



## **Reviews for Naughty Fairy Tales Vol. 1**

"Isabelle Rose has rewoven luscious tales from childhood and brought them scrumptiously into adulthood. I was intrigued and couldn't put the book down. Those that love fairy tales, will be sweating over these reinvented tales. Alice will keep you wondering what has truly been going on in Wonderland all these years since she has left. These more to it than falling into a rabbit hole. Once you start reading, you'll find yourself plummeting into a world of delicious characters that will make you want to have a loved one near by."

~ Crymsyn R. Hart,  
*Gods and Goblins, Oh My!*  
(coming soon from StarDust Press)

"Naughty Fairy Tales is a recommended read, in my opinion. Isabelle has blended the fantasy of a fairy tale with eroticism and sexuality and cocooned it with a sensual haze we won't want to emerge from. This book will make us all want to find our own rabbit hole to an alternate world. I cannot wait to find out what Isabelle will give us next in this series of erotic fantasy. It's a guarantee we have never read fairy tales like this."

~ Dahlia Rose,  
*The Soul Mate's Curse*  
(coming soon from StarDust Press)

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# **Naughty Fairy Tales**

## **Vol. 1**

**Isabelle Rose**



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## Lust in Wonderland

Alice went down on her knees and stared into the rabbit hole. Ten years had passed since the time she first went down the dark chasm. For a decade, she'd wondered if it was all a dream. She'd spent a long time wondering if the White Rabbit, the Queen of Hearts, and her treasure—the Cheshire Cat—were real. Even the Mad Hatter had his moments of interest, but not like those other three.

Had it really been ten years? Was it all just a strange dream? What about those other times when she'd dreamt of Wonderland? They were so vivid it seemed as though she was there, but she'd always wake up safe and sound in her bed, leading her to think they were just dreams.

Her mother said that Alice had gone "mad". She chuckled at the word. Whenever she heard it, all she could think about was the Cheshire Cat. The feline had been right all along. *"We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."* She remembered as though it had all happened just yesterday.

"Twenty-one years old and still dreaming silly dreams," Alice scolded herself.

Yet, here she was, on the very spot where it had all begun, on that beautiful summer morning. The blonde hair that she had when she was a child had become a light brown, but her soft curls remained.

*Where would the rabbit hole take me this time around?* She stared down the dark pit. The hole looked so innocent. A little rabbit hole. What harm could it possibly do? What was the harm if she were to go back to Wonderland once more?

She pushed her head into the hole and shouted, "Hello." Hearing the echo of her voice, she giggled and pulled herself out. She looked up into the blue, blue sky through the dark green foliage of the trees. She fantasized about the White Rabbit, just as she did every day for the past five years. She wasn't exactly sure why or how she had started thinking about him. The idea simply popped into her head one day, and there it remained.

She tried to talk about Wonderland with her sister when she had returned from her first visit, but she may as well have been talking to a brick wall. Only Dinah seemed to show any interest in the things Alice had to say, but the cat couldn't tell her if she was mad or not. It was hopeless. Everyone who went to Wonderland was mad. The Cheshire Cat said so.

Alice heard a sound coming from the house.

"Alice!"

Her mother was calling her, which meant only one thing—the doctor was here. They were going to try something new on her, something she couldn't hide underneath her tongue and spit out when no one was looking. She'd overheard her mother saying that the *good* doctor was going to use electric currents to "erase" Alice's delusions, and her sister hoping it would finally cure Alice's madness, after ten long years.

"Alice dear, where are you?"

Her mother's voice was getting closer. She had to choose: the rabbit hole and freedom, a place full of mad yet colorful people, or stay home and



be confined to a blank, almost nonexistent life in a gray place full of half-dead people. She had seen the patients in the hospital, sitting in their wheelchairs and drooling on themselves. Her chin lifted in determination. She didn't want that to happen to her, she refused to be trapped in the prison of her mind, and she absolutely refused to silence her imagination. So what if people thought she was mad? She knew she wasn't.

Alice made a decision.

She crawled inside the rabbit hole, her heart pounding in anticipation. Her hips got stuck for a moment, causing her to realize just how young she'd been when she'd first ventured into Wonderland. After a few moments of struggle, she managed to squeeze her way in.

Down, down, down the hole she went. She let out a whoop of delight as the air rushed past her and she went through the portal into Wonderland. She giggled happily as the soft wind blew her skirt up. She'd forgotten this part of the hole-- the slow fall. The wind tickled her thighs as her skirt continued to dance close to her breasts. She tried to push her skirt down. She soon found out it was a fruitless battle.

The library came into view, and books of every imaginable topic surrounded her. She picked up a heavy, leather-bound book, attracted by the colorful picture on the cover. It was entitled *Kama Sutra*. She flipped through the book and found some interesting sexual positions within its pages. She looked at the position called *The Yab-Yum*. The picture showed a woman with her legs wrapped around the man's neck, while her chest was pressed against his. It looked like a very intimate position. There was another illustration of a couple in a missionary position, only the woman had her legs wrapped around the man's waist. She glanced through the rest of the book and found other positions that intrigued her. She felt a stirring in her crotch and itched to try them out as soon as she found a willing partner in

Wonderland.

With a soft thud, she fell to the ground, empty-handed. The book had disappeared with a "poof". Pity that.

Alice looked around the room and took in a deep breath of fresh air. She didn't realize she'd been starved for air since she'd left Wonderland. Unlike the first time she'd been here, however, she knew what to do this time around. She knew not to eat everything that had the words "eat me" written on them and not to drink everything labeled "drink me".

Over at the other end of the room, she spied the tiny golden door and smiled. She knew exactly what to do. She walked toward the glass table and picked up the golden key that lay on top of it. She slipped it into her pocket, though she wasn't sure she'd use it.

A tiny bottle appeared magically on the table, bouncing, eager to land on her hand. The tag said, "Drink Me." The electric blue liquid glowed as it swished from side to side inside the clear glass.

Temptation.

She knew that as soon as the smooth glass caressed her soft warm hands, she wouldn't be able to resist a small sip. "No, thank you," she replied to the invitation. Voicing out her refusal strengthened her resolve, even as she reminded herself about what had happened to her the first time. She'd grown bigger and bigger until she was squished inside the teeny-tiny room with her legs pressed against her chest. She shuddered. She didn't want that to happen again.

Alice turned her back on the little bouncing bottle. "Better to be safe, than sorry," she whispered to herself and looked resolutely forward.

"Hello, Alice," a deep and soft voice spoke from behind her.

"I know your voice." She turned around, looking for the voice hiding in the dark.

"You should. It has been many years, but I knew you would come back someday." A man stepped out of the darkness.

Alice smiled upon seeing her old friend. It would be easy to describe him as an albino man, only he wasn't really that. He was a man completely painted in white, with large, red eyes that looked kindly upon her. The intriguing thing was that his eyes took up almost half of his face.

"White Rabbit!" She ran toward him, giddy in her happiness. "It's you, it's really you!" She took both his hands in each of hers and danced a little ring. "I would never forget Wonderland. I tried to tell people back home all about it, but they thought I was mad. Maybe I am... and maybe that's why I came back."

"Let me look at you." He stopped their dancing and took her chin in his hands.

He turning her face gently from side to side, his red eyes flecked gold with admiration. His eyes darkened with lust, and near her stomach, his cock was stirring and becoming hard.

Her heart thumped in excitement, and she realized here was a potential playmate. "I remember you better as a rabbit." She pressed herself closer against him, reveling in his masculine strength and the iron-hardness of his cock.

"It was the easiest way to lure you in." His nose twitched and tickled her ear. "I wasn't the only one who changed for you."

"Why would anyone want to do something like that?"

"Because we're easily bored here in Wonderland." His hand slipped

inside her blouse and caressed her back. "We become weary of always looking at the same things over and over again. Alice, you were a breath of fresh air in this place. People still talk about you, even now."

"But, White, that was ten years ago," she said, amazed over the fact that they still would remember her. She looked into his eyes and saw confusion lurking in their depths. *Why would he be confused?*

"Alice, the Queen already knows you're here. She expects you to go to her as soon as possible, but I told her that you might want to revisit old friends on the way to the castle, so I was able to buy you some time. Besides, we have some unfinished business, you and I, seeing as I was always on the run, always late. Now, you can see, I have time to spare." His voice took on a low, seductive tone. "For now, I am yours."

"You are mine?" Alice liked the idea of having White to do with as she wished. She thought about all of the fantasies she'd had since he popped into her mind several years ago. She wanted to make some of her imaginings a reality.

*At last, no more shy and proper young men for me to break.* The moment she'd turned eighteen, she'd snuck her neighbor into her bedroom and did with him everything she wanted; she'd fulfilled each and every fantasy. *Pity, I can't remember his name right now. He's probably still licking the wounds I gave him that night.* The thought brought a wicked grin to her lips.

"I—am—yours," he repeated, lust dripping from every syllable. The words brought Alice back to the moment she and White were sharing.

She smiled as she stepped back from him and began unbuttoning her blouse. White followed her lead and took off his clothes to reveal a perfectly smooth, white body. Alice stared at him, fascinated by the color of his skin,

which was the color of a white cloud on a perfect spring day. His abs were chiseled, and there were so many ripples on his body that she itched to touch. She chucked off the rest of her clothes in a hurry and went down on her knees before him. She ran her tongue over his abs while her hands caressed his strong thighs.

Alice pulled his pants down and revealed his white cock. The only bit of color on it was the tip, which was the palest of pinks. She parted her lips and took his cock in her mouth. His moan excited her. She ran her tongue along his alabaster shaft and marveled at how warm it was. She swallowed the length of him as deep inside her mouth as she could. She grabbed his butt and used it to push him further inside her mouth. She pulled herself away, licked the head of his cock and tasted the sweet-and-sour flavor of his seed.

He panted. "That's enough."

Alice reluctantly stopped and took his cock out of her mouth. With one hand, she continued caressing his massive length, while with her index finger on the other hand, she wiped the corners of her lips.

White pulled down Alice's blue skirt. She smiled as she watched how his cock reacted to her naked body. The only bit of clothing on her was her white knee high stockings and black patent leather Mary Jane shoes.

"What do you want?"

She lifted her head toward him. "I want you to kiss my lips."

He leaned forward and kissed her deeply on the mouth.

Alice allowed him to suck her lips for a few moments before she pulled herself away from him. "That was good. But it wasn't those lips I wanted kissed." She gestured with her eyes, looking downward so that White would be in no doubt as to what she was referring to.

He snapped his fingers, and a red velvet chair appeared. He smiled and bowed. "Please sit down, my dear."

Alice stepped forward and sat on the edge of the chair, spreading her long legs wide. She lifted them and rested them on the arms of the chair, opening herself to his avid gaze. She then gave him a come hither look, watching with unabashed lust as White moved toward her. His every movement caused a ripple to go through his body. She was soaking wet by the time he went down on his knees and plunged his bright, pink tongue deep into Alice's hole.

She shuddered and moaned with pleasure. She used the tips of her fingers to rub herself off as White continued flicking his tongue back and forth across her pussy. Somehow, he found all of the places he needed to bring forth a moan out of her.

He withdrew his tongue and thrust two fingers inside her pussy. She gasped in surprise, but her pussy was already welcoming those thick, long fingers. Yet, she wished those were his cock instead. Heat sizzled in her groin, causing her to burn. She played with her nipples, pinching them until they turned a deep mauve.

"Stop..." she managed to say, even though it went against everything she felt at that moment. Her pussy cried out in disappointment, clenching around air as White withdrew his fingers. She smiled when she saw her juices coating his face. She kissed him on the lips and licked his chin clean, savoring the taste of her own musky juices on her tongue. "Alright, sit," she said huskily.

White sat on the ground, his eyes lit with anticipation and pure lust.

Alice went down on her knees beside him and took his cock in her mouth once more. He gasped and moaned. With both her hands, she rubbed

his hard rod where her mouth could not reach. After giving it a good suck, she took him out of her mouth, bent further and licked his testicles.

"Oh, God," White cried out.

She nuzzled his wet cock against her cheek as she continued caressing his testicles with her tongue, then ran her tongue up and around his cock, engulfing him once again in her mouth. She took him in as far as she could, all the way to the back of her mouth.

He shouted in surprise, his hands gripping tight on her hair.

Alice released him with a plop. "I'm done teasing you; I want you inside of me."

"Very well." He helped Alice to her feet. He snapped his fingers, and she watched as the chair turned into a bed with red silk sheets.

"You certainly have a few tricks up your sleeves," she purred as she sat on the bed.

"You have no idea," White said as he climbed up on top of Alice.

She savored the moment when White pushed his long, hard cock deep inside her pussy. She looked into his red eyes, and for a moment, she thought she saw fire in them. She wasn't sure whether to be excited or afraid. "Let me be on top."

He was becoming a little too zealous during their lovemaking.

White nodded, and together, they maneuvered her on top of him. She released a sigh of satisfaction as she felt him fill her up all the way inside. She rode his cock with relentless joy. Well, she did enjoy having sex. When she wasn't looking for some foolish boy to sneak up into her room, she was fantasizing about it as she pleased herself in her room. She rubbed her clit as she continued riding White. She wanted to make him so tired he would

have no energy left in him to run away from her. It was a tiresome thing to chase after a rabbit. Especially one that was good at getting away.

Her pussy tightened, and the warm feeling that ran through her body escalated into a sharp pleasure that sent sparks all over the rest of her. She came. Hard. White gave three more thrusts, and he soon followed.

Alice lay on top of him panting. As she gazed at his wide-eyed and amazed expression, she realized then how badly he had wanted her. She imagined him counting the days after she left, until he could have her. But she knew in her heart of hearts that she would never be his. He would follow orders and send Alice to the Queen of Hearts. He had to obey his queen. She saw a great sadness in him when he pulled himself away from her.

"I have to go," he whispered.

"Why?" She sat up. "Don't go."

"Because I don't deserve to love you when I value my life more than a chance to be with you," he said as he put his clothes on.

"Is it the Queen?"

"You know it is." He buttoned up his white shirt and put on the bright red velvet vest. Alice looked at the tiny gold chain hanging from his vest pocket. She knew his favorite gold watch was hidden in there.

"I have to go to her, don't I?" Her voice was sad and filled with longing at the same time. She'd always been fascinated with the Queen, even when the latter had threatened to decapitate her. The thought of hearing Her Majesty's voice shouting that command sent shivers down her spine.

"Yes, it's what she commands. You can take your time though. I was able to do that much for you, but remember, the Queen is not a patient woman. Treasure your brief moments of freedom." White grabbed her gently



by the chin and drew her to him. He kissed her and pushed his tongue deep inside her mouth. She pulled him tighter against her and tried to make the kiss last longer.

White was the first to break away. "Always pulling myself away from you..." He took a step back and wiped away a single tear before it could finish its trail down his cheek.

"Stay with me a while longer, just a few more minutes," Alice begged.

White picked up her clothes and placed them on the corner of the bed. "And then what? Beg for a few minutes from the Queen whenever we feel the need to be with each other? Do you really think you and I are in a room alone? That we are not being watched at this very moment? My dear, my beautiful Alice, you're still as innocent as ever, and for that I love you." He kissed her once more, then transformed into a tiny white rabbit right before her eyes. He hopped away, and with every hop, a tear fell from Alice's blue eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice made herself stop crying, and she wiped the tears with the back of her hand. She didn't want a river of tears to form again.

Her gaze fell on the golden door. She knew what lay behind it: the direct way to the Queen of Hearts' garden. Alice didn't like the way she felt whenever she was in the Queen's presence—weak and easily manipulated. She decided she would postpone seeing the Queen for as long as she could.

*What's the use of being in Wonderland if I'm not going to have an adventure?*

She took the golden key from her pocket and tossed it on the table. Without looking back, she ran out of the room and found herself in

Wonderland Forest.

She wandered through the forest and realized Wonderland hadn't changed at all. The trees were still bright green. The sky was clear. Perfect white clouds danced slowly above her head. The flowers were forever in bloom. Nothing ever died here. Nothing changed. Not one bit. It was almost as though time was frozen, and nothing aged in this place. Would the same happen to her? Would she remain young forever? Before she could think through the ramifications of that question, she tripped over a thick vine and fell face first onto the ground. "Oomph!"

"Did you see that?" a squeaky voice asked.

"Yes, I most certainly did. That was quite a comical fall, if I ever did see one," another voice said, a lower pitched one.

"Who's there?" Alice asked, looking around as she stood up.

"That's the matter with tall people. They never seem to look down," the first voice said.

Alice looked down.

The talking flowers. A bed of them was located a few steps to her right. The flowers were beautiful. There was a mixture of tiger lilies, daisies, pansies, roses, daffodils, gardenias and violets, each one more beautiful than the next. The only thing was that they always had something to say.

She rolled her eyes and muttered under her breath, "Not again."

"She smells funny," Daisy said.

Rose nodded her head in agreement. "She most certainly does."

"Hey!" Alice protested.

"Well, you do!" the Pansies chimed in unison then giggled.

Alice stomped her foot and resisted the urge to trample them. *Ooh, it would be so easy...* But it would do no good. All it would have done was make them angry, since there was no way to kill these flowers. Yes, Wonderland most certainly had not changed. Not one bit. As she stormed off, she heard the flowers giggling and snickering.

"Stupid flowers," Alice muttered.

She kept walking until she noticed that she was in the darker part of Wonderland Forest. The trees were a darker color, a deeper shade of hunter green. They towered over her, blocking out the sun and the sky. Just when she was starting to become frightened, she heard a woman's voice saying, "Are you lost in the Forest? Or is the Forest lost in you?"

"I'm not lost. I am precisely where I want to be." Alice continued trudging onward.

"Then you, my dear, are most certainly lost," the woman replied.

"Who are you?"

"You should know me by now," the woman purred.

Alice searched her memory, trying to find that haunting, yet familiar, voice. She remembered and smiled. "Cheshire Cat? Is it you?" Alice looked up at the trees around her and hunted for her old friend. She found nothing, not a trace of bright green eyes or white smile. Just green, green, green all around her.

"Alice. Malice. Chalice. Callous. Palace. I like to try and rhyme things from time to time." Cat emerged from the top of a nearby tree. "My, my, look at how you've grrrown," she purred as she hung upside down, her tail wrapped around a thick tree branch. The feline's green eyes shimmered as she studied this new and improved Alice. Her fur stood on end as she eyed Alice's fully-grown breasts.

"What are you talking about?" Alice asked in indignation, hands on her waist. For some reason, she couldn't take her eyes off the feline, marveling at the vibrant violet and royal purple stripes decorating her thin, furry body.

"Oh, you know what I'm talking about." Cat untangled her tail and landed on her feet without making a sound.

Alice gave her a smile. She knew what Cheshire Cat was talking about. Her body had certainly grown and matured since the last time she was in Wonderland.

"Prrrecious little thing that you are." Cat's tail twitched left and right in tandem to her hips as she made her way to Alice.

*I'm in trouble*, was the thought that ran through Alice's head as she watched Cat put one padded foot in front of the other. With every step, Cat's fur disappeared and made way for smooth skin the color of light caramel. Alice watched in wonder as the graceful feline slowly morphed into an alluring woman.

Cheshire Cat lowered her nose to the nape of Alice's neck and sniffed her way up to her ear. "You smell like you've been fucked," she purred.

Alice's throat became dry. She didn't know what to say. Actually, she couldn't think as Cat stretched and pressed her tall and lithe body against Alice's own petite figure, warming her in her nether regions and making her wet.

Cat grinned, revealing a row of perfect, white teeth. "Don't worry. I'll tempt you until you come begging for me to take you into my bed, or on the ground. It doesn't matter where. I'll make you want me. And you'll forget all about purrfect Mr. White." Cat made both her arms disappear.

Alice wondered why she did this, but she reminded herself that

Cheshire Cat never had a reason behind her actions. She just did whatever she wanted to, something she proved when, barely a moment later, she lifted Alice's skirt. The only thing Alice could feel was Cheshire Cat's hands running up her legs and thighs. The sensation was so pleasurable that she moaned. Then, Cat apparently went on her knees, because Alice felt her sniffing her pussy.

Alice trembled.

"Pretty little pussy," Cat murmured as she traced a line across Alice's swollen, wet lips. Cat dipped her fingers into the juices that were oozing out Alice's pussy and licked them clean. She then pushed her middle finger inside Alice's warm cave.

Alice was dizzy from the pleasure. Even though she couldn't see Cheshire Cat's hands, she could certainly feel them. "What are you doing?"

"Leaving my mark." Cat pulled her finger out and scratched Alice across the abdomen.

"You're wicked!" Alice shrieked and tried to walk away from the giggling feline.

Cat laughed, enjoying every bit of the scene that played before her. She began doing backward cartwheels, and with each flip, a limb disappeared until there was nothing.

Alice stomped her foot and looked at her scratches, knowing them for the possessive marks that they were. Cat wanted her almost as badly as White did. The difference was that Cat was much more aggressive, and that was what excited Alice. She was discovering that force heated her blood a lot more than gentle White and his parlor tricks.

"Ooooh, I'll get that naughty kitten. She'll regret having marked me," Alice muttered as she checked her abdomen. There were four perfectly lined

marks right across her belly—two lines above her belly button and two underneath. Alice knew they would leave scars.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice wandered around the forest. She stopped at a fork on the road and studied the sign that stood at the juncture. To the right was an arrow pointing to the Mad Hatter's house, and to the left was a sign pointing to the March Hare's house. The arrow in the middle pointed to the Queen's Palace. Alice made her decision without hesitation and took the path on the left.

Alice was deep in thought as she continued walking. If she hadn't been so caught up in plotting how she would take her revenge upon the Cheshire Cat, she would've heard the signs snickering as they changed places. While Alice thought she was going to the March Hare's house, she was really on her way to the Mad Hatter's.

After about an hour of walking, Alice heard a strange song. It wasn't one she'd heard before, but for some reason, it was familiar. This confused her greatly.

*"There is no going back,*

*once you make the turn.*

*Sit down, have a drink or two or three.*

*Put your head in your hands*

*and tell me your woes.*

*I'll put them inside my hat,*

*I'll shake it,*

*don't worry,*

*I won't stir it.*

*You'll forget all about it.*

*Make the same mistakes*

*over and over again.*

*I'll see you soon.*

*There's no turning back,*

*once you make the turn.*

*You can always go*

*round and round*

*and round and round..."*

"Oh no." Alice stopped in her tracks when she saw him.

"Welcome back. I told you it would only be a matter of time. You came back just like the rest. They always come back, whether they mean to or not," the Mad Hatter said as he extended his long, thin fingers toward her, wriggling them and motioning her to come closer to him.

His hand didn't seem welcoming to her, and she recoiled at the thought of touching it. She didn't know why her feet walked closer toward him when what she wanted to do was run away.

He sat on a large, blue velvet chair, like always, his royal blue top hat lowered so that it cast a shadow over half of his face. The table was still the longest piece of furniture she had ever seen. From beginning to end, it was covered with teapots, tea cups, saucers, sugar cubes, cookies, scones, crackers and sandwiches.

"I see that certain things refuse to change around here." Alice crossed her arms across her chest.

"And why would they? Why should they change?" Hatter shifted on the

seat, trying to adjust his pants surreptitiously.

"Just trying to make conversation." Alice tried to hide her grin. She knew that Hatter was trying to control his growing erection by the way he continued to cross and uncross his legs.

"Oh, you also don't change. You're still fooling yourself into thinking you're some sort of *lady*." He flipped his hand as though swatting the word away from his vocabulary. He stood up and lifted his chin slightly, proudly showing his height. He was a very tall man, slightly underweight, but handsome nonetheless.

With his index finger, he lifted the tip of his hat, revealing a pair of bright violet eyes.

Alice did her best to look away from his gaze. She found that she couldn't, no matter how hard she tried. "I *am* a lady."

"You, my dear, are mad." He pointed at her, then made a circle near his temple with his index finger. "Just like the rest of us, and, silly puppet, you came back for more."

"Oh, what do you know." Alice rolled her eyes and managed to turn her gaze away from him.

"I know much more than you do. Remember, I have something very precious of yours inside my hat," Hatter said as he patted the top of his hat.

"What are you talking about?" Alice was bewildered.

The Mad Hatter didn't answer. He just laughed.

His action made Alice angry. She felt as though there were a great spark glowing and burning in her heart. Every second that Hatter laughed at her made that spark grow brighter and brighter. Hatter was the fire that fed her anger. "Answer me!" She released all of that fiery fury toward him. Her



voice was so loud and powerful that a strong gust of wind came out from deep inside of her. It blew away the teacups and the saucers off the table and the Mad Hatter's hat off the top of his head.

Hatter shouted and grabbed his hat, then took a moment to calm down. He sighed happily as though nothing had happened.

Alice tried to catch her breath, for she felt as though all of the air had come out of her lungs.

"I really do enjoy your little visits, Alice, but I don't think you should be so quick to forget this time around."

"I don't understand."

"Of course you don't, puppet," Hatter said sweetly. "Now, let me ask you this teensy, weensy, teeny, tiny easy question. Shall I?" He twisted his wrist from side to side as he pressed his thumb and index finger together to show how small the question was.

"Alright," Alice narrowed her eyes.

"How long has it been since you've been in Wonderland?"

"Close to ten years."

"Wrong!" Hatter shouted, bursting into laughter once more.

"What?" She shook her head and tried to make sense of what the Mad Hatter was saying.

"You've been in Wonderland at least five times since the first time you came here. But each time, before you left to go back to your world, you'd ask to forget everything that had happened."

"Why would I do something like that?"

"You mentioned something about doctors or something like that the

last time you were here. I don't know anything about them. What I do know is that I love your visits. It's the only thing I look forward to these days," Hatter said nonchalantly, cupping his chin on the palm of his hand.

"Shut up. You don't know what you're talking about."

"Would you like to wager your life on it?" Hatter asked as he walked toward Alice with the grace of a cat.

"I don't gamble," Alice replied stiffly, her chin in the air.

"Of course you don't, puppet, you know you'll lose. Not that it matters. I'll show you, regardless. Consider it a gift from me to you."

The Mad Hatter took off his hat, revealing a head of neatly combed blond hair. He peered inside his hat for a moment, then put his hand inside. He frowned as he pushed his whole arm inside and browsed around, as though searching for something.

"Ah." His eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Here it is." He pulled out a tiny grain of blue sand that glowed and glittered.

"What is it?"

"A memory. Well, to be more specific, *your* memory." His eyes stayed on the grain of sand as he spoke.

"Really?" Alice wasn't really convinced by the Mad Hatter's find.

His face turned bright red, then he slammed his fist against the table. "Of course, I'm sure. Do you think I would give you the wrong one? I know the consequences that would bring upon your mind."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't ever insult me like that again," he whispered as his face regained its original hue.

"Will it hurt?" Alice tried hard not to tremble as the Mad Hatter approached her with the glittering memory on the palm of his hand.

"Not the way you think it will." Hatter dropped the blue grain inside her ear.

She felt the grain roll inside her ear and drop.

Plonk!

"Oh, God." Alice felt the memory find its place inside her mind, like a missing piece of a puzzle fitting perfectly to complete the picture. Then she fell headlong into the memory.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice's younger self knelt before the rabbit hole and muttered a few words before crawling in. Everything was going too fast for her to follow. She felt as though she was standing still and someone was flashing photographs of her life in front of her eyes, but the photographs went too fast for her to see clearly. She watched as she made her meandering way through Wonderland.

One thing that stood out more than anything else in her new memory was a conversation she had with White. Something in her heart stirred as she watched how his red eyes stared at her. Everything slowed down as she witnessed this newly found moment. She felt as if she was pressing her face against a foggy window as she watched her younger self talk with White.

"This was where it happened," the older Alice whispered to herself. "This was the moment we fell in love."

She watched as White's lips moved, but she couldn't hear a sound. She didn't know what he was saying to her. This frustrated her for a moment, but she continued watching this lost memory with great interest.

Young Alice leaned over and kissed him on the lips. White pulled himself away from her with a start and checked his watch.

Alice didn't have to hear him in order to know what he said.

"I'm late," he mouthed.

Both Alices sighed at the same time.

The memory jumped ahead to young Alice watching in horror as White got caught making love to a thin, black woman by the brook where they were supposed to meet. Alice felt her throat clench as the scene played over and over. She shook her head, forced her eyes to open and made herself get out of that memory.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It's not true! He didn't do it, he wouldn't!" she shouted, pulling the ends of her hair in frustration and misery.

"But he did, and you caught him in the act. That's why your romance fell apart," Hatter explained calmly.

"There has to be another explanation for all of this." Alice shook her head in denial. She refused to believe that White would betray her.

"And there is. Why don't you finish watching the rest of the memory?"

"Why should I?"

"There's much you've missed." His violet eyes shimmered with mischief.

Alice frowned, but closed her eyes regardless and returned to the memory at the point where she had left it. She watched as her younger self ran away from the scene, tears streaming down her cheeks and splashing on the yellow-green grass. She ran all the way to the Mad Hatter's house. "Make

it go away," the younger Alice mouthed.

"You'll regret it," the Mad Hatter murmured.

"I already do," she replied, the tears still flowing freely from the corners of her eyes.

Hatter reached inside Alice's mind and plucked out a tiny grain of sand. He kissed her on the lips and placed her memory inside his hat.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why couldn't I hear anything that was being said?" she asked.

"Because it's an old memory, from two years ago, I believe. If it had been one from, for example, six months ago, you would've been able to hear everything."

"Why did you kiss me?"

"Why do I ever do anything?" He lifted his head and looked up at the sky.

"Tell me."

Hatter must've seen the desperate look on her face and decided not to hide the truth from her any longer. He sighed, sat on his velvet chair and placed his hat neatly on top of his head. "I kissed you because I've always wanted what I can't have."

"Who says you can't have me?"

"Says the Queen of Hearts."

"The Queen?"

"Have a seat."

Alice sat down on the chair closest to his and placed her hands neatly

across her lap.

"Some tea?"

Alice narrowed her eyes at him for a moment, but lifted her chin and nodded. She accepted the tea and waited for him to begin telling her the story.

"Two years ago, you came back to Wonderland after 'a long absence'. Not that it surprised anyone in Wonderland. You've always shown up whenever the 'World Above'"—he signaled up with his index finger—"drove you mad. You did your usual rounds until you went to see the Queen of Hearts. You've always been fascinated with that garden of hers for some reason." He shook his head as though confused.

"Then you and White began seeing each other. It didn't last long. You made an interesting couple, to say the least. Only, the Queen opposed the match." He stopped his story to take a sip of tea.

"Why?" Alice held her teacup only to keep her hands warm. For some reason, she didn't trust to drink what was offered.

"The Queen is in love with you, Alice."

"What?" Even as Alice asked the question, she knew the Mad Hatter wasn't lying.

"It's true. The Queen was so jealous that she devised a little plan to make you and White part from each other."

"Wait. Why are you telling me this? You and I both know the Queen knows everything that happens in Wonderland. What did you get out of this?"

"I don't understand what you're asking." He looked away from her.

"There's always a price for a favor that comes from you. I gave you my memory. What did you get out of this? You must've made some sort of deal with the Queen. She knew I'd come to you and ask you to erase this memory, since you've done it before. What did you get out of this?" She threw the tea in his face, demanding an answer from him.

"Alice, calm down." Hatter wiped the warm tea off his face.

"How do I even know if this memory is real?" She tapped her head several times. "How do I know you didn't create this memory and plant it into my mind?" Alice threw the plates at him, each thought bringing her to a boiling point.

The Mad Hatter remained on his seat. He didn't move, though he watched with slight amusement curling his lips as the plates broke around him. Alice was so incensed she started spilling perfectly good tea as she threw it in the direction of his face. Much to her chagrin, she continued to miss.

"Alice, you're being very rash about this," Hatter said, his breath beginning to quicken.

"Fuck you!" she shouted as she tossed another plate at him.

"You already have!" he roared as he stood up.

Her limbs went numb. The bowl she was going to throw at him slipped off her fingers, and the white ceramic shattered at her feet. She let herself slip to the ground, and pieces of sharp glass cut her legs and thighs.

"Silly little puppet, that was the only way I could have you. The Queen would never allow me to pursue you otherwise. You have to learn to search every inch of your memory, not just the highlights." He grinned as he tapped his temple.

"Did we really?"

"Of course, we did. Like you said, everything that has my name on it has a price. But I want you to know, that was the price I demanded in exchange for my taking away your memory. You gave yourself willingly to me. I never would have forced myself upon you." His voice sounded very gentle, as if he was trying to cushion her shock.

She never knew what to think of him. Alice tried to find that memory inside her mind, but kept drawing a blank.

"Having a hard time finding it?"

"If I can't find this memory, then it can't be true," she said. "What of my other memories? You said I came here to Wonderland many times after my first visit. Where are those memories?"

"Alice," Hatter whispered her name.

"Yes?"

"I'm so sorry about all of this. What you're asking of me, I cannot do. The only one who can give you what you seek is the Queen of Hearts. She has your memories." He looked at her sorrowfully. "I just want you to know that everything I've done has been for a chance to be with you. I will cherish our moments together."

Alice heard the sincerity in his voice and felt sad for him, but no matter how hard he tried, Alice would never love him.

"Please, allow me one more kiss from you. I want to be able to say that you kissed me tenderly and freely. It is a small price to pay for the one memory I returned to you," Hatter requested.

"I don't know. What if you try to trick me again?"



"Let us hope for both our sakes that I don't."

Alice sighed and nodded. "Alright, one kiss."

Alice took his hand and allowed him to help her out of her seat. She closed her eyes and waited. Soon, she felt his hands on her waist. She liked the way he pressed himself against her body and the sensation of his erect cock against her upper thigh. She blushed when she felt its length. She felt his hot breath on her cheek as he leaned over and pressed his lips against hers. She was astonished at the way he was kissing her. It was as though her lips were the petals on a blooming rose. He made her feel soft and delicate. Then the kiss slowly grew deeper and became more passionate the longer they kissed.

"Psssst," a voice said.

*Who said that?*

The Mad Hatter paid no attention to the sound, apparently lost. She did agree to one kiss. She never said how long it would be.

"Alice, open your eyes," the voice said.

She slowly opened them and found herself looking into a pair of bright green eyes. She kept trying to remember to whom that voice belonged. She was about to give up when a face began to appear. It was a cat. A cat's head at least. The cat grinned as the rest of her body appeared behind the Mad Hatter. Alice pushed him away, breaking away from the kiss they shared. "I have to go."

"Not yet, please, not yet," he begged.

"I'm sorry." Alice walked away from him. She felt a little sorry for Hatter. He really was in love with her, but no matter what he said, Alice could never love him. He was, after all, mad.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice and the Cheshire Cat walked back down the trail together. Cat remained silent for most of the way, her tail curving this way and that way every so often, while Alice spent most of the time muttering and scolding herself. She told Cat about her lost memories and what had happened between her and the Mad Hatter.

"You can't blame him, Alice. People do crazy things when they're in love."

"You're defending him?"

"I'm not defending what he did. I'm just telling you the reason behind his actions," the feline said.

Alice shook her head and continued walking.

A comfortable silence ensued between them, which was broken a few minutes later by Cat, who said, "Alice, you should know something."

"What is it?" Alice never slowed her stride.

"I'm in love with you."

Alice stopped and stared at Cat in amazement.

Cat shrugged and nervously picked at the tip of her tail. "Ever since I saw you wrestling the Duchess's crying baby as he turned into a pig. You held him in your arms so tenderly, even though it was a dirty little pig. It wasn't until the pig started to give you a hard time that you finally set him down and let him run off. I decided to follow you because I became fascinated with the way you looked at everything, as if you were discovering the world for the first time. I had forgotten what it was like to see the world in that way, as though everything were still brand new." Cat flashed her perfect, white teeth and giggled.

Alice smiled at the memory as well. She remembered that day clearly. Cat was the only one who had stayed by her side. She felt like a fool for chasing after White for so long. "You know something, Cat?"

"What?"

"I love you, too." Alice smiled. Her heart skipped a beat when she spoke the words. She felt stupid for having spent so much time chasing after the wrong person. She regretted every second she had wasted on White. She looked at Cat and knew in her heart that she was the only one for her.

The Cheshire Cat changed from feline to woman. Alice was amazed at how beautiful she was. Her skin was an even tan all over her body, and she had short brown hair that was straight like an arrow. Only her bright green eyes with their vertical, slit-like irises hinted at her true nature.

Cat pulled Alice toward her and kissed her passionately on the lips.

Alice let herself go, holding nothing back. She loved the feel of Cat's rough tongue inside her mouth. She ran her hands across Cat's breasts and moaned with pleasure. They were small and fit perfectly in her cupped hands. She lowered herself a little and flicked her tongue back and forth across Cat's nipples.

"Let me rub that little pearl of yours clean," Cat whispered hungrily into her ear.

"Oh God," Alice gasped at the image, her throat slightly dry.

Cat didn't bother unbuttoning Alice's blouse. She extended her claws and tore the shirt off her. She ripped Alice's skirt with one quick swipe as well. They playfully wrestled until Cat pinned Alice down to the ground. Cat lay on top of her and remained there for a while, studying her face.

Alice regained her breath as she stared back. "I can't believe it took

me this long to realize it was you."

"I know." Cat grinned.

Alice watched as Cat slowly made her way to her pussy. She gasped when she felt Cat's tongue on her clit. Alice arched her back and threw a gasp at the bright blue sky, and she pinched her nipples as hard as she could stand. She released moan after moan, letting her partner know she was enjoying everything the feline was doing.

Cat licked Alice's pussy with her tongue, knowing the reward would be the sweetest milk she had ever tasted. Cat lapped up the cream that flowed from between Alice's legs when she came, shouting "Oh, God" repeatedly at the sky, as if there was someone up there listening to her cries.

"I love you," Alice whispered.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice looked at Cat's body, envying and loving her figure at the same time. It was lithe, firm and curvy. They lay beside each other, enjoying the closeness, the warmth one provided for the other. They stared at the clouds and talked about the shapes each formation depicted.

"That one looks like a rose," Alice said, pointing to the furthest one on the left.

Cat tilted her head to one side and studied the sky. "You're right."

"What about that one? What do you think?" Alice pointed at a cloud beside the first one.

"It looks like you and me making love."

"No, it doesn't." Alice giggled.

"Yes, it does. Look." Cat pointed at an imaginary cloud.

Alice didn't pay any attention to what Cat was saying. She rolled on top of the feline's naked body and began covering it with light kisses. She smiled when she heard her catty partner purr. She kissed a trail all the way down to Cat's pussy and lapped at her clit a few times. With her moist pink tongue, she gave Cat's clit quick, short licks. After a while, Alice decided that it would be fun if she spelled her name on Cat's pussy using her tongue. A-L-I-C-E. Over and over again.

Cat moaned as she arched her back. "Oh, God, it feels so good it almost hurts."

Alice's vision blurred as she tasted Cat's cum in her mouth. She loved the taste of the sweet-and-sour musk. She gave Cat a few more licks before she reluctantly pulled herself away and wiped the juices off her lips and chin with the back of her hand. Alice lay on top of her, and they held each other in a warm embrace. They fell asleep to the sound of their beating hearts.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What do you want to do today?" Cat asked the following morning.

Alice yawned and stretched her arms above her head, noticing with pleasure how the Cheshire Cat couldn't keep her eyes off Alice's breasts.

"I don't know. Why don't we get something to eat? I'm starving."

"As you wish." Cat bowed dramatically and flashed her famous grin. She stood up and shook her head really fast until she morphed into a purple and pink striped cat. Bright purple static ran across her fur as she climbed up a tree.

Alice grew a little nostalgic, realizing Cat was in the form when they had first met.

The tree that Cat climbed up shook violently, and Cat hissed as though

she were fighting a great beast. Down came a small wooden table, followed shortly by two chairs. Alice listened as Cat continued to fight with something, or someone, she wasn't quite sure, up on the tree branches. Then peaches, apples, muffins, toast, and cups filled with tea fell onto the table. It was as though an invisible pair of hands were standing underneath the tree, catching all of the items and placing them carefully on the table.

"Shall we?" Cat asked as she climbed down. She was a woman once more.

"Thank you, my darling," Alice replied and gave her a kiss. She sat down and enjoyed the wonderful meal before her.

As they ate, the jealous eyes of the Queen of Hearts looked on from her looking glass.

"This is unacceptable!" Even in her rage, she felt Three of Spades trembling beside her in fear, which gave her a measure of satisfaction. But then, they should be used to it by now. Illogical fury had always visited her whenever Alice returned to Wonderland. She may decide to cut heads off again, just to assuage the wrath burning in her. "It's happening all over again," she whimpered.

The Queen of Hearts was everything a Suite queen should be. Radiant, regal, and beautiful. She had hair the color of dark garnet, and her skin was so white it practically glowed. But all of this was shadowed by the constant anger that flowed through her veins.

The King of Hearts entered the room just then and noticed her distress. "Is there anything I can do for you, my Queen?"

She glared at the diminutive King. She was repulsed by him. She couldn't believe how unlucky she had been to end up being married to him. "Yes, go fuck Jack of Spades and leave me alone." She threw her golden

scepter at him.

The King of Hearts shrieked and ran out of the room as fast as he could.

She quickly forgot her husband's intrusion and returned to the looking glass. She stared at Alice, confused as to why the girl continued to elude her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cheshire Cat shuddered and looked around her. She looked over her shoulder suspiciously.

"What's the matter?" Alice asked.

"I think...we're being watched," Cat whispered. She waved her hand over the table and made everything disappear.

"Put your clothes on. It's not safe here."

Alice frowned at the request, but did the best she could to put on what remained of her tattered dress. She knew better than to argue. As much as she loved Wonderland, dangers lurked in this magical place that she didn't know about. Alice held Cat's hand and followed her deeper into Wonderland Forest.

"What's wrong?"

"We're being watched." With stealth and grace, Cat moved through the forest with confidence, moving branches and ducking without looking, but never once did she let go of Alice.

"By who?"

"The Queen of Hearts," Cat hissed.

Alice knew Cat hated the queen. Alice also didn't like the way

Wonderland's ruler was constantly plotting new ways to get her. Luckily for her, Queen Scarlett's plans always failed. Everyone seemed to be obsessed with Alice in one way or another, perhaps because she was so different from them. However, she had never understood the Queen's obsession with her. All she knew was that she was afraid of the Queen and wanted to stay away from her for as long as possible.

"We're here," Cat announced.

They stopped in front of a giant oak tree. Cat knocked a secret code on the tree trunk, and within moments, a portion of the bark swung open. It was tall enough for Alice to walk through without hunching.

"Oh!" Alice gasped in surprise.

"We'll be safe here."

"Where are we?"

"This is my home," Cat announced proudly.

"Oh, how wonderful," Alice said as she walked in through the door.

Shelves were filled high with books and music boxes. Almost everything in the little house was made of wood. The rug on the floor was made of cat nip, and there were claw marks along the walls. Several little toy mice hung from the ceiling, each one a different color.

Alice wandered toward the shelves and picked up one of the music boxes. She wound the key and set it back down. It began to play '*Frere Jacques*'.

Cat extended her hand. Alice smiled and took it, and they danced a waltz in the little space. For a time, they allowed themselves to forget everything outside the house. There were only two people who existed in the whole world—Alice and Cheshire Cat.



\* \* \* \* \*

Cat woke up in the middle of the night with a start, hearing a light tap on the door. Cat glanced over at Alice and saw that her lover was fast asleep and dreaming. The feline crawled out of bed and went outside.

"Here, kitty, kitty," a woman said.

Cat bowed. It was the Queen of Hearts.

"What can I do for you, Your Majesty?"

"You know what I want!" she roared. "You can't hide her from me forever." The queen growled, a testament to her frustration.

"Unfortunately, I can't make someone fall in love with you. I'm good, but not that good." Cat extended her claws and inspected them as though they were the most important things in the world.

The Queen of Hearts took a few steps toward her and grabbed her by the throat, lifting her up several inches away from the ground. Cat struggled to breathe, and her body changed from woman to cat back and forth several times. *Damn it.* She couldn't control her own transformations. She clawed at the Queen's hand as she tried to free herself from the deadly grip.

Queen Scarlett made a vicious twist with her hands.

Crack. The sound of bones being broken. Cat's body fell to the ground.

Scarlett released a sigh of satisfaction and looked at Cat's dead body. She rolled her eyes. "Enough theatrics, you still have another eight lives left." She kicked Cat in the stomach.

Cat sucked in a deep breath and began to cough uncontrollably. It wasn't until she spat out a hairball that she was able to stop. She chuckled as she picked up the wet ball of purple fur. "Keepsake?" Cat offered the ball

of hair to the Queen.

"Just make sure you leave her, or I swear I'll throw you off the highest tower in my castle until you're dead."

"Yes, Your Majesty." Cat bowed.

In a poof of red smoke, the Queen of Hearts vanished.

Cat went back inside her house and looked at the slumbering Alice for a long time. Cat wondered if she was worth dying for.

The sun began to rise.

"You're so beautiful, Alice. It's such a shame." She caressed Alice's cheek. "I have to let you go."

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice was dreaming about the Queen. Even in the dream, this confused her because she wasn't very fond of Wonderland's ruler. The last time she was in Wonderland, the Queen had tried to have her beheaded.

"Hello, Alice," Queen Scarlett greeted.

"Your Majesty." Alice sank into a curtsy. Even in a dream, one could never be too sure.

"I've missed you."

"It pleases me to hear that, Your Majesty."

"Are you saying you didn't miss me?"

Alice didn't answer, but looked down at the ground.

"That's quite alright, Alice. The last time we spoke, you were but a child. I apologize for my behavior, I really meant no harm." A soft laugh escaped her throat.

*She laughs as though chopping someone's head off was something of no great consequence.*

The Queen of Hearts slowly approached Alice. Her ivory hands reached out to her. At the last instance, Alice looked away, and the queen's hands caressed her cheek. She tried hard not to tremble as the beautiful monarch walked around her and ran her hands across Alice's chest.

Alice couldn't help but be aroused by her touch.

Scarlett stood behind her, moved her light brown hair away from her neck. The Queen began kissing Alice's neck and flicking her tongue along her skin. Alice moaned in response.

"If you want more, I'll be waiting."

Alice turned around, but the Queen was gone. Her skin was covered in goose bumps. She felt used, but excited at the same time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice gasped as she opened her eyes. She sat up and looked around, realizing belatedly that she was in the middle of Wonderland Forest. She searched for her feline lover, but she couldn't even catch a glimpse of her furry tail. Her heart cracked in half when she realized she was alone. No surprise visits at unexpected corners. No riddles. No hints. No silly rhymes. No Cat. She tried very hard not to shed any tears, even as she knew why the Cheshire Cat had left her alone. She understood.

She went to the river to get a drink of water. She saw her reflection. There was a red kiss mark on her neck where the Queen had kissed her in the dream.

Scarlett, the Queen of Hearts, had finally found her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wonderland was truly beautiful in its own strange way. Triangle-shaped trees with leaves greener than anything she had ever seen back home in the "real world". The Rocking Horse Flies buzzed happily around her head in circles until they realized what they were doing and flew away. In the distance, she could hear the flowers singing their songs.

After an hour of walking, the scent hit her. The hairs on the back of her neck stood on end. Roses. That was how she knew she'd arrived. She was now in the Queen's garden. No turning back.

"Hello, Alice," said a voice from behind her.

Alice turned around and sighed with relief.

White.

He was wearing a red jacket and a pair of white leggings. His pocket watch was neatly tucked inside his left pocket with the gold chain glinting across his chest.

"White. What are you doing here?"

"I'm sorry, Alice."

"Sorry for what?"

"For betraying you," White said as he walked away.

"White!"

He turned into a white rabbit and hopped away as fast as he could. Alice thought about chasing after him, but before she could make a decision, she heard a female voice say, "No need for him to intervene."

"Your Majesty." Alice turned around and faced the Queen of Hearts,

curtsying and keeping her eyes on the ground. White had run away from her again and left her at the mercy of the Queen. She didn't know whether to feel relieved or saddened by this betrayal. There was a sense of déjà vu to all of this. She heard the Queen's dress rustle and swish from side to side.

"Now, Alice, you know there really is no need for such niceties. You can come and go as you please."

"Thank you, Your Majesty." Alice lifted her head.

The Queen of Hearts was beautiful beyond words. Her deep auburn hair cascaded into long luscious curls halfway down her back. Everything about her was red or heart-shaped, except for her skin, which was as white as alabaster. Her heart-shaped face held a pair of eyes as blue as the Wonderland sky. Her lips, painted with rouge, were perfectly shaped like Cupid's bow. The dress she wore was made up of a red leather corset and a long satin skirt in different shades of red divided in six sections all around the skirt. Each shade of red was darker than the next, with a large red heart sewn to perfection on each section.

"What happened to your clothes?" Queen Scarlett inquired.

Alice blushed as she looked down. She started twirling a piece of her hair nervously as she thought of what to tell the Queen. "I'm sure you're aware as to what happened to my clothes, Your Majesty."

"Well, they just won't do, not at all." Scarlett clapped her hands three times.

Alice watched in wonder as her clothes repaired themselves to perfection. Her blue dress was no longer dirty and covered with grass stains. "Thank you, Your Majesty."

"I find you very distracted, Alice. You're not yourself today. Tell me, what's on your mind?" Queen Scarlett made as though she was going to sit,

and Alice frowned because there was no chair for her to sit on. Then a red velvet and gold throne appeared out of thin air. "Won't you have a seat as well?"

"There's no chair for me to sit on, Your Majesty."

"Oh, nonsense. Just sit," the Queen commanded.

Alice did as she was told, and a small chair popped right underneath her. Alice couldn't help but smile at the little bit of magic she had witnessed. "Do you really want to know what's on my mind?"

"I always do."

"Very well, I would like to know what really happened between me and White, since I seemed to have so conveniently forgotten what happened. Can you give me my memory?"

"Alice, you don't know what you're asking of me," the Queen of Hearts whispered, then blushed. Her cheeks turned bright red.

"Give me my memory."

"You don't know what you're asking!" The Queen of Hearts shouted as she rose from her throne, pushing it back with sheer force of will.

Alice asked once more for what was rightfully hers in barely a whisper.

The Queen stood up, looked at Alice's face, and paced back and forth before coming up with a decision. "You don't know what you ask. It should be 'off with your head'. You don't know what you're asking of me," she muttered a few times.

Alice's breaths quickened. She'd forgotten all about the Queen's fiery temper. It was almost as frightening as her passion for Alice.

Queen Scarlett finally looked at Alice. It was the first time Alice had

seen sympathy in her eyes. "Only know that everything I did was out of love." Queen Scarlett walked up to Alice and kissed her on the cheek.

Alice tried to speak but fainted instead.

\* \* \* \* \*

With heavy lids, Alice managed to open her eyes. She looked around and realized she was still in the Queen's garden. The only thing was that she felt odd, though she didn't know why. Her vision was blurry. She shook her head and rubbed her eyes to try and clear her eyesight.

"My entire kingdom is worth the look you have on your face right now," Queen Scarlett said from her throne. She was gracefully sprawled on her seat. The only thing peeking through the yards and yards of red fabric was the tip of her pointed red slipper.

"And what look do I have, Your Majesty?" Alice asked as she sat up. She shook her head, hoping to shake away the continuous buzzing.

"You look bewildered, as though you can't believe that little mind of yours actually came up with a plausible thought. You really are something, Alice. Follow me," she commanded. She stood up, and her great red gown rustled as she moved.

Alice followed, though she didn't know where they were going.

"Do you know where we are?" the Queen asked after a few moments of silence.

"In your garden."

"Correction, we're in my garden two years ago. I have restored your memory, Alice, just as you asked. The only reason I'm here is to show you my side of things as well."

"Thank you, Your Majesty." Alice went down on her knees and kissed her hands.

Queen Scarlett beckoned her to stand and kissed her on the lips.

They walked together side by side in silence, mostly because the Queen didn't know what to say and Alice was too afraid to say anything that might offend the Queen of Hearts. Several yards away from the garden, the Queen stopped near a small brook. "Here we are."

Alice held her breath, afraid that if she so much as flinched, something bad would happen. She turned her head and concentrated on looking at the woman standing next to her. She knew that if she weren't so afraid of her, she could've loved the Queen. She marveled at the Queen's ruby red lips, and her hands yearned to touch that perfect white skin. She shook her head from such ideas. "This isn't why I'm here," she scolded herself. She looked away from the Queen and tried to banish her lustful thoughts.

She suddenly heard a male voice saying, "I don't think this is such a good idea."

"What's the big deal?" A female voice answered. "It's not like she's going to find out anyway."

Alice strained her ears and searched her memory to try to figure out who was talking. Both voices were very familiar.

"It's okay to take a closer look. They can't see or hear us," Scarlett said.

Alice moved closer to the scene and saw White talking to a black cat. A surprisingly familiar cat. Alice gasped when she remembered who the feline was. It was Kitty, Dinah's daughter. One of many in the litter Dinah had given birth to many years ago.



Alice couldn't believe her eyes. "You?"

"Who is she?" the Queen asked.

"You don't know who she is?" Alice was surprised the Queen didn't know. Alice was accustomed to the Queen knowing everything in Wonderland.

"No, I don't. I simply took advantage of her being here to show you what your sweet *White* was really like." She said White's name with her teeth clenched together.

Meanwhile, Kitty had given White a quick lick on the lips and waited to see his reaction. Alice watched as White kissed her passionately. Kitty began unbuttoning White's shirt. When she became frustrated with all the gold buttons on his shirt, she ended up tearing the shirt off. He placed his hands on the small of her back and pressed her against his chest. Alice couldn't help but notice what a beautiful contrast their bodies made. His bright white skin touched her midnight black flesh. A spring cloud kissing the night sky.

They fell on the ground with a soft thud, and Kitty morphed into a woman.

Alice turned away. She didn't want to see anymore. But Queen Scarlett wouldn't have any of that. She placed a cool hand on Alice's chin and forced her to watch.

"You have to see. This is real. This is truth. Love is pain," she hissed into Alice's ear. "It is the pain I have had to live with ever since you came to Wonderland." Queen Scarlett moaned. She licked Alice's earlobe and sucked on it for a few times, then pushed Alice's face away.

"I already know what happens," Alice said, trying to ignore her quivering groin.

"No, you don't," Scarlett whispered as she stepped away from Alice.

Alice rubbed her aching jaw and watched as White and Kitty had sex in the Queen's garden. He was wilder with Kitty than he had been with Alice.

His large white cock plunged into Kitty's dark pussy. Changing tack, he went down on his knees and straddled her from behind with Kitty on the ground on all fours.

White slapped her butt a couple of times, and this surprised Alice. She felt herself growing wet as she watched them making love. Kitty's green eyes grew wider as the first waves of orgasm rolled through her body. She extended her razor sharp claws and dug her fingers into the ground, ruining the perfect soil.

"Harder," Kitty shouted.

"Oh, God." White gasped as he plunged his cock deeper inside of her.

"Fassster," she ordered. White obeyed. He pulled his cock in and out of her pussy as fast as he could. They both came moments apart from each other. Their pants and moans could've been heard from miles away. He pulled his cock out of her with a soft plop and fell on the ground, exhausted.

Kitty remained in the same position, all the while trying to catch her breath. Her chest rose and fell. She let out a happy sigh, when all of a sudden her face twitched with anger. She sniffed the air. She hissed as she turned her gaze to the left, and there stood Alice, a younger, much more naive Alice, whose tiny red lips were shaped like an O.

The older Alice's blue eyes grew wide with surprise. She couldn't believe what she was seeing.

"You've seen enough," Queen Scarlett said as she gently led her away.

"Where are we going now?"

"You get to see my side of the story."

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice was surprised to see the Queen of Hearts of two years ago crying. Black streaks streamed down her cheeks, ruining her mascara.

"Your Majesty," Two of Spades said with a trembling voice.

"What?" she snapped, turning her head toward him with the speed of a leopard.

"Young Alice has followed our trail and found White and the Black Cat together, as you commanded, Your Majesty." He bowed.

"Was she upset?" the Queen asked, twisting the red handkerchief in her hands.

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Where is she now?"

"She's on her way to the Mad Hatter's house."

"Damnation! She was supposed to come to me. She was supposed to seek comfort with me!" The Queen of Hearts grew red with rage, and she threw her scepter at the Two of Spades. He shrieked and ran away. "Why doesn't she come to me?"

The older Alice turned to the Queen of Hearts who was standing beside her and saw that she, too, was shedding tears. "Why are you crying?" Alice extended a hand and wiped the tears away from Scarlett's cheeks.

"It makes me sad to watch myself so vulnerable. If you must know, that was the first time in years I allowed myself to cry so much." She gave Alice a sad smile and took a deep breath. "Enough of this, let us be on our way."

"Alright," Alice took the Queen's cool hand in hers. She wondered if she could make Scarlett feel warm again without betraying her love for the Cheshire Cat.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice was relieved to be out of the Memory World and back in the Queen's garden. Scarlett looked a little more human to Alice. She was amazed that Scarlett would have so much trouble expressing what was deep inside her heart, especially with her being the Queen of Hearts.

*Or perhaps that's the way the heart works? Maybe matters of the heart aren't always full of perfect love and days filled with nothing but sunshine.*

Alice was starting to understand the Queen a little better. The heart was love, yes, but it was also passionate, jealous, temperamental and demanding. The Queen of Hearts was, certainly, all of the above.

"Your Majesty, may I ask you a question?"

"Yes, of course."

"Why me?"

"Why not you?" Scarlett smiled, flashing teeth so white they were blinding.

"You know what I mean, Your Majesty."

"That's one of the reasons why I love you, Alice. You're never afraid to speak your mind. You don't quiver in fear like the others do."

"But I *am* afraid of you."

"You never show it, darling, and *that* is what separates you from the rest."

Alice saw the look of desire in the Queen's eyes and leaned in against Scarlett's palms when she caressed her cheek. She released a gasp of surprise when she felt the Queen's hand run across her breast. Alice blushed when she saw both her nipples stand at attention as they tried to push through her white blouse.

Alice leaned over and kissed Scarlett, enjoying the queen's hot lips. *It's like being too close to an open flame. I can either pull away or let myself be burned alive.* She nibbled and sucked the queen's bottom lip as they kissed. Alice parted her lips and pushed her tongue inside Scarlett's mouth. She was growing wet. She knew she would regret her decision, but she wanted to make love to the Queen of Hearts.

They broke from the kiss only so that Scarlett could change the scenery. She snapped her fingers, and Alice suddenly found herself in the Queen's bedroom.

Everything in the room was either red or heart-shaped. The Queen had traded her red gown for a blood-red leather bustier. Even Alice's clothes had changed. Her blue dress was now a white corset with blue lace underwear.

"Lie down on the bed," Scarlett commanded softly.

Alice lay on her back on the soft velvet bed. *It's like lying on the Cheshire Cat's tongue,* she thought, loving the sensation of velvet on her skin.

Scarlett pulled Alice down until her butt was almost hanging off the edge of the bed. Alice placed her legs over the Queen's shoulders and felt herself getting wetter as she watched Scarlett's face disappear between her legs. She moaned as she felt the regal tongue roll over her clit, warm and slippery.

The Queen then fingered Alice's pussy, while she pulled an item from

underneath the bed with her other hand. She gave Alice a wicked grin as she showed her a glass phallus.

Alice's heart beat in anticipation. She couldn't wait until that fat cock was shoved inside her pussy. She made herself comfortable in the center of the Queen's bed, knowing she would need the wide space.

Scarlett climbed onto the bed, holding the large item in her perfectly manicured hand. "This is what I use to keep myself entertained, when the King can't please me." She licked the glass phallus, and pushed it in and out of her mouth a few times, all the while looking seductively at Alice. "I hope you're nice and ready for me, darling," the Queen said as she gently pushed the glass cock inside Alice's pussy.

Alice spread her legs wider and marveled at the sensations she was feeling. At first, the see-through phallus felt cool as the Queen worked it inside of her, but after a few minutes, it became very warm from her heat.

Queen Scarlett bent down, and her tongue made small circles around her clit.

Alice arched her back as the first waves of pleasure ran through her body. She dug her nails into the bed. "Good...so good..." Alice couldn't help herself. She moved her hips up and down. Her vision blurred as another wave of pleasure rolled through her body. Every damn thing in the Queen's room looked brighter, almost as if the color had come to life. Alice wanted to believe that love was the cause. "Oh, my God, I'm coming," Alice shrieked as her pussy tightened. She gasped and moaned as the persistent heat spread from her groin.

"Yes! Yes, Alice, come for me. Squirt your little pussy juices all over my bed," the Queen whispered and continued to push the glass phallus in and out of Alice's pussy with more urgency.

*I have put my hand inside the flame. It will be forever scarred,* Alice thought as she came. All she saw was red.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day, Alice was allowed to rest. She spent the entire morning and the better part of the afternoon sleeping on the Queen's bed. She did stir for a few minutes earlier in the day when she heard the pint-sized King of Hearts try and make a complaint about Alice sleeping with his wife. She giggled to herself when she heard the Queen tell him what she really thought of him, then she went back to sleep.

She dreamt of red heart-shaped pieces of felt being folded into tiny little bits. She wanted to catch them and to swallow what was left of them. She also had dreams of the missing memories the Queen had restored in her mind. Moments she'd had with the March Hare. Broken conversations with the Cheshire Cat. The teasing flowers from Wonderland Forest.

Everything came to a stop when Alice saw an image of the Caterpillar. He was sitting calmly on top of a mushroom, smoking his pipe. He blew colored smoke out of his thin lips. His eyes were barely open, looking as though someone had drawn a very thin line where his eyes should be. His long black hair was as straight as an arrow, rolling past his shoulders in a way that made Alice think of black rain. His skin was the color of the turquoise ocean.

One of his six arms was occupied with holding his brightly colored pipe. The others were busy pinching some of his nipples and two of his hands occupied themselves stroking and rubbing his blue cock.

"Hello, Alice," he whispered.

"Hello, Mr. Caterpillar."

"I know what you're thinking." With every word, smoke rolled out of his mouth.

Alice grinned, amused. "Really? What am I thinking?"

"You're wondering if this is a memory or a dream." He took another puff of his pipe and exhaled purple question marks that circled Alice's head.

"I'm asleep on the Queen of Heart's bed. This is a dream," she said, matter-of-fact. She couldn't help but steal another glance at his cock. She'd never seen anything quite like it.

Caterpillar followed her gaze. "Unfortunately, we can't have that kind of fun today, Alice." He grinned. "Let us pretend this is a dream. Why not? It seems to put you at ease." He blew great amounts of smoke and created a small dome.

"What are you doing?" Alice asked as she breathed in the sweet-smelling smoke that surrounded them.

"Ensuring privacy. You can never be too sure with the Queen. Alice, she's everywhere at all times. Some say that without her, there would be no Wonderland. You must take extra care whenever you're with her."

"I already know she's in love with me."

"It's more than that. I believe that she is sharing herself with you. More than any of us could ever do. More than any of us could've imagined. She's sharing Wonderland with you, Alice."

"How? How do you know that?"

"The flowers have never been brighter. The sky has never been bluer. The water has never been sweeter. Every time you come back to Wonderland, your influence becomes stronger and stronger. Last night, there was red smoke coming out of my lungs."



"You always smoke."

"Point taken."

"That doesn't explain the red smoke though," Alice said.

"I wasn't smoking. Contrary to popular belief, I do sleep."

"I see."

"Do you really? She's giving you Wonderland, Alice."

"I don't want Wonderland. I don't want to control anything. I just want to be free," Alice said with a sad tone of voice.

"So do the rest of us."

"What am I supposed to do? I can't stay with her. I don't really love her," Alice admitted.

"Who do you love?"

Alice smiled as she conjured up the image of the Cheshire Cat. In response, she gave the Caterpillar a poem.

*"The royal purple against the green,  
she scars me like none other.  
Marks me like she owns me,  
pulses and beats against me  
Makes me feel as though  
I am more than I think I am.  
She disappears before my eyes  
but still in my heart she remains.*

*She haunts my mind,*

*my heart.*

*And even though she hides*

*I know she follows my strides."*

"I thought so. You have grown, Alice. I'm glad to see that much. It's time for you to go now."

"Good bye." Alice waved farewell and walked away. She looked over her shoulder and watched as the Caterpillar slowly disappeared behind a wall of smoke and burst into a thousand electric blue butterflies.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Alice. Wake up." Scarlett shook her lover, trying to get her to open her bright blue eyes. Alice was having a dream about the Cheshire Cat, and they were laughing over a joke they had played on the Mad Hatter and the March Hare.

"Don't want to," Alice muttered, frowning. "Pleasant dream about my cat... Let me get back to it and I'll fuck you however long you want."

"I mean it, Alice," the Queen of Hearts said, shaking her harder.

"Why should I wake up?"

"Because you have a decision to make."

"I don't want to," Alice said, eyes still closed.

"You've been sleeping during the day and making love to me for a little over a week. The first couple of days were amusing. Now..." the Queen sighed. "It's tiring. Wake up."

Alice sighed.

"And this is not a request!" she shouted into Alice's ear.

Alice's eyes shot open, and she gave her lover a menacing look. This was exactly what she wanted to avoid—a confrontation with the Queen. "Very well. Talk." Alice put her clothes on for the first time in a week.

"There's something wrong with you," the Queen began. "I've done everything you requested. I gave you back your memory, and I've shared myself with you. I let you sleep in my bed every night. You came to me. You came *for* me, so I let it go, until I caught a glimpse of someone looking into our room last night." She pressed her hand against her chest.

"Who?" It was the first time she'd seen Scarlett look hurt.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" The Queen of Hearts' eyes had a green glaze over them. Jealousy. It could eat a person's soul away if it was strong enough. It would gnaw at one's spirit until it was no more.

"I don't know who you're talking about." Alice's eyes and jaw set in a way that made her look like a stubborn little child. It could've been anybody. The Mad Hatter? He was still fixated on her. Caterpillar? Perhaps wanting to warn her about something? *No, that doesn't make any sense*, Alice thought, remembering the dream she had with him several days ago. *Was that even a dream?*

"I think you know of a certain green-eyed creature that knows no boundaries, knows nothing of rules, who goes in and out of people's homes without a care in the world."

"Cheshire Cat," Alice whispered lovingly.

"Cheshire Cat," the Queen repeated. "What does she want with you? Do you love her?"

"Your Majesty," Alice stammered.

"I know my name!" the Queen roared, turning bright red. "Answer the question."

"It doesn't matter. I'm with you."

"Good." A ferocious look came into the Queen's eyes. "Then you won't mind if I kill her."

"What? No!" Alice shouted, grabbing hold of the Queen's skirt.

"You just said it doesn't matter."

"Yes, but there's really no need to kill her."

"Off with her head!"

"No!" Alice shouted, throwing herself at the Queen and grabbing hold of her legs. "I love her, I love her. Please, do with me what you will. Only spare the Cheshire Cat. Please." She sobbed. "Do with me what you will..."

Queen Scarlett's face became stone-cold for a fraction of a second, until she looked at Alice's heart broken face. Her face softened. "I could've given you everything. I would've abandoned everything for you. I would've killed a thousand men for you. But the question becomes, am I willing to let you go...for you?" the Queen of Hearts mused. "Do you think I'm entirely blind in matters of the heart, Alice? Do you believe that it would slip past me? That I wouldn't notice the sparkle in your eyes slowly fade away, because you don't love me as I do you?"

"Forgive me, Your Majesty." Alice looked up at her. She was still kneeling on the cold marble floor, holding on to the Queen's alabaster legs.

"Let me keep what little dignity I have left. Go. Go to her now before I change my mind. She's waiting for you in the rose garden. I don't want to see you again, Alice. Stay away from my garden." A single tear escaped her eyes.

"Thank you." Numb, Alice stood up, gave the Queen one last kiss and left the room, not waiting a second longer to leave the chamber.

The Queen stood alone in her beautifully decorated room and watched the love of her life run out of her chamber. "I will never love another." She waved her hands and watched as the red decorations in her room turned black.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice ran all the way to the rose garden. When she got there, she didn't see her feline lover. She wondered if the Queen played her for a fool and she actually had been sent here to be executed for her treason. She felt oddly at peace with that. At least, until she felt a sharp needle-like pain on her buttocks. She let out a shriek then heard a familiar giggle.

"Hello, Alice," Cheshire Cat purred as she jumped in front of her.

"What are we going to do?"

"Be happy and free," Cheshire Cat said, grinning.

They kissed and disappeared into Wonderland forest and were never  
seen again.

## Snow White's Release

*Skin as white as snow,*

*Hair as black as ebony,*

*Lips as red as blood.*

Snow was dreaming about her mother again. Or, at least, the woman she thought was her mother. Whenever she conjured up her mother's image, Snow would see a tiny lady with blonde hair, green eyes and lily-white cheeks.

*"I want a daughter, a little girl all my own," the Queen said as she gazed up at the bright blue sky. A single tear ran down her cheek. It dangled on her chin for a few moments, then continued its trail down to the ground.*

*"You can have anything you want, my darling." The King embraced her from behind.*

*The Queen rested her head on her husband's strong shoulders and sobbed. He put his hand protectively around her head and whispered sweet words to soothe her aching heart.*

*"If it were in my power to give you a child, you know I would. I've denied you nothing for as long as we've been together," he whispered.*

*"Our daughter will have skin as white as snow, hair as black as ebony,*

*and lips as red as blood."*

*"I would like for her to look like you my love." He stroked her long blonde hair.*

*"She will be the mirror image of me. She will be the dark side of me."*

Those last words still echoed in her head when Snow was snapped awake by the creaking of the bedroom door. Her eyes flew open just as a callused hand covered her mouth. She screamed—or tried to—and her heart pounded in terror. Her assailant's other hand wrapped itself tightly around her throat. She kicked her legs and tried to claw the intrusive hands away from her face.

"Scream, and you'll give me no choice but to kill you," a man's hoarse voice whispered. "Do you understand?"

Choking back her fear, Snow nodded.

*Who is this person? How did he get past the castle guards? Wasn't my door locked? Am I going to die?*

"Now, I'm going to let you go. Don't scream," he ordered. Very carefully, he released her and backed away in slow motion. He pulled a chair in front of her and settled down on it.

Snow followed his movements with her eyes, even as she breathed a sigh of relief. She knew she wasn't free yet, but she was glad for the reprieve. She rubbed her neck and stared at the man sitting in front of her. It was too dark for her to see who he was.

"Who are you?"

"A friend. You must leave this place. Run away." His voice was full of vibrant urgency. "It doesn't matter where you go, just leave this place. Please, for your mother's sake."

"My mother?" Snow asked, bewildered. "What do you mean? Why should I leave? This is my home, where I grew up. Besides, where am I supposed to go?"

"That doesn't matter right now. Leave before *she* finds out what I have done," he warned.

Snow knew who he was talking about—her stepmother, the Queen Mirabel. She was the one who wanted Snow gone. She did everything in her power to belittle Snow. Despite being a princess, Snow was placed in the smallest bedroom in the castle. Every luxury was taken away from her. She was forced to work with the other servants for her meals, none of which was enough to sustain her growing body. Snow was also never allowed to go outside. The Queen was very strict about that, as she didn't want anyone looking at Snow.

Now, she wondered aloud, "Why does she hate me?"

"I don't know, but I suggest you leave tonight. Otherwise, you won't see the morrow." Having apparently delivered his message, he stood and walked out of her room.

Snow looked out the window and saw that the snowstorm had gotten much worse. She trembled at the thought of plunging her feet into the growing piles of snow. She didn't have any boots or a coat to protect her from the unforgiving cold. Those were the first things taken away from her when Mirabel took over the castle after Snow's father had died.

Snow grabbed her wool shawl, a small purse with a few stolen coins and a white woolen blanket, which wasn't just any ordinary piece of cloth. It was the very last thing her mother had touched before she died. Snow was told that she had been wrapped in it and handed to her mother just moments before she drew her last breath.



\* \* \* \* \*

Snow ran. She ran as fast as her long legs could carry her. With one naked foot after another on the snow-covered ground, she ran straight into the center of the blinding snowstorm. Her lungs burned with each ragged breath, and her legs ached with each step. But no matter how tired she may be, no force on Earth would slow her pace.

*Oh God, any god willing to hear me, please...please...help me,* Snow prayed in her heart, her breath puffing as she ran.

From behind the castle gates, the huntsman stood watching as the beautiful girl ran into the wide unknown. Her slight body was buffeted by the heavy winds, but her goal never wavered. Her direction seemed to be the dark forest some distance away.

"The wolves will surely eat her, or the storm will kill her. Yes, she will surely die by nightfall," he mumbled. "But not by my hands, not by my hands." He would keep his promise to Snow's mother, even if it cost him his life at the hands of the present evil queen. He still remembered...

*The day she was born, Snow had been blessed with a family who loved her beyond words. That love was what killed her parents, or maybe their love was a curse. Her mother had wanted a child for so long, she didn't care if she lived or died. The King had expected anything but the loss of his wife.*

*"Get her out of my sight," he roared as the nurse showed him his new babe. It was no secret in the castle that the king was furious that his beloved wife had died giving birth to a girl. It didn't help matters that the child was a mirror image of her mother. The same pale skin, blood red lips, lily-white cheeks and a tuft of hair above her perfect head. The only difference was that the baby's hair showed promise of being darker than a dark sky without the moon or the stars, whereas Snow's mother was fair.*

*"Poor, poor child," the nurse murmured to the newborn Snow, who mewled in response. The nurse took care of her and brought her up as her own.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Snow tripped over an overgrown tree root and fell face first onto the snowy ground. She gasped as the snow slipped inside her blouse. She rose on all fours and tried to find the strength to go on. Suddenly, she felt so weary and started to cry. She had already lost sensation in her feet, which were numb with cold. She pulled out the old blanket and sobbed as she ripped it in half. With trembling hands, she wrapped the torn pieces of wool around her feet. It took a while, but they felt a little warmer with each second that passed. She crawled to a tree and drew her knees against her chest. Her vision started to get blurry.

"I'm going to die," she whispered to herself. Her lips trembled. She huddled against the snow-frosted ground, feeling the dampness seep through her clothes.

"No, you will live," a man's voice seemed to reply.

Was she hallucinating, or did she really hear somebody speak? She decided it wouldn't hurt to make a response, if only to feel that somebody was with her. "I'm so tired."

"There is so much to live for."

A moment later, it felt as though a pair of strong hands lifted her up. Then everything went black.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mirror, mirror on the wall. Who is the fairest of them all?" Mirabel gazed at her naked body in the mirror.

"My lady is fair to see, but Snow White is still fairer than thee," the mirror replied.

Mirabel had to use every bit of willpower within her not to break the mirror into a thousand pieces. What was it she had to do in order to make herself more beautiful than Snow? She studied her own body and saw no imperfections. Her blonde hair was perfectly combed and styled, and there were no blemishes or scars on her skin. The hills and shadowed valleys of her body were also all in the right places. She simply didn't understand why the mirror wouldn't tell her what she wanted to hear.

Since the day she married King White, she had done everything in her power to be the perfect wife. But no matter what she did, she would never come close to the King's former wife. The dead queen's portrait was in every room. The sight of the princess had sent Mirabel into a fiery rage, as, except for the black hair, Snow was the spitting image of her mother. The King's constant comparison had murdered Mirabel's confident spirit, which was why she vowed to make Snow's life as miserable as possible. Just as Mirabel had been when she first came to this castle.

"You." She pointed at her maid, Melissa, who stood by the door, waiting for her orders. Melissa looked terrified at being called, which gave Mirabel a glimmer of satisfaction.

Melissa curtsied. "Yes, Your Majesty." Her voice wobbled.

"Bring Jonas to my room."

"As you wish, Your Majesty." Melissa turned and disappeared from the room.

A few minutes later, the maid returned with Jonas, Mirabel's current favorite pet.

Jonas looked like a Greek god. His abs were hard as rocks from

constant exercise, and his olive-toned skin was slick with the scented rubbing oil she'd given him as a gift. He had brown hair the color of the earth, and she liked the way he was looking at her now—with a mixture of lust and respect. She noticed the growing erection underneath his pants and smirked. The reason she preferred him above all the others was that he was the only one who could make her feel perfect, and he was also the only one who could make her climax during sex.

She licked her lips. "You may leave," she said to Melissa, who curtsied and left the room.

Even before the door closed, Mirabel had turned her attention to Jonas, who stood patiently by the door, waiting for her command.

"Come here." She wiggled her index finger at him.

He walked obediently toward her and stopped when he was about a foot away.

"How are you, my pet?" she purred. She circled around him as she ran her hand across his chest. The scent of myrrh invaded her nostrils.

"As well as you want me to be, Your Majesty."

He reached up and touched her hand. Tentatively. She knew what he was doing. He was testing the waters, because sometimes, she didn't like to be touched. Other times, she wanted nothing more than to feel his hands all over her body. This time, she pressed herself against his wonderfully warm body, giving him her unspoken permission to do with her whatever he wanted.

"My thighs hurt. Why don't you rub them?" She glided toward the bed and sprawled on top of the bedspread, waiting for Jonas to work his magic on her. He climbed on beside her and started rubbing her legs and thighs. Slowly he worked his way higher and higher, and using the fingers of one

hand, he started teasing her pussy.

"That's it," she purred.

Jonas planted his face in front of her pussy and started licking her clit. He nibbled and sucked on it until Mirabel couldn't help but utter a satisfying moan. He thrust his index and middle finger inside her pussy, sliding easily in her wetness..

"Oh, yes. Fuck me with your fingers."

He didn't need to be told twice. He pulled his fingers in and out of her warm, soft cave and flicked his tongue back and forth on her clit.

Mirabel matched the rise and fall of her hips with the rhythm of his tongue. She imagined his huge cock in her mouth and hungered. She licked her lips at the thought of tasting his cum in her mouth.

"Stop!" she commanded. "I want your cock in my mouth."

Mirabel knew this was what he'd been waiting for all night by the way he shuddered. She went on all fours and climbed on top of him. Slowly, she turned around until her buttocks hovered right above his face and she felt his hot breath on her pussy.

In front of her, his cock waved at her, calling her attention. It was thick and hard and already had a bead of cum at the tip. She parted her lips and licked the scrumptious shaft. Hearing him gasp, she smiled, which was cut short when she felt his hot tongue running up and down her wet cunt. She moaned as his warm tongue flicked her clit. She took his cock in her mouth and moved her hand up and down his shaft.

Pressure started to build in her belly. She pulled away and lay down beside him on the bed. "I want you to fuck me."

"As you wish, Your Majesty." Jonas wiped her juices off his chin with

the back of his hand. He pinned her down on the bed with his weight atop her and kissed her on the lips. He impaled her pussy with his hard cock in one smooth movement.

"Oh, yes," she said, running her hands through his brown locks and marveling at the sweet-sour taste of her juices on his tongue.

He pushed himself in and out of her in a smooth rhythm until they both came. For the first time, Mirabel allowed herself to feel something similar to love for one of her lovers. To her, it was like having a hairline crack on a mirror. She could barely see it, but she knew it was there. She wondered what it meant. "Do you think me beautiful, Jonas?"

Jonas was silent for a moment, then he said, "Of course, you are beautiful, my queen. You're the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

"More beautiful than Snow?" She straightened her back and lifted her chin.

"Snow is but a girl. Her childish looks cannot be compared to yours."

The admiring tone in her lover's voice pacified her. Almost. "You didn't answer the question."

"You are ten times more beautiful than Snow and any woman in this village."

For some reason, this didn't satisfy Mirabel. Maybe it was the way he hesitated before answering her first question. She rang the bell that was always beside her bed.

Within moments, Melissa appeared. The maid kept her eyes locked to the floor when she realized the Queen wasn't wearing any clothing. "Yes, Your Majesty?"

"Bring Snow to me," Mirabel commanded, grabbing her red silk robe

and throwing it over her body carelessly.

"As you wish, Your Majesty." The maid walked out of the room and closed the door behind her.

Mirabel waited and waited and waited. She didn't think it would take this long to find the girl. Bored, she decided she might as well make good use of her time. She went to sit on the edge of the bed. "Pleasure me with your tongue," she commanded Jonas, who was lounging in the center.

"As you wish, Your Majesty." He rose on his knees and planted his face in front of her thighs. She watched his pink tongue run up and down her clit. He looked up at her at that moment and maintained eye contact with her as he made love to her with his mouth. He kissed her clit and let out a soft moan that sent a little vibration against her pussy.

She shivered with delight. She rubbed her breasts and pinched her nipples as the orgasm started to run along her body like a giant warm wave. She broke eye contact with Jonas when she arched her back and gasped from the bliss she was feeling.

The maid appeared without knocking... and without Snow.

"Well? Where is she?" Mirabel snapped.

Jonas tried to stop what he was doing, but Mirabel grabbed a fistful of his hair and kept him firmly between her thighs. Having someone in the room watching them as they made love drove Mirabel over the edge, and she came.

"She...She..." Melissa started to say. "She isn't anywhere in the castle, Your Majesty." She dropped to her knees in fright, trembling.

"What!" Mirabel roared. She pushed Jonas's face away from her.

He fell gracelessly to the floor.

"I looked everywhere. I... I couldn't find her."

Mirabel walked over to the quivering girl. "Raise your head." She slapped the upturned face across the cheek. "Go. Try again."

The young girl left in tears.

Mirabel wasn't surprised when she didn't return. One of the guards had to tell her that they had searched every corner of the castle, and yet, they hadn't been able to find the dead king's daughter. Mirabel's face turned ugly with anger and frustration.

"Spread the word in the villages. She couldn't have gone far in the middle of a snowstorm. Announce in the village squares that I will offer a reward for news of her whereabouts, and death to anyone who dares hide her from me," Mirabel commanded in her most imperious voice. She paced a few times in her bedroom before she noticed that she had an audience. Jonas and the guard were still standing in her room.

"What are you all gaping at? Leave me!"

Like mice, they all scampered out of her sight.

"Foolish girl, you think you can outrun me? You think you are free of me? I will teach you a lesson you'll never forget. I will make you wish you had never been born."

\* \* \* \* \*

That night, Snow dreamt of blood-red apples with her face carved on them. Sharp knives. Feathers floating in the air. A pair of bright blue eyes the color of the sky on a spring day.

Snow woke up. She looked around and realized she was in a plain but warm room. She studied her surroundings and noticed that almost everything was made of wood. Everything was brown except her nightgown,



which was the only bit of color that stood out. It was made of white lace. She had never felt anything so soft or delicate against her skin. She wondered for a moment who had changed her clothes.

"I can't stay here. It isn't safe," she whispered as she looked for a way to escape. She wasn't sure if the owner of the house was friend or foe.

She found a small sack in the room and began stuffing it with everything she could find. She stumbled upon a pair of sturdy hunting boots. She remembered how cold and numb her feet had been the previous night. She looked down and realized the wool—no longer white—was still covering her feet. She removed it slowly, her eyes growing misty as she remembered what she had done. It was the only remaining thing connecting her to her mother. She folded what remained of the blanket carefully and placed it inside the sack.

She took a deep breath and pulled the boots on her feet. She liked the way they hugged her legs all the way up to her thighs. Next, she grabbed a red wool coat that was folded on the chair on the opposite side of the room and put it on.

Very carefully, she opened the door and looked down both ends of the hallway. Seeing no one, she stepped out of her room and walked on the tips of her toes, which was hard to do with the shoes on. Still, she tried to make the least amount of noise possible.

She looked around in wonder as she walked down the hallway. *Such a big house.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*When Snow was thirteen, her father died. This didn't make her particularly sad, but she wasn't happy about it either. Her father hardly paid any attention to her, except for the time he'd introduced her to his new wife.*

*He'd made sure she was properly dressed. It was the last time she saw him alive.*

*"How did he die?" she remembered asking her nurse.*

*"Choked on a piece of apple, mistress."*

*Snow frowned. She didn't remember seeing her father eating any particular type of fruit. However, she kept these thoughts to herself.*

*Things changed in the castle the following day. Snow's stepmother finally showed her true colors, which didn't surprise Snow. She now knew what she had suspected was true, that her stepmother had murdered her father. All portraits of her mother were removed and burned the following day. Not one single painting survived the flames.*

*Snow watched as different men were taken into Mirabel's chamber night after night. She hardly ever had the same man twice. Her screams and moans could be heard throughout the castle at night.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*"You! Stop!" a voice behind her cried out.*

*Snow cursed and broke into a run. She couldn't help but look behind her to see if anybody was still chasing her. That was her mistake.*

*She bumped into a large shadow and fell to the floor. She quickly stood up and tried to run again, but a pair of strong, warm hands grabbed her. He held her hands firmly behind her back.*

*"No!" Snow screamed. She struggled and kicked. "No! You can't take me back there. You don't know what she's capable of! She'll kill you all. She'll kill me."*

*"Lady, will you calm down," the man said as he roughly turned her*

around to face him.

"Are you alright, Bo?" another man behind her asked.

Snow twisted and looked at the man who had spoken and gasped. She had never seen anyone with eyes like his. It looked like God had placed every different shade of blue that existed in the world inside his eyes. He was tall and lithe, with rippling muscles on his arms. She knew that his arms matched the rest of his body, as his white shirt did little to hide the muscles that lay beneath. He had olive-toned skin, and his long, wavy brown hair barely touched his shoulders.

"Yeah. What is she doing here anyway, Reese?" The man called Bo inquired as he tightened his grip on her. "Who is she?"

Snow stopped her struggles in order to hear their conversation. It might help her get away from them.

"She was freezing in the forest in the middle of a snow storm. I couldn't leave her out there," Reese explained. He turned to Snow and said, "Now, I'm going to take you back to your room. And you will quietly wait for Maddox to come in and talk to you. Understand?"

"You can't keep me here against my will." Snow lifted her chin. She hoped she looked every bit like the princess she rightfully was.

"True. But you can wait in a nice warm room with some hot broth, or you can go outside and freeze to death. We'll then find your frozen corpse and throw it into the river, never to be heard or seen again. Which one do you prefer, princess?" Reese said the last word in a half-teasing tone.

Seeing his point, Snow sighed. "Very well."

Bo released her. "So, what's your name?"

Snow couldn't help but stare at his amazing height. *He must be at*

*least seven feet tall.* "Snow. My name is Snow White."

She turned just then and caught a glimpse of Reese's face as it changed expressions. She realized then that Reese knew who she was, despite Mirabel's efforts. The evil queen had spent so much time and energy hiding her from the rest of the world that she had succeeded in making people forget who Snow was, that a princess by the name of Snow White even existed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Snow was eating a meal of chicken broth, a loaf of bread and a tall mug of apple cider when she heard the downstairs door slam open, then shut. Someone was home. Someone who was angry.

She swallowed the broth in three gulps even though it burned the roof of her mouth. Wrapping the bread in a napkin, she then packed it in a bag she found in the room. She drank what was left of the cider and prepared herself for the worse. She opened the door a crack and eavesdropped on the conversation.

"Where is she?" an angry voice roared.

"Who are you talking about?" Reese asked.

"You don't have to hide her from me. Bo told me everything," the angry man said.

"Ayden, calm down. She's not a threat to us," another voice said.

"Not yet, but I heard the villagers gossiping this morning," Ayden said.

"I never knew you to be interested in local gossip," Reese said, half-mocking.

"Only when it concerns the safety of my brothers."

"She is not a threat to us," Reese said calmly.

"The Queen is looking for someone fitting her description. A reward to whoever can tell the Queen where this girl is hiding, or death to anyone giving her shelter."

Snow's heart froze. "The Queen is looking for me," she whispered. "No, I refuse to give up." She grabbed her bag with the supplies she had pilfered from the room.

"How do you know this girl is the one the Queen's looking for?" Snow heard another voice she didn't recognize.

*How many brothers are there anyway?*

"Ebony colored hair? White perfect skin? Blood-red lips? Isn't that what the girl upstairs looks like?" Ayden roared. "How many girls in the village answer to that description?"

He must be truly angry, but what he said was true. Everyone in the castle was fair and tanned easily in the summer. Girls with hair the color of the rising sun decorated the castle halls. Girls with hair the color of the setting sun were rare but still seen. Snow was the only one who reminded people of the darkness in the night. She frightened a lot of people. She didn't understand why, until she looked at herself in a mirror. Then she knew. They all saw the darkness within themselves whenever Snow walked into a room. She reminded them of their mortality. Hadn't she been the reason her mother died?

A single tear spilled out of her left eye as she tried to conjure up the image of her mother and failed. She wiped the tear away angrily with the back of her hand and walked to the window. She opened it.

Their voices drifted up to her in the still night air. Or maybe because the men downstairs were now talking in raised voices.

"You're not going to do anything about it, Ayden," Reese shouted.

"Why not?"

"Because she's our guest, and I'm not one to toss a defenseless girl out into a snowstorm. If you want to get rid of her so badly, I want nothing to do with it. You're on your own with this one."

A long silence, then Ayden's mocking voice. "She can't be that beautiful, Reese."

"She is."

Snow blushed. She always had a hard time hearing people call her beautiful, especially after spending so much time in the presence of the Queen. Her stepmother had always drummed into her head that Snow could never be as beautiful as the Queen.

Snow heard footsteps coming toward the room. She had two seconds to decide. Fight or flight? A gust of cold wind blew past her warm neck from the open window and sent shivers down her spine. It made the choice for her. She closed the window and turned around, trying her best not to look frightened when one of brothers burst through the door.

Snow gasped, more from surprise than anything else. She'd expected a giant, but instead, a man only a little taller than she stood in the doorway. He was wide like an ox, though, and had eyes the color of fire. His bright, red hair stood on its end, almost as though it had a life of its own.

Snow curtsied. "Good day, sir."

"Are you who they say you are?" the man asked, his voice sounding like the one they called Ayden.

"It depends on who they are, sir."

"Don't play games with me, little lady. I don't have Maddox's patience," he growled.

*Who is this Maddox? Never mind, I'll play along for now.* "Nor I." For a second, she thought she saw the ghost of a smile on the man's lips.

Ayden took a step forward. "Who are you? And what have you done to make the Queen seek for you with such ardor?"

"Wouldn't you look for your precious pet if it were lost too?"

"Answer me," he demanded.

"I already have."

Ayden took several steps toward her and gazed at her intently. He sniffed her and wrinkled his nose as though he smelled something foul within her. Then, he walked away, saying, "Maddox, you talk to her. I have no patience for these games."

It was then that Snow realized Reese and another man were looking in from the doorway. *So, that's Maddox.*

Maddox was tall with long blonde hair and a beard. He was muscular and wide. Shorter than Reese, but still handsome.

"Very well," Maddox replied, his brown eyes filled with lust as he walked further into the room.

Snow was startled at his expression. *What have I gotten myself into?*

Ayden gave her one last fiery look and walked out.

Snow addressed both Maddox and Reese, properly contrite. "I'm sorry I brought this upon your home. If you could please give me some supplies, perhaps some food, I'm more than willing to leave."

"Since you won't say what you did to make her so angry, what harm

did *she* do you?" Maddox asked.

"Nothing...yet. But the way she'd sometimes look at me..." She shuddered, remembering the Queen's dark, malicious gaze. "It sends shivers down my spine."

"So, you ran away from her," he guessed.

"Yes, thanks to a kind man who warned me to leave. He must've known something was going to happen, something I knew nothing about." She looked at Maddox and past him to Reese, who was still standing by the doorframe. He tugged on his wavy, brown hair nervously as he waited for Maddox to speak. She wasn't aware she was staring until he turned his head and she was looking into his sky blue eyes. She had the sudden realization that if there was a person she could trust in this house, it was him—Reese. His slow smile devastated her, wreaked havoc within her. Trembling, she turned her gaze away.

Maddox was saying, "I have a proposition for you, if you're willing to listen."

"Go on." She was curious to hear what he had to say. Maddox looked like a kind man, if a bit lustful, and whatever his proposal, she hoped it was something that allowed her to stay. She'd take anything to be able to stay. There was something in the way Reese looked at her, the way he made her feel, something... She wanted the chance to explore that something.

"How would you like to stay here and keep us company for a while?"

*Oh yes, of course! Wait, slow down. Mustn't appear overeager.* She frowned. "Keep you company?"

"It's been a while since we've had the pleasure of having a woman in our company, as we live here in the middle of the forest. It gets rather lonely sometimes," Maddox admitted with a vulnerability that touched Snow's



heart. "We don't have a choice though, because it's closer to the mines where we work."

"So, you're saying that in exchange for the pleasure of my company, you'll let me stay here for as long as I want? Under your protection?" She tried not to appear excited. The situation was playing right into her hands. But did Reese want this too?

"Yes," Maddox said. "But you do understand that I'd have to get my brothers' consent as well."

"Yes." Snow bit her lip for a moment, then looked over his shoulder at Reese. "What do you think?"

Reese's eyes grew wide, as though surprise that she would even ask his opinion.

"Winter becomes much crueler each year, and this year is one of the worst. You'll want for nothing if you stay with us." He strode to stand before her. "We'll hide you and protect you. You'll be safe here with us, I promise."

His words comforted her. Snow also realized she had very little choice in the matter, as she hated the cold against her skin, making her feel as though her bones were going to shatter from the freezing winds. She shuddered at the thought of going back out in the cruel arms of winter. Moreover, this was what she wanted, wasn't it? More time to get to know Reese better. She turned to Maddox.

"Alright, I'll stay."

\* \* \* \* \*

"You're letting her stay here?" Ayden roared.

"Only if the majority agrees," Reese said.

"I'm sure you'll be pleased with the arrangement," Maddox answered with a sly smile on his face.

"What arrangement?" Reese asked, his blood running cold as he saw the lustful glint in his brother's eyes. He wasn't blind to the fact that earlier, Maddox had been watching Snow like he'd wanted to devour her.

"Sexual arrangement, of course." Maddox chuckled. "How would you boys like to have a turn at the woman one night per week?"

"No, we didn't say anything to her about—" Reese's protest was overridden by the overwhelming enthusiastic response from his brothers.

"She's pretty!" Alair, the younger brother, shouted. He had just turned eighteen, and he was more than willing to explore with a woman.

"You've only had a glimpse of her, idiot!" Ayden clouted Alair on the head.

"I agree, she's beautiful," Felix, the middle brother, said.

"Why do you have such a problem with this, Ayden?" Maddox asked.

Ayden scowled. "She's going to bring us nothing but trouble."

"I say we go for it," Reid said. "I haven't smelled a woman in a long time."

"She'll be the death of us all."

"No need to be so positive," Felix said in a sarcastic tone of voice.

Ayden shot him a fiery look.

Maddox attempted to mediate. "Snow has agreed to be of some assistance to us for as long as we can keep her safe. It's a fair bargain."

Ayden spat. "We all know how to keep our home clean. We don't need

a servant—”

“But we need a woman to warm our beds!” Maddox shouted, obviously fed up with the resistance. “Even one night a week is better than none.”

Reese raised his voice to be heard over Maddox, “Ayden’s right.”

“What’s with you, Reese?” Maddox gave him an odd look. “I thought you’d be enthusiastic about this. It’s not as if we haven’t shared women before.”

“I... I...” Reese didn’t know why, but that was precisely what he didn’t want. He wanted Snow all to himself. But he knew he was on the losing side of the battle. If the cunning Maddox could win the others over to his side... Reese had said so himself—“if the majority agrees”.

Maddox turned to face the rest of their brothers. “Just think. How long has it been since any of us has been with a woman?”

“A woman? What’s that?” Bo asked with a hint of sarcasm. His question seemed to sprout all sorts of argument from the others.

Reese watched as his brothers bickered over the princess. For some reason, he didn’t like sharing Snow with his brothers. There was something about the way she looked into his eyes that moved him. For a girl to have a name like Snow, she certainly knew how to melt the ice around his heart.

Though he’d participated enthusiastically before when only one woman was available, as Maddox had said, somehow, he’d had a change of heart, because at this moment, he didn’t believe it to be right. But from the looks of things, he seemed to have very little choice in the matter.

In the end, he just wanted Snow to be safe. If this was the only way for Snow to stay with them, then he’d do his best to accept it.

Six out of seven voted for Snow to stay.

\* \* \* \* \*

Snow heard a knock on the door of the bedroom they'd assigned to her. She opened it and saw all seven brothers standing in the hallway.

"Snow," Maddox started, "my brothers and I have decided to let you stay."

"Oh, thank you, thank you very much." Snow was relieved to hear the news, as she wasn't looking forward to going back into the snow and the biting wind. Anything was surely better than being frozen to death or being captured by Queen Mirabel. She looked at the seven men standing before her. None of them looked like they would harm her in any way. She felt safe here with them. Her eyes searched Reese's face, and she was comforted by the strength she saw in his eyes. There was something about him that made her feel at ease.

"There is a condition though..."

"What is it?" Snow grew alert. What did they want in return? Money? Position?

Maddox cleared his throat and continued, "My brothers and I have agreed that we all need the company of a woman on these cold nights."

"What?" Snow gasped. "All of you together?"

"I told you she's stupid," Ayden said from the back of the crowd.

"No, no, of course not," Maddox said hastily. "We'd be too vigorous for you, and we don't want to tire you out. We thought we'd take turns, one day per week, as there are seven of us."

She wasn't thrilled over the fact that she had to share herself with seven men. She looked at Reese over Maddox's shoulder. There was such naked pain in his eyes before he turned away. In that moment, she knew.

She had no other choice, not if she wanted to thwart the Queen and come out of this alive and safe.

She swallowed. "I... I... Alright. And please, my being here is to be kept secret."

Maddox nodded. "We understand."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ayden knocked on her door the following night.

"So, you're the first one."

"I wanted to get it over with." He acted nonchalant as he strolled into her room, but in truth, he'd been daydreaming about her since the moment he laid eyes on her. He'd acted difficult because he didn't want to make things easy for his brothers. More importantly, he didn't want to let them know he'd gone soft, especially over a woman.

"Very well, I've already made myself warm for you." Snow watched as Ayden's face hardened. He took off his clothes, and she couldn't help staring at his engorged manhood. She tried not to blush when she saw its full length. She had a feeling she would be sore in the morning.

"Ayden?"

"Yes?" His voice had come out a hoarse whisper.

"Shy, all of a sudden? You were so keen on getting rid of me last night," she teased, trying to lighten the atmosphere.

"Never mind, this was a stupid idea." He turned red and began to put his trousers back on.

She ran to him, afraid they'd throw her out in the cold. She placed a hand on his warm chest. "I'm sorry. Please stay, I only wanted...to make us

feel more at ease."

"It's been a long time since I've felt a woman's touch," he said, staring in wonder at the contrast her ivory hand made against his bronze skin.

Snow stood on the tips of her toes and kissed him gently on the lips. She pressed her lips against the softness of his, persuading, convincing him to forget his anger. Within moments, their tentative kiss turned passionate.

Ayden cupped her buttocks with his hands and squeezed, pressing her against him. A low moan escaped her throat.

He picked her up and placed her on the bed. He climbed the bed and crawled on top of her, settling his weight against her. His hardened cock nudged her belly, and she moaned, wanting that fat cock inside her. He ran his fingers through her black hair and looked deep into her eyes.

She gave him a wicked grin, reached up and kissed him on the lips. She thrust her tongue inside his mouth, intending to be the aggressor. She was surprised when he turned the tables on her by sucking on her tongue, and as he did so, his massive cock entered her wet pussy. A few thrusts, and he orgasmed. Snow had expected this. She understood that was how it was with a man, especially as it had been so long since he'd been with a woman. His softened cock slipped out of her.

Well, he wouldn't do her any good now.

"Good night." She turned to her side, her belly aching with need. A moment later, she heard Ayden put on his clothes and walked out of the room. She continued staring out at the window and watched as the cold wind whip the bare branches of the tree outside to and fro.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

It looked like an old crone's hand trying to get her to step out of the

warmth of her room into the cruel arms of the winter winds.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ayden stood at the entrance, dressed in his dirty clothes. "We have to go to work this morning, sweet Snow."

All the brothers looked at him, mouth agape.

"What?" Ayden asked irritably.

"Don't open the door to anyone, Snow, not even us," Reese hastily said into the silence. "We all have a key to the house. There's no need for you to step outside for any reason."

All the brothers nodded in agreement.

Snow shooed them all out of the house. "There's no need for you to worry about me. Now go to work, I'll see you all in the evening."

Reese gave her one last look of concern before he walked out. She heard the lock turn. Then silence. She almost wept when she heard the broom fall to the floor. She wrung her hands until she decided she would tidy up the kitchen. It was a small mess that took only minutes to clean. After she was done, more silence. She couldn't go outside because it was too cold. She picked up a book from the small library in the living room and read for a while. She was sure that while she read, her stepmother continued to search for her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wednesday.

It was Reese's turn to be with her. She spent the entire day fixing her hair and making sure that her clothes were perfect. For him. It was the day she looked forward to the most.

When the brothers came home that night, her heart skipped a beat. She knew their routine by now. Depending on whose turn it was going to be that night, the man had the first priority to take a bath. She'd insisted on this because they always came home dirty and smelling of sweat. She refused to put up with it.

Snow waited patiently in her room for Reese to be finished with his bath. Butterflies flew about in her stomach when she heard his knock on the door.

She opened it. "C-come in." Her throat was dry. Is this the way love was supposed to feel?

"Hello." He stared at her, devouring her with his eyes.

"Hello."

He walked in and closed the door gently behind him.

"How was your day?"

"Same as yesterday." He smiled. "Except that I had something to look forward to today."

"I like Wednesdays."

"Me too." He walked toward her and ran his fingers through her hair. "I've never seen such black hair."

Snow remained silent. She allowed herself to be lost in Reese's touch. She loved the way he touched her. His fingers touched her scalp, sending shivers all over her body. His calloused hands caressed her neck and shoulders. Heat radiated from him. She felt like she was melting under his touch. She lifted her head and kissed him. His lips were amazingly soft. Her heart raced faster when his tongue entered her mouth and caressed her own.



Reese's hands stole around the small of her back, and he pressed her against his body as their kiss deepened. He picked her up and carried her to the bed. Her leg grazed his iron-hard erection. She moaned and grew wet at the thought of having him inside her. He placed her on the bed and helped her out of her clothes. Snow loved the way his expression changed when he looked at her naked body. There was a mixture of awe and lust on his face. No man had ever looked at her that way before.

Snow helped him out of his clothes, and they lay in bed for a while, caressing and pleasuring each other with their hands. She climbed on top of him, resting one leg on each side of him, and leaned down to kiss him. She explored the cavern of his mouth with her tongue, grinding her hips against his lower body until he groaned for satisfaction. She broke their kiss and lifted herself a little higher so he could have full access to her breasts. He took one of them in his hand and massaged it as he sucked on the nipple of her other breast.

Snow moaned, enjoying the deep suction motion of his mouth. Pressure built in her belly, and she wanted to feel his mouth on hers. She moved down until her breast popped out of his mouth, then kissed him, ravaging his mouth with all the hunger in her. She wriggled her lower body until her pussy touched his cock, and gently slid herself onto his erection. She pumped her hips up and down.

It was his turn to moan. "Oh God."

"Touch me, Reese. I want to feel your hands all over me."

Reese was more than happy to comply, his hands roaming all over her body in seconds.

Snow was starting to feel the beginnings of her orgasm. With every movement, her body grew warmer and warmer. The only problem was that

she was starting to get tired. Her thighs were on fire. Just as she was about to say something to Reese, his arms came around her, and without withdrawing from her, he turned her over so that he was now on top. She gasped in surprise.

He winked at her. "I think I can take over from here."

She smiled and nodded.

Reese pushed himself in and out of her, their rhythm in complete synchronicity. Her hips rose and fell, like ocean water touching the shore, then receding. Waves trying to reach the sandy beach. The beginning of her orgasm was there, just a little out of reach. More thrusts, more pressure. Snow thought she was going to burst from the inside out. She dug her nails into Reese's back as she began to come.

"Oh God."

"Oh yes." He panted, his testicles tightening, signifying that he was also at the beginning of his orgasm.

"I'm coming." She gasped and panted. Heat ran up her cheeks, and she knew she'd turned bright pink. It was the only time she had color on her skin.

"I love you," he whispered in her ear.

"Oh, Reese." Her heart was full, overflowing. She didn't know how she could contain it, when she was still convulsing with her satisfaction. "I love you, too."

Snow felt him release his cum deep into her pussy, before he collapsed on top of her. She smiled and wrapped her long legs around his waist. She liked the weight of his body. It made her feel safe and warm.

After awhile, Reese rolled off of her and lay down beside her. "You look

like a blushing moon when you climax."

"You're so poetic, Reese." Snow was delighted with his words.  
"Really?"

"Yes."

Snow was quiet and thoughtful for a few moments. She couldn't help but think about what he'd said in the heat of the moment. She wondered...  
"Is it true? Do you mean it?"

"What?"

"That you love me." She turned on her side and rested her cheek on the palm of her hand.

He frowned. "Of course, why would I lie about something like that?"

"I don't know." She caressed his chest. "I wondered if it was something nice to say in the heat of the moment."

"Well, I'm certainly not like that. When I say something, I mean it."

"I believe you." She kissed him in apology for doubting him.

"You whispered those same words back to me as well. Did you mean them?"

"Yes, I do. I do love you. From the moment I saw you, I knew you and I would have a bond that no one would ever sever." She ran her fingers through his brown hair, smiling.

He hugged her close to him. "I wish I could have you all to myself."

"Me too, darling. Me too."

They fell asleep in each other's arms, dreaming of a happy world where they didn't have to share.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mirabel stood before her mirror and asked, "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?"

The mirror took a moment, then replied, "My lady is fair to see, but a maiden outside the village is fairer far than thee."

"Who?" she shrieked. "Who is she!" She thought she'd finally gotten rid of Snow, and now she had a new rival?

"Skin as white as snow, hair as black as ebony, lips as red as blood."

"No! She's dead!" She shook her head. "No one could survive in this cold, no one! Even some of the horses in the stable have died from the cold."

"She dwells in a house with seven men."

"Seven men?" Mirabel arched her eyebrow. She couldn't help but be impressed at the young girl's ingenuity. "Show me where she lives. How can I kill her?"

The mirror's surface fogged, then cleared to display the path to the house of the seven brothers. It zoomed in and showed Snow reading a book in a large comfortable chair. The picture went black, then an apple—red and shiny—emerged.

"An apple?" Mirabel wondered. She recalled how the Old King had died. She smiled and remembered the day he'd passed away. He had suggested they start a family. She was appalled at the suggestion, because she knew that as soon as she gave birth, she would lose her figure. So when he took a bite of the apple that she'd offered him and began to choke, she didn't call for the guards. Instead, she walked out of the dining room, went to the garden and waited until she heard the maid scream at the sight of the deceased King.

"An apple is perfect. Only this time, I'll make sure it's poisoned to ensure the job is done. The little bitch thought she could get away from me." She made a scoffing sound. "I'll teach her." She stared into the mirror and memorized the path to the house of the seven men.

\* \* \* \* \*

Snow shuddered and looked over her shoulder. She felt she was being watched. She frowned and searched the room, to see if perhaps someone had forgotten to close a window. She marked her place in the book she was reading and set it down on the chair. She walked around the room and checked all the windows. They were closed. Her frown grew deeper as she thought about what else could've sent that shiver down her spine.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few weeks passed by, and everything became a routine. She'd spend her days alone and her nights with one of the brothers. They came up with a system. For each day of the week, one brother would have his night with Snow.

Monday was Ayden.

Tuesday was Reid.

Wednesday was Reese.

Thursday was Bo.

Friday was Felix.

Saturday was Maddox.

Sunday was Alair.

In three weeks, she had sex with the brothers in every position she

could think of, which she came up with during the daytime hours to keep things interesting in the bedroom. She also discovered that each man had a different fetish. Ayden liked to have his way with her against the wall. Reid liked a little bit of everything. He was very creative in the bedroom. He liked giving her oral pleasure as well as receiving it from her. Reese was the only one among them who was normal, except that occasionally he'll run his fingers through her hair and talk while he made love. Bo liked to suck on her toes before starting with the lovemaking. Thursdays frightened her sometimes. Bo was such a large man that at first she was scared of getting badly bruised. But she was happily surprised at how gentle he could be with her.

Felix liked things a little rough. He liked it when Snow slapped him around and talked forcefully at him. She liked it, because she could take her frustrations out on Felix and not feel guilty about it afterwards. Maddox liked to put his cock inside her mouth, then spray his cum all over her face and body. She always felt dirty after spending the night with him. Then there was Alair, who was always so sweet and funny. He always told a few jokes before he touched her. She assumed it was because he was constantly nervous around her.

She loved each brother for different reasons, but whenever she thought of Reese, it was like someone had placed the sun directly in front of her and melted everything bad away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reese daydreamed about Snow, forgetting his work. Tonight would be his turn with her. A stone bounced off his head. He whirled around. "What the hell?"

"It'll be night soon enough," Ayden taunted.

"Shut up."

"What's gotten you so touchy? I thought you'd be pleased, as it's your turn tonight." Ayden held up a pacifying hand when Reese threatened to clobber him with his shovel. "All right, I'll shut up." He turned away and muttered, "That girl sure knows her way around a man's piece, I'll tell you that much."

Reese heard what he said and saw red. He picked up the same stone that had been thrown at him and flung it at Ayden. It hit him right between the eyes. Ayden growled with anger and attacked. "Are you letting that little minx get to you?"

"You shut up about her!" Reese roared as he threw a punch.

Ayden was fast enough to duck and avoid being hit by him. "What the hell is the matter with you?" Ayden asked as he ducked another of Reese's blows.

"Don't say anything about her! Ever!"

"What is all this ruckus?" Maddox pulled Reese away from Ayden.

"This idiot is getting all in a twist over the girl," Ayden explained.

Maddox sighed.

Reese struggled to be free. "I want him to keep his stupid mouth shut. Don't say anything about Snow in my presence."

"Oooh. I'm so scared," Ayden taunted.

"Ayden, shut up," Maddox scolded his brother.

"Fine, fine. I'm working with a bunch of women in here."

\* \* \* \* \*

Wednesday. Snow's new favorite day of the week. The only thing she didn't like was that she and Reese had to hide their true feelings from his brothers.

A knock sounded on the door.

Snow flew from where she was standing at the window and opened the door. Shyness struck her. "Hello, Reese."

"Hello, Snow." His eyes smoldered.

"Would you like to come in?"

He nodded and stepped inside her room.

*He looked nervous.*

She closed the door behind him, crossed over to the bed and lay down in the center. She patted a spot next to her. Smiling, he lay down beside her, realizing then just how much he enjoyed being next to her. She gave him a sideways glance and rolled on top of him.

They both laughed at her spontaneity.

She caressed his hair and looked into his eyes. "You have beautiful blue eyes. They remind me of a beautiful day in spring, so unlike my black ones."

Suddenly somber, she rolled off him and gazed out the window at the midnight sky.

Reese didn't know what to say. No one had ever given him a compliment. Finally, he reached around her and cupped her chin, turning it slowly toward him until she was looking at him. "Snow."

"Yes?"

"You, too, have eyes the color of spring. Only, it's a spring night that



you have trapped in your eyes. Midnight blue with the moon and stars hidden deep underneath. Who in the world said you weren't beautiful?"

"Everyone is afraid of me back home. They shuddered whenever I walked into a room. They said it was my fault my mother died. They blamed me for her death and for my father's being forced to remarry in order to have an heir for the kingdom. I sometimes wonder if they also blame me for his death." Snow's eyes glistened with the promise of tears.

"People are foolish," he said roughly.

"I don't know how much longer I can do this, Reese." Snow blinked and a stream of tears fell from her eyes.

"Do what?"

"Live like this every day with you and your brothers. I'm grateful to you all for saving me from the cold, but I want to be free. And come spring, I will leave."

"What will you do for food? Where will you live?" He stood up and looked at her as though he were looking at her for the first time.

"I don't know," she admitted. "But I do know that I can't do this for the rest of my life." She got up and faced him.

Reese knew that she was right, but he didn't want her to be. "That gives us only one more month together." He frowned.

Snow nodded.

Spring was right around the corner. Reese had already noticed how the sun was making the snow melt away. The wind also grew warmer every day. "Do you want me to tell my brothers?"

"No, I want this to be kept between the two of us."

"A secret?" He shook his head. Keeping secrets was something new to him. "This will be the first time I've ever kept something from my brothers. But for you, I'll do it."

He'd lost the appetite to make love to her. He walked out of the room and left Snow to her thoughts.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reese didn't like the way Reid was looking at Snow during dinner, even though he was in perfect rights to do so, as it was Reid's turn with her tonight. Reese was mad with jealousy, which was unlike him. This was a new feeling for him to have running through his heart. He and his brothers were raised to share everything. But this was different.

There was only one Snow.

After dinner, Reid bathed and went upstairs. Reese followed his brother with his gaze. Unfortunately, he couldn't follow him upstairs to Snow's bedroom. He heard the door close with a soft click. It was as though someone had shot an arrow through his heart.

He grabbed his coat and went outside to chop wood. He picked up the ax, and one by one, he sliced the large pieces of wood into neat piles. He did everything in his power not to look into Snow's window.

He couldn't help it.

He looked up...

...and saw Reid climb into Snow's bed, her alabaster legs around his waist.

Reese threw his ax haphazardly. It struck a maple tree. The wooden handle trembled. He screamed in anger and ran into the forest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Snow heard a man's painful cry. She gasped and sat up. "What was that?"

"I didn't hear anything," Reid said.

She frowned and lay back down on the bed. She tried to relax. She didn't want to ruin Reid's turn with her. He had a bit of a complex when it came to the size of his cock. It wasn't as large as the others, but what he didn't have in size, he made up for with creativity. He could always make Snow orgasm.

"What do you have in mind for us tonight. Reid?"

"I was thinking about starting you off with a little cunnilingus. Then maybe you could suck my cock after I make you climax. Then, I'd like to make love to you from behind."

"Alright." She didn't mind being with Reid. She was quite fond of him, but the only person she could think of at that moment was Reese. She thought about what she'd said to him the other day.

Snow spread her legs wide and waited for Reid to start. She made herself forget about Reese. She needed to stay here in order survive the winter. Only when spring came would she allow herself to leave.

She focused on pleasing Reid. She thought about the things she liked about him. The way his blonde hair shimmered when the sunlight hit it. His bright brown eyes and the kindness they held. His muscular figure. The way he would touch and caress her body when she had an orgasm.

That was what was on her mind when his tongue ran up and down her clit. Her pussy grew warm and wet. Her mind cleared until there was nothing but pleasure. "Oh, yes." He continued licking her, then he pushed his middle

finger inside her opening. "Ooooh." She moaned. "More."

Reid rubbed her breasts gently with his other hand. She pinched her nipples as hard as she could stand it. He added two more fingers inside her pussy. Within a few seconds, her body grew warm. He continued to lick her clit. He pulled his fingers out of her and plunged his tongue into her ruby chasm, drinking the juices that were coming out of her.

Snow came. Hard. She arched her back and moaned. Finally, she collapsed on the bed, panting. "Your turn." She pushed Reid onto the bed and straddled his thighs.

Reid shuddered with excitement when her lips wrapped around his cock. She used her tongue to further excite him and felt his cock grow harder inside her mouth. He moaned. "Oh God." He bucked his hips back and forth a few times.

No matter what he did, Snow didn't break the oral embrace with his cock. His cum oozed from the tip of his shaft. She swallowed and bobbed her head up and down his shaft.

"Fuck this. I want to feel my cock deep inside of you." He grunted and sat up, pulling Snow away from him and pushed her back on the bed. She spread her legs wide and welcomed him inside her pussy. He slid right in. Reid liked being on top. Snow didn't mind. That meant less work for her.

Snow stared out the window as Reid pumped his cock in and out of her. She thought of Reese. She could've sworn she saw him standing outside in the middle of the snow-covered forest. Reid tensed. He was going to come soon. She tried to ignore it, but another orgasmic wave rolled through her body. Twice in one night.

As she came, she locked eyes with Reese, who, as she'd suspected, was standing outside in the cold. A single tear slid down her cheek. The man

she loved was watching her with another man. The pain in his eyes was mirrored in her heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Are you alright?" Snow asked when she saw Reese the following evening. He didn't look too good, with dark circles underneath his eyes. His brown hair looked wild.

"I can't do this, Snow." He shook his head. "I can't stand by and watch you be with another man. It doesn't matter if they are my brothers. I can't do it," he ended with an anguished groan.

"Reese, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean for any of this to happen." Snow embraced him as tightly as she could.

"Please, promise you'll be mine. Just say you'll let me be the only one in your bed," he whispered. "I love you so much."

"Oh, Reese. I love you too." She threw herself at him and covered him with kisses.

"We should tell my brothers."

"Will they be mad?"

"I don't think so." He made a face. "I hope not."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I hate you," Reid muttered.

"What are we going to do with a woman who's just sitting upstairs doing nothing?" Ayden asked.

"Stop it, boys. She's mine. You're just going to have to make women out of your left and right hands."

"I think I'm going to cry," Reid muttered.

"Why didn't you tell us sooner?" Maddox asked.

"Because I wanted to avoid this," Reese explained. "I thought of all people, my own brothers would be happy for me."

"We are," Bo said. "But we're sad for us too. We were enjoying Snow."

"So what now?" Alair asked.

"I suppose we'll have to plan a wedding, now won't we?" Maddox asked.

"I haven't proposed to her yet," Reese admitted.

"Well, you're gonna have to work extra hard at the mines now, won't you? You can't give a princess a useless emerald. A girl like that needs a diamond as bright as she is." Maddox slapped Reese's back a few times.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mirabel let a drop of poison fall into a small hole she had made in the perfectly red apple she held in the palm of her hand. She watched as the red apple dried like a raisin, only to become plump once more. She grabbed her black cloak and made her way to the seven brothers' house. When she was close, she cast a spell on herself to change her appearance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Snow was outside on the balcony staring off into the distance. The sun was setting behind the mountains. The sky was blushing from the dying sun's final embers. She watched as the icicles on the trees melted. She thought about the words she and Reese had exchanged the previous night. It brought a smile to her face to think about him. She longed for another life. Another place. A change of pace.

She heard the sound of broken branches. She stiffened. It was a rare thing to hear anything that loud in this part of the woods. Snow squinted and tried to identify the person approaching her home. It was an old woman.

"Don't open the door to anyone." Reese's warning echoed through her mind.

"What harm could an old woman do to me?" she wondered aloud. She waited until a faint knock sounded on the door. She ran downstairs and opened the door excitedly. An old hag wearing a black cloak stood in front of her.

"Hello," Snow said cheerfully.

"Hello, pretty lady. Care to buy an apple or two?" The old woman took a bright, red apple with a trembling hand from her basket and placed it in Snow's hands.

Snow didn't know what it was about the apple, but she couldn't take her eyes off it. It was so beautiful. She didn't respond to the woman's question. She just pulled a gold coin out of her pocket and put it in the old hag's wrinkled and fleshy hand. All the while, she continued to stare at the scarlet orb on her palm.

"Thank you." The old woman bowed and walked away.

Snow nodded and closed the door behind her. In the distance, she heard a strange cackling. Normally, she would've tried to find out the source of the sound, but she was too engrossed in the apple to care.

Snow pressed her lips against the apple and gave it a soft kiss. She smelled its crisp fresh scent, then parted her lips against the thin red skin. Her teeth sank into the juicy apple, and her tongue swiped at the juice that ran down her chin. She chewed, and her body grew warm. She took another bite, and her body grew even warmer. Her groin tightened. She gasped. Her

knees gave out, and she fell down to the floor. A compulsion within urged her to continue eating the apple. She ran her fingers along her pussy lips and found them slick with cum.

She took another bite of the apple, and the piece lodged in her throat. She struggled to breathe. Her vision began to dim around the edges. As everything faded into black, she found herself thinking about Reese and his blue eyes.

*They really are as blue as the sky on a spring day,* was her last thought before she lost consciousness.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the seven brothers returned home, they found the door partially open. Reese frowned and signaled the others to stay back. He slowly opened the door the rest of the way. The old wood creaked softly.

The first thing he saw was a flash of black. It was Snow's hair fanned above her head, like a raven-colored halo. Then he saw Snow's body sprawled on the floor, one hand between her legs and the other clutching a dried, half-eaten apple. His gaze was fixated for a moment on the unnatural apple, which was black and smoking.

"Snow!" He ran to her, his heart pounding in terror. The others followed behind him.

Reese pressed his ear against her chest, listening for a heart beat.

"Is she dead?" Ayden asked.

"Yes," Reese choked, unable to believe the words he'd just spoken.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?" Mirabel



removed her black cloak. As she did, the spell lifted itself from her skin.

"My lady, Queen Mirabel is the fairest of them all," the mirror replied.

"Then Snow White is finally dead?" she asked to confirm, unable to believe the mirror, although she knew her mirror never lied.

"Yes," the looking glass said.

Mirabel threw herself on the bed and went into a fit of laughter. She had finally done it. She had killed Snow White.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alair wept. "She doesn't look dead."

"We have to burry her," Reid said.

"Yes, we can't leave her on the floor to rot, even though we don't want to believe her dead," Bo said.

"That's cruel. To put her beautiful body and face underground..." Felix wiped the tears forming on the corners of his eyes.

Reese agreed with Felix. She was too beautiful to hide underground as though they were ashamed of her. "We'll build a glass casket."

"What?" Ayden asked.

"We'll put her in a glass coffin and place a plaque telling her story. Let everyone know who her parents were and how she died," Reese explained.

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Reese picked up Snow's body from the floor and watched the apple core roll from her hand. When he lifted her up in his arms, he thought he saw her throat moved a little. His heart leapt to his mouth. He stared intently, but the motion didn't happen again. Angry, he kicked the remainder of the

poisoned fruit out of the way and carried Snow to her room. He placed her gently on the bed and sat beside her. He thought about the last time they had spoken.

"I know what it was you were searching for," he whispered. "You were looking for a handsome prince to kiss you on the lips and give you back the life you lost when your mother died. I'm certainly no prince, but if you would just wake up, I promise to take you away from all of this. I promise to keep you safe."

Snow's neck rolled to the side. Reese lifted her head and placed it on top of the pillow. "Wake up." He hated the pitiful sound of his voice. Reese didn't want to accept her death, even though he had convinced his brothers otherwise. He pulled out a clear, glimmering stone from his pocket. "Look what I found for you today." He placed it on her night table. It was a diamond the size of the nail on his thumb.

"Wake up!" He took her shoulders and roughly shook her body.

Her eyes flew open. The piece of apple shot out of her mouth like an arrow. She coughed, and her heart beat, strong and sure. She took a deep breath of air.

"I can't believe this!" Reese shouted. "You're alive!"

Snow rolled over to her side and spat out the poisoned apple she'd eaten.

"Ayden! Maddox! She's alive, she's alive! Reid, Felix, everyone, come!"

Thundering footsteps could be heard on the staircase.

"Reese, what happened?"

"I told you we shouldn't have let him alone."

"Reese, are you okay? What's wrong?"

They burst into the room.

He looked at his brothers in awe. "She's alive."

They shuffled forward, as if they, too, couldn't believe their eyes.

"Snow?"

"You're... alive?"

"How can this be?"

"Snow?" Bo knelt down beside her and took her hand in his. "Are you alright? Do you need anything?"

Snow rolled her eyes toward him and whispered, "Water." He ran downstairs, and within moments, he had a glass of cool water on her lips. She drank and let out a sigh of satisfaction. Reese took a rag and cleaned up the mess at the side of her bed. His brothers settled around the bed.

"Snow, what happened?" he asked when he was finished cleaning.

"Poisoned apple." Her normally sweet voice was now rough and ragged, almost as though she had swallowed a toad.

"How did you get it?"

"An old hag." Snow coughed up what was left of the fruit. "She came to me, selling apples—"

"That must've been the Queen," Alair said. "I've heard rumors she's really a witch."

"Well, I think this incident proves the rumors are true."

"We should leave her alone to rest," Reese suggested.

One by one, they walked out of the room. Before Reese left, he glanced at her. She had been beautiful, even in death. But now that she was alive, she looked deathly pale.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sometime in the middle of the night, Reese walked into Snow's bedroom. She watched as he pulled a chair beside her bed and looked down at her. He brought his chair closer and stroked her hair. It was so soothing she didn't want to let on that she was awake, but she had a burning question to ask. "Why?"

He jumped. Her voice had startled him. Obviously, he thought her asleep. "Why what?"

"Why do you love me?" In the thin light from the moon, she looked into his eyes and saw how confused he was at the question. He leaned over and caressed her forehead. She loved the way his rough hands felt against her smooth skin. "Why do you love me, when all I bring is sorrow?"

"I love you because you are brave. Because you are beautiful and don't believe that you are. I love you because even though you were out in the cold the day I found you, you didn't let your heart freeze."

"I don't feel so brave." Her face contorted, and she began to weep. She covered her face with her hands. Her shoulders shook violently. Reese took her in his arms and let her cry on his shoulder. His large hands almost covered her entire back.

"Marry me," he whispered. "I will take you anywhere you want. I will give you anything your heart desires. You will be treated like a queen. Here, look at this."

A diamond. A shaft of moonlight landed on the gem. It glinted and

shimmered.

She smiled, her eyes brimming with tears. *Can I be happy with this man? Reese, who loves me enough to snatch me away from Death's cold grip?* Her heart gave a resounding "Yes. Yes, I will marry you—"

Reese covered her mouth with his, pushing his tongue softly inside her mouth. She made room for him on the bed, and he lay beside her.

"I love you," Snow murmured when they pulled away from each other.

"I will love you until the sun is no more," he promised. He took a moment to look at her, then whispered in her ear, "You're so beautiful. I can understand why the Queen was so jealous of your beauty."

"Reese..." Snow lifted her skirt and parted her legs. Reese didn't even pull down his pants. He just took his raging cock out of his pants and pushed it inside her. She gasped as his cock withdrew and then rammed back into her pussy, over and over. In their sweet desperation, they celebrated life, love, and their new future together.

They whispered sweet words into each others' ears. Snow enjoyed every minute of their lovemaking, because this time, she was able to give herself completely to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

*A month later*

"Your Majesty, a letter for you." The maid handed the white envelope to the Queen.

Mirabel took the envelope from the silver tray and waved her hand, dismissing the young girl. She broke the wax seal on the back and read the letter. It was an invitation to a wedding, not far from her country. She felt pleased with the fact that they thought her important enough to invite.

Mirabel read the names of the bride and groom, Blanca Nieves and Reese William Moore III.

"Blanca Nieves." Mirabel thought about the bride for a moment and felt that she knew her, for some unknown reason. "Must be Spanish royalty," she said, dismissing any familiarity with the name. The wedding would be next month, and she decided she would go and make an appearance, however brief, at the wedding.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the day of the wedding, Mirabel walked into the church and sat at a pew all the way in the front of the church. She was surprised to see that there were commoners as well as dukes and duchesses among the invited guests. Of course, they didn't sit next to each other, but they were all in the same room. She found that rather odd.

The wedding music began to play, and the church doors opened to make way for the bride. She wore a beautiful white gown made of lace and crystal glass beads. Mirabel couldn't get a good look at the bride because of the veil, but the lock of black hair that had come loose from the coiffure looked strangely familiar. It compelled her to stand up and interrupt the bride's walk down the isle. The music stopped abruptly, and the people in the church began to whisper and murmur to each other.

"Who are you?"

"I am Princess Snow White." The bride pulled the veil away from her face. She lifted her chin. "Daughter of King Roland Samuel White and Queen Amelia White."

"No, that's not possible," Mirabel shouted, wide-eyed.

"Mirror, mirror..." Snow whispered.

"I watched you die," Mirabel said, clutching her chest.

"...on the wall..."

Mirabel shook her head in confusion. "It was the strongest poison I owned."

"Who is the fairest of them all?"

"You were dead!" Mirabel shrieked.

"You will never be the fairest of them all."

Mirabel's heart stopped beating. She fell down on the marble floor, dead.

Snow White and Reese got married that same day and eventually moved back into the castle that had once been home to her parents. Nine months later, Snow gave birth to a little girl. She had lips as red as blood, hair as black as ebony and skin as white as snow.

## Fairy Games

Emma opened her bright brown eyes and stared at the ceiling. Outside her window, the sun was shining and birds chirped in ode to a new day.

She sighed. *Another day in my miserable life.*

She glanced outside and watched as a white cloud, with the shape of a tulip, went slowly past her line of sight. She wanted to go outside and take care of her garden. She missed tending to her flowers. She wasn't allowed to anymore because her mother knew she enjoyed it too much. Her mother was all about taking away the joy in her life.

"Emma! Emma, wake up, you lazy bitch." The shriek came from downstairs.

She cringed at the sound of her mother's shrill voice. She still found it hard to believe they were related. Emma didn't feel connected to her mother at all.

She knew what Moira was going to ask of her that day. Always the well. Twice a day Emma had to go to fetch water at the well.

"Emma!" Moira shouted.

"Coming." Emma threw the thin sheets aside and crawled out of bed. She went to the basin at the end of her room. She shivered as she splashed the cold water against her face. She dressed as quickly as possible, then she



put on a pair of thick red socks and strapped on her black boots. Taking a black ribbon, she tied her long brown hair into a pony tail. She packed a few things into her sack and placed the strap across her chest.

She was about to walk out of her bedroom when she remembered she hadn't put on her favorite blue sweater. It was the warmest thing she owned. Not that it was particularly cold out, but spring mornings were always a bit chilly. She hurriedly slipped it on as she made her way downstairs.

"Good morning," Emma greeted her mother as she walked into the kitchen.

"I need you to go to the well and fetch me some water." Moira didn't even turn around from where she was washing at the sink.

Emma was used to her mother's not responding to anything she said. She was actually glad to have an excuse to leave the house. She wanted some alone time. She felt like a bird in a cage. If she didn't spread her wings soon, she was going to go insane. "Yes, mother."

"And don't forget I need the rugs cleaned."

Emma reached for a piece of bread. "Yes, mother." She sat down at the table, broke half of the wheat bread and hid it in her apron for her lunch. She planned on being at the well for a while. She had some things she needed to take care of. She poured herself a glass of milk and took a bite of the other half of the bread.

"Well?" Moira turned and faced her daughter.

"Well, what?" Emma asked around her chewing.

"Go to the well and fetch me some water, you lazy girl," her mother shouted.

Emma washed down the bread with the milk, then stood up from her

chair and left the house. She shook her head. A typical morning. She stuck her tongue out at her mother and walked out of the house. She picked up the two buckets that were on the front porch and made her way toward the well.

The sky was light blue with a few scattered grey clouds that showed promise of rain. Emma liked rain. It was an excuse for her to take her clothes off in the middle of the forest and let the cool water run against her skin. She was really hoping for rain today. A fair breeze also blew, teasing and lifting strands of her hair.

It was the only time she felt free.

\* \* \* \* \*

The closer Emma got to the well, the more excited she became. She could feel herself growing wet with anticipation. This was the only time in the day when she could pleasure herself without any interruption. The well was too far a walk for the people of the village, so they used another one. In fact, Emma's family was the only one who used this particular well. So, she had plenty of privacy to do whatever she wanted.

She was always one for business first, pleasure later. So, she first filled the two buckets with water from the well. After she had done her task, she looked around, and seeing no one, she sat on the ground, her back against the cool, grey wall of the tall well and quickly lifted her skirts. She then pulled off her sweater and unbuttoned her shirt, and placed the clothes beside her. Emma ran her hands along her naked body, caressing herself in ways she imagined a lover would. She gasped when she ran her fingers across her nipples, sending a wave of pleasure through her whole body. Her nipples were already standing at attention, hard as pebbles. She let out a loud moan as she pinched her nipples as hard as she could stand it.

She drew a slow line from her clit to the inside of her wet pussy, teasing herself, heightening the excitement. She then sucked on her index and middle fingers, until they were moist. Carefully she pushed them inside her pussy. She wanted to feel her fingers go inside of her—inch by inch. When they had gone as far as they could go, she pulled them in and out a few times and rubbed her clit with her thumb. She pumped her fingers in, drawing as much cream as she could from her body. When she felt she was wet enough, she stopped.

She looked inside her sack to make sure she had brought everything she needed. She smiled as she looked at her new toy. It was a leather phallus she made from a pelt she had cured herself and placed in her sack the other night. She grinned at the sight of the toy and, with bated breath, pulled it out of her sack. It was soft and smooth—almost like a real cock. She'd been dying to try her new plaything, as she hadn't seen any of the farm boys near her house for the past few months, and she'd grown tired of waiting for them to sneak into her room. She'd decided it was time for her to take matters into her own hands.

Emma caressed the phallus lovingly while she licked her lips in expectation. She took the phallus and brought it to her mouth hungrily. She sucked on it a few times to get it nice and wet. She then pushed the handmade dildo deep inside of her wet pussy, inch by slow inch. She gasped. "Oh, yes."

A happy sigh came out of her lips as she worked the phallus in and out of her. This was the only opportunity she would get to give herself some kind of pleasure. Closing her eyes, she fantasized about being naked by the river with a man. Her hips moved up and down rhythmically as the orgasm started to grow. It didn't take long for her to come. Emma let out a long shuddering sigh as she pulled her new favorite toy out of her pussy.

"That was quite a show." A figure—an old man by his quavery voice—standing behind some bushes clapped his hands slowly.

Startled, Emma shrieked and stood up. She made a feeble attempt at covering her exposed breasts, then decided it would be better to face the voyeur bravely. After all, he'd already seen her naked figure. Nevertheless, heat crept up her cheeks as she lowered her hands to her sides. "Who's there? Show yourself, or I'll scream," she threatened.

"Now, now, no need to get all excited. I'm just a tired old soul in search of some company and perhaps a sip of water." A man with lined forehead and a bushy head of white hair emerged from behind the bushes and sat on a large stone beside the well. His long beard matched his hair in color and almost touched the ground. His clothes were tattered, and he appeared to be wearing nothing but layers of shredded rags. His over-crooked back gave the impression of his shoulder trying to whisper something to the ground, but with very little success.

"I just drew water from the well. I have a small cup you can drink from if you wish," Emma offered. Her heart was moved with pity, and she soon forgot that the old man had seen her naked—or that she was still naked. For some reason, she knew the old man wouldn't tell anyone of her sexual activity. She relaxed.

Emma took a cup and filled it to the brim with fresh water. She handed it to the man, careful not to spill the liquid onto his clothes.

He took the cup with a grateful smile and drank every drop of water in the container. All the while, Emma couldn't help but notice the lustful side glances the man kept giving her. She looked down at herself and realized she was still topless. She blushed. The cool morning breeze blew against her skin and caressed her nipples, making them hard as pebbles once more.

The old man returned the cup to Emma. "That was good." He wiped his lips with the back of his hand, then smacked his lips together and gave her a toothless smile.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it. Do you need anything else?" Emma did her best not to shudder.

"No, you have entertained me and quenched my thirst. I think I know what reward would suit you best."

"Reward? There's no need."

"Oh, I insist." The old man clapped his hands once.

Emma couldn't believe her eyes.

After a dazzling display of light, the ancient man became a handsome elf. She had never seen anything or anyone so striking. His long black hair shined and danced with his slightest movement. It was like looking at midnight-colored rain. His eyes were the grey of a cloud before a thunderstorm, and his pointed ears peeked through the thick veil of hair.

"Since you're so sweet, for every word you speak, a flower or a precious stone will fall from your mouth. But there's a condition."

"What?" Emma held her breath. She didn't care so much about the reward as her need to touch him, to see if he were real.

"In order for you to receive this gift, we have to make love." His eyes gleamed.

Her heart leaped. *Even better than just touching.* She nodded, trying to calm her racing pulse. "Yes, of course."

She trembled with anticipation at the thought of making love to the handsome elf. She couldn't believe her luck. She'd wanted to make love to

something that wasn't her hand, a phallus or a bumbling farm boy. And here he was. It had been so long since she'd felt a man's touch against her skin. She shuddered with delight as his soft fingers caressed her skin.

"What's your name?" He ran his fingers across her cheek, then he traced a line along the edge of her lips.

"Emma," she whispered, staring with wonder into his eyes. "What's yours?" She parted her lips and welcomed his finger inside of her mouth. He pushed it in and out of her a few times, mimicking the mating motion. She sucked on his finger and flicked her tongue at the tip, making believe that it was his cock inside her mouth.

"Alvar." He took her hand and pressed it against his cock, which was rock-hard with desire. She moaned, imagining his shaft in her. He pulled his finger out from her mouth, drew her close to his body and kissed her. She delighted in feeling his hot breath across her cheek. His lips were so soft and warm. All she wanted to do was kiss him forever. She explored his mouth with her tongue. There was a moment during their kiss she tasted warm honey, but it went away as quickly as it came.

He broke their kiss and lowered himself to suck on her breast. She gasped and rolled her head back. She felt how he clung to her shoulders and pulled her closer toward him. Her vision blurred as she felt his teeth gently nibble on her nipples. Her knees buckled, and she almost slid down to the ground were it not for Alvar, who caught her and carefully lowered her down to the soft green grass. He pressed himself against her and kissed her on the lips, making a damp trail all the way down to her thighs.

Alvar undid the buttons on her skirt and helped her pull it off. Emma then helped him take off his clothes, throwing them to the side as she marveled at his perfect pearlescent skin. It was like staring at a shimmering cloud.

She kissed his chest and, after licking his skin thoroughly, sucked on his nipples. He gasped. A flurry of wings caused her to look up, and she saw a handful of fairies escape his mouth. She kissed her way up his body and captured his lips passionately. He moaned, and she felt her cream gush out.

She reached for his cock and squeezed. He groaned. She squeezed him again and pumped back and forth a few times, enjoying the silky smoothness of his skin. With her other hand, she slowly massaged his balls. She didn't stop until his pre-cum was seeping out of the tip.

Alvar pushed her shoulders back gently, until she was lying down on the ground. He studied her face and looked at her body, his grey eyes filled with lust. He leaned over and kissed her on the lips, tentatively at first, then more and more passionately.

Emma spread her legs apart and waited for him to impale her pussy with his cock. He plunged in, huge and hard and full. She broke their kiss and shouted, her cry loud and shrill and ecstatic. For a moment, she thought she was going to cut one of the clouds in half with just the sound of her voice.

She felt his soft lips against her neck, and she trembled with delight. She pumped her hips in rhythm with his thrusts. They found a tempo that could only be described as an ocean of skin, pulsating with passion, magic and energy. Their arms and legs were so tangled together she didn't know which limb belonged to whom.

Emma felt her orgasm building. She dug her nails into Alvar's back as the pressure grew more and more intense.

Alvar moaned.

"Oh yes."

"You are so wet," Alvar marveled as he continued to plunge into her.

"Don't stop. Ah....Whatever you do, don't stop."

Alvar lowered his mouth and sucked on her nipples as he increased the movement of his hips. Emma whimpered at the havoc of different sensations storming through her. She was going to come soon, and the more Alvar touched her, the stronger the feeling became. "I'm coming...I'm coming."

Alvar kissed her on the lips, and she felt a strange warmth pass into her mouth. The warm feeling ran like hot water through her veins. The heat intensified her orgasm. She pulled herself away from his kiss and shouted as she came. She heard him cry out as well as he climaxed.

Alvar collapsed on top of her. His cheeks were flushed and he had broken into a light sweat. It made his skin shimmer even more than before.

Emma sighed, caressing Alvar's back. "That was amazing."

"Yes, it was," he said as he rolled to her side and sat up.

"Will I see you again?"

He smiled. "Perhaps."

"Tomorrow?"

"Maybe, but for now, good bye." He winked at her. In the same dazzling display of light, the elf disappeared.

"Good bye," she whispered.

For some time she sat there staring at the spot where Alvar had been sitting, before she remembered her mother was waiting for the water. She gasped and dressed in a hurry. She had been out for too long and hoped her mother wouldn't scold her too badly.

Picking up the two buckets of water, she walked home with quick steps, taking care not to spill the water. She wanted to run, but she didn't



want to be beaten for bringing home half-empty pails. When she finally arrived at her house, she stopped at the door to catch her breath, still overwhelmed by everything that had happened.

The door banged open.

"Where have you been?" Moira stood with her hands on her hips and glared at her.

"I'm sorry for having taken so long, Mo—mo—" Emma felt something crawling out of her throat. She lurched, thinking she was going to be sick. Something tickled the roof of her mouth, and she opened her mouth wide. Two roses, a tulip, a string of pearls, two emeralds and two diamonds fell out of her mouth.

"What is this?" Moira's voice turned from anger to wonder.

Emma explained what had happened to her at the well. She left out what she had done before *and* after she met the elf though. All the while, gems and flowers sprang from her mouth. Moira ran inside the house and brought out her jewelry box. Shrieking with joy, she picked up the precious stones from the ground and placed them inside the box.

"If Emma had had such good luck at the well, why don't I send my other daughter and see if she, too, could have the same fortune?" Moira's eyes shone at the thought. "Yes, what a good idea." She turned toward the house and shouted, "Molly! Come here."

"What?" Molly shrieked as she stomped her way downstairs. She stood next to Moira and glared at Emma.

Emma refused to let Molly's behavior bother her. She knew Molly hated her because Emma looked so much like their dead father. She had their father's chestnut-colored hair and his fine delicate features, whereas Molly had inherited their mother's blonde hair and bad skin condition.

Moira motioned to Emma. "Look at your sister's extraordinary luck."

"What?" Molly stuck her hands on her hips. "I see nothing but plain old Emma." She stared at Emma, arched an eyebrow and waited.

"Emma, show her," their mother commanded.

Emma shook her head. She didn't want her mother to make a show out of her.

Moira raised her hand and slapped her.

Emma's head snapped back from the force, and she saw stars for a moment. She hadn't seen that coming, or she would've ducked. Regaining her balance, she darted her mother a fiery look. Her cheek heated up, and she knew that if she were to look in the mirror, she would see a large handprint on the left half of her face, which throbbed in pain.

Emma let out a heavy sigh and sent a fierce look at her *family*. She never thought she could hate two people so much in her life. "Flowers and jewels spill out of my mouth."

Her sister rolled her eyes, but her mouth dropped in surprise when daisies and rubies fall to the ground from Emma's mouth.

Moira quickly picked up the precious, red stones and placed them inside her jewelry box. "Emma, I want you to take Molly to the well so that she may share the same good fortune as you."

Emma nodded reluctantly. "All right."

"Me? Go to the well? Mother, are you mad?" Molly argued.

"You dare to disobey me?" Their mother screeched. "You'll go to the well and that's final."

Molly sighed and took the silver pitcher. Emma led the way to the well

and decided to wait for the elf with her sister. But as soon as they lost sight of the house, Molly snapped, "I don't need you to be here when he comes. I know what I have to do. Go home, Emma."

"Come on, Molly, I don't want to go home," Emma said. "I think it would be better if I waited here with you."

"Go home, or I'll tell Mother about the men you sneak into your room," Molly threatened.

"You wouldn't." Emma hated the uncertain tone in her voice.

"Oh..." Molly narrowed her eyes and gave her a wicked grin. "I would. I would indeed, Emma."

"Fine, I'll go." Emma didn't argue with her anymore, as she wasn't too keen on the idea of spending additional time with Molly. She decided that, instead of going home, she'd have a little adventure in the woods. She giggled as she ran into the arms of the forest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Halfway into the forest, Emma heard the distant roll of thunder. She looked up at the sky just as the rain started to fall. Several fat raindrops landed on her face. She giggled with delight and stretched out her hands, palms facing up, and spun around a few times under the falling rain shower. She removed her clothing and enjoyed the sensation of the cool raindrops running across her smooth skin. She stood still and allowed herself to be drenched by the downpour. She ran her hands over her breasts and followed one of the raindrops with her finger as it ran from her abdomen to her pussy. She was just about to pleasure herself when she heard a branch break.

Her heart skipped a beat.

"Who's there?"

A young man came into the clearing, and he, too, was soaked to the bone. From the way he was staring at her, it was obvious he couldn't care less. All he could see was her.

She did her best to keep her eyes on the ground, but when he took a step toward her, she looked up. She had never seen anyone with eyes like his, as green as the forest at sunrise. He looked like a gleaming bronze statue brought to life, with curly hair the color of the sky on a starless night. She wanted to wrap each curl around her finger and do nothing else except kiss his perfect lips.

"Hello," the handsome young man said.

"Hello," she echoed.

A single, perfect rose fell out of her mouth and landed on her palm.

"Are you a witch?" The young man asked, startled.

She shook her head, afraid to say another word for fear he would run away. The sun broke through the clouds and the rain began to falter, until eventually it stopped.

"Are you a fairy?"

Again, Emma shook her head. Seeing his frustration at wondering what and who she was, she decided to tell him what happened to her at the well.

Several piles of precious stones and different colored flowers later, Emma finally finished explaining her new gift to the young hunter, whose name she learned was Simon.

"My goodness!" Simon exclaimed, shaking his head in disbelief as he watched the last diamond fall out of her mouth.

Emma shrugged. She was too afraid to say anything else. She picked up her blouse and put it on. It did very little to conceal her body, as the wet blouse clung to her chest and displayed her erect nipples and her breasts.

"You say your sister is at the well right now, hoping for the same thing to happen to her?"

She nodded.

"Do you think she'll have any success?" Simon wondered out loud.

Emma giggled at the thought of Molly being kind to anyone but herself and shook her head.

"Is she as beautiful as you?"

Emma blushed at the question and shrugged. Simon leaned over and kissed her on the lips. He pulled away and stared at her, as if waiting for her reaction. Emma kissed him back. Within moments, their kisses deepened and became more passionate. He held her in a tight embrace and lowered her down to the ground. Emma felt his erection against her thigh. Imagining his long, thick cock inside her was enough to make her wet. She ached for his cock, for him. She unbuttoned his shirt and revealed a smooth, rock hard chest. She ran her tongue from his chest all the way down to his rippled abs.

They both rolled around on the soft green grass, kissing and softly nibbling each other. Never breaking off their kiss, Simon took off his black coat and placed it on the ground. They kissed until they couldn't contain their passion anymore.

Simon ran his fingers along her pussy and she felt sinfully sensuous as his fingers slurped in her wetness. She helped him out of his clothes, drawing down his trousers. She blushed when she saw the length of his cock. She went down on her knees and sucked on it while she pleased herself with her hand. She swallowed his cock as far inside her mouth as she could, and

even then she could only fit half of his manhood past her lips. She ran her tongue along the tip of his cock, and he moaned. "Oh my God."

Emma pulled him out of her mouth gently and lay down on his coat. She spread her legs wide and waited for him.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered, looking into her eyes.

She smiled in return and mouthed the words "Thank you". They kissed, and he slowly pushed himself inside of her. Emma moaned as she felt the length of him fill her up. He pulled the blouse off her and exposed her ivory breasts. He sucked and licked them until her pink nipples rose up and became hard as pebbles.

Simon pulled his cock out of her.

She immediately sensed the withdrawal and protested, "No!"

He chuckled. "Turn around. On your knees."

Excitement licking at her veins, Emma obeyed. She had an idea of what he was going to do. "Oh yes," she moaned as his cock penetrated her pussy from behind. Oh God, he was hitting her special spot. "Yes, yes, yes!" Emma liked the way her breasts swayed back and forth as he pumped his cock in and out of her. She massaged her clit in circular motions and soon began to feel the first waves of an orgasm. "I'm coming."

Two heart-shaped rubies fell out of her mouth. They were the color of blood. For a split second, she stared at the rubies and realized that there was something special about these particular stones. Simon reached around her and fondled her breasts as he continued to drive into her. The added sensations distracted her from the rubies, and she was once again caught in the exhilarating moments of their lovemaking.

"Oh yes," he whispered just as he pumped into her with more urgency.

Emma moaned and whimpered as she felt herself come. She started to pant as the pressure became more intense. She pressed her lips together because she wanted to avoid saying anything that would make her spill more flowers or jewels out of her mouth. But the more that Simon continued with his aggressive thrusts, the harder the task became. With every stroke of his cock against her clit, the tension in her belly grew, until unbearable waves of pleasure washed over her. Finally, after what felt like an eternity to her, he came inside of her. She imagined their gasps and shouts could be heard throughout the forest. Simon pulled himself out of her and rolled beside her on the ground, out of breath. He pulled her toward him and kissed her. "That was incredible."

When her vision cleared, Emma picked up the two rubies that had fallen to the ground and tucked them inside her sack. She pressed herself against Simon and closed her eyes. She was soon asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Emma, sweet Emma, wake up."

"Hmm?" She opened her eyes and yawned.

Alvar was on his haunches beside her.

A tiny daisy poked out of her mouth. Emma plucked it and placed it behind her ear. "Hey there."

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm with Simon." Different colored daisies fell out of her mouth. She smiled and put them in random places on her body.

"I see." He glanced over at Simon, who was still asleep beside her. "Is he your new friend?"

She nodded and yawned once more. She stretched her arms above her

head and wiggled her toes.

Alvar glanced at the sleeping Simon and waved his hand over the other man's eyes. He turned to Emma. "You should know that I was miles away and had almost completely forgotten about you when I heard your—and your friend's—passionate cries. I had to come back and see what all the fuss was about."

She smiled at his comment and sat up. She wasn't embarrassed at all, because she liked him. She may even grow to love him some day, given the chance. But she knew, in her heart of hearts, that elves knew nothing of loyalty and, no matter what he said, he would soon forget about her and find another girl to seduce. She wanted to stay with Simon, who seemed steady and true. "Aren't you supposed to be at the well?" She pulled a string of fresh water pearls from between her lips and carefully wrapped it around her wrist, making a little bracelet out of it.

Alvar arched his eyebrow and replied, "I'm supposed to be wherever I want to be. The well was just somewhere I happened to be when you *came* along."

"My sister, Molly, is waiting for you at the well."

"Really? Why? Is she jealous of your new gift?"

"No, Mother insisted."

The words she spoke amounted to a dozen rosebuds. They bloomed before her eyes into a beautiful bouquet of blood red roses.

"I'll send my sister, Alessandra, to take care of her." Alvar closed his eyes and vanished. After a few moments, he returned with a smile on his face. He seemed to have taken care of his errand. "Why don't we wake your friend up and see if he's willing to play with us for a while?"



Emma nodded. She was agreeable to another session of lovemaking, especially with two very handsome and willing partners.

She looked at Simon's slumbering body and wondered how she got so lucky. His chest rose and fell with the rhythm of his breathing. With every breath he inhaled and exhaled, she murmured, "I love you."

\* \* \* \* \*

A girl with ill-tempered disposition, Molly by name if Alessandra wasn't mistaken, waited at the well. Every five minutes, she sighed. She sulked and tapped her foot the entire time she stood there. What Molly didn't know was that Alessandra was watching her from behind some bushes.

"Where is he? Does he really expect me to wait here all day?" Molly muttered.

Alessandra's mouth tightened. "She certainly needs a lesson in manners." She stepped out from her hiding place disguised as a noble woman dressed in the finest clothing imaginable. A few minutes earlier, she'd checked her appearance in front of a mirror she'd conjured out of thin air. Her bright red hair was perfectly combed and styled into a chignon. Her emerald dress with a high collar matched her bright green eyes, and her pearlescent skin shimmered and glimmered underneath the bright sunlight.

Molly's eyes widened as Alessandra walked up to her. With her non-human eyes, Alessandra saw that the young woman was jealous of her good looks and fine dress.

"Hello," she greeted sweetly. "Would you be so kind as to let me drink from your cup? I am so very thirsty."

"Do you think I'm here for you?" Molly snapped.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to imply..." she started to say, but was

quickly interrupted by another rude remark from Molly.

"I'm waiting for an old man. Are you old? No. Now please, go away." Molly waved her away as though she were nothing but a little fly.

"You're not very polite," Alessandra said in the sweetest tone possible. "Because you are so rude, here is your reward. For every word you speak, a toad or a snake will fall out of your mouth." She smiled, and in a flurry of lights, Alessandra disappeared, satisfied with the deed she had done.

Molly stared at the space where the woman had been standing only moments ago, then ran. She didn't want to believe what had just happened to her at the well. *Did the fairy really mean what she said?* she wondered as she continued on the path toward home. When she finally arrived at the cottage, she rushed in the door and slammed it shut behind her. She panted and wiped the sweat that was dripping down her temples, trying to catch her breath.

"Molly? Is that you?" Moira quickly stepped out from the kitchen to greet her daughter. She frowned when she saw Molly's blonde hair all in disarray. She even spotted a few twigs and leaves among her locks. "Well, daughter?"

"What, mother?" Molly snapped.

Moira stepped toward her to give her hair a decent pull for being so rude when she heard a strange sound.

Molly's stomach lurched forward, then she let out a noisy groan. Her skin turned light green, and she looked like she was going to be sick.

Moira took a step back. She was frightened for herself and for her daughter.

Molly opened her mouth wide, and a large green toad and a bright red

viper fell out.

Moira screamed in horror.

The red snake slithered out through one of the cracks at the bottom of the front door. Moira ran into the kitchen, grabbed the broom and swept the toad out of the house.

"This wasn't supposed to happen," Moira shrieked. She grabbed Molly's shoulders and shook her. "Where is she? Where's your sister? She's the one to blame for your misfortune. Where is she? I'll beat her to death."

Too terrified to speak, Molly shook her head, her lips pressed tightly together.

Moira took that as a sign that she didn't know. "I'll catch her when she returns home."

\* \* \* \* \*

Overhead, the full moon danced across the midnight sky, and the stars winked and twinkled happily.

Alvar was gone.

She had expected that. She knew that Alvar had no attachments to her. Simon, on the other hand, was sleeping peacefully beside her. She nudged him awake.

"Hmm? What?" He sat up and scratched the back of his head.

"I have to go home." Five white orchids burst out of her mouth.

He nodded. "I understand. Will I see you again?"

She shrugged her shoulders and handed him an orchid.

"Just tell me where I can find you, and I'll come for you tomorrow. I

don't care if you're rich or poor. I want to know everything about you. I want you with me always." He cupped her small delicate face with his large calloused hands and drew her towards him. He kissed her on the lips and pulled her against him in a tight embrace.

Emma pushed him away and started to cry. Crystal clear teardrops trailed down her cheek and lingered on her chin as though wondering whether they should continue the fall. No one had ever said such things to her before. She wondered if he meant the words he said. "Why?" she mouthed.

"Isn't it obvious?" Amazement shone on his face.

She searched his face for the answer. She should've realized that it was all too plain to see. But still she shook her head for fear she was imagining things.

"I'm in love with you, Emma. From the moment I first laid eyes on you, I knew that I would love you always."

More tears came. She covered her face with her hands so that Simon wouldn't see her contorted face. It had been many, many years since she had heard another person say those words to her. Not even her own mother had said it to her. Not once.

"Please say you love me too," he pleaded.

She pulled her hands away from her face. Half crying, half laughing, she wiped the tears away from her eyes and smiled. "I love you too. I've fallen unbelievably in love with you." Twelve red rubies fell from her mouth to the ground. She didn't bother to pick them up. She left them scattered so they could sparkle under the moonlight. *Let the sky have white stars. Here on earth I will have red stars to decorate our love.*

"I'll come for you tomorrow."

She nodded and told him where she lived. They kissed and parted ways. She would've liked to have spent more time with him, as she wanted to know everything about him, things he liked to do, food he liked to eat, sounds he liked to hear, and all of the things that lovers talked about.

But that would have to wait until the next day.

\* \* \* \* \*

She took her time going back, daydreaming about him as she walked. For the first time in her life, she didn't feel rushed. She decided she would make pendants out of the rubies that fell out of her mouth during her lovemaking with Simon. She wanted to make a matching pair of necklace for both of them.

She opened the door to the house and was about to ask her sister how things went at the well when her mother's claw-like hand grabbed a handful of her brown hair.

"You! There you are! This is all your fault." Moira screamed into her ear.

Emma tried to free herself to no avail. "What happened?" Two daisies fell from her lips and Moira stepped on them. The white petals turned brown and became stuck to the wooden floor.

"Molly! Come here," Moira shouted, her hand still clutching Emma's hair.

Molly appeared in the living room and stood in front of them, her blue eyes ablaze with anger.

"Say something," Moira hissed.

"Something." Soon after Molly spoke, a green garden snake slithered out of her mouth.

*God Almighty.* Numb with disbelief, Emma watched the snake fall to the floor with a soft thump and crawl out the front door.

"This is your fault. Get out of my house. Actually, both of you, get out! I can't stand the sight of either one of you." Moira released Emma's hair, pushed her face away and kicked her in the stomach until Emma was doubled over in pain on the floor.

All Emma could think about was Simon and how he promised to meet her at this house the following day. She needed to stay in the house for one more day. What would he think if he came and found her gone? She didn't know where he lived. She couldn't go to him.

"Mother you can't mean that," Emma pleaded as she got up on her knees. She started to cough violently. When she stopped, she saw that her words had produced a very large diamond, which fell at Moira's feet.

Moira looked at the precious stone, and her face morphed into fury. "Leave!"

Emma looked at her mother one last time, then she turned her gaze to her sister.

Molly refused to look up.

Swallowing hard, Emma went to her room and packed a few precious items. As she walked out of the house, she noticed the diamond on the floor. She bent down and snatched it up. She kept it in her pocket and made up her mind to sell it to the jewelry maker. She wept as she walked away from the only home she had ever known.

"Molly?" Emma whispered as she looked at her sister. They had walked out of the house side by side, and Molly had refused to look at her. "Molly, I'm so sorry."

As she spoke, several emeralds fell out of her mouth. Emma picked up the precious stones and gave them to her sister.

Molly took the green stones, but again, she wouldn't look at Emma. She took several steps away from her and made her way toward the fork on the road. "I hate you!"

Emma whirled toward her sister's voice and frowned at her sibling. Molly's eyes were bloodshot, her hair was like a rat's nest and her face was practically covered in pock marks. Emma watched as three black snakes slithered out of Molly's mouth. Emma turned around and walked away. She never saw her sister again.

That night, she had enough precious stones in her pocket for a room at the inn and a hot meal. After a long day and night, she was finally able to rest. As she drifted off to sleep, she wondered if she would ever see Simon again.

\* \* \* \* \*

"My dear, I have never seen a diamond quite so large." The old jeweler studied the large clear stone with a loupe magnifier.

She smiled and nodded. It was easier to make him believe she was mute than to explain her situation.

"Does one hundred pounds sound like a reasonable price for such an exquisite stone?" Emma frowned at the offer, and the old man quickly doubled the amount. She smiled and a deal was struck—two hundred pounds for a diamond the size of a child's fist.

With the money from the sale, she went into a bakery and ordered hot tea and a sweet bun. For the first time in a long time, she was able to sit down and enjoy her meal. She was starting to like this new-found freedom of

hers.

As she walked through the village, she came across a dressmaker's shop. She went in and looked at all the pretty dresses that were on display. One in particular caught her eye—a purple high-collared gown with white lace trimmings.

A large lady approached her. "May I help you?"

Emma nodded and pointed at the dress she liked.

The lady arched her eyebrow as she looked at the state of Emma's attire. "You know, my dear, that is a rather expensive dress. Why don't I find something a little bit more... suitable for you?"

Emma gave her the sweetest smile. She dug out a fistful of her precious stones from her pocket and placed them on the woman's hand.

"Well, I see you're a determined one. Why don't you go around the back and take a bath while I get everything ready for you?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, well, well, you certainly cleaned up very nicely," the lady said, an approving smile on her lips.

Emma nodded. She wanted the owner to think she was mute. It was easier that way, the same at the old jeweler's. She looked at her reflection in the mirror and couldn't believe she was looking at herself. Her brown hair was combed and styled into a neat chignon. She didn't think her hair could actually shine the way it did under the noonday sun. She felt refined and she looked like a lady. Worthy of attention. She turned her head from side to side, still unable to believe she was looking at her own reflection.

However, she didn't like the undergarments too much. They made her itch, so she took them off and gave them back to the lady.



"But you need these," the matronly lady argued.

Emma shook her head and stuck her tongue out at the undergarments.

The woman shook her head and wrapped them up in brown paper. She tied a little string around it and handed it to her.

Emma clapped her hands excitedly and walked out of the shop feeling like a brand new person.

\* \* \* \* \*

After some hard thinking, Emma decided to head back toward her house, hoping that she would bump into Simon somewhere along the way. She would stay far enough away from her mother, but close enough that she would still be able to see Simon should he appear. As she cut her way through the forest, she heard the faint sound of dogs barking. She kept walking, thinking they were miles away, but when she heard the barking once more, it seemed a lot closer.

Out of reflex, she looked over her shoulder and watched as a large hound dog ran toward her. She screamed and climbed up the nearest tree as fast as she could. Then, six other hound dogs joined the first canine and surrounded the tree. They barked until a tall man with red hair appeared.

"Your Highness, it looks like the dogs chased a tiny bird up the tree." He laughed when he saw Emma sitting on one of the branches. "It's the prettiest bird that I've seen, though."

"This I have to see for myself," a familiar voice said.

Another man dressed in fine clothing appeared underneath the tree. His green eyes searched the green foliage until he saw her. He gave her a broad smile and she returned it when she realized who it was.

*Simon.*

"Take these dogs home, Sam. I'll take care of her," Simon said to his companion.

"Yes, Your Highness." The man bowed and walked away with all of the dogs.

"Emma, you can come down now."

*Your Highness? He's a prince?*

Emma climbed down the tree, taking care so as not to ruin her newly-bought clothes. She landed on the ground with a gentle thud and greeted him with a large smile. She threw her arms around him excitedly and covered his face with kisses.

Simon laughed at her behavior and kissed her on the lips. "Hello, beautiful." He glanced down at the little sack by her feet. "Where are you going?"

"My mother has cast me away from my home, because my sister Molly suffered from bad fortune and she placed the blame on me."

"Then come home with me," Simon offered, his gaze earnest and sincere.

"And where's your home?" Emma demurred to give him a straight answer, wanting to know more about him before committing herself.

"My father is King of this realm, Emma, and I'm his heir, the Crown Prince. Marry me, and live in the castle with me." He captured her hand in his and raised it to his lips.

*He's really a prince. The Crown Prince.* Dazed, Emma looked at him, at their linked hands. His words penetrated her mind. "Do you..." she

swallowed. "Do you really want a commoner living in your beautiful castle?" Emma shook her head and took a step away, wrenching her hands from his. She watched as a long string of pearls found its way out from between her lips.

"A pearl necklace." Simon smiled in wonder. "Emma, please come home with me. I love you and I know we've only just met, but I know I want to spend the rest of my life with you." He got down on his knees and looked up at her in a pleading way.

Emma pulled a gold chain with the ruby pendant out of her pocket, and clasped it around his neck. She watched the bright red stone glitter against his chest. She reached into her pocket once more and took out a chain that was exactly the same as the one she had just given him. "Now you have a piece of my heart."

Simon stood up and took the chain from her hand. He placed it around her neck just as she had done with him. He then caressed her cheek and pulled her toward him for a kiss. Picking her up in his arms, he strode toward a nearby tree, where his black horse was tethered, and placed her on the back of his mount.

"Where are we going?" Several tulips and orchids fell out of her mouth.

"To your new home," he replied.

She looked into Simon's beautiful green eyes and was amazed at her luck. She knew she had finally found love and a place where she could truly be happy. She watched the ruby pendant bounce on his chest. It shimmered with promise. Simon sat behind her on the horse, rode with her to his castle, and they lived happily ever after.

## **About Isabelle Rose**

Isabelle Rose is a novelist and a poet. She currently resides in Elsmere, Delaware with her husband Kurt. She loves reading fairy tales and finding new ways to twist them. She has always enjoyed reading erotic fiction and fantasy novels.

When she's not writing, she can be found drinking large amounts of coffee and staring off into space daydreaming about what to write next.

She's currently at work on a new novel and another collection of erotic fiction.

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**The Soul Mate's Curse**

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**Gods and Goblins, Oh My!**

*A Valentine's Day affair brings Annie the man of her dreams, but then he disappears and she doesn't even know his last name! Will she ever find him again?*

## **Blind Date**

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*In her attempt to escape her sisters' Valentine matchmaking, Annie meets the enigmatic Eric, who she realizes could finally be man of her dreams. In spite of, or maybe because of, Eric's cryptic words and puzzling behavior, she finds herself immediately intrigued and drawn to him like no other man she's ever met.*

*One night in Annie's sister's kitchen seals their fate, as the two lovers discover and explore the instant spark of heat between them. Their evening comes to an abrupt end when the mysterious Eric disappears into the night, and Annie realizes she doesn't know his last name! How is she to find him?*

*After months of fruitless searching, Annie finally gets a dubious break when she meets Eric's eccentric mother. Dita sends Annie on a journey deep into the unknown, through an ever-twisting labyrinth of frustrating dead-ends and seemingly strange, pointless missions. Annie's life is turned upside down as she searches for the one man who can make her life feel complete.*

*In this modern day adaptation of the Greek myth of Eros and Psyche, Annie takes on each of Psyche's tasks in her quest for her lost love. Each task brings her closer to him and to realizations about herself. Will Annie find Eric and reveal to him the secret she's been keeping, even from her sisters?*

Enjoy the following excerpt:

Annie felt a stab of guilt and shoved open the swinging door to her sister's pristine kitchen. The light was off, and she left it, knowing her way even in the dark. She sat on one of the stainless steel kitchen chairs and unzipped her boots with a sigh, then toed them off. She flopped into the kitchen chair, tipped it back and put her bare feet up. She smiled with a bit of satisfaction, knowing she was probably the first and only person to have a body part other than maybe an elbow on Chloe's expensive table.

"Didn't your mother ever tell you that you could crack your head open doing that?"

Annie let out a yelp and the chair toppled backwards onto the hand-laid Italian tile. She saw stars bursting in the darkness behind her eyes and blinked rapidly to clear them. "Fuck!" she swore, rubbing the back of her head and rolling off the chair onto the floor. Her head was tender and already swelling, and she thought she could feel the wetness of blood. "I think I'm bleeding. Who's there? Where are you?"

"Right here. Are you okay? I'm sorry."

Annie saw the shadowy figure move out from underneath the kitchen table. "I don't know if I'm okay. I think I'm bleeding." She rubbed the swelling on the back of her head, wondering how bad it really was. "Could you turn on the light, please?"

"I'm sorry, I can't do that," he replied, steadying her with a hand on her arm. It was a warm hand, large, with a firm grip.

"Gee, thanks, buddy. Fine, I'll do it myself." Annie sighed and started to stand again. His hand on her arm kept her from moving.

"No, please, don't." It was a request, but it didn't sound like one.

"Why? I think I'm really hurt."

"Here, let me see." His hands were in her dark hair, moving over her scalp, finding the aching knot and massaging it. At first, she winced and pulled away, but then let him continue. God, it's been too long since someone touched me like this.

"You're not bleeding," he assured her.

"How can you tell? It's too dark in here. Let me turn on the light, and—"

"No!"

*Kalliope wakes to find a gorgeous, naked god in her bed, and there is only thing she could think of doing. Call 911!*

## **Gods and Goblins, Oh My!**

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*Book 1 of Gods and Goblins, Oh My!*

*Every spell that Kalliope casts explodes in her face. Going to bed disgusted, she awakes to find a gorgeous, naked man in her bed. She rushes into the bathroom to call 911, but her burglar has the most enticing voice and lures her to come make love to him.*

*Ensnared, the witch discovers that her naked burglar is not any ordinary man, but a god named Lugh, whom she had summoned from the fire and longing in her soul. Kalliope's entire being yearns to be touched by him, but before anything happens, another prowler comes into her life. Cromm, a death god, comes to collect on a promise made before she was born.*

*Lusting after Lugh, Kalliope wants to be his sex slave, not Cromm's. For this to happen, blood has to be spilled.*

*Who will win Kalliope? Will it be Lugh or Cromm? Will she ever get back to her realm? Only time will tell and she doesn't have much of that left, oh my!*

Enjoy the following excerpt:

Her mind weary from the failed ritual, Kalliope stripped down to her panties and a cut off tank top. When she turned the ceiling fan on, the air conditioning kicked off. Kalliope made a mental note to call the manager again as she climbed into bed.

*Another thing to add to this wonderful messed up night. Can't ever catch a break.*

Something tickled the side of her face. It drew her into half-wakefulness, but not enough to force her to leave her dream about the naked man she had met in the woods. He really had made an impression. He was in the middle of giving her a massage that was leading to other things.

"Kalliope."



The sound came from her dream man's lips. She smiled at the way his mouth formed the syllables of her name. It made her quiver inside. His hands were firm on her shoulders, easing the tension out of the deepest muscles. His hot member was hard and poking against her rear as he sat on top of her, digging his fingers into her back. The faint smell of pine lingered around him. God, he knew what he was doing.

"Harder," she whispered.

She heard him chuckle. His fingers dug into the lines of her neck, relaxing the spaces between her vertebrae. His breath hot against her cheek, her dream man smelled so good, like fresh rain. The touch of his fingers stirred her passions. The massage he was giving her was amazing, but she wanted more.

She endured a few more strokes of his palms and then turned over, staring into his eyes. Rising up, Kalliope locked her lips to his. He stiffened, seeming surprised she had kissed him. The witch had wondered if he was ever going to, but hey, this was her dream, so she could do whatever she wanted.

Her hands entwined in his hair as he finally responded to her lips. His hands cupped her butt, getting a firm hold. He was hard and warm against the inside of her thigh. All she had to do was move a little and he would be buried inside of her. His fingers tickled along her back as his lips traced the line of her jaw. Meanwhile, the witch pressed herself against him, feeling the lines of his stomach as her breasts fit perfectly against his pecks. Everything on him was defined muscle. Kalliope had never had anyone like him.

"Kalliope." This time, as he whispered her name, she realized she was more awake than she'd thought. The caresses she felt were not just from her dream.

*A man in my bed! Oh my goddess! How did he get in here?*