You only want to possess me. That's all you ever wanted." Her words were bitter and sharp, driving a knife into my heart with unerring aim. I opened my mouth to refute her and found myself mute. I let my thoughts wander, examining our relationship since I'd first laid eyes on her in silence. I had wanted to possess her. I had also fallen in love with her. Were the two mutually exclusive? Perhaps I had fooled even myself. Perhaps she was right. "No." I breathed, shaking the thought from my head. If I did this, she would hate me forever. I had been prepared for that. For her own good, I'd told myself. Now, faced with the reality of my crime, I faltered. I recalled the hag who had hidden her away, wondering if I had it in me to become her, shuddering at how near I had come. To lock her in this tower, watching her pine for the wonders I had introduced to her and then withdrawn. Better to lose her than to destroy what she was, what she had become. I made my

decision quickly, knowing the dangers of dwelling too long on the subject, knowing the weakness within me concerning Rapunzel. No longer would this bright light be shut away in darkness. For my sake as much as hers, she needed to be shared with the world. She needed to be unleashed. With shaking hands, I knelt before her, our eyes meeting as I deliberately unlocked the collar around her delicate throat and set her free one final time... o-o-o Perched in the window of our apartment overlooking a well groomed garden, I stared out at the horizon, contentment filling me as I listened to Rapunzel stirring from our shared bed, smiling at the soft fall of her footsteps as she drew near, feeling the warmth of her nakedness as she slipped her arms around me and rested her chin upon my bare shoulder. "I love you." she whispered into my ear, giving it a playful nip then giggling and dancing out of my reach. "Spoiled little slut." I growled, giving chase. I caught her easily, tangling my hands in her hair and pulling her back to me, her silken tresses coiling around my arms, seeming to betray her. Her mane shone in the light of the morning sun, weaving about me, pulling us together until nothing separated us. I kissed her, her eyes filling my horizon, wide with the wonder of love as I suspect mine were. "Good morning, Punz." I murmured, running my finger tip along her throat, a reminder of where her collar had once rested. "Good morning, wife." With that, she sank to her knees and clenched my bottom, her strength surprising, trapping my cunt against her face as she pushed her tongue inside of me. I held on as best I could, my fingers clenching her scalp, shivering and squirming as she drove me to the heights of ecstasy, laughing as I collapsed to the floor and gathered her up in my arms. "Now it's your turn, you naughty little beast." "Spank me? Please?" she pleaded, her eyes luminous and full of lust. With a smile, I pulled her over my lap, and smacked her raised ass until it was bright red, one smack for every year we'd been together, listening to her squeal as she breathlessly counted out all forty blows, thanking me for each and every one. The End.