



II

The Further Erotic Adventures of Sleeping Beauty

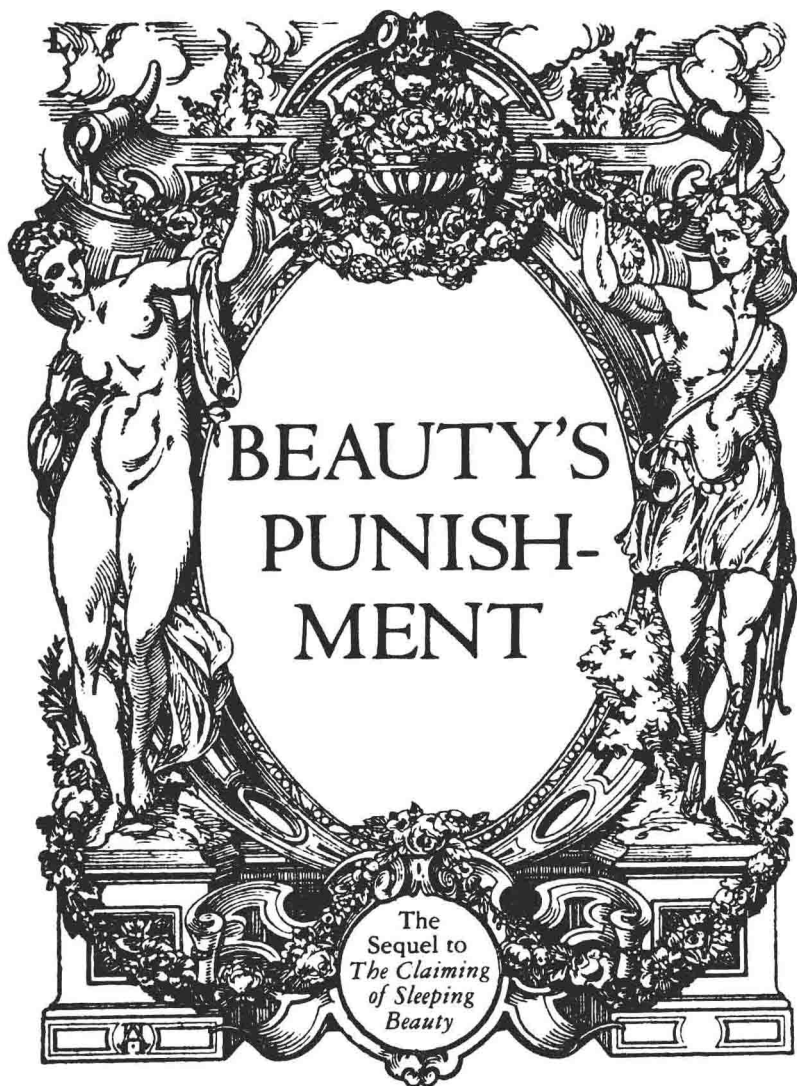
ANNE
RICE

writing as

A.N.

ROQUELAURE

Beauty's
Punishment



A. N. Roquelaure



A PLUME BOOK

Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street,
New York, New York 10014, U.S.A.
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane,
London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood,
Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street,
Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road,
Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices:
Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published by Plume, an imprint of New American Library,
a division of Penguin Books USA Inc. First published in a
Dutton edition.

Copyright © 1984, by A. N. Roquelaure
All rights reserved.

REGISTERED TRADEMARK—MARCA REGISTRADA

Roquelaure, A.N.
Beauty's punishment.
Sequel to: *The claiming of Sleeping Beauty*

ISBN: 0-452-26662-9

Printed in the United States of America

Designed by Nancy Etheredge

Without limiting the rights under copyright reserved above, no part
of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a
retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form, or by any means
(electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise),
without the prior written permission of both the copyright owner
and the above publisher of this book.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents
either are the product of the author's imagination or are used
fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or
dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

THE EROTIC NOVELS
OF ANNE RICE WRITING AS
A. N. ROQUELAURE

The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty

•

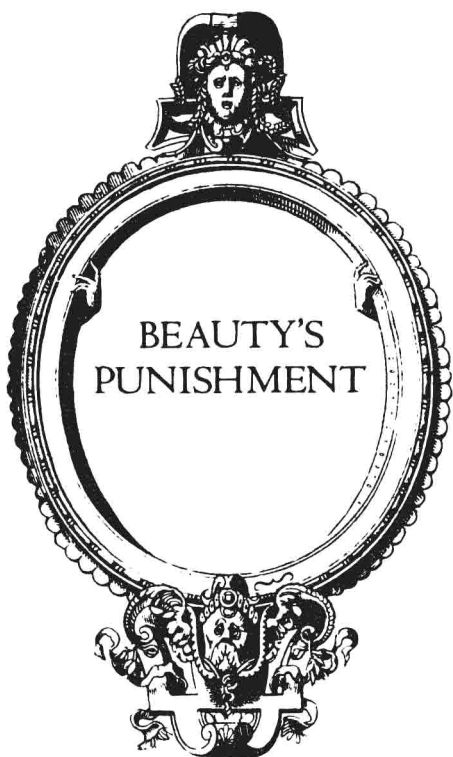
Beauty's Punishment

•

Beauty's Release

Since 1983, A. N. Roquelaure has envisioned (for the uninhibited reader) a hypnotic and seductive adult fairy tale in the Sleeping Beauty novels. Now, the author of this exquisite erotic trilogy reveals her true identity—beckoning the reader into a sensuous world of forbidden dreams and dark-edged desires . . . a world in which traditional ideas of submission and dominance and gender preference are thrown to the winds . . . a world made irresistibly inviting by the adventurous spirit and imagination of the unrivaled Anne Rice.

*an
erotic novel of
discipline,
love and surrender,
for the enjoyment
of men
and women*





AFTER HER century-long slumber, the Sleeping Beauty opened her eyes at the kiss of the Prince, to find her garments stripped away and her heart as well as her body under the rule of her deliverer. At once, Beauty was claimed as the Prince's naked pleasure slave to be taken to his Kingdom.

With the grateful consent of her parents, and dazed with desire for the Prince, Beauty was then brought to the Court of Queen Eleanor, the Prince's mother, to serve as one of hundreds of naked Princes and Princesses, all playthings of the Court until such time as they should be rewarded and sent home to their Kingdoms.

BEAUTY'S PUNISHMENT

Dazzled by the rigors of the Training Hall, the Hall of Punishments, the ordeal of the Bridle Path, and her own mounting passion to please, Beauty remained the undisputed favorite of the Prince and the delight of her sometime Mistress, the lovely young Lady Juliana.

Yet she could not ignore her secret and forbidden infatuation with the Queen's exquisite slave, Prince Alexi, and finally the disobedient slave, Prince Tristan.

After glimpsing Prince Tristan among the disgraced of the castle, Beauty, in a moment of seemingly inexplicable rebellion, brings upon herself the very same punishment destined for Tristan: to be sent away from the voluptuous Court to the degradation of harsh labor in the nearby village.

As our story continues, Beauty has just been placed in the cart with Prince Tristan and the other disgraced slaves to be taken down the long road to the auction block in the village marketplace.





THE STORY THUS FAR

Page ix

THE PUNISHED

Page 1

BEAUTY AND TRISTAN

Page 5

CONTENTS

THE AUCTION
IN THE MARKETPLACE

Page 13

BEAUTY ON THE BLOCK

Page 23

LESSONS FROM MISTRESS LOCKLEY

Page 28

PRINCE ROGER'S
STRANGE LITTLE STORY

Page 41

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD

Page 45

THE PLACE OF PUBLIC PUNISHMENT

Page 51

TRISTAN IN THE HOUSE OF
NICOLAS, THE QUEEN'S CHRONICLER

Page 59

A SPLENDID EQUIPAGE

Page 73

THE FARM AND THE STABLE

Page 78

CONTENTS

SOLDIERS' NIGHT AT THE INN

Page 88

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT

Page 99

NICOLAS'S BEDCHAMBER

Page 108

TRISTAN'S SOUL FURTHER REVEALED

Page 115

MISTRESS LOCKLEY'S DISCIPLINE

Page 132

CONVERSATION WITH PRINCE RICHARD

Page 143

PUBLIC TENTS

Page 150

MISTRESS LOCKLEY'S AFFECTIONS

Page 156

SECRETS IN THE INNER CHAMBER

Page 164

UNDER THE STARS

Page 180

CONTENTS

REVELATIONS AND MYSTERIES

Page 188

PENITENTIAL PROCESSION

Page 198

TRISTAN AND BEAUTY

Page 202

DISASTER

Page 212

EXOTIC MERCHANDISE

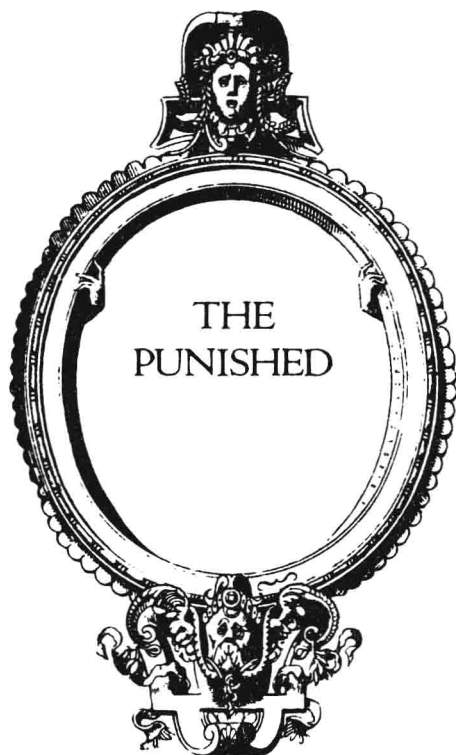
Page 215

ANOTHER TURN OF THE WHEEL

Page 220

VOLUPTUOUS CAPTIVITY

Page 227



THE MORNING star was just fading in the violet sky as the huge wooden cart, crowded with naked slaves, moved slowly over the castle draw-bridge. The white draft horses plodded steadily towards the winding road, and the soldiers drove their mounts close to the high wooden wheels, the better to catch with their thudding straps the naked legs and buttocks of the wailing slave Princes and Princesses.

Frantically, the group huddled together on the rough boards, their hands bound to the backs of their necks, their mouths gagged and stretched by little leather bits, plump breasts and reddened buttocks shivering.

BEAUTY'S PUNISHMENT

Some, in desperation, glanced back at the high towers of the darkened castle. But no one was awake, it seemed, to hear their cries. And a thousand obedient slaves slept within, on the silken beds of the Slaves' Hall or in their Masters' and Mistresses' sumptuous chambers, unconcerned for those incorrigible ones who were borne away now in the wobbling, high-railed cart, towards the village auction.

The Commander of the Patrol smiled to himself as he saw Princess Beauty, the Crown Prince's dearest slave, press towards the tall, heavily muscled figure of Prince Tristan. She had been the last to be loaded into the cart, and what a lovely slave she was, he mused, her long, straight, golden hair hanging loose down her back, her little mouth straining to kiss Tristan in spite of the leather bit that gagged her. And how could the disobedient Tristan, with his hands bound to his neck as securely as those of any other punished slave, solace her now, the Commander wondered?

He debated with himself: Should he stop this illicit intimacy? It would be simple enough to pull Beauty out of the group and spread her legs as he bent her over the railing of the cart, spanking with his belt her plump disobedient little sex for its impudence. Maybe Tristan and Beauty, both, should be set down on the road and whipped behind the cart to teach them a good lesson.

But in truth the Commander felt just a little bit sorry for the condemned slaves, spoilt as they were, even the willful Beauty and Tristan. By noon they would all have been sold from the block, and during the long summer months of village service they would learn plenty.

The Commander rode alongside the cart now, catching another succulent little Princess with his belt, punishing the rosy pubic lips that peeped through a nest of glossy black curls, and he plied the strap all the harder when a long-limbed Prince sought gallantly to shield her.

Nobility even in adversity, the Commander laughed

The Punished

to himself, and gave the Prince exactly what he deserved with the strap, all the more amused when he glimpsed the Prince's hard and writhing organ.

Well-trained, the lot, he had to admit, the lovely Princesses with their nipples erect and faces flushed, the Princes trying to conceal their swelling cocks. And as sorry as the Commander felt for them, he couldn't help but think of the glee of the villagers.

All year the villagers saved their money for this day, when only a few coins would purchase, for the whole summer long, a pampered slave who had been chosen for the Court, trained and groomed for the Court, and must now obey the lowliest kitchen maid or stable boy who bid high enough at the auction.

And what an enticing group they were this time, their rounded limbs still fragrant with costly perfume, pubic hair still combed and oiled, as if they went to be presented to the Queen herself and not a thousand leering and eager villagers. Cobblers, Innkeepers, merchants awaited them, determined to exact hard labor for their money as well as pretty looks and abject humility.

The cart jostled the crying slaves, tumbled them together. The distant castle was now no more than a great gray shadow against the lightening sky, its vast pleasure gardens concealed by the high walls that surrounded it.

And the Commander smiled as he rode nearer to the thicket of lovely shaped calves and high-arched feet in the cart, seeing a half dozen splendid unfortunates pressed to the very front rail with no hope at all of escaping the soldiers' straps as the others crowded against them. All they could do was squirm under the playful assault, baring hips and backsides and bellies again to the sting of the belts as they bowed their tear-stained faces.

It was a luscious sight indeed, rendered all the more interesting, perhaps, by the fact that they didn't really know what lay in store for them. No matter how much Court slaves were warned about the village, they were

never really prepared for the shocks that awaited them. If they had really known, they would never, never have risked the Queen's displeasure.

And the Commander couldn't help but think ahead to the end of summer when, thoroughly chastened, these same wailing and struggling young men and women would be brought back with heads bowed and tongues silent in utter submission. What a privilege it would be then to whip them one by one to press their lips to the Queen's slipper!

So let them wail now, the Commander mused. Let them twist and turn as the sun rose over the rolling green hills and the cart lumbered ever faster down the long road to the village. And let the pretty little Beauty and the majestic young Tristan cleave to each other in the very middle of the press. They would soon learn what they had brought upon themselves.

He might even stay for the auction this time, the Commander thought, or at least just long enough to see Beauty and Tristan separated and hoisted one after the other to that block as they deserved, and sold off to their new owners.