

# RAVISHING RAPUNZEL

& OTHER TWISTED FAIRY TAILS



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# REESE GABRIEL

**Renaissance E Books**

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Ravishing Rapunzel TITLE Other Twisted Fairy Tails  
*by Reese Gabriel*

**RAVISHING RAPUNZEL**

&

Other Twisted Fairy Tails

By

REESE GABRIEL

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## **INTRODUCTION**

Fairy tales told the Reese Gabriel way—complete with whips, chains and a demented Fairy God Mistress. Imagine Sinderella, reduced to the status of palace slave after the prince marries the Wicked Step Mother. Snow White tricked by the Evil Queen into leaving her handsome husband and returned to the forest to serve the most perverted needs of the Seven Dwarves. Rapunzel locked in her tower at the mercy of a sadistic lover who finds all manner of uses for her long and rope-like hair. There's even a bratty submissive by the name of Goldilix who finds out what happens when bad girls break into the wrong house. It's a guarantee you will never look at your old story books the same way again...

Reese Gabrie

## GOLDILIX

Goldilix was feeling very horny one day so she decided to visit the Enchanted Castle.

"Top or bottom?" asked the doorkeeper, who was a tall man in leather boots, hat and vest, with the crest of the dungeon embroidered on his crotch.

"If it pleases, Sir, I'm a bottom," cooed Goldilix, who had dressed herself in a short, baby doll dress, blue with white lace and a pair of patent leather shoes.

The doorkeeper grinned in anticipation. "In that case, you'll have to tip me to get past."

"But I haven't any money, Sir," said the shapely young blonde, her wheat colored hair tied back in pigtails with a blue ribbon.

"That's not the kind of tip I meant." He started opening his trousers.

Goldilix blushed. "How silly of me ... I'm a bad little girl."

"You can make it up to me. On your knees."

"Yes, Sir." She licked her lips.

The doorkeeper's cock was very long and stiff. She kissed the tip of it. "May I swallow your come, Sir?"

"You'd better," he said. "Or I toss you into the moat for the crocodiles."

"Yes, Sir. I'll be a good girl," Goldilix promised as she weighed the man's balls in his hands. They were full and tight. He would give her a nice full load down her hungry throat. Hopefully when she was done, he would send her

somewhere really special inside the castle. There were endless rooms and things were always changing. The king, a BDSM fanatic, made sure to spare no expenses in welcoming kinky types from all across the land.

Applying her tongue, she licked each testicle, tasting the pungent essence of male. She never tired of the first few moments of abasing herself with a new man. It was like becoming a submissive all over again, having her will, her pride swallowed whole.

Delicately, she kissed at the underside of his shaft, right along the vein. The doorkeeper moaned in response, grasping the back of her head.

"Yes," she sighed as he massaged her neck. "So fucking good."

The doorkeeper pulled back on her hair, making her wince. "Watch the language."

"Forgive me, Sir." Goldilix had forgotten her place. Only doms could swear at the Castle, not submissives.

"I won't warn you again, slut."

Goldilix' pussy gushed at being called such a name. She never tired of the degradation, the shame. "Please, Sir, punish me with your cock. Push it hard, deep, make me gag. Let me show you I am worthy of going inside."

The door keeper grinned diabolically. "You asked for it, blonde."

Goldilix' mouth was overrun with cock, an invasion filling her, cheek to cheek, from the back of her teeth all the way to wall of her throat. She took a deep breath. She had to stay relaxed. She mustn't gag, she mustn't disappoint or he could



cause her pain, or worse still, banish her from going inside the only place that give her any true peace at the moment.

The doorkeeper began to move his hips, thrusting in and out, making use of her mouth with practiced ease. It was clear he was used to receiving such tips. Goldilix hoped she would have the chance to serve him more in the future.

"Oh, fuck, yea," he groaned. "That's it, you groveling little bitch, earn your fucking way. Earn it like a good little cunt."

Goldilix hand strayed up under the hem of her short dress and between her legs to her poor aching snatch. She wanted to come so bad.

"Get your hand out of there," he growled. "You come here, that cunt belongs to the Castle."

Yes, that was it ... just what Goldilix wanted. Control, by people stronger than her, willing to deny her, to make her serve them, to make her beg.

Nothing made her hotter.

Chastised, Goldilix slobbered over the doorkeeper. She wanted him to come, to give her thick, warm gobs to swallow like the sex toy she was.

"Shit, yea." His hands were on her head, holding her in place. He fucked her with a fury. "Gonna come ... so ... fucking hard."

His semen shot down her throat, she gulped again and again.

"Don't lose a drop, not a damned drop. Oh, yea, that's it."

She felt the tension drain from him. She had done her job.

Goldilix continued her sucking, even after he stopped coming. Not until he removed himself from her mouth did she even think about anything other than pleasuring his cock.

"Thank you, Sir," she looked up at him with humble sweet eyes. "You honor me."

"Don't flatter me, slut. You want inside and that's all."

Goldilix bent to his feet, kissing his boots one after another. "Yes, Sir, I am shameless, a helpless little girl."

"Get up, you," he growled, mildly enough. "I have just the place for you."

"You do, Sir?"

"Yes," he met her eager, adoring eyes. "I do. Go inside and follow the blue line on the floor."

"The blue line? Just for me? Oh, goodie," she leaped up to kiss him.

"Not on the lips, you foolish wench."

"Sorry, Sir."

"Off with you," he slapped her ass, with full proprietary ease.

Goldilix tingled warmly with anticipation. Hopefully there was more of the same where she was going. "Ooo, yes, *Sir*."

Happily, she skipped through the large, steeped doorway. Inside the floor was stone and dingy gray. The walls were similarly dismal. The king could certainly have afforded to dress things up, but it was felt that the old school dungeon look added to the edgy, sadomasochistic feel of the place.

Not to mention the degree to which the stone walls cut down on the screams of victims in the various games being played.

There was just enough wall from the built-in torches for her to see the lines of chalk on the floor. Each day they were different, depending on what rooms were active.

It was the doorkeeper's job to match the visitors to the appropriate place depending on their interests and past performance. Goldilix was excited because she did not know this doorkeeper and he did not know her. He might send her into some completely unfamiliar situation.

Her heart thumped loudly as she walked down the corridor. There were wooden doors on either side, heavy windowless ones. She traced the end of three lines, the pink and green and black to particular doors. Behind each was a fate, a punishment, or the chance to punish, an invitation to agony or else to deliver such to another, a victim both willing and luscious.

The blue line took a hard turn left, just ahead, disappearing underneath one of the doors, identical in every way to the others.

Biting her lip lightly, she put her hand on the knob. Cold brass. The metal turned in her hand. The mechanism disengaged and the door gave way. She pushed it, slowly. With every inch it creaked a little louder.

Tentatively, she took a step inside.

The room was painted black. The floor was smooth. It clicked under her heels like slate. She noted the three silver tables, one on each wall. They were of different sizes, which struck her as strange.

On each was a bowl, a collar and a dildo.

She went to the first table, which was the biggest. There was a door next to it, also black. She would investigate what was behind it as soon as she finished here.

To begin with, she took the collar off the table and circled it around her throat.

"Too big," she said.

She held up the dildo. It was over a foot long, thick and hard. She put the tip to her tongue. Cold. Unable to resist torturing herself a little, she lifted the hem of her dress and inserted it, just a little. "Definitely too big."

The same for the bowl, which was the size of her head.

I wonder about the other tables, she thought.

Crossing to the littlest one, she reached for the collar. It was very thin and tiny. She held it up to her neck. It did not even reach far enough to buckle.

"Too small," she determined.

The dildo was small, too. She popped it in her mouth, sucking greedily. Barely a mouthful. "I'd lose that inside me," she laughed. "That is certainly too small."

The same for the bowl, which held only enough for a few sips of water.

There was one table left. The middle sized one. She snatched the collar off it with eager hands. Ooo, it fit just right. She fingered it, loving the feeling of captivity and bondage. If someone were here, they could put a lock on it, attach a leash and pull her around the room. They could make her get on her knees, too, and serve and obey and crawl.

Goldilix licked her lips as she saw the dildo. It looked just right. She picked it up. It was pink, just the same size as a regular man. She gave it a kiss and plunged it down into her hole.

Perfect. She fucked herself, hard and fast. Bracing her free hand on the table, she came in record time. Hot, hot, hot.

Carefully, she licked the dildo clean of her female juices. Putting it back on the table, she reached for the bowl.

She put it on the floor at her feet.

Her pulse raced. She imagined herself, being forced to drink from it. In her collar ... naked.

I have to take my dress off...

She pulled the little girl dress over her head. She was nude underneath, her nipples firm and tight, her sex fragrant. Putting the dress on the table, she got down on the floor. Down onto her hands and knees on the smooth, cool slate. She was so horny. She stuck out her tongue, bent her head and licked the bottom of the bowl.

Goldilix wanted to masturbate, but she remembered the door. Would it open for her? What wonders would lie beyond if it did?

Setting the bowl back on the table, she went to the door, which was unlocked. She drew a deep breath. It was the most beautiful bedroom she had ever seen. The floor was richly carpeted in blue shag. The walls were painted a pearl gray with white wainscoting. Gold lamps were mounted on each of them, allowing a warm glow of golden light to reflect off the mirrors which lined the ceiling.

The really amazing part, though, was the three beds. Arranged on the three walls, they faced toward the middle of the floor. Each was a different size and style. There was a paddle on each. She approached the first bed. It had wooden posts and was very large. Kicking off her shoes, she climbed up onto it.

Crawling into the middle, she arranged herself in a spread eagle position. Her arms and legs were nowhere near the posts. It would take very long pieces of rope to tie her.

"This bed is too big," she said.

Goldilix turned on her side and looked at the paddle. It looked like a boat oar. "Too big," she said again.

Hopping down, enjoying her game, she went to the next bed, which was very little. She had to tuck her feet up to her knees to lay on it. She held the paddle in the air. It was fur covered, no bigger than a hairbrush.

Too small...

Remembering how well she did with the middle table, she went to the third bed, which was middle sized. Sure enough, she was comfortable on it. The paddle was nice, too. Leather with an easy to grip handle. Using one of the rails of the brass headboard to turn herself, she went to her side.

"Just ... right," she sighed, smacking herself with the paddle.

Goldilix closed her eyes, rubbing the warm spot.

"Just right," she repeated, moving to smack herself again.

"Just right indeed." A hand held her wrist midstroke. The grip was steel.

"Let go now, there's a good little thief."

Goldilix relinquished the paddle. Her assailant was behind her. She couldn't see him. "I didn't steal anything."

"Is this bed yours?" the man caressed her ass, inserting a finger deep in her ass.

"No," she squealed. "Sir."

"And the collar?"

"N-no, Sir." Goldilix couldn't believe how real this felt. She knew it was a game, but her heart was thundering, just as if a man were really capturing her.

"And the dildo—the one you shoved up your pussy? Or did you try them all?"

"A-ll," she admitted shamefully.

"And the bowls?"

"I ... I ... put the middle one on the floor and ... licked from it."

"You like licking from dog bowls, do you?"

"No, Sir."

He delivered a shattering blow with the paddle, bringing tears to her eyes. "Don't you lie to me."

"I do enjoy it," she recanted. "I do."

"You like bowls and collars and paddles. What does that make you, thief?"

"A slut," she replied honestly. "A wild little fuck happy slut."

The man paddled her again, mercilessly. "Little girls like you are not permitted to swear."

Ow ... ow ... ow. "I'm sorry, sir."

"What should I do with you for that?"

"Punish me," she said without hesitation.

"On your belly," he ordered.

"Yes, Sir." Goldilix rolled over, exposing her behind.

The man slipped a blindfold around her eyes and tied it behind her neck. "You won't be allowed to see anything I do to you. Me or the others," he explained.

Others? What others?

"Cross your wrists over your head," he said. "Spread your legs."

"Like this, Sir?"

He struck her savagely with the paddle. "Wider." And then again. "I said wider. What kind of slut can't even spread properly? It's all your good for."

Goldilix' sex was throbbing. She wanted a fucking so bad she could taste it. "I'm a bad girl ... very bad."

She felt something going up inside her. The middle-sized dildo, being inserted without any consultation or permission.

"You like that, slut?"

She sighed as he shoved it deep. "Yes, Sir, thank you, Sir," she replied, surrendering all pride.

"Don't you dare come while I'm beating you. That pleasure belongs to someone else."

Another reference to a third party. Did she dare ask what he had in mind? Or rather, who?

Being paddled with a dildo in was a singular sensation. Each blow drove the invader deeper, causing the groans of pleasure in her canal to be mixed with the explosive firebombs landing on her buttocks.

"Oh, god," she moaned. "It feels so..."



"No one cares how it feels, girl," he declared. You're the sex toy. You know that, it's why you're here. You deliberately laid in all the beds and played with everything. You're a brat, aren't you? Begging for domination the only way you know how?"

"I ... I am," she hissed. "I'm a brat."

The man leveled one hit each against the backs of her thighs, making her squirm. "You're in for a long day, brat."

I hope so, she almost blurted.

"Yes, Sir," she said instead, mustering all the humility she could gather.

"And a long night after that."

Now you're talking...

But what kind of help was he going to have? Others were coming, she was sure of it.

"Feel good, little girl?"

"Yes ... no ... yes..." She attempted to crystallize her thinking as he kept up his barrage on her vulnerable flesh.

"Want me to stop?"

"N-no," she groaned.

"You need a little more pressure, I think."

She yelped from the fresh invasion. A butt plug, unceremoniously pressing against her anal opening.

"Don't fight cupcake. You know that only makes it harder."

"I'm ... trying."

"Try harder." He pinched her fleshy globe. "Or I'll use the cane on you."

"Y-yes, Sir."

"That's it, slut, take it like you should. Show me what a bed stealing whore you are."

Goldilix couldn't hold it back. Her body was so full, throbbing at every point, building to explosion, no relief, every nerve fiber under assault. There was nothing she could do now, no matter what her orders.

"I'm c-coming," she quaked.

"Then you'll come in pain, your naughty little bitch." He reached around for her nipples, pulling on them so firmly she feared he might tear them off.

"Fucking hell," she screamed.

The man chuckled, enjoying her predicament. "You're a feisty one, all right. We're gonna break you real good."

*We...*

The word rang in her ears, stinging her belly with possibilities.

Just then, the sound came, of a man's voice, a deep bellow.

"Who was messing with my toys? And who was sleeping in my bed."

"I've got the bitch right here," said the man to the newcomer. "You want to punish her?"

"Let me see her."

The man pulled Goldilix up to a kneeling position, facing the man. She swallowed at the sight of him. He was the size of a mountain, completely bald with large muscles like a wrestler. He wore denim overalls, heavy boots and no shirt.

"She's barely got any meat on her bones," he complained. "How am I supposed to punish her?"

"She takes a beating well," the man told him. "You'll be surprised."

"She better, that's all I'm saying."

"What the hell is going on?" Called a third man, swaggering into the room.

Goldilix' eyes went wide. The fellow was so tiny. A dwarf. Surely he was the owner of the third bed, the little one.

The little man's voice was raspy, slightly off key. "Somebody's been playing with my toys ... and they slept in my bed, too."

"It's her," the big man pointed as though it weren't perfectly obvious. "She's the one."

The little man frowned. "I'm gonna shove my dick so far up your ass, little missy."

He unzipped his pants revealing a strikingly large member. He began to stroke it, making it hard.

The big man took off his clothes, meanwhile, baring his muscular body. To Goldilix's astonishment, however, his cock was not at all in proportion.

"Don't you laugh," the big man warned her.

She shook her head, indicating she would not.

"Tie her down," said the little man, taking charge.

The big man fetched rope. They secured her spread eagle, face up on the middle sized bed.

All three regarded her, naked.

"You know how to suck?" asked the little man.

"She's not bad," said the middle sized man.

"You can suck me," the dwarf told her, "while Tiny fucks you, how's that?"

"Yes, Sir," she said.

The little man climbed up on the bed. Swaggering, he leapt up on her belly. She groaned as he knocked the wind out of her. "So you like coming here, huh?" he asked.

She nodded yes.

He chuckled, walking over her breasts. The feel of his small feet was most peculiar on her nipples. When he reached her neck he settled himself down, feet planted on the bed next to her ears. From this position, he could push himself down into her mouth.

The big man, meanwhile, was squatting over her midsection, readying himself to dip his small erection inside her. The two men moved together, filling her vital openings. The dwarf continued to harden as he plunged inside her mouth. He had her totally plugged.

Smiling, he plugged her nose.

"Don't move," he warned as she started to struggle.

She lay still, her heart racing. He was going to kill her!

"This is a lesson," he told her, watching her turn blue. "In power. And in not taking what doesn't belong to you."

She moaned, though no sound came out. Her eyes pleaded as blood pounded in her ears. "Lift your hips," he encouraged. "Earn your right to live. Earn your air."

Goldilix did as she was told. The big man sighed with pleasure as she met his thrusts with counterthrusts. She was fucking for her life...

"Faster," encouraged the middle sized man, slapping the soles of her feet with a flogger. "Give it all you got."

Goldilix was going to pass out. Just in time, the dwarf let her breath. A few breaths later and he was doing it again. "Sluts breathe when they're told," he said. "Especially ones who steal. You know we could kill you for that. They do that in some places for stealing."

Goldilix was orgasming. She knew it was play—no one could kill another in the Enchanted Castle, but just the talk was so potent.

"Oh, god," groaned the big man. "I'm gonna come so hard inside the little bitch."

He shot her full of come, a hot load, spurt after spurt. She kept on spasming, the muscles of her pussy encouraging him to release every little bit. His hands dug into her thighs while the medium sized man kept on whipping the soles of her feet.

The dwarf came, too, though he pulled himself out at the last moment so that he could come all over her face and in her hair.

He was cursing, calling her names. "Fuck, that's it, you little bitch."

She tasted him, sticking out her tongue to catch some of the semen. It was vaguely salty and musky. It was good. She wanted more.

More was exactly what she would get.

"Switch places," the dwarf said, announcing the changing of the guard.

The big man moved to sit on Goldilix' face while the dwarf moved to her pussy. He rubbed himself on her leg until he was hard. The big man just shoved himself between her lips, so she could suck him hard. The middle sized man kept right

on with her feet, making her squirm and play right into the men's hands.

Not until they had all had multiple chances with her did they take a break. Each of them, incredibly, came three times. The whole while she was whipped and choked and humiliated.

Finally, when they were all done, they released her and allowed her to lick and kiss their feet as they lay side by side on the big bed. They were a funny sight, the big man in the middle and the other two on either side. Their hands were tucked behind their head.

She went from foot to foot.

The big man's toe like a little cock, the little man's toe like a sweet soft pea and the middle sized man's ... just right.

"I hope you learned your lesson," said the little man.

"Yes, Sir," she looked up, grinning, disheveled, but extremely happy. "Yes, Sir, I did. Playing with other people's toys has very interesting consequences."

"At least with us it does," said the little man.

"Yes, Sir, it does."

"I hope we never catch you in here again," winked the middle sized man.

"Oh, never," she said, winking back.

They all laughed as the big man pulled her down on top of them. They snuggled, a quite interesting foursome. In no time they were all asleep, another group of satisfied customers of the Enchanted Castle.

## **SINDERELLA AND THE FAIRY GOD MISTRESS**

Sinderella was having another bad hair day, her lovely locks damp and tangled as the girl whimpered on all fours, caught between her two evil stepsisters, Drusilla and Esmeralda. They had her at both ends, skewering her with a pair of hand-carved dildos on a stick, the wood worn smooth by hour after hour of plundering Sinderella's delicate orifices.

It was an activity much enjoyed by the two stepsisters, along with anything else that made Sinderella suffer.

They were in a particularly good mood today, on account of the ball they would be attending at the palace in the prince's honor. It was an event made all the more sweet because Sinderella could not come.

"Poor, Sinderella," fretted Drusilla, as she pumped Sinderella's mouth full of artificial cock. "Tonight is the ball. We get to go and you don't. Doesn't that make you sad?"

"Mmmph," said Sinderella as she continued to pleasure the artificial cock.

"What did she say?" asked the extremely dense Drusilla.

"She can't answer, you dolt," said Esmeralda. "Her mouth is stuffed full of wooden dick."

"Oh, I forgot. Bad girl," said Drusilla, striking down on Sinderella's back with a switch.

"Mmmmp," Sinderella said again.

"Look at her, Es," giggled Drusilla. She's talking with her mouth full. "We should punish her for that."

"You're right for once, Dru," Esmeralda popped the dildo from Sinderella's pussy. "How about we give our dear stepsister some anal attention?"

"Oh, goodie, goodie. Will you go fast, Es?"

"That's the only way. Isn't it, Sin? Back up, now, be a good girl and get your piggy ass on the spit."

"That's a funny one, Es," approved Dru.

Long years of abuse at the hands of these two had taught Sinderella to obey. Thrusting her ass up to be fucked with a wooden dick much too large for her small body might be painful, but it could and would get far worse if she dared to show defiance.

That was the way it was, ever since Sinderella's father had died, shortly after her eighteenth birthday. Her father's second wife, Eulien and her two daughters ruled the house and her with an iron fist.

"Wipe your tears away," had said the forty something former show girl who had captured daddy's heart. "We've had enough."

This was two days after the funeral. Sinderella was called into the living room, where all three were waiting.

"The will leaves everything to me," said Eulien without letting her see it. "By rights I could put you out on the street."

"But I have nowhere to go," she protested.

"Then I guess you will have to accept my terms, won't you?"

"What terms, stepmother?"



"Seeing as how you aren't a blood relative of ours, you will have to fit in differently," the woman explained. "In a more menial capacity."

"I don't understand," sniffled Sinderella.

"You will soon enough." She tossed her a collar, leather with silver studs. "Take off your clothes, darling and put this on."

Sinderella regarded her stunned. "Stepmother," she fingered the collar. "You can't be serious."

Eulien addressed her daughters, wafer thin blondes with puffed up hair and vapid makeup shadowed eyes. "Show Sin how serious we are."

Esmeralda stood, the cattle prod hidden behind her back. Sinderella was caught entirely off guard as the wicked stepsister touched the prongs to her belly.

Sinderella gasped, her body seized with convulsions. Helpless, she collapsed at Es' feet. "Now do you take us seriously?" said Es in her slinky red dress and heels.

"Y-yes," cried Sinderella as Es ground her pointed heel into her hand. "Oh, god, that hurts."

"That's enough, Es," said her mother. "Give our new servant a chance to obey. Sin, dear, you remember your orders I gave you?"

"Yes," she groaned softly.

"Good girl."

Sinderella rose to her feet shaky. She sobbed as she pulled off her dress, bra and panties. "Why are you doing this?" she asked, attaching the thick, merciless leather about her slender throat.

"Because you were Robert's favorite and you lorded it over everyone," said Eulien.

"I didn't," she protested.

Es cracked her hand against Sin's naked ass. "Don't argue with mom. You're our slave now."

Sinderella's head swam. Slavery was illegal. How could this be happening?

"You need to learn your place," Eulien declared, parting her thighs. "Shall we begin here?"

Her stepmother wore no panties. Her puffy pink sex lips were moist and ready.

"Oh, god, no." Sinderella took a step backwards. "I can't. Don't make me."

Es spanked her again, grabbing the back of her dark hair so she couldn't go anywhere. "You'll do what we say, slut. You'll lick pussy, you'll work your fingers to the bone and you'll take beatings whenever we feel like giving them to you and if you're real lucky we'll give you a mat to sleep on in the basement, otherwise you're prima donna ass can chill on the concrete."

"Stop hurting me," Sin wailed.

"Go and lick pussy, then," she pushed her forward. "Stupid cunt."

Tears streamed down her face as she knelt in front of her stepmother, inhaling the aroma of her sex.

"You had better make me come, or Es will give you a dozen strokes with the hairbrush. Is that clear?"

"Yes, stepmother." Her voice cracked.

Applying her tongue, eyes shut tight; she made contact with the crack of her father's widow. The taste was pungent, overpowering. She felt humiliated, demeaned ... and oddly excited.

"I wanna be next," she heard Dru saying.

"After me," said Es.

Sin had clamped her legs tight together, praying they wouldn't discover the dark truth—that the brutal treatment was turning her on.

It was Es who found out. "She's wet, mother."

"Really?"

"Wet as a whore," Es swathed her pussy and held up her glistening fingers. "See?"

"Don't touch her come, dear, it's disgusting."

"Sorry, mom." Es wiped it on Sin's backside.

"You will be beaten for getting aroused," her stepmother had announced to Sinderella.

Sinderella swooned, the reality sinking in. This wasn't a dream. She was really naked. Collared. Eating out her stepmother.

And worst of all, this was no isolated instance—this was to be the beginning of the rest of her life.

"Girls," called Eulien now, entering the room. "Stop that nonsense at once. You should have been ready for the ball half an hour ago."

"Yes, Mom," said Es.

"Yes, Mom," repeated Dru.

The two girls skipped off happily, leaving Sinderella with her stepmother. "I'm so sorry you can't come with us, dear. If only pets were allowed. I do hope you're not too upset?"

"No Mistress," said Sinderella.

"Good. And just so you won't get too bored, I will leave you some extra chores. You can polish the silver again. When was the last time you did that?"

"This morning, Mistress."

"That's much too long. Yes, it's the silver you will attend to."

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress." Sinderella put her head to the floor.

"Think nothing of it, dear. It's the least I can do." Eulien left her to begin the silver. Thousands of pieces, bought with her father's money. It would take her hours and she would probably have to do it again tomorrow.

Some time later the girls presented themselves, dressed and ready to go. Es wore a red dress, long and flowing and Dru's was blue. They looked perfect, as always, like skinny little dolls.

"What do you think?" demanded Es, showing off her gown.

"Yes, be honest, Sinderella," encouraged Dru.

"You look beautiful, sisters," said Sinderella.

As if she would ever dare say otherwise—honesty might work for free people, but it was seldom rewarded in a slave.

"Much better than you would, even if you did have a dress," said Es.

"You're too fat," said Dru, though really Sinderella was of average size.

"Yes, sister."

"And you're too much of a slut."

"Yes, sister."

"Say it," said Dru. "Say, 'I am a slut.'"

"I am a slut," said Sinderella.

Dru clapped her hands. "I can make her say anything," she bragged. "Can't I, Es?"

"Don't be stupid, Dru," said Es. "Of course you can make her say things. She's a slave."

"I can make her do things, too, like lick my shoes," said Dru.

"You will do no such thing, Drusilla," declared her mother, whose ability to swoop into situations at the brink of major chaos was uncanny. "You'll get your shoes covered in spittle, or worse."

"Yes, mom."

"You look so beautiful, mom," said Esmeralda.

"Do I?" she queried with false modesty. "In this old rag?"

Her 'rag' was a yellow, sequined gown, designed perfectly to accentuate her artificial breasts and liposuctioned hips. It's value would be ten thousand at least, every last bit of it coming from Sinderella's raided trust fund.

Sinderella had been forced to sign it over to her stepmother under duress. As a reward, she would be given food and lodging for the rest of her days, or as long as Eulien felt like keeping her.

"You will find a rich husband, I bet," enthused Es.

"And us, too? Will we find husbands?" Dru wanted to know.

"Yes, you will. You are beautiful and young, why wouldn't you?"

"We need to find them soon, mom," reminded Es. "We're running out of cash."

"Don't you think I know that?" Eulien snapped.

"Sorry, mom," said Es.

"Sorry, mom," mimicked Dru.

"Shut up," said Es. "You don't even know what you're saying."

"Do, too."

"Do not."

"That's enough both of you," said Eulien. "Go to the carriage. Now."

"Yes, mom."

"Yes, mom."

"Do be a good girl while we're gone, Sinderella," said Eulien sweetly.

"Yes, Mistress," she said.

Eulien laughed, as always enjoying her power over the girl. "Ta ta," she blew a kiss on her way out.

Sinderella heard the door close. Her stepmother locked it from the outside. She was trapped now, having no way to break out of the barred windows. She would remain like this until they returned from the ball.

Sinderella allowed herself a rare moment of self pity. It wasn't fair. Her whole life she had wanted to go to the palace and dance with the prince. Her father had promised to take her there and he would have, if only he had lived long enough.

Her eyes dotted with tears. She missed him still and always would. Sobbing, she buried her head in her hands. If only she could melt away, disappear forever from this miserable life.

"Someone's not happy, are they?"

Sinderella looked up. There was a person in the room. A woman. Tall with black hair in a pony tail on the top of her head. She wore a tight costume of leather that covered her body but left her large breasts free and her wide, pink lipped pussy. She was exceedingly tall, with long, gorgeous legs. She had boots on, with very high heels. In her hand she held a short black whip.

Sinderella stared in astonishment. "Who are you? How did you get in here?"

"I'm your fairy god mistress, dear. Every slave girl has one."

"T-they do?" Sinderella was wide eyed. Was she dreaming? Had she passed out on the floor?

"Stop stuttering, dear. Get up and let me look at you."

"Yes ... mistress."

The fairy god mistress examined her through cool blue eyes. "You are a mess," she sighed.

"I'm sorry, mistress." Sinderella hung her head.

"Never mind. We will work with what we have."

"Begging your pardon," said Sinderella. "But what work are you talking about?"

"Why, we're sending you to the ball, silly girl."

Sinderella blinked. "The ball? But how?"

The fairy god mistress waved her crop. "By magic," she winked.

"Magic?" Sinderella repeated skeptically.

"Certainly. Observe." She waved her wand, lifting Sinderella into the air.

"What are you doing?" she cried.

"It's bath time!" She waved the wand again, creating a swirl of water and soap about her. Suds, warm and vibrating, cleansing her floating body, caressing her skin, smoothing over her breasts, licking at her belly and further below, too.

Sinderella moaned, parting her legs. The magic water lapped at her pussy, tickling her clit. A tiny orgasm overcame her, a sweet little jolt of pleasure that made her ache for more.

"Oh, Mistress," she sighed, writhing.

The fairy god mistress lowered her back to the floor, clean and dry. "You'll have time for that later. Right now you need to get dressed. Arms over your head."

Sinderella obeyed, sleepy and deliciously open. The swishing crop was working its wonders, each pass through the air causing her to be layered in more and more finery.

"Ta da," pronounced the fairy. "Have a look."

A mirror hovered in front of Sinderella.

"Oh, my," she cried beholding the gorgeous young creature, bedecked head to foot, complete with a breathtaking silver gown, a diamond tiara and an exquisite pair of glass slippers. "Is that really ... me?"

"Who else? So what do you think? Are you ready to meet the prince?"



"I suppose," she said nervously. "But how will I get there? I can't even get out of my house."

"You leave that to me, like everything else. Is it a deal?"

Sinderella shook her head, numb all over.

"Kiss my wand, seal the bargain."

Sinderella bent to kiss the presented crop. She felt a chill in her spine. Her stepmother made her do this often, before and after beating her. Could she really trust this magical, leather clad woman?

"There's a good girl," cooed the unlikely fairy. "Let's make a carriage next, shall we?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"We need something to make it from," she looked about the room. "There on the table, that will do."

"You mean my ball gag?"

"Yes. Fetch it, there's a good girl."

Sinderella did as she was told.

"Put it on the floor."

Sinderella set it down between them. She was more than a little familiar with the small leather ball and the attached leather straps. Many hours had she spent as its captive, deprived of her voice, bereft of the right to close her mouth or even to swallow her own saliva.

Her stepsisters loved to watch her drool, especially when she was chained on tiptoes, the saliva running down over her breasts.

"Whips and leather," chanted the fairy god mistress. "Pain and pleasure, each it's due in merry measure."

There was a puff of black smoke followed by a flash of white light. When the smoke cleared, the gag was gone. In its place, a silver carriage, fit for a queen, right there in the middle of the room.

"We need ponies," the fairy god mistress said.

Again she repeated her chant. There was more smoke. A team of ponies appeared, strong naked men harnessed tightly in leather.

"Oh, my," gasped Sinderella.

"Don't worry, they're faster than horses." She slapped one of the muscular men on the ass.

"But how will we get out of the house?"

The fairy god mistress shook her head. "All this and still you doubt."

"Sorry, Mistress."

"Get in," she pointed. "And stop fretting."

Sinderella obeyed.

"Clamps and canes," the fairy god mistress chanted. "Cuffs and racks, empty space is all that lacks..."

Thunder roared. A wind swept over them. Sinderella shut her eyes tightly. When she opened them again they were on the road, the carriage racing quickly over the horizon. She looked back out the window. The house was still there, fully intact.

The fairy god mistress was powerful indeed. Sinderella's heart raced the whole way. She was sure she would stand out terribly at the palace. The prince would know she was a slave. He would be angry. He would throw her in the dungeon.

And what if her stepfamily recognized her? They would tear her limb from limb.

No time to worry, they were already there. The trip should have taken an hour, this was crazy.

A coachman opened her door. *Her* coachman, apparently. "Your ladyship," he bowed, extending his hand.

Sinderella froze in her seat. She couldn't do it. She was too scared.

"Of course you will do it." Pain ripped across her chest, as though she'd been struck by a whip. "You're a slave aren't you?"

"Yes," she replied to the voice in her head. "I am."

"Then obey. Go and dance and play, all night. Do whatever you like, but remember this. You have only until midnight. Then all my work will fail you. You will be your old self again."

Sinderella gulped, trying to imagine what it would be like to be exposed, naked and collared in front of all these people. "Yes, Mistress."

"Out of the carriage," ordered the invisible fairy god mistress, giving her an invisible push off her behind and out the door.

Sinderella walked to the palace doors on shaking legs. She feared she would faint at any moment. She stuttered giving her name at the doorway. "L-lady Cane," she thought of a lie just in time.

"Lady Cane," the doorman announced.

The next thing Sinderella knew, she was in the ballroom, an enormous sweeping space with crystal chandeliers, immense glass windows and a polished floor of marble so

shiny she could see her reflection. And the people, so gaily dressed, the men in elegant coats and the ladies in sparkling gowns of every color.

She was so overwhelmed. She attempted to slink away to the side of the room. Let the night pass quietly, she thought. And quickly, too. Let me not get caught here after midnight.

She was nearly to the corner when she heard the voice of the prince. "Milady, what is this crime of yours?"

"Y-your Highness?" She stammered as the handsome, uniformed man took up his position in front of her.

His expression softened. "You seek to hide yourself. You would deprive me of the pleasure of a dance."

She melted at the sight of his dimples, those white teeth, the gleaming blue eyes. "It would be my honor, Your Highness."

The prince clasped her small hand in his, making her feel at once alive and elevated and protected.

The crowd parted before them, all eyes focused as they moved to the center of the dance floor. The orchestra at once struck up a fresh waltz, light and bubbling, opening them into sweeping yet elegant motions across the magical marble. The prince's eyes locked into her, as though she were the very center of the universe. Cinderella went flush, her cheeks pink with delight. For the first time in ages she dared to hope, dared to feel like a woman, a free girl to be loved and treasured.

"We shall dance again," commanded His Highness when the waltz came to end.

"Yes," she smiled. "That is my wish, too."

The pair was inseparable for the rest of the evening. Sinderella could see the jealousy in the other females, including her own stepsisters. She was afraid they might recognize her, but remarkably in her regal garb she appeared to them as a complete stranger. Eulien, too, had no clue that the mysterious female entrancing the young prince was in fact the very same slave she had left to polish her silver.

"I wish to see you further," the prince whispered in her ear midway through one of the dances. "I wish to court you."

Sinderella froze. The chimes were sounding. It was quarter to midnight. The passage of time once welcomed was now dreaded. "I—I can't stay."

"What is wrong?" he asked as she pried herself free of his embrace.

"I can't stay, I'm sorry," she called out.

Sinderella ran to her carriage, which was parked down the hill. She was moving so fast that she lost one of her glass slippers on the way. No time to worry about it, though.

"Quickly, we must flee," she called out to the coachman.

He opened the door for her and hopped up into the seat. "Giddyup," he shouted, snapping the whip over the heads of the naked male slaves.

Sinderella could hear the chimes again. It was midnight. Hurry, hurry, she thought. The palace was out of sight, but they were still so far from home. Would the fairy god mistress show her a little mercy?

No. The answer was no. All at once the carriage began to quake. There was a flash of light and then the carriage was gone. Sinderella fell right onto the ground, landing naked on

the road. Naked and collared, just as she had been when the fairy god mistress found her.

She sat up, dazed. The coachman was gone, but the male slaves were still there. They were eying her and they were not happy.

"Stupid cunt," one of them growled. "You're what we busted our asses for? Why you're just another slave like us."

"Let's teach this bitch a lesson," said one of the others.

Sinderella scooted backwards. "Please, don't hurt me."

"We won't," one of them held his hard dick in his hand. "If you take real good care of us."

"Otherwise," the second menaced. "It's curtains for you."

"I'll do whatever you say, I promise."

"On your knees. Open your mouth wide," the first ordered.

Sinderella allowed him to feed her his stinking, sweaty cock. She nearly gagged on it as he pumped fast and furious.

"Fucking cunt, whore," he groaned.

The slave climaxed almost immediately. Sinderella swallowed it down, right there on the road, the tiny pebbles stinging her knees. She couldn't believe just minutes ago she had been dancing with a handsome prince, enjoying his devotion, her body clothed in a fine gown, complete with glass slippers and a diamond tiara.

Her situation couldn't be worse. How would she get home? What if her stepmother found out what she had been up to?

"Ah," sighed the slave, finishing with her. "Now that's a mouth fuck."

"Out of my way," the second crowded in. "It's my turn."

The second slave was larger, and sweatier. He choked her with come, bringing tears to her eyes. After him were two more, each hard and horny and vile.

"Who's ready for another round?" grinned the first slave, massaging himself back to hardness.

"I think not," proclaimed a female voice.

The male slaves fell to their knees, heads to the grounds. "Mistress," they addressed the leather clad dominatrix.

"Fairy god mistress," cried Sinderella. "You're here."

"Yes, you naughty girl, I am. I thought I told you to be home by midnight."

"You did." she hung her head. "But I was having so much fun."

"I'll bet you were. Aren't you glad you obeyed me and went inside?"

"I had the time of my life," she admitted. "But how will I get home?"

"Have you forgotten my wand?"

"You will use magic then? To get me back before my step family arrives?" she asked anxiously.

"Obviously I will use magic," she said contemptuously.

"Now get your ass over here."

"My ... ass?"

"Yes. I want you on all fours, ass pointing in the air. I need to apply my wand to some flesh, to recharge it."

"Yes, Mistress."

Sinderella put herself into position. The fairy god mistress struck her a total of ten times, good swipes with the whip,

painful and stinging. The whole time she was chanting away, about power and spells and enchanted nights.

By the time it was over, Sinderella's ass was burning like pure fire. Some night out on the town, she thought.

"Sleep tight, dear." The fairy godmother bent to give her ass a blistering kiss. Sinderella screamed. When she finally calmed herself she was back home. Right where she was before, polishing silver.

A few minutes later her stepfamily arrived. The girls were all excited.

"You should have been there, Sin," said Es. "We were the center of attraction."

"The prince danced with us all night," Dru lied. "Didn't he, Mom?"

"Go to bed," grumbled Eulien. "You're giving me a headache."

"Yes, mom."

"The prince is going to marry me, Sin," said Es. "He couldn't keep his hands off me. Isn't that great?"

"Yes, Es," said Sinderella, knowing what a complete and utter falsehood this was.

"You go to bed, too, Es," said her mother. "I've heard enough from both of you."

"Yes, Mom," said Esmeralda.

Eulien sat down across from Sinderella. "What about you, girl? How was your evening?"

"It was fine, Mistress."

"You finished the silver."



"Yes." Though not by her own hand, she thought. Must have been more of the fairy god mistress' magic.

"Did you do anything else?" Eulien asked.

Sinderella responded guardedly. "Not really."

"Not really? What does that mean?" Eulien asked coyly.

She knows, thought Sinderella. Somehow, she knows. "I—I don't know what it means," she said stupidly.

"No matter," Eulien dismissed. "I bet you were thinking about the ball, weren't you? And the prince? He danced with a stranger, you know?"

"He did?"

"Yes." Eulien gathered up her dress, parting her legs. "She was introduced as Lady Cane. A ridiculous name, don't you think?"

"Yes, Mistress." Sinderella crawled to the naked waiting pussy, taking her cue to begin servicing the woman.

"You're a good slut," said Eulien, enjoying the well-trained tongue. "Too bad you'll never see the palace. Or the prince."

Sinderella continued to lick, inhaling her taste, swallowing down the dripping juices. She wanted her mistress to come, so she would stop talking.

"Do you think the prince would like a slave of your quality, Sinderella? The stranger was about your size, you know. Maybe we could pass you off for her."

Sinderella tensed further. Eulien laughed.

A few moments later she orgasmed, squeezing Sinderella's head in a vise grip.

When she was done, she pushed her back onto the floor. "Polish the silver again," she ordered. "I'm going to bed."

"Yes, Mistress," she croaked.

With shaking fingers, she began her task. That had been a close call, too close for comfort.

Sinderella had to work through the night to finish her task. She was tempted to cheat; she was terrified Eulien might find out. Things were going to be bad enough if the truth surfaced about where she had really been last night.

The girls woke up at dawn, hungry for their breakfasts. Sinderella brought it to them in bed, having gotten no sleep at all. She spilt Dru's coffee and got a good caning.

After she finished with the girls she went back down to find Eulien waiting, in her dressing gown. "I had the most interesting dream," she smiled.

"Yes, Mistress?"

"I dreamed you went to the palace and danced with the prince. Isn't that silly?"

"Yes," she smiled weakly. "It is, Mistress."

"What's the matter, dear? You don't look well?" Eulien was appraising, watching for weakness.

"I didn't sleep," said Sinderella. "I'm tired, forgive me."

"You can nap later. After you scrub the kitchen floor."

"Yes, Mistress." Never had she been so grateful to be sent off to complete a menial task. Once again, she had been spared discovery.

She had just about finished the floor an hour later when there came a loud knock on the door.

"Open, open for the prince."

The girls were shrieking. They came running down the stairs, fully dressed before nine, for the first time ever.

"That will be quite enough girls," said Eulien sternly.

Sinderella was standing in the doorway to the kitchen, out of sight. She noticed that Eulien was dressed, too. Strange, for so early in the morning. Almost as if they had been expecting company.

"Es," open the door for His Highness," said Eulien.

"Yes, Mom."

A pair of courtiers came in first, complete with trumpets. After them, three soldiers, their faces full of vigil. Finally, the prince himself arrived.

"Forgive this intrusion," he said. "But I am on an urgent mission."

"Why whatever is that, Your Highness?"

"I am looking for a missing person. A woman."

"Really, Your Highness?"

"Yes, she disappeared last night, leaving only this."

Sinderella covered her hand with her mouth. It was the slipper. The one she had lost at the ball.

"She said her name was Lady Cane," the prince continued. "But I am told there is no such peer in the realm."

"So she's a liar then, Your Highness."

"Watch your tongue," said the prince. "She is many things, but not a liar."

Sinderella's heart thundered in her chest. He was defending her. He cared about her.

"The slipper is mine," said Es. "I lost it last night."

"You did?" The prince regarded her. "But you are not the one."

"I look different in daylight. Let me try, pretty please, Your Highness?"

The prince handed her the shoe. She sat down and tried to put it on. It didn't fit.

"That's enough," said the prince.

"I've almost got it," she grunted.

"Es, give it back to him," said her mother sharply.

"Maybe the shoe is mine," said Dru.

"You don't know?" said the prince.

"I don't know, do I?"

"Shut up, Dru," said Es.

"Is there anyone else here?" asked the prince.

"Only our slave," said Eulien. "If you'd like to try her foot."

The soldiers drew their swords.

"You dare insult me?" said the prince.

"No, your highness," she said. "You asked if there were others and I answered. I meant no disrespect."

The prince scowled. "I am desperate, you know. I have been all over and found nothing. I'm beginning to think I am mad."

"You're not mad," blurted Sinderella.

All eyes turned to the kitchen doorway.

"So the slut has a tongue," smiled Eulien, looking strangely triumphant. "I was wondering if you'd have the guts to speak up."

"Is this a joke?" demanded the prince. "Because I am not amused."

"Don't you recognize me?" she cried.

"No, I do not."

"It is me, I look different with clothes."

The soldiers laughed.

"Silence," said the prince.

"Let me try the slipper, Your Highness," she begged, running to kneel at his feet. "Let me prove I am not lying."

"Very well," he grumbled. "Why not complete my plunge into madness?"

"Thank you," she said, taking the slipper. She sat down, right there on the floor and pulled it over her right foot. "See, Your Highness? See? It is me."

The prince stepped backwards, his eyes narrowing. "What trickery is this Woman," he pointed to Eulien. "What is the explanation?"

"I have none, Your Highness. This is indeed my slave, whom I left here last night while we went to the ball. How she came to go to the ball, wearing such a shoe, I have no idea."

"It's a coincidence," said Es. "She has the same shoe size as someone else."

"No, it was me. I can tell you prince, what you were wearing, and how you whispered in my ear, just before I ran away, that you wished to see me again."

The color drained from his perfect face. He knew now that it was her. His beautiful dancing partner was a mere slave. "I am a laughingstock," he said. "I shall be ruined."

"Not if no one finds out," reasoned Eulien.

"I could kill them all," offered one of the soldiers.

"You could," agreed Eulien. "But then you would have to deal with my patroness."

"Your patroness? What are you babbling about?" The prince demanded.

"She means me."

The soldiers circled about the prince. A woman had appeared in the room, clad in black leather, holding a short whip.

"Fairy god mistress," said Sinderella. "What are you doing here?"

"Finishing my job, dear."

"Your ... job?"

"Your step mother hired me. I've been working for her all along."

"But ... but why?"

"You'll see, it's been a brilliantly executed plan."

"Guards," said the prince. "I have had enough. Kill them all."

Before the soldiers could take a step, the fairy god mistress waved her crop. In a flash the three soldiers were turned into three toads.

The prince at once pulled an amulet from his pocket. "Back sorceress, you can't hurt me. I have the royal magic."

"Your magic won't protect you from gossip, though," said Eulien. "And if anything happens to me and my daughters, I promise you this enchantress will tell the secret far and wide, how the prince debased himself with an owned slut, dancing with her at a ball. You will be the laughing stock of the Kingdom."

The prince ground his teeth. "You wouldn't dare."

"Try us."

"This is all your fault," the prince pointed angrily at Cinderella.

"I'm sorry, Your Highness." Tears were forming.

"I don't want to hear it," he dismissed. "You," he said to Eulien. "You heartless, treacherous bitch, tell me what I have to do to buy your silence."

"Bitch?" Eulien shook her head. "That is hardly a way to address your future wife."

"My w-wife?"

"Yes, you're going to marry me, prince. Isn't that wonderful?"

"No," cried Esmeralda.

"No," cried Drusilla.

"Hush, girls. I know what I'm doing."

"It's not fair," protested Es. "I want him."

"Me, too," said Dru.

"What you will both get," her mother snapped. "Is slavery along with your stepsister if you don't shut up."

Both girls were quiet.

"You are worse than a bitch," said the prince. "You are a demoness."

"Thank you," smiled Eulien. "I take that as a compliment."

"I will never love you," vowed the prince. "You are wasting your time."

"Love," she laughed. "As if I could care less. It's your power I want."

"When will this travesty occur?" The prince asked, furious. "I assume you have a date in mind?"

"In a week's time. We will all move to the palace, naturally. The little slut here can make herself useful polishing silver, if you've no objection."

"Oh, she'll do more than clean floors and polish silver," the prince menaced. "She'll polish my knob. I'll teach her to ruin me like she has."

Eulien laughed. "You hear that? You're going to move up in the world, Sinderella, isn't that lovely?"

Sinderella lowered her eyes. Never had a girl felt such defeat in the history of the world. That's what she got for sealing a bargain with the fairy god mistress. Once a slave, always a slave. A hand reached out can never help but only make things worse.

"I want to die," said Sinderella.

"That would be much too easy," said Eulien. "Don't you think, prince?"

"Absolutely," he agreed. "I'd like to die, too, now. But I have to live ... with this bitch Eulien for the rest of my life."

"Welcome to the family," sneered Es. "We've put up with her all our lives."

"Ah," said the fairy god mistress. "Such a happy new family. Does my heart good to see it."

"Guards," the prince pointed to Sinderella. "Take her out back. I'm going to start taking my revenge on her."

The soldiers grabbed Sinderella, whisking her away.

"Mind if I join you?" asked the fairy god mistress, sporting a strap on cock of enormous proportions.

"Do I have a choice."

"Not really."



"Fine, just make sure you make her scream like we men."

"Not a problem."

They tied Sinderella in the grass, over a marble table, her legs spread wide. She was bent over, allowing access to her helpless cunt and ass. Her mouth was similarly available.

"Is this what you dreamed of?" The prince taunted, looming over her. "When you deceived me?" He stroked her hair.

Sinderella whined in anticipation. He opened his pants and rammed his cock deep. She had dreamed of his shaft, but not like this.

"How is she?" asked the fairy god mother.

"A little tight."

"Guard," said the fairy godmother. "Soften her up."

The cat was applied, stinging lashes that made her eyes water. She sucked obediently, desperately.

"Try the cunt," said the prince.

Sinderella was humiliated, hearing herself referred to like this, not as his beloved but as a mere object.

"It's plenty wet. This cunt is a natural slave, all right," the fairy god mother confirmed.

"Don't let her enjoy too much," said the prince.

"Don't worry, I won't." The fairy godmother shifted positions. "Don't fight this Sinderella. I will only make it bigger by magic. You are no match for this cock, you're no match for me. I'm not one of your stupid stepsisters. I'm a sadistic girl fucker. I'll take all your tears and then your screams and after you are hoarse, I'll keep coming. You were very foolish to take anything from me and now you will pay."

Sinderella's true misery began as the fairy god mother applied her magic cock. It filled her ass, ripping her wide, she cried and cried, but still the pain continued. Meanwhile the prince and his men took turns rudely shoving themselves in her mouth, making her lick their balls in the midst of her agony. The prince laughed, ejaculating on her face. The others did the same, covering her with a fine layer of semen.

Then they started stroking themselves, watching the ass fucking, making themselves hard. For another round.

And this is only the beginning, she thought of the rest of my life.

How had it come to this?

All night since dancing with the prince, she'd dreamed of love making. And now she would have it. As much sex as she could stand, she suspected. All the attention his undying hatred could bring. Everything in the world ... but love.

The one emotion that was supposed to triumph over all the others.

Such a fleeting thing, a lie, a wisp in the air, like a dance, here and then it's gone. Pain, that was real and carnal pleasure, squeezed in between.

I'm a slave, she thought, and I'll never be anything else.

What was the old saying? If the shoe fits, that was it.

## **REVENGE OF THE SEVEN DWARVES**

From the moment Snow White awoke out of her poison apple trance, refreshed and beloved in the arms of the Prince, the Wicked Queen vowed revenge. Not just for herself, on account of Snow White being more beautiful than her and marrying the handsome prince, but for the Seven Dwarves, as well, who had lost a perfectly good servant for no reason.

What Snow White deserved, more than anything, was to be sent back to the Dwarves, this time as their slave. The Queen would then insure she was worked so hard that she would lose all of her beauty.

The Evil Queen knew it would take time to carry out such a plan, but she was a shrewd and confident woman, whereas Snow White was young and naive. Eventually, the Queen reasoned, there would come an opportunity to turn the tables and sure enough it did.

Shortly after their first anniversary, the Prince was called away from his bride to attend a conference on peace in a neighboring kingdom. He left his lovely dark haired Snow White, albeit reluctantly, under the care of the royal servants.

Knowing that she would never be admitted to the castle in her own guise or that of the old woman she had impersonated once before, the Evil Queen chose a more devious form, that of a crow. Beginning outside of her own window, she flew clear across her own lands, all the way over the border into the land of Snow White and the Prince.

Waiting until dark, she alighted on the windowsill of Snow White. She watched with cold and greedy eyes as the beautiful young woman readied herself for bed. She was singing happily, laughing with her servants, gaily donning her silken nightgown.

What a fine young body she had, such smooth white skin, full lips, red but still with the luster of innocence. And those eyes, limpid pools that verily begged for pain, for treachery and torture.

The more the Queen saw of her, the more she hated her. I will ruin her, she thought, I will soil and abuse her and I will have her sent right back where she came from.

Back to the dwarves, only this time she will be not be merely their servant but their slave, miserable and abused.

The first step of the Queen's plan involved waiting for Snow White to fall asleep. How nauseating, watching her comb out her lustrous hair and singing songs of spring time and love. A thousand strokes with the brush, followed by a ritual of kissing a tiny portrait of the prince on her vanity. After this, she knelt by her bedside to say her prayers. Then, like a little child, she climbed under the covers, barefoot in her long nightgown. Sighing deeply, clutching a small satin pillow, she settled herself in for a long night's rest.

The very picture of purity and marital fidelity.

But not for long.

Closing her own eyes, and whispering the necessary incantation, the Queen converted herself into a wisp of air to fit through the crack of the window and then again into the

form of a certain handsome young officer of the household guard.

Removing her clothing, she slipped into Snow White's bed. She pressed her muscular chest against Snow White's back, allowing her cock to nestle between Snow White's thinly covered ass cheeks. Thrusting, ever so slightly, the Queen made herself hard. It was a fine, strong cock. She would fuck the girl well with it.

Snow White began to moan slightly in her sleep from the contact. Reaching around, the Queen grasped the girl's breast in her hand. She gave it a squeeze, molding it slightly. Next she nibbled at Snow White's ear, blowing hot air.

"Oh, darling," she whispered, thinking it was the prince. "Take me."

The Queen rolled Snow White onto her belly, bunching her gown at her waist. She could smell the girl's arousal.

"Yes," said Snow White as the Queen pressed a finger into her dripping pussy. "Oh, yes, my love."

The fact that Snow White was not waking up enough to inquire as to how her husband could be home so soon was due to the Queen's black magic, a small spell of disorientation.

Just enough to get the first fuck over with, after which, Snow White would be ensnared.

The Queen climbed on top of her, covering her small body with her own. Carefully maneuvering her cock, she threaded the needle, claiming the hot, open channel of Snow White's love.

"Oh, god, yes," cried the young bride. "Oh, yes ... I need you so much."

The Queen plunged to the hilt, staking her claim.

I've despoiled her, she thought. I've reduced my enemy into an adulterer, a fornicator of unholy flesh ... and this is only the beginning.

It was good to be in male form. The Queen enjoyed the strength, the vigor, the power of having the younger female beneath her, completely at her mercy.

Snow White was eager and willing in her hazy half sleep, but were she to resist, the Queen would be able to have her anyway.

Such an intoxicating thought...

The Queen made her motions definitive and rhythmic, up and down with exact precision, building toward an inevitable climax. This part was crucial, for it would pollute Snow White in a most official, irreversible way.

"Oh, my husband," she clutched at the sheet with tiny white fingers, her sweet cheek pressed to the pillow. "You are so wonderful."

Grunting slightly in her deepened male voice, the Queen released her semen, hot spurts to fill the girl's empty cavity.

"Yes," she cried; the perfect vessel. "Come inside me, oh, thank you."

What a perfect little slave she will make, thought the Queen. Such an obsequious little thing.

She gave Snow White a few moments to enjoy her afterglow. All the better to shatter her world, initiating her

into a brand new existence, a reversal of fortune that would be complete and unstoppable.

From bad to worse, that was how her life would go. Misery after misery, and the Queen would not miss a moment.

"Mmm," Snow White reached around for the bristled cheek of her lover. "You were very good tonight. You've never been better."

Never better? The prince must be quite a sack of potatoes in bed, then, because I was hardly trying, the Queen mused.

"You weren't so bad yourself," she answered, in the voice of the guard officer.

Snow White drew a shocked breath. She felt the Queen's cheeks. "Who ... who are you?"

"You know me well." The Queen flipped her over. "And I know you, in more ways now than one."

"Captain Larcantus! How ... how could you?"

"It was easy enough," the Queen said with a grin. "Simply open legs ... insert dick."

"Get off me," she pushed at him. "You are a monster."

The Queen grabbed Snow White's wrists, pinning them above her head. "And you are a slut, princess."

Snow White's protests were silenced with a kiss, wet and hard and bruising, strong enough to leave her panting.

"See?" said the Queen. "You enjoyed that."

"I ... I did not," Snow White breathed.

"Don't lie to me, girl, or I will make you sorry."

"Please," she squirmed. "Can't you just go?"

"No." The Queen's cock was swelling yet again. "Not until I've had my fill ... for tonight at least."

"Don't, no, stop."

The Queen collected Snow White's wrists in one hand, leaving a hand free to explore her body. Effortlessly, she shredded her nightgown from top to bottom. "That's better," he approved. "Now we can get down to business."

Snow White's nipples were small, tight buds, lovely pink berries. Her narrow waist and flat belly emphasized the fullness of the bosom. Her sex was dripping, with male and female come both. "I have no business with you, I'm a married woman."

"Really? Then why do you leap at my least touch?" She caressed her hip, making her jolt.

"I can't ... help it," she grimaced.

"Like you can't help looking at me every time you see me, your eyes lusting after me?" The Queen had no idea if this was true, but it was just the sort of lie she needed to brainwash the girl. Before long, Snow White would believe anything the Queen told her.

"I don't, I don't," she protested.

"Only a slut gets hot and wet for a man who isn't her husband. You let me fuck you, girl. What does that say about you?"

Snow White's eyes teared up. "I am bad, aren't I?"

"You're disgusting, now spread your legs."

"I won't, Captain," she vowed, finding her resolve. "Not for you or any man."

"Would you prefer I come on your face?"

"I would prefer you leave, sir."



"I told you, not until I'm satisfied. You made me hard, this is your responsibility."

"But I didn't do anything..."

"Snow White, we can do things the hard way, if you like." The Queen lowered her head, clenching her teeth on one of her supersensitive nipples.

"I'll scream," she warned. "Don't you dare bite me."

"Scream all you like," she paused. "You'll only bring the servants rushing in here. And then what would you say, when they find us in bed?"

"They will see I am being forced."

"Really?" The Queen managed to chew at her nipple in a way that was both painful and pleasurable at once. "Are you sure about that?"

Snow White thrashed, helpless. "Oh ... god ... oh, god..."

The Queen moved a hand to her clitoris, stimulating her cruelly. Snow White clenched her impotent fists, whimpering.

Back and forth the Queen went, from one nipple to the other, raising Snow White to peak after peak, bringing her to the brink of climax only to deny her.

"Beg for it," said the Queen at last. "Beg me to fuck you."

Snow White bit her lip, her face contorted, the conflict written all over her. Could she stand her moral ground, be true to her love or would she be forced to give in to the blackest lust, completely wicked and evil?

"All right," she said; her voice a broken whisper. "Do it."

"Do what? Say the words."

"Fuck me," she degraded herself. "Fuck me with your hard cock."

"Say please."

"Please, oh, please," she moaned. "Fuck me ... fuck me..."

"Like a slut?"

"Yesss ... fuck me like a slut."

The Queen rammed her cock into home, knocking the wind out of her. She groaned, even as she encouraged her, her language degenerating by the second. "Fuck, yes, fuck me ... like a slut ... an animal."

In her man body, fit and strong, the Queen savaged her, inducing the most explosive orgasms. It was infidelity for real now—crossing over into territory she had never known with the handsome but terminally mild and good-natured prince.

Evil is always sexier and more desirable. It's an age-old rule, known by witches and wicked queens the world over.

The Queen enjoyed a second climax of her own, after which she rolled onto her back, settling into Snow White's bed as if it was her own. "Go and fetch me some water," he said.

"Fetch?" Snow White balked. "I am not your servant."

The Queen pushed her down casually baring her ass. She laid a few slaps across it, enough to make her yelp. "I said get me water, slut. Don't disobey me again."

Rubbing her bottom, sniffing, Snow White went to do his bidding.

"You are a terrible man," she announced, presenting him with his glass of water.

"Thank you for the character reference." He grabbed the back of her hair. "If you're quite through, what say we find a better use for that mouth of yours?"

"Larcantus, you can't be serious," she protested as he positioned her head over his sagging, glistening cock. "I have never done such a thing."

"Call me Captain Larcantus," she corrected. "Especially when you are about to suck my dick."

The Queen left her no choice but to take the shaft in her mouth. After some initial gurgling protests, Snow White fell into the job in earnest.

"That's a good girl," the Queen patted her head condescendingly. "What a good dick sucker."

Snow White stiffened. The Queen held her in place, soaking in her rival's humiliation. Still so beautiful, thought the Queen, but wait till you've finished a year or two of slavery with the dwarves, then we'll see whom the mirror picks.

"Swallow it, lover."

Snow White choked on the come. Another full load, the third one to enter her body. And not just any load, but double that of a mortal man.

Had this girl any sense, she'd realize there was something wrong about things. Poor, simple-headed, little Snow White, always trusting, always singing.

"That's enough for tonight, get some sleep. I'll be wanting more tomorrow."

Snow White had come dripping from the corner of her mouth. "There won't be any tomorrow. I will never see you again."

The Queen smacked her hard across the face.

Snow White held her cheek, shocked.

"Never argue with me again. Is that clear?"

She nodded, tears in her eyes.

The Queen swept Snow White into her arms. "It's all right, I forgive you. And I love you, too."

Snow White sobbed on the Queen's shoulder. "I ... I am so bad ... I betrayed my husband."

"You couldn't help yourself," the Queen soothed, working more of her mind tricks. "You followed your desires. You followed your heart."

"I'm so confused," she despaired.

"And that is why you must obey me, darling. Do you think I want to hurt you? I have to, though, for your own good. Don't you see that?"

Snow White nodded.

"Good girl. Now get some sleep."

The Queen laid her down and tucked her in. She looked utterly exhausted, like she'd bitten another poisonous apple.

"Shall I sing you a song, Snow White?"

"Yes," she murmured.

The Queen lulled her off to sleep, with a smile on her face.

She will wake with that smile, she thought, and that the memories will come crashing into her mind and she will be filled with horror and anguish and terror. All day she will not know what to do with herself. She shall try to hide in her room but she shall burn with the need to see Captain Larcantus.

Perhaps she shall work up the courage, to steal a glance, perhaps their eyes shall meet. Much to her shock, she will see

nothing in them, for they will be the eyes of the real captain and not me.

The confusion will deepen. And the pain.

And after that ... the madness. This, in turn, will lead her straight back to the forest ... where the dwarves would be waiting.

\* \* \* \*

Snow White could not scrub her body clean. Though no stains were visible to the naked eye, she knew better. A film covered her, thin and oily. She was dirty in a way no soap could remove. Over and over, she scrubbed her skin until the bath water was icy cold, the bubbles long gone.

"Your Highness," her handmaiden declared. "You are turning pink as a baby's bottom, and wrinkled, too. Why won't you come out?"

Snow White flushed at the mention of a baby's bottom. Last night she had been spanked by the captain and she had liked it. Not at first, while it was happening, but afterwards as the glow deepened. While she was servicing the captain, bent over, her buttocks in the air, her head bobbing up and down.

Sucking dick ... like a good girl.

A chill had gone down her spine. His words were a scandal, an outrage and yet they had affected her, deeply and secretly in a way she couldn't explain. She loved her husband, her world revolved around him, but he didn't make her feel like this. He had awakened her, from her slumber, cared for her and protected her. His lovemaking was sweet, but he did not have the touch of the captain. He could not talk dirty to her.

He seemed unwilling to really use her as a man uses a woman.

The captain called her a slut.

She loved that and hated it and loved it again.

I must talk to him, she thought.

Then again, I must never see him.

When the prince comes home, I must have the captain sent away. I must beg my husband to do this, and I must offer no reason.

"I am not well," Snow White announced to her maid. "I will return to bed."

"Shall I send for the doctor, Your Highness?"

"No, that won't be necessary."

"Shall I have some herbs prepared and some tea?"

"No," said Snow White, a bit curtly. "I require nothing, but privacy."

The maid bowed and excused herself. "Yes, Your Highness."

Snow White crawled under the covers, rolling herself into a ball. She fell into a fitful sleep, full of uneasy dreams.

Sometime later, she was awakened by the captain.

"Larcantus?" She muttered.

He seized her by the hair. "I told you, use my title when you are about to service me."

"Captain, I am not well."

"I know; I have your medicine." He hauled her from the bed and pushed her to her knees.

Snow White's pulse raced. He was taking his cock out, hard and long, preparing to feed it to her. In spite of herself,

her mouth watered. She wrapped her lips about him, cooperatively, obediently.

"That's it," he sighed. "Please your captain. Surrender your beauty to him."

Snow White puzzled at the mention of beauty in such a context. It was not the only thing she was having trouble understanding. A few times last night, when he was making love to her, Snow White had heard strange noises coming from him. Almost like cackles. She assumed it must be her own fraught nerves.

The prince had definitely warned her about strangers.

"The Evil Queen would surely like to get another chance at hurting you, my love," he told her sternly. "And there is no telling how she might turn up, as an old woman again, a small child, even an animal. For your protection, I shall seal the castle while I am gone. Even so you must be extra vigilant."

She had promised she would. Everything had seemed fine. Except for the behavior of the captain. But what could that have to do with the Evil Queen?

"Yes, my girl," he grunted hands on her shoulders. "Suck me well."

Snow White sought to do as she was told. She had always liked to please men. Her husband and before them the kindly dwarves who had adopted her. Merry, virile men they were, for all their lack of size. Commanding and capable of running a tight ship.

Happily, she cleaned for them and did their sewing and cooking and all their other chores. It gave her a sense of meaning and purpose in life.

And then she had fallen into her sleep, on account of the apple, and after that, she had been swept off her feet and been brought here to be married. Because the prince loved her and wanted her to serve him, too. Not as a maid, but a wife.

To be cherished.

The shame washed over her afresh. She was in her husband's bedroom, submitting herself to another man. And she was enjoying it.

"I'm ... coming," he groaned.

The semen poured out the tip, spurting from the end of his rock hard shaft, straight to the back of her throat.

She gulped the first gobs, which were quickly followed by more.

Again she swallowed.

Again he shot fresh semen. A third blast and then a fourth. Snow White was having trouble keeping up ... so much more than last night.

A fifth and a sixth, no stopping it.

Snow White issued a gurgling, panicked sound.

"Keep drinking it," he grasped the back of your head. "It's your medicine."

"Mmmmpfh..." she tried to tell him, but he wouldn't listen. He kept on coming. The prince's orgasms never lasted this long. She started fighting, trying to get away.



The captain released her, his cock glistening. "You ungrateful little slut, are you refusing my offering to you?"

"Please," she croaked. "I meant no disrespect."

"Don't try and weasel your way out, little girl. It's too late."

Snow White did not like the look on his face. It was too serious, too mean. Unfortunately, it seemed to be making her pussy wet and hot and pliable. "Captain, please don't be angry."

"It's too late, Snow White. You will feel my belt. After you finish taking your medicine." The captain turned, cock in hand. Taking aim at the floor next to Snow White he began to masturbate. She watched in wonder as the semen commenced to flowing, with the very same ease he'd employed in shutting it off.

He covered an area some eight inches by eight with thick layers. "There," he declared. "Have at it."

She looked up at him, still on her knees. "I don't understand."

The captain was unbuckling his heavy belt, tossing his sword onto the bed. "It's simple, my dear. You won't take it from the end of my cock; you can take it off the floor."

"But ... but how?"

The captain put out his tongue, chillingly long. He flicked it at her like a lizard.

Snow White cringed. Did he really expect her to lick semen ... off the floor?

He circled behind her with the belt. She cursed herself for having gone to bed naked.

"The longer you stall, cunt, the worse it will go for you."

Snow White screamed as the belt struck her back. She sought to cover herself against the agonizing pain. The captain grabbed her arms, linking them in a pair of manacles, of the sort used on prisoners in the dungeon.

"Mouth to the floor," he ordered. "Ass in the air."

The captain's come was mixed with her own tears, salty and bitter. She lapped at the cold floor, even as the leather crashed noisily on her poor, defenseless ass cheek. She dared not move, in spite of the pain. It would only make things worse. She had no choice. The captain was in command.

Whipping and dominating her. So much come. It didn't seem right, not right at all. She wished her husband were here, so he could see what was happening—he would know if a man was supposed to ejaculate that much.

The captain whipped her pussy. "Faster, bitch."

Why was he calling her names? This made no sense. He loved her, he said so. She did her best, moving her mouth about faster, taking the warm gobs down, the essence of his manhood. The medicine as he put it.

"You're a slow and lazy bitch. You'll pay." Again and again he struck at her, pure fire, flaying her, like her skin was dissolving.

"Sorry..." She tried to mouth while swallowing come, mixed with saliva mixed with tears. Her lips were numb on the floor; she was rubbing her face, her hair, her nose. She couldn't help but push herself up towards him despite the agony, or rather because of it. Everything was mixing together, his cruel words and everything he was doing. Mixing

and building to a crescendo, a mountaintop impossibly high to which she had climbed, naked and barefoot and bleeding ... and over the other side, a precipice, further down than she could imagine.

"No, you don't, slut." He yanked her by the hair. "No coming until I tell you. "Get on the bed," he threw her. "On all fours. It's time to feel a real man in your ass."

Snow White could barely move, her body ached everywhere, she was sweaty and cold and indescribably horny. She wanted him in her pussy, but he was going in her ass. Her husband had never done that. She couldn't imagine such a thing, but now she had no choice. The die was cast. The captain's will and his desire were final.

He rubbed his hand over her behind as soon as she had herself situated. Her limbs quaked, she nearly collapsed. She was facing the wall and couldn't see a thing.

"You have a nice ass, Snow White. It's your best feature, don't you think? I wonder what the mirror would have thought of it? Though you can be sure I'd never show my own to compare."

What was the captain on about this time? She wished she could figure him out.

"Would you like a nice cock up this asshole, Snow White?"

"Yes, Captain."

"You're sure you aren't lying?"

"I want to submit," she said. "I want to please you."

"I'm very exacting."

"I will try hard..."

"You really are a slut, aren't you?"

"Yes..."

"If the prince only knew."

"He mustn't find out."

"Indeed."

A chill ran down her spine. He wouldn't tell, would he? The prince would punish him, too.

"What about your little friends in the woods?"

He meant the dwarves. "Wh-what about them?"

"You betrayed them, too. To marry the prince."

"I didn't mean to."

The captain took his position behind her. Using juices from her dripping, aching pussy, he coated his cock. "They must be in a terrible way without you," he remarked.

"I ... I was going to check on them." The guilt twisted like a knife. "Things got so busy."

"Of course they did." He pushed his member into the tight canal, making her moan. "Sluts always have so much to do. Especially the selfish ones who abandon their friends."

"Stop saying that."

"Are you telling me what to do?" He sunk another inch, and then another after that. The pressure was unbearable.

"I can't take it..."

"You will take it, cunt. Or I will tell the prince everything you've been up to."

"He'll have you beheaded," she said, desperately.

"And what would he do to you?" He asked, not seeming to give one whit for his own safety.

"I don't know," she said honestly.

The captain grasped her hips. Withdrawing slightly, he slammed himself into her, forcing her down onto her elbows. "I'll tell you one thing ... I wouldn't be able to sleep myself if I were you. Lying to my husband."

She moved to cover her ears. "You've making me sick."

"You did it all to yourself."

"I hate you," she blurted.

The captain slapped his balls against her. "You're not bad," he commented. "For a fresh piece of ass."

"You told me you loved me," she reminded him.

"And you love the prince, what of it?"

"I want to die," she pronounced.

"You're being melodramatic, my dear. You need punishment, that's all."

"Isn't this enough?"

"Not at all. You need a more comprehensive sentence, girl."

"What sentence?"

"Slavery," he snarled. The captain exploded, right then, releasing yet another orgasm. His cock was still shooting up into her when he pulled it out to finish on her ass and back. She thought of the invisible dirt she had tried to wash off in the bath. This is more of the same, she thought.

The captain came and came on her ass. When he tired of this target he ordered her to kneel up and cradle her breasts for him. Then he went for her belly. "Wipe it in," he ordered.

"There's ... too much."

"On the contrary, there's never enough for a come slut." He rose to his feet. "Enjoy the rest of your day. Oh, by the way, I wouldn't sleep in that bed, if I were you.

"Why not?"

"It's the prince's bed and the princess'. Are you either of those?"

She lowered her eyes.

"Are you?"

"No," she muttered.

"Speak up."

"I am neither."

"What are you?"

"A slut."

"Well, then, there you have it. Sluts sleep where they belong. On the floor." He slammed the door behind him, laughing.

Snow White lay herself down, right on top of the spot she had been licking. She was sticky and wet. She dared not move or go near water. She must stay here ... until someone came for her. The captain or else her husband.

\* \* \* \*

Over the next several days the Evil Queen continued her performance as the captain. Everything was going splendidly. Snow White showed occasional suspicion as to her real identity, but she was able to distract her each time, either with pain or pleasure or both.

The Queen was careful to keep her in a state of neediness, arousing her through long sessions and than leaving her,

unsatisfied. She would make sure, on the way out to add to her guilt as well.

"Your husband is off working diligently for the good of the kingdom and look at you ... he'd find more loyalty in a tavern wench, her body for hire by the hour."

Snow White would burst into tears, for now she was facing the double agony of disappointing the prince and the captain both.

Sometimes he would stroke her chin. "Cheer up, I will always love you."

It was the perfect mind fucking. Poor little dear ... she was seeing now how incapable she was of handling a position of power, not to mention what a mistake she had made, however inadvertently, making the Queen her enemy.

The Queen couldn't wait until the time when she could reveal her true identity and see the look on Snow White's face. It would be almost as good as that day when the Queen would finally be able to look in the mirror and ask it who was more beautiful, her or the wretched, dirty slave Snow White.

One way Snow White dealt with her guilty conscience was to beg for pain. Whippings alone did not do the trick and soon she was asking for more and more elaborate tortures.

"What about needles?" she asked one evening. "Through my breasts."

"That would be excruciating," the Queen pointed out.

"But I want it. I deserve it."

The Queen was only too happy to oblige. "There is hope for you Snow White," she approved.

Snow White, kneeling, bent her head to the floor to kiss the booted toes of the false captain. "Thank you ... captain."

Snow White sucked cock with the needles stuck deep in her breasts the tiniest trickles of blood, red as the apple, red as her puckered, furiously working lips.

"I do love you," the Queen said. And it was true ... she loved Snow White's suffering, loved the struggle against her, which had become so much a part of her life. Indeed, the Queen would be sad when her rival was completely vanquished.

Still, a victory was a victory.

The Queen's plans advance greatly when, on a certain occasion, Snow White managed to corner the real Captain Larcantus and speak with him.

She began by arranging for him to escort her as she made a small tour about the walls of the castle. He had two junior officers with him, per protocol and her own handmaiden, but under Snow White's orders, the handmaiden seduced the officers, whispering in their ears a certain salacious offer designed to lure them away from the Captain and Snow White.

In the guise of a fly, the Evil Queen heard it all, beginning with Snow White's earlier command to her handmaiden, a small redheaded woman, some forty years of age but with a good, buxom figure.

"Please, Your Highness, don't make me do this," she begged.

"Don't try my patience," snapped Snow White. "You will either do as I say and show your tits to the officers or I will



have them bared before the entire household cavalry and whipped until they are black and blue."

The handmaiden relented. The officers happily went with her into one of the parapets where she quickly unlaced the top of her bodice.

"They're bloody big," said one, in awe.

"And firm, for a woman your age."

"Touch them," she said, nauseated. "I want you to."

The hands groped and mauled and pinched her, the men hard in their trousers, licking their lips commenting to one another about her potential suitability as a sex partner.

The woman's cheeks burned with shame in response. Meanwhile, outside, Snow White engaged the captain before he could notice his men were gone.

"You've not been by my room all day," said Snow White. "Is something wrong?"

The captain's brow arched in non-comprehension. "Your Highness, begging your pardon?"

"Don't be coy," she said. "I have burning for you and you know it. Why are you denying me? Did I do something to offend you?"

The captain took a step backward, ashen. "Your Highness, I must ask your leave ... will you excuse me?"

"Larcantus don't go."

He took her hand from his arm. "Your Highness, you are ill. I shall send for the doctor."

Her eyes brimmed with tears. "Don't bother, I will just go ahead and die ... for all you care."

"Your, Highness, wait," he cried, but she was already gone, running away, back to her room.

A certain fly, which was not a fly, laughed with glee.

Perfect, everything was perfect.

Giving Snow White an hour to cry herself ragged, she went up to her room, disguised once again as the captain. "I was giving you a dose of your own medicine," she explained.

"Showing you what it's like to have someone deny you."

"But I've never denied you," Snow White exclaimed.

"You will, girl. You are faithless. You have already denied the dwarves for the prince and the prince for me. Who will you be after next?"

"Don't judge me like that," she pleaded throwing herself at his feet. "I can't bear it."

"Very well, I forgive you."

She wept, kissing his feet. "Thank you, thank you."

"Your husband will be home soon," said the Queen. "You had better decide what you will say to him."

"Must I say anything?" She looked up in horror.

"If you won't, I will."

"No," she begged. "Take me away instead. Let me be your woman."

"I have no use for free women."

"I will be your slave."

"You can't be my slave."

"Why not? I want to be."

"Because you belong to the dwarves. You know that in your heart."

"The dwarves? What do you mean?"

"You betrayed them; after all they did for you. You abandoned them, leaving them to their own devices. In exchange, you owe them your freedom."

"But I want to be your slave."

"You don't have that option. I insist you surrender to them or you will cease to exist for me from this moment on."

"I can't live without you, you know that."

"Then you will do as I said."

"How?"

"When your husband returns you will confess your affair with me and then you will beg him to enslave you and take you back to the Seven Dwarves. Do this and I will continue to love you."

"If I confess the prince will kill you," she protested.

"I will take care of myself," she smiled.

Indeed the prince might kill Larcantus, but it would be the real one who would bear his wrath not her.

"I would never see you again."

"Leave that to me. Be a good little girl for the dwarves, cater to their every need and perhaps I will look you up."

Indeed she would, but it would be in her own image, the visage of darkly beautiful evil.

"Do I have your promise, Snow White, that you will tell the prince everything?"

"Yes," she whispered; her voice trembling. "I do."

The Queen unfastened her pants, removing her rock hard cock. "You have earned your reward."

Snow White swallowed the cock eagerly, grateful to have some concrete, simple task to perform. The Queen stroked her hair, encouraging as she debased herself.

When she had finished with the girl she put her to bed. "I will not come to you again, Snow White. Not until you are with the dwarves. You know what you must do."

She nodded.

The Queen bestowed a kiss on her forehead. The kiss of ultimate delight, ultimate treachery. Waiting until Snow White was asleep; she opened the window, turned herself into a bird and flew away. She would return when the prince came home, so she could watch events unfold.

The prince would be crushed. What a lesson he would learn—never steal what is not yours, for only pain will come of it.

As for Snow White, she would learn the price of beauty once and for all.

\* \* \* \*

Snow White did not rise from her bed for days. There was no consoling her endless tears, her grief and misery. To have lost the captain, at the same time knowing she was about to lose her husband was simply too much to bear. If she had had the courage, she would have jumped from her window into the moat, letting the crocodiles feast on her worthless flesh.

She hated her body more than anything. It had caused her to let down everyone including herself. It had led her to the blackest crime. It had made of her every bit a whore, a slut.

Worse, even, for at least whores have money to show for their efforts. What did she have? Except bruises and a shattered heart.

She could only imagine what this would do to the prince. Was there any way to avoid telling him? Could she conceal it deep enough in her soul to keep him at bay?

This was asking the impossible and she knew it. The prince would take one look at her and know, at the very least, that something was wrong. He might even determine the exact nature of the problem.

"My love," he proclaimed, coming in the door late one night, his face a mixture of joy and concern.

"Darling," she choked.

He knelt beside the bed, taking her hands. "Snow White, what is wrong, you're sobbing and your hands are so cold?"

She trembled all over. Her life flashed before her eyes. She wanted more than anything to go backwards, to those happy times, to their marriage, to their first time making love, to their first kiss. But this only took her back to her sleep, to the deep and lonely time under the spell of the apple, her mind comatose but still able to entertain fleeting images.

"Kiss me," she begged, wanting from him one last peaceful act, one more sign of his undying love, knowing that in seconds it would all turn cold. Those lips would be as ice to her, forever.

He pressed his mouth hotly to hers. "I missed you," he murmured. "More than life."

Guilt stabbed at her, cutting her insides to shreds. "And I you."

"I want you," he said. "I want to be inside you."

She held him at bay. "I must tell you something first."

"Can't it wait?"

"No, it can't."

He sat on the bed beside her. "You are strong-willed, my dear," he teased. "It seems I must obey."

She smiled half heartedly. "This is serous. Very serious."

"I am all ears."

Snow White proceeded to tell him, from beginning to end what had happened. From that very first night when Larcantus came in her room all the way through to their last time together.

The prince listened, expressionless. She watched his eyes, his lips, but saw not the least bit of reaction. The suspense was agonizing.

"And there you have it," she concluded, feeling surprisingly dispassionate. "An account of my doings while you were away."

The prince said nothing for several long minutes. His handsome face was a study in concentration, his brow furrowed, his lips twitching. What in the world was he thinking?

"Darling, will you condemn me and get it over with? I cannot bear the suspense."

"I do not condemn you," he decided. "You said yourself the captain came to you under cover of dark, when you were not awake. You even thought it was me, did you not?"

"For a few moments, husband, but after that—"

"What happened after that follows from the beginning. You were entrapped. The fault is his."

"No." Snow White sat up, scarcely believing she would argue such a point. "The fault is mine. I enjoyed everything, husband. I want more. The domination, the humiliation. I liked being a slut."

The prince blinked, unperturbed. "If you like such things, Snow White I will do them. If you teach me."

Unbelievable ... the man was so completely without guile, so utterly forgiving. He truly was a storybook character. "Husband, such things cannot be taught."

"We can accomplish anything," he took her hand. "If we work together."

The guilt was doubled, tripled. He was making it too easy, making her feel even worse about her desires. She didn't deserve this man it was clear. "I would never forgive you so easily," she declared.

"Yes," he said his eyes once more star-crossed. "You would."

"It is no use." She took back her hand. "I am sorry."

"But I have told you, I will work with you."

"I don't want to work with you."

"You don't mean that."

Now she was getting mad. "Don't put words in my mouth. Everyone always does that."

"It is for your own good."

"I shall say what is for my own good."

"Tell me, then, what is it you would do?"

"I am leaving you, that's what I would do."

The words hung in the air.

"Where would you go," he said at last.

"Back to the dwarves."

"I cannot believe what I am hearing."

"Believe it," she resolved, the divide at last crossed. "I am going. With or without your blessing."

He rose to his feet. "I shall give you escort to the forest."

That's all? she thought. He won't even fight for me?

Why should he, though, when I have told him it's final. I can't have it both ways.

"If this is what you really want..." he rose to his feet.

"It is." She held back the tears. Plenty of time to cry later.

"I will leave you alone," he said, considerately.

"Thank you."

Just like that it was over. Snow White's marriage ... and her life as a princess. The future lay before her and it terrified her to death. Most especially because she had chosen it, for the first time in her life, making her own decision.

How ironic that it was a choice for slavery.

\* \* \* \*

The Queen flitted outside the window of Snow White, waiting for her to break down. So far she was disappointed. Where were the hysterical tears, the heaving sobs? Why was she not running to her husband for comfort? Oh, how she wanted to see him spurn her now and throw her to the wolves.

But nothing would happen like this, with Snow White sitting quietly, smiling, and knitting a sweater of all things.



The nerve of the little slut, cheating me this way, thought the Queen. I will make her pay when she is returned to the woods. I will make her life horrible; I will render her miserable, full of despair ... and ugly.

As puzzling as Snow White's reaction was, the prince's was equally strange. He was as calm as she was. Why was he not broken hearted? Why was he not angry? He could be punishing his wife, throwing her in the dungeon. She had asked for slavery—why not give it to her in the most agonizing way?

Good and noble princes like this one made the Queen sick. Snow White made her sick, too. So did this entire castle, with its dripping pretensions of love. Deciding she could stomach it no more, she flew away to a nearby tree. She spent the night as a hawk, hunting down small prey. She liked it when they squealed, the little rodents in her clutches. The way their fur tore and the blood spurted out, hot and fresh, skin pierced, bones cracking under the pressure. The way they twist and thrash, like dominated, pierced submissives, forced to yield themselves up to the pleasure of the dominant. Vessels of pleasure, toys and playthings.

Snow White would be such a plaything, soon enough.

The Queen waited at dawn, on a branch on a tree across the moat. There was but one sight she wished to see and finally, it came.

A carriage, a metal one, used for transportation of prisoners. Inside was a woman, in a green dress. A lovely, round eyed beauty, the Queens perfect rival.

She sat on a metal bench. The window was covered in metal bars and the handle was secured by a metal lock.

It was real ... it was happening. Snow White was being taken away to the woods. The prince was following his wife's wishes. The Queen's plan was succeeding.

The carriage headed for the road into the forest. There were two guards riding on top of it. They wore gray uniforms. They had shiny silver rapiers and black tri-corner hats.

Their expressions were deadly serious. They were taking Snow White away to a place from which she would not return. The Queen watched her put her head against the bars.

Surely by now the girl was terrified and miserable?

The Queen alighted from her branch, heading for the wagon. It was time to feed off of the girl's pain. A small taste, a down payment for what was owed.

Plenty of time, though. A lifetime, to be precise.

Snow White's lifetime.

\* \* \* \*

Snow White heard the screeching of the hawk. The bird landed at her window, its talons grasping the bars. She gasped as it pecked at her ear, biting sharply.

Touching her fingers to the wound, she saw the blood.

The bird screeched again. She could swear it was laughing at her.

She must be losing her mind. So much tension building up. So hard to remain strong. The prince had begged her not to do this. He had wept at her feet, trying to get her to change her mind.

"If you do not send me away ... as a slave, I will escape and if you do not let me do that, I will kill myself."

"Do you not love me, though, as I love you?"

"I do," she assured him. "But I am not worthy of that love. I am worthy of nothing at all."

In a move that could only be described as utter selflessness, the prince offered her the opportunity to leave freely, with Larcantus.

The captain did not wish this.

He was denying Snow White, just as he had predicted to her.

"Prince, do not demean yourself," said Snow White. "You do a disservice to the crown you wear."

"Than I shall keep you as my slave," he said.

Snow White knew this impossible and to prove it she reached out and scratched his face with her long nails.

"Why did you do that?" He asked, looking so very wounded.

"To prove a point," she smiled sadly.

"What point?"

"That you are not fit to be a slave owner. If you were, you would have struck me back, knocked me to the floor. You would have put your boot to my neck, demanded my submission. You would have put me in a position of easy access and you would have given me a swift, disciplinary fuck. You would have come inside me, giving me no pleasure and then I would have had to kiss your feet thank you."

"But ... but that is barbaric," he whispered.

She reached up sadly, on tiptoes, to kiss him. "You are a good man, you would never understand."

"Lar..." the bird seemed to be saying. "Lar ... can."

Larcan? What was it saying?

Her blood chilled as she thought of the captain. "Larcan ... tus?" She completed the name.

The bird screeched again and pressed to the bars. Incredibly, its body was passing through, as though the metal was liquid.

"Stay back," she cried, helpless in the cage of a coach.

The bird was inside. It flew at her hair, tearing.

Snow White put up her hands to defend herself. The bird grew all the more savage.

"Hands," it hissed. "Down."

Snow White's heart thundered in her chest. An enchanted bird.

She was sure she had never met one before and yet there was something very familiar about the creature—something about how it made her feel.

Snow White was sitting on the bench; she leaned back against the metal wall. The bird landed in her lap, looking at her with spookily intelligent eyes. She caught her breath. It moved steadily towards her. Peck, the bird's bill at her cheek, and then at her other cheek.

"Dress," said the enchanted thing. "Down."

Snow White's hands moved as though they belonged to another person. She lowered her dress, unhooking the material. Her chemise followed.

The bird studied her naked tits.

It made her sit like this ... forever. Nothing happening, no movement at all.

And then it bit her.

On her left nipple.

A moment later it seized her right. She moaned, accepting the pain.

The bird pecked freely now, over her breasts and belly. It did not relent until Snow White was in a heap on the floor, covered in tiny lacerations from the waist up.

"What," she groaned, looking up at her attacker. "Are you?"

The bird flapped its wings and cried out ... and then it was gone.

A short time later the carriage stopped. The guards unlocked the door with their keys.

"What in the name of the stars happened to her?" The one guard muttered.

"She's been attacking herself with a needle of some sort."

"Your Highness, are you all right?"

"She's not royalty anymore," the other corrected.

"You're right I forgot," said the other.

"Come on, let's get at her. We don't want to be stuck here after dark."

They hauled her out, one hand on each arm.

"Are we at the Dwarves' home?" She asked.

They tossed her on the ground.

"No, we are not," said the one. "We've made a detour."

The other kicked her. "Get up. Strip, cunt."

Snow White removed her dress, presenting her nude body.

"Behold, the high and mighty Snow White," sneered the one.

"Prince's pet," said the second, opening his trousers. "Well, for now, you are our pet."

The first man had the whip, the one used on the horses. "Why are you not back on your knees, cunt?" He lashed at her breasts. She collapsed to her knees moaning.

"Beg to suck our dicks, slut."

"Please, Sirs," said she. "May I suck you?"

"Beg to swallow our come."

"Please, may I swallow your come?"

"That's not how you beg for come. Get over here on your belly," he directed. "Lick my boots."

Snow White got down in the dirt, pressing her belly and breasts and pussy. Wriggling like a snake, she reached the man's heavy leather boots. Dab, dab, went her tongue.

Up in her tree, she heard the bird. The same one. Suddenly Snow White felt ashamed and angry. These men had no right.

She tried to rise. The second man held her down, his foot in the small of her back.

"That was a mistake," said the first man. "You'll be sorry for that."

"Lick the dirt," said the second, grinding in his heel.

Snow White tasted the earth. It turned to mud on her lips. Its taste was foul.

Still, she felt the wetness between her thighs. This is what she wanted, this is what she deserved.

"The bitch likes it," said the first man.

"Show us," challenged the second, removing his foot from her back. "Fuck the ground. Hump it, whore."

Snow White lifted her naked hips and thrust them downward. Yes, fuck, yes. That felt good. The two men laughed and sneered as her pace became more frenetic, until the forest filled with the sounds of her screams, a high pitched wail unlike anything the men had heard before.

The bird joined in, swooping about the shoulders of the men.

"By the hair of the priests," the first man cried. "The bird is possessed."

"Let us be gone from this place," said the second. "You are on your own, bitch."

They ran to the carriage, leaping on top, shouting for the horses to gallop. Snow White was left alone. With the bird.

It landed on her ass. Peck, peck.

"What do you want?" asked Snow White.

The bird pecked harder.

"Do you want me to get up?" Snow White did so, just in case.

The bird hovered in the air. It flew down the road a ways and back. Snow White determined that it was showing her a path.

"You want me to follow you?"

The bird nipped at her tits and pussy. It wanted her to lead, not follow.

Rather, it wanted her in front so it could herd her forward.

Snow White sought to keep up the pace. Over and over she stumbled, only to have the bird attack. Her only hope was to stay on her feet, running as fast as she could.

She knew this road well. They were heading to the home of the Dwarves. She used to travel it to get water at the well. She used to walk it get firewood and to pick fresh flowers for the table.

The stones and sticks cut her feet. She hoped they would give her shoes, the Dwarves, when she was sent to do her work. Unlike servants, slaves were guaranteed nothing, not even their own lives.

Snow White collapsed of exhaustion a few hundred feet from the front door. She had to crawl the rest of the way, harassed by the bird with every movement. Why did this creature hate her so? Was there no end to its cruelty?

"Who is that?" Snow White heard a familiar voice.

"It is a girl, I think," she heard another voice.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," fretted a third. "We must investigate. We must investigate."

She smiled. The Dwarves. The Dwarves were coming.

"A girl, yes a girl."

"A naked one, a naked one."

They were swarming around her, excited. "It's ... me," she whispered.

"Let us carry her inside."

"We must help her, yes."

They turned her over, using their combined, diminutive strength. She looked into their faces. Craggy, bearded, with



big, gray eyes. Flat noses, ruddy cheeks, no bigger than children, but each over five hundred years old.

"F-friends," she croaked.

She never had been able to pronounce their names, derived from a language older than the forest itself. It had been enough to call them friends, their individual identities known to her by the characteristics of their faces.

"It is ... her..." whispered Blue Beard, the first to identify her.

"Snow ... White?" gasped Pointy Nose.

"How can this be?" asked Gray Brow.

"We thought you were with the prince," said Shaggy Head.

"Don't make her talk," chided Blue Beard. "Get her inside."

They lifted her up and took her inside their house, made from a hollowed-out tree, a huge King Oak, the size of a small castle. The Dwarves gave her a bath and one of her old dresses which she wore when she was with them. They wanted to give her food, but she refused.

"Please," she begged. "Sit and listen to me, I must explain things to you."

The Dwarves agreed, lining up in their carved chairs. They had their pipes and full glasses of mead.

Snow White knelt on a pillow before them. "I must tell you everything," she began.

The Dwarves listened, expressionless. They offered no reactions, not even when she told them about the captain and how she had betrayed the prince.

"He wanted to forgive me, but you see it does not matter. I enjoyed the treatment. In my heart, I responded, as a slave."

She also told them the guilt she felt for abandoning them in the first place. During this last part, she had tears in her eyes. She fell at last to the floor, prostrating herself. "I belong to you ... you made me what I am. I am yours. All of yours."

It was Blue Beard who spoke first, after a few moments measured silence. "Sit up," he told her. She obeyed.

"I will admit," he said. "That while you were with us, I frequently desired you."

Snow White blushed.

"As did I," said Gray Brow. "I was forced to masturbate often."

"It was my desire to beat you," said Flat Nose. "To mark your skin and make you cry."

Several of the others agreed with this.

"I ... I never knew," she said.

"We kept the truth from you," said Shaggy Hair. "We thought you deserved a life with humans, a man for a husband. What kind of life could you have as the sex slave of a band of dwarves?"

"The best life in the world," she proclaimed, tears in her eyes. "I didn't know that before. I was restless, deep down, that is why I let the old woman in. I thought she might show me some ... adventure. I knew the apple was trouble, in my heart I knew."

Everything was making so much sense. Why hadn't she seen this before? The prince was a diversion, nothing more.

"When I was asleep, under the influence of the drug, I dreamed ... of slavery. I can't put it into words, I can't remember the pictures. But I think now as I look back on it, you were all there."

"We hold no ill will against the prince," said Pointy Nose. "I hope he is not angry."

"Hurt, yes," she admitted. "But he knew I had to go. It was for the best, for all of us. For our future."

"If we take you back," said Flat Nose. "You won't get away again."

"I wouldn't want to."

"You will be a slave, in every sense of the word," said Blue Beard.

Snow White felt a tingling in her belly. "Yes," she said. "My Master."

"We are all your masters," said Flat Nose. "You will satisfy us, amuse us."

"I will. I'm your slut, Master. Your human girl slut."

"In that case," said Pointy Nose. "You will rise to your feet ... slave."

Snow White stood, the tears trickling down her cheeks, cheeks glowing with joy. She heard the command, to take her dress off. She was in a fog. Which master had ordered it? Gladly, she showed her naked body.

"You need exercise, girl," commented Flat Nose. "Human life has made you soft."

"Yes, Master."

"You need discipline, girl. When was the last time you fetched wood, made a fire or cooked a stew?"

"Not since I was here, Master."

"And what of sucking?" asked Blue Beard, working at the opening to his trousers. "When was the last time you serviced a dwarf cock."

"Never," she said.

"It is high time you learn."

"Yes, Master." Snow White regarded the stiff little cocks, all in a row, pointing at her.

"You will swallow us all down, girl."

"Yes, Master. May I say something first, Master?"

"Make it brief, girl."

"Yes, Master," she found herself falling into her new role beautifully. "If it pleases masters, I would like to say ... I love you all."

"Our feelings for you go without saying. Now show us we aren't wasting our time enslaving you."

She crawled to the first in line, kissing the tip of his dick.

"Thank you," she whispered to Flat Head.

She took him deep in her mouth, enjoying the sweet flavor. His dwarf dick was so good, his dwarf semen even better. She gulped each tiny drop.

"Was I good, Master?" she asked.

He patted her on the head. "Yes, pet."

She rubbed her head against his knee. "I like to be called pet."

One by one, she drained the dwarves dry.

"We will fix you a collar," said Blue Beard, by way of approval. "An iron ring."

"Thank you, Master." She kissed his feet. "What shall I do next?"

"You may start supper," he pronounced.

"And scrub the floor," said Pointy Nose.

"Fetch wood," added Flat Head.

A half dozen more chores were added. She could not contain her giggling. She felt needed and giddy and ... right.

"I fail to see what's so funny," said Blue Beard.

"No, Master, sorry, Master."

"Present your ass over here, girl," declared Flat Head.

She crawled to him, pointing her behind in his direction.

"Just because we are small, Snow White," he said. "You mustn't think us incapable of punishing you properly."

"No, Master," she trembled. He was on his feet, strutting, making her tingle with anticipation.

"We will bring you to tears on a regular basis. We will devise instruments, suitable for our hands, able to multiply pain. Whips and so on. We will own you, Snow White, your body, your reactions." He inserted his hand in her pussy, his small finger finding her clit and making her moan.

"Oh, Master, yes."

"Come," he ordered. "Come on my fingers."

Snow White exploded; a commanded slave, her orgasm owned, and her body naked and helpless before masters.

"Ohh ... Master." She shuddered, all pride shattered.

Flat Head removed his hand, wiping his fingers in her hair.

"Down," he ordered. "Elbows and cheek to the floor."

She put herself in position, in maximum surrender.

"You may thank me for whipping you with my belt in advance."

"Thank you, Master," she tensed.

"Relax your body," he ordered. "You are not permitted to hold back."

"Yes, Master."

The dwarf's belt cracked on her ass like fire.

"Ow," she screamed.

He hit her again, and then again. Like tongues, licking her with agony. Tears streamed down her face. This was the reality of slavery and it was just the beginning. She lost track of how long it went on, how many times he struck. At some point he told her it was over and ordered her into the kitchen to cook.

She made the stew naked, her ass beat red. While it simmered, she got down on hands and knees again, this time to scrub the floor.

"If you miss a spot, you will taste my leather again," Flat Head told her.

"Yes, Master, thank you, Master," she said quickly, with all the anxiousness to please of a freshly disciplined woman.

The dwarves were busy working while she cooked the supper. They were making new contraptions for her, to enhance her bondage. She chuckled to see their eagerness in showing everything off at dinnertime.

"This is your cage, Snow White," Blue Beard showed her a rectangular metal gridwork box. "You'll be kept in here when you aren't needed working or in someone's bed."

"Yes, Master."

"Do you like it?" Blue Beard stood in front of her, his hand between her legs as the others watched.

She parted her thighs, giving him access to the cunt that was one seventh his. "It is small, Master. I won't be able to stand or lie down."

"You will be able to squat," he said. "Or lie down in a ball."

"Yes, Master." She gasped as he manipulated her, just as he wished, no thought for her own feelings. He did not stop until she had come for him, just as she had for his fellow dwarf.

"This is a rack," he showed her next. "You can be attached to it, like so."

"And here, this will be your leash, to go with your collar," said Pointy Nose.

"And a pair of bowls, one to eat from and one for water," said Gray Brow.

Snow White swooned. "Masters ... all of you, I am so touched."

"You are a lucky girl," said Blue Beard.

"I am..."

"We shall take care of you always, Snow White," he said.

"Thank you, Master."

"Come to me," he said. "Come to all of us."

And she stood in their midst, surrounded by their embrace, knowing at long last she was home.

\* \* \* \*

The Evil Queen had been checking the mirror for months now, every day, each time hoping against hope for a different result. She didn't understand it. Snow White was the slave of half men, the lowest of females. She wore no makeup; she was permitted no shoes, no underwear. She ate like a dog, slept in a cage, worked like an animal, rutted with seven creatures on a daily basis. How could she still be more beautiful in the mirror's estimation?

There was only one solution and that was to bring the mirror to Snow White, to let her look into it, to let the magic glass correct its own error.

The glorious and wondrous Queen ... and the animal slut.  
What comparison could it be in the end?

Mirror, mirror on the wall, indeed.

The Queen transported the mirror in her carriage, with her magic coachmen for support and behind them a troupe of cavalry.

It was her intention to burn down the dwarves home and put them all to death if the results did not turn out her way.

The Seven Dwarves were waiting for her when she arrived. Brave little fools, lining the road to protect their home. And their slave.

"Do not interfere," she told them. "Or your lives will be shortened considerably."

"We fear nothing," said Blue Beard. "That can be done by your kind."

"You should," said the Queen, raising her finger. "Indeed, you should."



She brought down thunder and lightning. All at once the girl ran outside, Snow White.

"Don't hurt them," she cried, dragging her leash behind her. "I'll do what you want."

"Slave, you were ordered to stay inside," said Blue Beard harshly. "You will be punished."

"Forgive me, Master, but I can't let her hurt you."

"Wise girl," the Queen smiled. "You're not as completely stupid as I imagined."

"What is it you want?" demanded Snow White. "Haven't you taken enough from me already?"

"You recognize me," the Queen crowed.

"It was you, who gave me the apple. And you ... who came to me in my bed."

"I was the captain, yes. I did that for you. To find your true soul."

"I'm not angry any longer," said the slave Snow White. "Isn't that funny? For all you did, I know you can't hurt me anymore. I am here. And I'm happy."

"How wonderful," said the Queen sarcastically. "Except for one little problem. I intend to kill you. Unless the mirror proclaims me the winner ... finally."

"What mirror?" asked Snow White.

The Queen had it brought from the carriage. It was lovely as ever, the polished glass framed in gold, rounded and gilded, perfect in every way.

"The mirror has knowledge of beauty," explained the Queen. "It speaks the truth."

"What concern of that is mine?"

"It is your concern, little Snow Slut because the mirror keeps picking you over me when I ask it, no matter what I do to you. I am fairly certain death is the only way out. Although, I did hope the mirror might come to its senses if it saw you in person."

She ordered the mirror held up to Snow White.

"You, ask the question, recite the words."

Snow White repeated the formula under command. Mirror, mirror ... not on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?"

The mirror was silent.

"Answer her," demanded the Queen. "Or I shall shatter you in a million pieces." Although in reality the Queen knew the mirror was too strong to break, for she had tried many times before out of anger.

There was a rumbling, and then a voice, clear as a running stream. "You know the answer Queen and yet you are never satisfied, again and again you puff yourself with useless pride."

The Queen cried out in rage. "Mirror, how blind can glass be, how dumb a speaking voice? Look at this wretch, this homespun hag? How can she compare to my glamour?"

"Beauty, dear, is not in skin, nor heart nor even soul, beauty lies in happiness, spun from pole to pole."

"What does that mean, mirror?" the Queen demanded.

"It means," Snow White interpreted. "That I am happy. And you are not. And that makes me beautiful."

"Bitch," the Queen threw herself at Snow White. "I'll tear you limb from limb."

The dwarves intervened, restraining her.

"What's happening?" said the Queen, trying to throw them off of her. "Why am I so weak?"

"Things sinking in, oh royal one?" said the mirror. "Your reign is finished, at last undone."

"Stop your stupid rhyming, will you? Answer me this ... if I kill her, then I will be the most beautiful, will I not?"

"Try hard Queen," the mirror said. "And you will see the true fruit of victory."

The Queen pointed her finger, blasting a ray of fire. Explosions rocked the ground around them. "Now you'll be sorry," she warned.

The top of the dwarves tree home caught fire as did the ground around it. The Queen's own soldiers were running away.

"I'll kill you, Snow White, I'll end your miserable life and then I will be the most beautiful!" The Evil Queen lunged for her, wrapping her fingers around the younger woman's neck. Snow White cried out, unable to break the grip. Harder and harder, the world melting around them. A flash of light.

The Queen shouted with glee as the blood drained from her enemy's face. "I'll finish you and then I will throw this mirror into the nearest volcano for good measure!"

Snow White was limp in her arms. It was over. Finally over. "There, now you have it, mirror. Proclaim my victory."

"One thing remains to do ... you must come closer so I can see the heart of you."

"Blast you, mirror. Fine, let it be." The Queen grasped the frame and pulled the glass to her face. "Are you satisfied?"

"Closer still, don't be weak in mind or will."

The Queen's lips brushed the glass.

"That's it Queen, give me a kiss, show me who you love and who you miss."

The Queen tasted the glass, smooth and cool. She closed her eyes. I've won, she said, I've won, I've won. No one can ever compete against me again.

"That's that," she proclaimed. "I've done all you asked. Now it's my turn. Mirror, mirror," she looked into the glass. "Who is the fairest of them all?"

"You are Queen."

"I am, I am! You hear that," she cried. "I won!"

The Queen looked about. Everything was still and quiet. Clear as ... glass.

She blinked. The sky was crystal, the ground underneath. And her hand ... it was transparent. "Mirror, what is this?"

"Your love of self has finally paid, it's an image of yourself you've made."

"An image?"

"You're freed of worry; you don't exist, except in dreams, you'll not be missed."

"You make no sense, you are insane," she cried. "I see the mirror right here." She picked it up. "It's just the same."

"Look through to the other side and you'll see the shifting of the tide."

The Queen held the mirror close. It was like a window and through it she saw ... Snow White and the Seven Dwarves and their house and her own carriage, everything in fact, except herself.

"I don't understand what's happened."

"It's easy enough; if you try ... the mirror's swallowed you ... by and by."

The Queen grabbed the mirror and threw it as far as she could across the glassy plain. It whipped through the air, circled back and hovered, right in front of her face.

She couldn't deny it, what her eyes were seeing, she had been trapped.

Trapped in the very mirror that had taunted her all these years.

"Let me go," she begged. "Torment me no more."

"But your victory, oh Queen, the glory that your eyes have seen."

"No victory," she wept. "Let me accept defeat. Let me bow to Snow White."

"Snow White bows too low for the likes of you ... face facts my queen, your reign is through."

The Queen threw herself to the glass ground and wept. "It's not fair."

"No one can hear, to you they're deaf, it's just a waste of living breath."

"Your rhymes are getting worse," she growled.

"We have a million years or three, to perfect the art of poetry."

The Queen began to laugh, having run out of every other emotion.

She had to admit, there was irony to it all.

"At least tell me we'll get to go back on a wall."

"Anything's possible..." the mirror crooned. "As long as..."

"Can't think of a rhyme?"

"Not precisely," the mirror admitted.

"We'll work on it together," said the Queen dryly.

"You're a dear."

"I try. So ... I guess this is the end?"

"A good a place as any."

"You heard him," said the Queen, to no one in particular.

"That's the cue."

## **RAVISHING RAPUNZEL**

I blame her for everything.

Not the witch, but the girl. Yes, I blame Rapunzel for my terrible fall from the tower, for my heartbreak, and above all for losing my precious sight to the terrible thorns. What is a prince without eyes? No kind of ruler, that's what he is. How is he to battle dragons, to stare down his foes, to keep track of his enemies?

No, a laughingstock is what he is, and such did I become, the moment I was undone. No longer a prince in anyone's mind, I became the idiot who fell, literally, for a sprite of a girl, locked in an enchantress' tower. Served me right, that's what they all said. Sneaking off at night to climb a tower with a woman's hair for rope.

Could you blame my father for removing me from the line of succession? I would have done it myself were I he. Father was wise and well within his rights. Surely he did not deserve to bear my existence, let alone my proximity to the throne.

A burden to all is what I became, worse than a dreamer, of less account than a drunkard. My heart's desires, my every ambition spun out on a child of magic.

Rapunzel, herself born of sorcery; from the power of the herb which bears her name. A tainted gift from the enchantress, Dame Gothel, a present with the direst of strings attached. From the beginning Rapunzel was hers. How could I have thought otherwise? Her voice, her beauty, the auburn locks that hung to the ground, the deep azure eyes,

the sweet, womanly body, breasts to melt in the mouth, thighs to unfold like the wings of a heavenly bird, moans to enrapture a man as he plunges his hard cock over and over and over.

Oh, yes, I did fuck her true, my friends. She was no virgin when I was through with her. I had her captive I did, as surely as that old witch. For while she had the little songbird by day; I had her each night.

Where could Rapunzel go to avoid me? What choice did she have? Yes, in the beginning I seduced her, taking my time, each encounter taking one more liberty than the last.

Foolish, idle prince. Chasing tail, panting over a pear shaped ass. But what an ass and what a dream. All day, I could fantasize as I liked, stroke my useless cock, letting it lead me...

Always careful not to consummate lest I waste a precious come.

Although there was always the opportunity to save it.

For later. For little Rapunzel.

To be licked from the palm of my hand, or from a dish on the floor, while I watched the wagging of her naked ass.

Think, friends, of my powers, vain and godlike.

I was the only man she knew, the only one she had ever seen. All she learned, all she believed ... all she hoped and yearned for was carefully crafted to match my lusts.

It took some time, of course, to convince her to let me up at all. I was funny and charming and clownish and sincere. I feigned shivering in cold and burning in heat. I brought her to



tears with sad stories on the lyre, and busted her young sides with jokes ... of an ever more ribald nature.

Above all, I piqued her curiosity, as to what was in my pants, that was unlike what she had beneath her own dress.

"It is ... enormous..." she gasped when first she saw it.  
"Are all men as big as you?"

"None others are even half so large," I lied of my average sized organ. "Every day, women throw themselves at my feet to look upon it as you are ... and even to touch it."

Rapunzel would not take this next step, not for a few more nights after first letting down her hair for me. I used my time to advantage, sitting by her side, reading her poetry, stroking her hair, telling her how beautiful she was.

As if beautiful could describe that fair skin, that soft, glowing hair.

Oh ... the hair. How I trembled in anticipation of laying hands on it. I nearly came in my pants the first time she let me run my fingers through it.

Such a shy little thing, her eyes lowered. "Are you sure this would be all right with Auntie Gothel?" as she called the old witch.

Yes, it was all right, I told her, everything was all right.  
And so she gave in to me, step by step, interval by interval, until she was in every way mine.

My cock became the center of her night world. My body, her temple of worship. Shamelessly, I trained her, not merely to enjoy my come, but to live for it.

Come, inside her pussy, up inside the tight channel of her asshole, down the gullet of her throat, between her breasts, on her lovely face, in her hair.

In her hair. I pause as I write these words. Friends, this was the heart of my lust for Rapunzel. Scarcely a night went by that I did not find some occasion to stroke myself with fistfuls of her exquisite locks.

It was my requirement, in fact, once we had become well acquainted, for Rapunzel to strip for me upon my arrival and kneel, head down, offering me up her unfurled hair in her tiny hands.

Sometimes I would rub myself lightly, letting it run across my cock and balls. Other times I would fuck her hair, hard and fast, releasing myself, fully and satisfyingly.

She was frightened the first time this happened.

"It is sticky," she cried. "Aunt Gothel will find it."

"You will rinse it out later," I said. "With water. For now, leave it."

And so I would enjoy the sight of her, the rest of the night, stained with my own emission. The fact that it ashamed, and also aroused her, made my conquest all the sweeter.

There were many other uses for Rapunzel's hair, all of them wicked and delightful. I learned each of them by trial and error. Along the way I discovered more and more my own proclivity for owning and possessing the female body.

One of the things was to tie Rapunzel in the air, weaving her braid through a hook in the ceiling. If she had done something to irritate me or if I was simply in a mood to torture her, I would suspend her completely off her feet.

Otherwise, I would put her in tiptoes. It was even possible to bind her hands overhead.

This gave me full play over her naked body. Such chances to explore and discover. Imagine her surprise the first time it occurred to me to punish her ass with the back of her own hairbrush.

"Stop," she pleaded. "That hurts."

"But it's just now turning red," I said, delivering my tenth blow at least. "I want to see if it changes to scarlet."

My Rapunzel began to sob. Her tears only energized me. I did not relent until her backside was covered in welts. At last, I released her from her bondage and allowed her to fall, disoriented and hurt to her knees.

"That is called discipline," I murmured, pressing her wet cheek to my thigh. "You may thank me for administering it."

"T-thank you," she said, her voice in shreds, barely audible.

"Now you may thank me in another way," I guided her head to my open trousers.

Rapunzel cried out. She had never imagined doing such a thing, but it would soon become a staple of our time together, like the hair fucking and the bondage.

I had Old Captain Wygart of my Father's Household Cavalry to thank for the little speech on discipline. And for the idea of punishment, too. Once, when I was barely eighteen, I had spied on the man, peering out from behind the curtains in his private quarters. He had a girl there, one of the maids, strung up, her hands over her head, secured separately to shackles depending from the ceiling. She had curly blonde

hair, like a doll's. She was scarcely older than myself. Her offense had been minor, the dropping of a spoon onto the floor.

For this Wygart had dragged her by the wrist to his room, stripped her naked and hung her, helpless. "Please, Sir," she begged him in a piteous little voice that made my cock rage. "Do not punish me. I am sorry. I will be a good girl."

"You'll be better than good," he growled. "After a touch of the snake."

She cried in anticipation. Obviously she was familiar with Wygart's long black whip. I could see this as well from the marks on her skin, scars on her rib cage and across her thighs and small, round ass. Even her pert little breasts, tiny firm apples, were not exempt.

"Get hold of yourself, Elise." Wygart slapped her hard across the cheek.

"S-sorry," she hissed between clenched teeth.

"You'll take the whipping," he pronounced. "And this besides."

'This' was the man's member, pulled from his uniform trousers. He was surprisingly thick and hard, I thought. Then again, a man would have to be dead not to be aroused by the sight of naked little Elise, primed for abuse.

"You may thank me in advance," he twisted her nipple, pulling it out cruelly.

"Thank you," she cried. "Thank you, Sir."

His hand thrust itself between her legs. "You're wet," he observed. "Lucky for you."

"I want to be good," she said desperately. "I want to be pleasing."

He pushed his fingers to her lips. She began licking and sucking frantically. "You'll take it in the ass this time," he told her. "All the way."

Her eyes gave away her fear, though she did not dare to stop her ministrations. When she had licked her juices clean, he stepped back, whip in hand. I was mesmerized watching it unfurl. With the skill of a magician, moving some living thing, he cut through the air, slicing and whizzing within inches of her body, never once taking his eyes off hers. Unable to help myself, I pulled out my cock and began to stroke. I had never been so hard, so eager. I could barely control myself. I did not want to release too soon, thus spoiling my enjoyment of all that was to follow.

Wygart walked behind her now, taking up his place. Elise shivered in misery, anticipating the worst.

"State your crime, wench," said he.

"I let a spoon fall to the floor, Sir," said she.

"What is the spoon's value, girl?"

"I—I do not know, Sir."

He struck her, a sailing blow that landed sharply on her behind. "The spoon is worth a quarter crown in silver. And what pray tell is your value?"

"Please, Sir," she moaned. "I don't know."

"You are worth nothing," he whipped her again. "Not one copper coin."

"Yes, Sir..."

"Tell me why I should not have you thrown in the moat, you worthless creature?" This time he lashed her back, eliciting a genuine scream.

"I ... I will do better ... Sir."

"I doubt that," he laughed darkly. With great skill, he wielded the whip sideways, laying into the back of her thighs. The welt was long and nasty. I could only imagine the pain.

He had to lash her again to silence her wailing. "That's enough, girl."

Her breasts rose and fell with delightful rapidity. Her pretty head hung down, her hair and body were soaked with sweat. I felt myself agonizing, wanting him to get on with it, to fuck her as he had promised.

"Girls like you are of no use as servants," Wygart pronounced. "Are they?"

"No, Sir, we are not." She would have agreed to anything at this point, I was sure.

"They have only one use," he continued.

"Yes, Sir."

"And what use is that?"

"To give ... pleasure," she panted.

"Very good," he said cheerfully. "There may be hope for you yet. Tell me," he stepped forward to rub her savaged ass. "What gives men pleasure?"

The girl thrashed in her bonds, finding new energy. "S-sex, Sir. And pain."

"Beg for it," he pushed his finger into her cunt. "Beg for my cock."

"Please, Sir ... may I have your cock?"

"Where would you like it?"

"In ... in my ass, Sir."

"Have you been had in the ass, Elise?"

"Never, Sir."

"Then how do you expect to please me? With no experience?" Using his fingernails, he raked her lacerated back. Slowly, with hellish resolve.

"I—I will." Elise's breath came in stabs. "I will be—good."

"I am not convinced. I think I shall whip you some more."

"Nooooo," she pleaded, playing into his hands perfectly.

"Fuck my ass, fuck it, I will be a good ass fuck, the best, I swear it, you won't be sorry."

He appeared to consider. "If I do, you will not stand there like a sack of potatoes."

"I will move, I will be good, like in my pussy, juicy, please, Sir ... Master ... fuck my ass, have me, take it ... take my ass cherry."

My head whirled at the man's abilities. How easily he had turned this sweet little thing into a foul-mouthed whore, a sexual animal, without the least bit of pride or restraint. The man was a god to me. I could only hope to imitate him some day, in the far future. In the mean time, I continued squeezing my erection as he held his own, positioning it behind the buttocks of the tortured girl.

"Oh, Sir," she gasped, pushing her ass against it with surprising enthusiasm. "Yes, violate me, take me."

Wygart paused to swathe some juice from the girl's sex. Wiping it on his organ, he pushed into the narrower channel,

hard. Securing her hips with his hands, he locked her in place.

The reaming was hard and punishing. The man gave no quarter, making her squirm and writhe, toes curled, face distorted into a hundred impossible to read expressions.

Not until the man was sunk to the hilt, having thrust in and out and in and out a hundred or so times, each time a little deeper, did he look to complete the act. Her pleasure was of no import as he began to grunt, pushing with all his weight. Here and there he smacked her ass cheek while grabbing the other until it turned white.

At last he came inside her, spilling what I could only assume was a full load of his ejaculate. For long moments he remained inside her afterward. Her body was limp when he came out of her, though when he touched her pussy, she leaped, as if against her will.

He laughed, making a point of leaving her unsatisfied. It was at that point he unchained her, allowing her to collapse on the floor. I myself ejaculated while Elise was "thanking" him, having been hauled back up to her knees to swallow down his expended member.

After a while he let her go and zipped up his pants. "Get dressed," was all he said. "Get back to work."

"Yes, Sir," she said hoarsely, finding her dress and pulling it on.

"Do it in the hall," he snapped impatiently.

She scampered out, half naked. "Sorry, Sir ... so sorry."

Wygart followed behind her, but not before addressing me. "I know you're back there, boy," he said at the doorway. "I



hope you learned something. Your father and I expect you to do no less."

It was then I realized he had known I was there all along. It was in part, a demonstration, for my benefit. Though there was no doubting the reality of the girl's pain.

For the next five months, I eyed Elise, trying to work up the courage. I could see her looking at me, too, out of the corner of her eye. I think she would have accepted my mastery and I'm sure she expected it. The trouble was that I began to fancy her in a different way. A tender way that would lead to me being on my knees and not her.

It was Old Wygart who caught me trying to kiss her. He would not have known if the girl hadn't screamed. What irony—a wench who would willingly submit to any degradation or punishment, balking at a small gesture of tenderness.

"She's a serving slut," Wygart explained to me after. "For her lips to touch those of a royal person would mean death. That mouth of hers is meant for other parts of your body—and you better get to it, if you ask me."

"You can't talk to me that way," I said indignantly. "I am the prince."

Wygart just laughed. "You're a cub, nothing more. And if you want to be a lion, you'll need to cut those teeth, eh?"

I stormed from the room, feigning anger, though in truth I was ashamed. From that day on I avoided him, spending more and more time in the woods.

That was how I found the tower, the mysterious cylinder with no doorway, no stairs. Just a single window. It was the

song that drew me, the angel's voice; the song bird in human form.

How I frolicked with joy, how I danced and laughed, running like a small child again around the tower. Such a strange place, with its smooth, pure walls and that ring of thorns, the longest and sharpest I had ever seen. Pricking my finger, I drew blood, which I sucked, drop by drop.

The blood gave me insight, and also brought me up short. I could see Wygart's face and worse still my father. Scowling, his cold blue eyes speaking volumes about duty and disappointment. I was letting him down. As always. I was in the woods, playing the fool, instead of getting about the tasks of manhood.

That was when I heard her, speaking for the first time. "My god," she cried. "What are you?"

I looked up and there was my Rapunzel. A vision in a gown of black, her bosom full and milky, her waist tiny, her ears the perfect little shape, a button nose, astonished mouth and fingers, clutching the bottom of the window sill.

And the hair. Extending behind her, all the way down her back, no end to it.

"Never mind me," I challenged this improbable creature of the forest, bedecked as finely as any lady at court. What are *you*?"

"I am called Rapunzel."

"Rapunzel. That is an herb," I noted.

"Auntie gave it to my parents, yes, and that is why I was born. In exchange for letting them have me, I was turned over to my auntie at birth, to raise."

"In a tower?" I asked, confused. "With no doors?"

"I was put here upon my twelfth birthday, to protect me," she explained.

I wondered from what, but instead I asked if she had any companions in her little tower.

"Auntie comes to see me, every day. She will be here soon."

"I should like to meet her."

"That isn't a good idea. She doesn't like company."

"Then I shall hide and watch in secret."

"I wish you wouldn't."

"I will anyway," I grinned impishly, and so began our magic relationship. The pull and tug; the give and take that finally led to Rapunzel giving all.

Though it was hardly as if she didn't enjoy herself. She had pleasure aplenty, I assure you. I might have teased and tormented, but I never left, not one time, without bestowing a string of delectable orgasms.

On my terms, of course. She was the tower prisoner, not I.

It is hard to say what drove me precisely. I would like to think I found a middle ground, to be myself, bringing flowers and kisses, and also my father. And Wygart. In whose image I brought Rapunzel other things, which are not generally written of in the popular accounts.

Again, I take you back to her hair and the fine opportunities it presented. Imagine a lovely, willowy girl with the instrument of her own subjugation rooted upon her very fair head.

I mentioned already how I contrived to hang her from the ceiling. I could also use Rapunzel's own hair to whip her. The night before, I would instruct her to tie her hair for me in the tightest braid, as tight as she could manage. The task took her hours and made her fingers quite sore, but she achieved perfection again and again.

Most often I would bend her over her hope chest, her naked breasts and belly against the wood. Looping a coil of hair in my hand, I would whip the tail through the air, giving her a good bit of squirming anticipation first. She would grunt as I hit her and later moan as the tension built. It worked best when I struck with the knotted end, though I could raise welts with almost any part of it.

We developed a ritual, quite humiliating for her and quite pleasant for me. Waiting until I had administered a good deal of agony to her back and ass, I would lean over, and whisper in her ear. "Beg for it."

That was her cue to say the words, to degrade herself beyond measure. Sometimes she would break down and cry, whimpering, incoherently. A few more lashes with her roped hair would bring her around.

"Please ... don't whip me anymore," she would say.

"And what would you like instead?" I would feed her the next line.

"F-fuck me..." she would mutter, barely audible.

"I can't hear you." Another blow, this time across the bottom of her feet.

My Rapunzel would yelp at this. How I loved the sound. "Fuck me," she would say, clear as a bell. "Fuck me with my hair."

"Are you sure?" I would taunt. "Your hair is so pretty, you're so vain about it."

"No, I want it," she would insist, with every bit as much vigor as the conquered, manipulated Elise. "I want my hair ... inside me ... in my cunt ... use it ... make me come."

That was my cue to slide the braid along her slit, parting her sex lips.

"Oh, god," naked Rapunzel would moan. "Oh, sweet heavens."

I would take her roughly, bringing her to the point of climax, and then hold her there. She would say anything at times like these, making me the most outlandish promises.

This was when I entertained my darkest fantasies, making her agree to things that I would never dare to do in real life. Things too disgusting to describe. It was the power I wanted, the sense of control. This tiny woman, pretty as a doll, locked in this place, and only I held the key, me and the witch, that is, that key coming in the form of her flowing locks, foot after foot of sheer pleasure.

Another thing to do with Rapunzel was to tie her down. Spread eagled on her bed, her ankles and wrists bound in cords of hair. I was amazingly artful, winding it down her body, finding exactly the right way to confine her completely. A lesser man would have had to cut it in order to use it properly, but not I.

I threw this in her face, often. "I'm the only man who can do this to you. You would never have this with another."

"And is this really what it is like with all men and women?"

"Naturally," I lied. "All women lie down for the whip, bend for the hairbrush and beg to be bound. It's natural. You're aroused by it, aren't you?"

"Yes," I would make her confess, relishing the never-ending shyness at such times, the sweet blush.

The pinnacle came when I devised a way to own her both day and night. "You will think of me," I whispered in her hot, possessed ear one night. "After sunrise. When Auntie visits, when you talk to her. When you go about your mundane visits, you will imagine me, waiting to come for you. You will think of me, inside you. You will grow hot; you will need me, so much that it hurts. You will feel your imprisonment. You are my slave, Rapunzel. I own you and keep you in this tower. Not Auntie Gothel. But me."

"You," she replied reflexively, releasing the sound along with a burst of hot pleasure, so small and darling. "Only you."

"Whose are you, Rapunzel?"

"Yours?"

"What does this hair mean?"

"It's ... a sign."

"Of...?"

"My slavery," she intuited. "It's there ... for you."

"Good girl." I helped her to her knees, rewarding her with a suck. "Your hair is so long because you were made to be bound and whipped. You are the most natural slave in the world."

Never has a man enjoyed so perfect a pleasuring, I assure you. At that moment, all her love, all her understanding was wrapped up in the simple act. Devotion. To her god. Sun, moon and stars.

"Don't leave me," she said when the night was over.

"Dawn is coming. Auntie..." I reminded her.

She clutched at me, burying her head against me. "I belong to you. Take me with you. Like your shoes and your belt. You wouldn't leave them behind."

"You reason well," I patted her head.

"Thank you ... Master."

My cock surged. For a moment I nearly relented. My brain swirled with thoughts. Was there some way to spirit her from the tower? What about the witch? Would I be safe from her revenge? What would happen to Rapunzel out there in the world? Could she cope with all its complexities, simple creature that she was?

I made my decision, at least for that day. "You must stay. That is an order."

"Yes, Master." she hung her head. "Are you displeased with me?"

I lifted her chin. "I love you, Rapunzel. I could never be displeased."

What an idiot I was. How dense and oblivious to her treachery.

I should have seen it coming. From that moment on, you see, the seeds were sown. My happy little slave, my tower girl, my own delightful little doll was developing her dark side,

that part of her which came not from her own parents but from good old Auntie Gothel.

Perchance the crone placed some bit of her hair or a drop of blood in the brew she used to cook up the rapunzel to its ripened temperature. Perhaps it was only her influence on the girl, her environment over heredity.

Or maybe she simply went mad. From a life of splendid and utter isolation from society.

But I will not pursue this line of reasoning. I have no wish to explain or forgive. My intent is only to speak the truth of what occurred, to set straight the record. For you see a great falsehood as been spread, a lie in story form.

It was no accident that Rapunzel revealed my existence to her jealous aunt. She did so with deliberate intent. Knowing what Gothel would do, knowing the price I would pay.

But what of her punishment, you say? Surely Rapunzel did not wish to have her hair cut off, to be banished from the tower into the desert to face a life of slavery at the hands of nomads.

This I cannot say. For vengeance, some women will suffer anything. I do know, from the witch's own mouth that she tortured Rapunzel terribly before selling her off. She was made to cut off her own hair and hand it over to her aunt who used it to whip every part of her body. Then she fetched a switch and after this an enchanted whip; with the head of a snake that bit her with every lash. The switch welted every part of her body and the snake whip left her with a thousand puncture wounds, each of them delivering spurts of poison that caused excruciating pain but did not kill.



The antidote she placed in the testes of a minotaur, which she conjured for this very purpose. In order to ease the pain, Rapunzel was forced to suck the creature's black, bestial cock, draining it, night and day. The agony would grow so terrible she would scream and beg, tearing her own fingernails on the door of her locked cell to reach the creature.

For food she was given only the scraps from Gothel's table, mixed with roots of mandrake, causing her to be ceaselessly horny. Release was allowed only in the most terrible ways, strapped down, a cane thrashing her cunt until she came.

Rapunzel had no choice but to take it, begging for it, again and again.

Gothel kept her like this, naked and hurting and constantly over stimulated for nearly six months. I know this, because the witch gave me every detail.

It was her delight to do so while I lay in the thorns, caught and bleeding and blinded. She would not let me go until I had heard the entire story.

The only thing going through my mind was the very same thought that haunts me now. This, all of it, is Rapunzel's doing. Had she kept her mouth shut, the old hag would never have known.

Rapunzel would not be a slave and I would not be blind.

She would still have her hair, her tower and her lovely songs to sing. Now she has only the chanting of the drunken nomads, the beating of drums as she dances, naked on the sand by firelight, seeking each night to generate with the heat

of her tattooed, pierced body enough interest to keep her alive till break of day.

How do I know for certain her fate?

Because I encountered her, in the desert. It was some weeks ago now. I had been searching the better part of two years in vain. Such journeys are difficult when a man is blind. Many times I was cheated and robbed, left for dead by hired guides, preyed upon by brigands. Even the whores I went to were apt to heap misery upon me. But I survived; I grew hard, like the desert scorpion. When I lacked strength to run, I walked and when I could not walk, I crawled and when I had no hope at all, no strength to move or breath, still I continued.

Until at last I could breathe my way on the wind, cut the air, sharp as a sword with blows of my hands and grapple any man to the death. My skin like leather, my teeth, fearsome, gnashing like the howling demons of the dunes.

I learned the languages, and a dozen dialects beside. I gained a name, the Desert Rat. At last, it all paid off and I was taken to what I sought. The very caravan in which Rapunzel served as chattel, her status lower even than the camels.

She was dancing when they brought me in the tent. I was taken to a place in the back, where she could not see me. My guide whispered in my ear all that was occurring. A narration of Rapunzel's wicked shame as she writhed, legs spread, hands between her legs and then in her own mouth. Fingers, twisting her own nipples, her ass shaking at each and every man, tempting them, silently begging the whip.

She was sweaty and panting. The men were sitting cross-legged. They took out their cocks and Rapunzel fell onto her belly. Like a sidewinder, a desert worm, she crawled to them, sand in her wet pussy, sand on her belly. Sand everywhere but her mouth.

This was reserved for the men.

She took the first one in her mouth, rising onto all fours. Her head bobbed, up and down.

How long, I asked, how long was her hair?

"Down to her ass," the guide told me.

Incredible, I thought, how much it has grown. Would it ever grow as long as it had before?

"The man is pushing her away," my guide told me.

Was he done with her? I wanted to know.

"No, he will finish on her face."

I felt my own cock turn to stone as I thought of Rapunzel taking the man's semen on her beautiful face. Eyes closed, submissive, mouth open, accepting the spurts.

"Now she goes to the next man..."

The actions were repeated, much the same. For each man, Rapunzel offered her warm, succulent lips and mouth. He would continue to pump her for a while, only to push her away and ejaculate on her face.

Never had I so much regretted the loss of my sight.

Rapunzel with the come of a dozen men on her.

"Is any of it in her hair?" I inquired.

"Yes," he told me.

I shuddered. Such degradation. Unspeakable. Amazing.

"I do not want her to see me," I told him. "Not yet."

I made my arrangements, to have her brought to me. I was reclining, in the manner of the desert, on silken pillows. She walked in, according to my whispering guide, wearing nothing but bells on her ankles and the jewelry her masters had affixed to her body. The ring in her nose and her ears and in her belly button. Two more in the lips of her pussy.

Her hair was tied behind her with gold strings. The semen was gone.

"I am yours, guests of my masters," she said, falling to her knees.

"You will be used only by me," I told her, dismissing my guide.

"Forgive me," said the slave. "I assumed..."

"Assume nothing, girl."

"Yes, master."

"Do you know me?" I asked.

"No, master."

Had I changed so much? Or was the past too deeply buried for her?

"I want you to stand, slave girl. Do exactly as I say."

"Yes, Master."

"Slap yourself."

I heard the sound, crisp, flesh on flesh.

"I am blind," I told her, poised for reaction.

"I am sorry, Master."

"I want no pity, slut."

"Yes, Master."

"Put your fingers in your cunt. Touch your clit. I want to hear you moan."

Rapunzel obliged.

"What is your name?" I asked her midstroke.

"I am called ... Silk."

I smiled. Her hair had been pure silk. Was it still as soft?

"Tell me, girl, where do you come from?"

"From ... the forest," she breathed.

I could smell her excitement, the pungent scent of ripe pussy. "You're a long way from home."

"Yes, Master."

"Pinch your nipple. Use your other hand."

"Ohh..."

"Do you enjoy your slavery?"

"It is ... all I know."

"You were not born such."

"In my heart, I was..."

"You argue with me?"

"No, Master, forgive me."

"You are an impudent bitch."

"Yes," she hissed. "Punish me, Master."

"I have no interest in doing so," I told her. "Tell me, have you ever been in love?"

"Once..."

"And what happened?"

"He ... died."

Her words struck me with unexpected force. I suppose she must tell lies like this, given her circumstances. Who would believe the truth of her incredible life? And if they did, they would likely slay her on the spot for being a witch herself. No, she was right to say this, to put the past behind her. For all

intents and purposes I was dead anyway. The prince, the man I had been was long gone.

What I had not expected was the tears. Trickling water over parched skin, a reservoir deep under the surface, long crusted over with blowing sand. In that moment, I felt my love for Rapunzel. Not my lust, not my former desire for control, but genuine love, of the sort that only comes when a man knows he shall never have the object of his affection.

I let it all out. So much pent up. Doubling over, I shook with every emotion.

"Master," she cried. "What is wrong?"

"Nothing," I groaned, burying my head in the pillow.

"Continue what you are doing."

The tears melted me, dissolved and undid me. I was naked and I hated this and I hated her. Even when I looked up again and saw that my vision was being restored, on account of that love, I continued to feel nothing but loathing.

I blinked over and over, each time seeing the reality more clearly.

Light pouring in. A vision of purple, the luxurious tent, the golden tassels at the doorway, the plush oriental rugs, and right in the middle of it, My Rapunzel. The slave, known as Silk.

Darker now and more slender. Her body lithe, pure flesh and sex. Her hair, every bit as soft on the eye. Her pussy, the fingers causing liquids to drip. The breasts, the piercings in the nipples, the belly so much tauter, the bangles on the ankle ... every detail.

Everything I had remembered, but in this new form, exotic, in no way disappointing. "Rapunzel," I whispered.

She did not hear me.

The name was lost in the air between us, dissipated in this foreign air, hot even in the middle of the night. I thought of night in the forest, the anticipation that would build as I approached the tower each time, my cock thick in my pants, my heart thumping, the sounds of the woods, owls and wolves, life, teeming in nocturnal glory, the moon and stars, crisp as diamond chips.

Life surging through my veins, surging through the roots of the trees, pumping in the heart of every creature, large and small.

Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair, let me climb the silky stair...

Words whispered in the blackness, her sweet sighs and giggles as she let down her tresses for me to grab.

My hands sweating so much—I would have to wipe them over and over before I could get a good grip. My first touch of the night.

Oh, friends, nothing compared. That first time all the way up to the last. If only I had known I wouldn't get another chance; that I would not have forever. I would have lingered, I would have treasured. I would not have wasted so much.

But looking back does no good. The past cannot be undone, can never be rewritten. Does Rapunzel ever question? Does she wonder what would have happened had she not betrayed me? Or does she think how it would have been if I had taken her with me that night?

I'm sorry, Rapunzel ... I know how it must have hurt you, killing you a little more each time I left, torturing you, telling you to live for me, demanding everything, but offering you only a part of me. Resentment must have built in you, turning to poison.

Until at last you gave me up, sentencing us both to a lifetime of loneliness and torture. That is our bond isn't it? Our eternal union?

You have read, friends, that there was a happy ending. I hope you see by now such a thing is not possible.

What else did you expect, from a girl, born of witchcraft, raised in a tower ... and a selfish, vain prince?

Rapunzel should never have been born, not according to nature, nor should I, were it a matter of worthiness.

Life came by accident; we intertwined in passion and separated in tragedy.

There was something beautiful to it in a way.

Like the swooping down of the owl in the dark, to snatch up its prey, helpless, squealing. All of us are like this, slaves of fate. The best we can do is appreciate the cold, dark irony. To make our heat in the midst, to light like a shooting star, and then to vanish when it is our time.

I left Rapunzel that night, after fucking her thoroughly. If she ever did recognize me, I do not know.

I held her wrists down as I plunged into her. I had never felt so free to simply enjoy and use a woman. I did not realize until then how cloying that tower had felt. I was as much captive in it as she. Out here in the desert, we had the luxury



of screaming, no fear of the witch, and no concern for discovery. It was lust, pure and simple.

She took my cock, she came upon command, she sucked, she crawled, and she sucked my toes and licked my balls. I took delight in using her. I abused each part of her, especially the hair. Though too short to whip her with or bind her, I was able to pull it hard, making her cry.

That is the image of her I wish to keep in my mind. Rapunzel, face contorted in pain, layered in pleasure, glowing with otherworldly possession. Me, owning her. For one precious instant. That's the only way I could have done it, of course, owning her memory. The reality of a woman, day by day will disappoint eventually.

Perhaps you judge me harshly for leaving her behind, consigning her to a lifetime's suffering in a harsh land. If it is any consolation, I left myself behind as well.

Things fell apart for me the very next day, upon the road to the Oasis of Harim Asa. First I fell blind, my sight once again robbed from me. This time it was the blowing sand, though I am sure it has to do with my crime, turning my back on the woman whose interactions with me cost her everything.

After this I lost my strength and was forced to crawl. By the time I reached the oasis, I was no better off than I had been after the witch first freed me of the thorns. Shattered and broken, I returned to my own kingdom.

My brother, who was king by now, deigned to give me a room in the castle, a virtual cell in one of the towers.

Me, in a tower. Such irony.

It is here that I think my thoughts, cry tears, and wallow in my pity.

I write here as well, including the words of this manifesto ... which draws now to its end. Neither happy nor gracious.

Is there a moral, at least?

Better not to be born ... that is one conclusion to be drawn. But since we have no control over this, the best we can do is not to let our expectations ruin us, or our memories either.

We live moment by moment and that is all we have.

I teach my students this.

Did I mention that I teach? My brother allows the serving girls to be sent to me for instructions in the harsh and cruel realities of life.

Melia is in school at the moment, serving on all fours as my seat. My ass is upon her naked back as it has been all morning. Her poor arms shake terribly but if she is foolish enough to break position she knows how she will pay. I will leave it to your imagination the things I would do.

In her mouth I have placed a leather cock, strapped tight so that I need not hear her whining. Her nipples are clamped and a chain hangs between them. A second artificial cock is stuffed inside her cunt and held in place with straps. I've tied her hair in a topknot which I can pull at leisure.

Later I might take a ride upon her back. Around my small room.

Or I might thrust my cock up her ass for a time.

Anything is possible for a prince.

A dreamer, a spinner of tales.

Ravishing Rapunzel TITLE Other Twisted Fairy Tails  
*by Reese Gabriel*

Lover of Rapunzel, battler of witches, desert rat.  
Climber extraordinaire.

Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your long hair...

What is she doing now, I wonder? For whom does she  
dance and who does she serve? Girl born of witchcraft, girl  
born of night. Girl born of magic, girl of delight.

Where is your heart, my sweet? And where is my own?

Perhaps no one can love, but only feel. Pleasure and pain,  
the momentary sting to remind us we're alive.

Farewell, my friends, no charge for the truth. It's enough  
to know I've shattered your illusions, robbed you of joys you  
once held.

Stories are not real and fairies only live in tales. Even  
witches pale in comparison to the darkness and confusion of  
the human heart.

You want someone to blame? Try Rapunzel's parents, for  
not leaving well enough alone, for not accepting a barren  
womb, or mine for lying in bed with one another, or the ones  
before them, all the way back, to a beginning no one can  
know.

Don't even try. Just take your place. Hold the whip or be  
whipped. Fuck or be fucked. Fall or push. Crawl or walk.  
Laugh or cry.

Masters and slaves ... slaves and masters ... liars all.

So now you know, my friends. I wish you well.

Once upon a time...

THE END

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