

Snow White

Bradley Stoke



Snow White was feeling wretched and miserable as she lay naked in the shadows of the tall forest trees, as well she might after her unexpected rape at the hands of the forester.

It had seemed such a jolly idea at first when he suggested walking into the woods with her ostensibly to show her what he did for a living, and the fact it was sanctioned by her usually unsympathetic stepmother and guardian made it an especial treat. But then he turned on her, beating her about the face, pulling off her clothes, and then forcing himself on her. At first, Snow White had no idea what was happening to her, but it soon became clear when he pulled down his britches, pulled out his erect penis and violated her. Whether the rape was to be all that she was to endure she didn't know, but in the struggle she managed to loosen his grip and ran deep into the woods.

She had no idea where she was or whether the forester was still running after her, but the pain she felt from his punches and the stinging, aching pain between her legs had weakened her so much that after a while all she could do was collapse onto the bracken, a trail of blood coursing down her inside thighs. Perhaps she was saved by the torrential rain that started within minutes of her escape. The forester's dog would probably have lost her scent, but it served to make her even more miserable. Her long hair was thoroughly damp and streaks of rain slid over her pale skin. Yet another misery in a thoroughly miserable life, which had steadily become worse since her father had died in suspicious circumstances.

Snow White lay in the damp undergrowth for hours, as she gradually recuperated from her pains. The early morning sun eventually rose in the sky, and

shafts of light penetrated through the canopy of leaves above her, revealing to anyone passing by, a wretched sight as she lay prostrate on the ground, hardly conscious but not able to fall fully asleep. Her face was damp with tears, as much as her hair was damp from the rain and her body from the early morning dew.

And this is how Snow White was found by the seven dwarfs who lived in a decrepit cottage in the middle of the forest, not far from the pit shaft where they worked. Shunned by the world for their freakish appearance, they had grouped together where they dug coal from beneath the ground and sold it at the market alongside the metal tools and garden vegetables they produced. The dwarfs were not a pretty bunch. Their heads were large, their bodies small, and their limbs short and stubby. They were related to each other, but not too closely, and the brighter ones still felt bitterness towards a world that either treated them as objects of fun and derision or feared them as servants of the devil. This latter reputation protected them to some extent from those who might otherwise steal from them, or sell them off to a circus freak show, but it meant that other than each other they rarely had any human contact at all.

It was Sneezzy who saw Snow White. He earned his name from the dust allergy which was in no way assisted by his labours in the coal mine and made much of his life a constant misery. He was recovering from another fit of sneezing, while his six comrades marched ahead, when he caught a glimpse of Snow White's remarkably pale skin through the trees, where she was illuminated by the sun breaking through the canopy. He signalled to the others to be quiet, knowing that it was he who was most likely to break the silence, and the seven dwarfs gathered around Snow White's body.

She was moaning from pain, a darkening bruise on her cheek and over her eye, cuts and bruises all over her body, both from the rape and her naked chase through the dark forest, including a nasty gash on one of her ankles. Her legs were spread open which meant that for all the dwarfs except the resourceful Doc, this was the first time any of them had ever seen a woman's crotch. Snow White looked up at the dwarfs around her, shivering with fear. She believed that she was about to be attacked by goblins or trolls who, as legend had it, feasted on the flesh of virgins snatched from the villages. She had never seen such a deformed or ugly bunch of people.

There was Sneezzy, whose nose was constantly red and from which usually trailed a globule of snot. There was Sleepy who had once contracted an illness which had left him permanently lethargic and for whom all physical effort was twice as great as it would for anyone else. And the dwarfs were known for their hard work. There was Doc, the de facto leader of the group who handled the dwarfs' financial affairs and had negotiated terms with merchants in the larger towns for some of their goods. He was short sighted, but had succeeded in manufacturing spectacles which partly corrected his vision, but meant that he looked especially monstrous behind the thick glass. There was Grumpy who was well-named, and was also the ugliest of the seven dwarfs: one eye lower than the other and his mouth twisted up to one side. Then there was Happy who was a bit of a practical joker, but retained his popularity with a good wit and a willingness to accept as good as he gave. Bashful had a large birthmark on most of his face, which he was understandably reluctant to let people see. And finally there was Dopey. In most communities, he would have been considered a village idiot, if he hadn't died in childhood, but amongst the dwarfs, his drooping lower lip and

blatant mental deficiency were treated with a sympathy unusual in these harsh unforgiving times.

“Don’t eat me! Spare me!” gasped Snow White, too weak to stand up and make a run for safety.

The dwarfs laughed, not all of them kindly, at the girl’s stupidity and ignorance. Doc, however, could see an advantage to be gained from the situation, even if he couldn’t focus especially well on the physical manifestation of it. Here was a source of boundless rest and recreation for him and his comrades, and no doubt a willing worker in the cottage. Domesticity and home-cooking did not come easily to the dwarfs, and Doc was all too aware of how filthy and untidy the dwarfs’ cottage was. He slapped Dopey hard on the ear, who was laughing along with the others without really being sure what was the object of their humour. Perhaps a naked woman in the woods was inherently amusing in itself.

“Don’t laugh at the pretty lady,” he commanded. For some of the dwarfs, this mention of Snow White’s prettiness was the first time that it occurred to them that this find carried some material value. “You can see she’s in distress. Let’s take her home with us and care for her.” He leaned over to smile at the girl. “I don’t know what you think we are, dear lady, but we’re not ogres or monsters. We are mere artisans who live in the forest, making a living from our own toil and we don’t wish you or anyone else any harm.”

Snow White was reassured by the dwarf’s kindness, although he looked so monstrous behind the thick lenses of his spectacles, and she gushed forth in a torrent of tears of gratitude which served both to clean her face and to make her look more

wretched. “Thank you, kind sir. Your generosity and kindness is surely more than I truly deserve. I have been wrongfully used, but I am sure that you will not be so monstrous as to treat me so criminally.”

It was not easy getting Snow White back to the cottage, but the dwarfs had great ingenuity. They fashioned a stretcher from some branches and a cloth and carried her back on that, but it was not an easy journey back for the small men. For a start, although they were all of small height and stature, they were not all the same height. Some of the dwarfs were just three feet tall, while others were more than four feet in height; not a huge difference in absolute terms but quite substantial relative to each other. But after much grumbling and some great effort, she was back at the cottage, and was laid down on two beds that were given to her, at great expense to Dopey and Bashful, the two dwarfs least likely to complain.

And there she lay for several days while a great fever engulfed her and the dwarfs bickered amongst themselves as to why they should even bother with her.

Eventually, Snow White was lucid enough to see where she was: and a filthy, dusty place it was too. Doc came to see her while Snow White sat up in the bed, naked of course, as the dwarfs had no clothes that were nearly big enough for her. He looked at her perky, sharp nipples with pleasure that he just about managed to disguise. He stood by Snow White as she turned to him, with a sad look in his face.

“How are you feeling, my dear?” he asked in a gruff but slightly squeaky voice.

“Much better,” Snow White replied with some effort. “You saved my life. How can I ever repay you?”

For a start you can clean up the cottage, thought Doc, but he was too tactful to say anything. “We’ll see,” he said with a smile. “We are hard working people, and we need as much help as we can. If you are willing, would you help us keep house and home?”

“Gladly,” smiled Snow White who at that stage had no idea what a formidable task lay in front of her. After all, housework was something she had become more than a little familiar with after the years spent skivvying in her stepmother’s large rambling house. However, as her full wits returned to her, she saw just what a mountain she had to climb. She was not only expected to dust and clean the house, but to maintain the fire, cut wood, prepare them dinner and sew their clothes. This was more work than she’d ever done before, and at the end of each day the cottage became only gradually more presentable than the decrepit hole it was when she first arrived.

Moreover, all this work she had to do, however wet, cool or windy it was, had to be done naked. The dwarfs were not prepared to make her any clothes and Snow White was in no sense of the word encouraged to do something which, in any case, she only had the most rudimentary idea of how to do. And she soon became aware that the dwarfs much preferred her to be naked, a thrill which she was only beginning to understand. They argued that they had more than enough work to do in making a bed which was big enough for her to sleep in, so that Bashful and Dopey could sleep on something more comfortable than smelly damp sheepskins in front of the dying embers of the fire.

As she worked, most of the day by herself whilst the dwarfs laboured down the pit, she took pleasure from singing to herself while birds hovered around in the garden

and mice scurried across the floor. She knew very few songs, but those she did afforded her immense pleasure. One song she particularly liked was ‘Some Day My Prince Will Come’, a traditional tune addressing the longings of many lonely women in a country ravaged by war where men were frequently in short supply.

She would sometimes pause with the brush in her hand and think of some dashing prince who would one day come by, recognise her beauty and take her away to another place. She would look at her skinny frame, the dark hairs of her crotch against her snowy white skin, her thin legs and perky breasts and imagine herself in the hands of someone like the young men she occasionally saw when she was at her stepmother’s house.

However, no prince came by to sweep her off her feet or to enjoy her body close to his. Instead, Snow White came to know what else her gratitude to the dwarfs entailed. Doc was a subtle man, but he knew how to achieve his end. He reminded Snow White that she was no virgin and appraised her of the need to boost the morale of his comrades. And then he taught her what was expected of her, revealing a penis that erect, despite Doc’s size, was much the same dimensions as the forester’s, the only other penis she had ever seen.

“Relax! It’s only natural. And it is every girl’s duty, as surely as it is to keep the cottage clean and to prepare us our dinners.”

And Snow White had no reason to disbelieve him, as she took his strange smelling organ into her mouth and jerked it up and down as Doc advised her. And then, when it was as erect as it could be, the dwarf gasping and grunting with excitement, she allowed it to be taken into her vagina, a place until now only

associated with the release of urination, the pain of monthly periods and the shame of her rape. Although Doc was the most practised of the dwarfs at lovemaking, he was not an expert. He knelt between her much longer legs, supporting himself on her upper thighs, as he thrust back and forth, a sensation Snow White tolerated but was not enjoying in the slightest. The pain was quite acute as it pushed into flesh that hadn't fully recovered from its recent violation.

And Doc, of course, was not the only dwarf to penetrate her, although he was probably her most frequent lover. All the dwarfs took turns with her, and, frequently, more than one would be enjoying her naked body, happily fed on the food she'd prepared, wearing the jerkins she had repaired, pushing into her vagina with penises of seven different sizes and personalities. Although Doc was slightly rough and crude, often taking his pleasure in Snow White's anus as well as her vagina, an entry initially tight and painful, he was probably the least bad of the dwarfs. Although ill-informed and often crude, he had more idea than all the other dwarfs put together as to how to put a girl at ease and how to treat her. The jerks of his pelvis at her vagina may have been mechanical and predictable, but at least he didn't slap her or slobber over her. After a while, Snow White was able to tell that it was him who was fucking her, even though she might have been distracted by another penis in her mouth or even another one pushing into her arse at the same time: quite a feat for such small people!

Sneezy was always rather brief and spasmodic: rather quickly loosing his weight of semen into her vagina while he was engulfed in a storm of sneezes. But Snow White preferred him fucking her, than running his tongue over her body, inevitably leaving a trail of snot and mucus wherever he had been. Just one of the

many traces of sex and slobbery that Snow White would soon have to sponge off with icy cold water in the wooden basin. Sleepy was unenergetic, but sometimes succumbed to exhaustion in the middle of his exertions, his small frame collapsing onto her breasts, a thin trail of drool coming from his mouth. Happy lived up to his name: his penis was the largest of the dwarfs, an attribute which made him inordinately happy. It was painful enough when he fucked her vagina, but when he forced it down her throat or up her arse, this was often pain she could barely endure.

These were the dwarfs she minded least. Of the others, she wasn't sure whose lovemaking she disliked the most. Was it Bashful with his hideous birthmark that he insisted she lick with her tongue? Was it Grumpy, who was bad-tempered and impatient with her, frequently slapping her as he grunted away with his small penis trying to gain presence inside her orifices, his favourite of which being inevitably her anus? Or was it Dopey, from whose lip always dribbled a long drool of saliva, who fucked like an animal: viciously, unremittingly and eventually with an unpleasant release of semen which sometimes got her on the face, and in her eyes, and only rarely anywhere between her legs?

And she never knew when the dwarfs would be finished. With so many of them, however exhausted she might be after hours of fucking there was always at least one who still had reservoirs of energy and semen to work out on her. The nights would go on for too long, her sleep caught in snatches between spasms of lovemaking, sometimes when blissful repose had finally come on her, and then another prick in her face or her arse. Her orifices were constantly sore and bruised and there was always a nasty bitter and sour taste in her mouth.

Her relief when the dwarfs left to work in the early morning sunlight was compromised by the thought of the exhausting tasks she had in front of her. Washing up the dishes from the night before, preparing meals, chopping wood, gathering vegetables and mushrooms from the dwarfs' garden plot, skinning rabbits and pheasants and occasionally boar, and, if there was time, dusting, cleaning and scrubbing the cottage. Often she was on her hands and knees, with a damp cold cloth and sweat pouring off her brow, her only comfort being her singing.

And worse was to come. She'd noticed that she was no longer having monthly periods, but in her naïveté she assumed that with so much sperm inside her it had simply blocked up her system, although she was still able to shit and piss, which she always did outside naked in the rain and snow where her ordure could be used as fertiliser for the plot, the laying of which she never relished. But then there was the swelling in her stomach that she knew for sure meant that she was pregnant.

It was Doc who had to inform her how this had happened. Snow White was terribly innocent of the causes of pregnancy assuming that a girl needed the happy grace of marriage for this blessing of God's creation to be bestowed on her. When she learnt about the link between her nightly indignities and her changed condition this made her somewhat bitter about it, frightened that she would soon be the mother of another freak like one of the seven possible fathers.

Her state of pregnancy did not lead to a lessening of the dwarfs' predation on her body. They didn't mind the swell of her stomach or the growing heaviness of her breasts. Indeed they frequently put their mouths to her large sore nipples in the hope that they would have a drink of the milk that would surely soon be emanating from

them. And it only made her labours in the cottage harder to bear. The weight of logs and the heat of the kitchen fire became more painful burdens than ever for her to endure.

As more months were added to her pregnancy, Snow White became ever more desperate for a reprieve from her life of sex and servitude. She was miserable when she looked after the house, the added weight of her unborn child making her labours increasingly onerous. She was miserable when the dwarfs came home, their rapacious sexual appetite not lessening while her own was diminishing yet further with the burden and discomfort of her gravidity. But every day as she pushed her broom, she would look out at the Spring sky, the birds frolicking in the warm rays of the sun, and sing to herself longingly that one day her prince would come.

However, the only visitor Snow White ever had since her first days at the cottage was a woman in her late forties wrapped in a black shawl, carrying a wicker basket in which there were several apples and pears. The dwarfs were at the pit, and Snow White, naked as always, was pushing her broom across the uneven rocky floor.

The woman put her head through the window, the shutters having been parted, and yelled across to Snow White “Would you like to buy some of my fruit, dear?”

Snow White looked up from the floor where her broom had been sweeping and smiled. The woman’s voice was such a welcome sound after all these months. A trilling soprano sound, in such contrast to the gruff alto tenors of the seven dwarfs.

“I’d love to,” she said, “but I have no money.”

“Nor any clothes, I see,” sniffed the middle-aged woman. “And this the first cottage I’ve come across in this accursed wood for many a mile. Would you be so

kind as to let me rest my weary limbs before I go on my way?"

"Of course, I will," eagerly cried Snow White, unlatching the door and letting the woman in. She shuffled in, pushing back her hood to reveal a handsome chin and face, with long greying hair, a proud arch to her slightly ragged neck and the smallest trace of a wart below the curve of her lower lip. After seeing only small ugly men for so many months, just the presence of another woman was striking enough. But overwhelming everything else were the woman's piercing dark eyes which ever so slightly reminded Snow White of her stepmother. The woman sat down on a wooden stool, and placed her basket on her knees.

"My! You're a pretty girl!" she said approvingly.

"Thank you," smiled Snow White who got fewer such praises from the dwarfs in recent months.

The woman studied the cottage, the small beds and small scale furniture and asked Snow White about her living arrangements, smiling sympathetically as Snow White spoke, nodding her head in encouragement and letting the tenor of her questions become increasingly personal. She was particularly interested in Snow White's account of why she was not allowed to wear clothes and of the dwarfs nightly predations on her body.

"Such a beautiful girl!" she sighed sympathetically. "Aren't men cruel?"

"But they saved my life in the woods," protested Snow White. "Were it not for them, I might have been eaten by a wolf or a bear."

"Indeed you might," smiled the woman. "And the little men abandon you all day in the cottage. When do they return?"

“Not ‘til after dusk.”

“Is that so?” the woman said. “That is so many hours away. And it is such a warm day. I’m stifled by my shawl.”

“Why not take it off?” suggested Snow White helpfully.

“Indeed I shall,” smiled the woman, parting her shawl at the front and letting it drop to the ground. As it did so, it revealed a fine handsome naked body underneath, with skin as ivory white as Snow White’s own. Her breasts were heavy, but with maturity rather than micturation. Her stomach bulged slightly around her navel and her arms and legs were muscled and taut.

She stood up and grinned at the startled Snow White. “It isn’t right that you should know only the attentions of despicable little men, who daily rape and besmirch you. What you need are the attentions of a woman.”

“But that can’t be right!” gasped the innocent Snow White, who in her life had never thought of such a thing.

“It is the most right thing in the world,” the woman assured Snow White, striding over to the gravid girl, placing her hands around her shoulders and pushing her face close to Snow White’s. “And for the pleasure it would give me to show that this is so, I shall gladly give you all my fruit.”

Snow White looked at the apples and pears with greedy eyes. Although it was many months since they must have fallen off the Autumn trees, they looked succulent and firm. Her increased hunger, growing in direct proportion to her waist line, got the better of her reservations.

“I would gladly find out if what you say is true,” she said with a timid smile.

The woman smiled again and pressed her lips and tongue against Snow White's mouth. And so Snow White did find that there was such a thing as a love that was more tender and to her more satisfying than any she'd had before. The feel of the woman's bare flesh against her own, the fingers that stroked and squeezed her vagina, the tender kisses and caresses on her face, her neck, her stomach and her lactating breasts. The two women fell onto the coarse semen-stained linen sheets of Snow White's bed, hands and arms and legs and feet intertwined, as their bodies sweated and struggled against each other, Snow White enjoying the sweet taste of her new lover's mouth, so much better than the foul odours that came from the dwarfs, especially after they had been drinking or smoking. There was none of the painful penetration she so rarely enjoyed from the dwarfs. Her anus was licked, and not poked. The two women's hair tangled together in sweaty dampness and intimate contact.

And then the two lay down on the mattress, while Snow White glanced guiltily at the abandoned broom, the unmade fire and the empty coal scupper. The woman gently ran her fingers over Snow White's sweaty body, following the taut curves of her stomach and the protrusion of her navel. She tenderly kissed Snow White on the forehead and above each eye.

"So this has been your first time with another woman," she commented. "Let's hope it isn't your last."

Eventually, and with great sadness and tenderness, the woman put her shawl back on, and departed, leaving Snow White, as promised, with all her fruit. Snow White sat on her bed, lost in emotion and confusion, idly eating the fruit, wondering

whether in a perverse way the woman had been the prince that she'd so often wished would come along.

Unfortunately, the fruit was very much off-season, and only crude preservatives had kept them looking so fresh and wholesome. They also turned out to be quite poisonous, but Snow White was so lost in her thoughts and so ravenous in her hunger, that she didn't heed the warning signs from the foulness of their taste. It was not much later that she wished she had.

When the dwarfs returned, after wading through the vicious storm which had broken out in the forest, they were tired and weary from their day's work and looking forward to their evening meal. They found no food waiting for them and instead discovered Snow White doubled up on her bed, shrieking in agony as the poison in the fruit took hold. In front of her was clear, foul-smelling vomit, but this was as nothing in toxicity and foulness as the stream of blood-flecked diarrhoea which was periodically convulsing out of her arse and mingling with the semen stains and sweat on her sheets.

The dwarfs had absolutely no idea what to do, and it is likely that their unprofessional attempts at medicine and first aid merely added to the pain and distress that accompanied Snow White's last few days. She was soon buried outside the dwarfs' cottage, taking her unborn child with her, soon to be only a distant and sentimental memory to the dwarfs, whose cottage was even sooner restored to the untidiness and squalor it had been before they had met Snow White.

When finally a prince did come by, it was too late for Snow White, but it was probably just as well. It was only as a result of the various wars that wracked the lands

that any prince would ever venture this far into the woods and then only for rapine and pillage. Which is what he and his soldiers did, burning the cottage, murdering the dwarfs, ransacking their smallholding and stealing all that they could find of any value. When the prince left, the charred corpses of the seven dwarfs behind him, all that was left standing was the crude cross which marked where Snow White lay.