

The Dizzying World of Wizney Presents

Apple of Thine Eye

A Happily Never After
Re-telling of Snow White

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Part 3. Fairest of Them All

Two enormous wooden doors swung open, disturbing the long peace that had settled in the queen's chamber. The one and only Evil Queen marched through the entryway, ripping the sheets off the furniture as she passed. She felt so vibrant and alive, and with good reason.

Not three hours ago, she had used a potion-laced pie to steal the youth from a young princess. Granted it was the wrong princess. A prince, in fact. The dummy ate a pie made for his young fiance, Snow White, and it turned him into a lovely young woman, and the queen, in turn, ate up that lovely and young, leaving the poor fool a chubby mature woman. And the queen? Well, her victory march through the woods put their stolen essence to good use. The memory was fresh in her mind. With each step, the stolen vitality rejuvenated her body. Her breasts, once loose and saggy, firmed and plumped under her gown. Her ass and thighs burned away their soft cellulite and gained a toned gravity-defying look. The Evil Queen couldn't see it back then, but the tingling in her face indicated her sharp features were having years taken off of them, and she couldn't wait to see.

Now, here she was, posing in front of her magic mirror in her most scandalous gown. She giggled like a young maiden at how high the slit came up her lower half. Soft skin exposed all the way to her hip. Her breasts also looked quite delicious in her low-cut dress, like two firm pale melons held tightly against one another. There were no words. All she could do was purr. The Queen cleared her throat and spoke in a young bubbly



voice she hadn't heard in decades. Mirror Mirror, tell me true, who's the fairest one to view?"

"You, oh Queen," came a voice from deep within the murky depths of her looking glass, "Are the visage most fair. There is no other that could compare." the forming face in the mirror smiled broadly

"Hahaha! Yes! Yes, most excellent!" cackled the newly youthful queen of evil. "I am finally the most beautiful in the land, and soon I will regain my title as the most powerful!" She laid back on her throne, a chair forged to look like a gigantic peacock plumage. "Now, show me my stepdaughter. I find nothing more exhilarating than reveling in the struggles of my enemies." The face in the mirror faded, replaced by a vision of Snow White, in her newly plumped and squat form. "You know, I had aimed for her darling prince to be the eighth dwarf, but I think this worked out quite nicely." The queen's luscious red lips pulled into a smirk as she watched the former princess struggle.

Snow White huffed as she waddled around cleaning the house. She missed her tall thin form, back when she didn't need a step stool to reach everything. The extra wobble and mass that had been squashed onto her shorter frame was so disconcerting. The only thing she recognized anymore was her face. The Queen watched in the mirror as one of the dwarves walked inside the cottage with a bouquet, Snow blushing as she received it. It wasn't clear if the former heir to the throne was flattered or embarrassed, but either would make the Queen more than happy. Oddly the villain spread her legs, running her hand down her stomach and under her dress. Nothing turned on the sadistic woman like the misery of others. "This is good," she thought, "let her become a peasant, married to some mine working dwarf." As Snow put the bouquet on a pile of other flowers, a second dwarf came inside, also bringing a gift. The Queen's fingers pushed against her panties, rubbing them against her slick sensitive lips below. "Oh my, so many stubby little suitors." Snow's stepmother chuckled. "Which one do you think she will choose, Mirror?"

"The princess has many options and nothing to lose. Dwarves may have many mates, so there's no need to choose." answered her trusty mirror.

"Maybe she'll sully herself with more than one. then." The Queen sneered and rubbed harder. "Or all of them.." she pulled her panties aside and inserted her index finger, stroking her velvety inner walls. "All at once, even!" The youthful monarch worked her finger in and out as she watched the dwarves fight over their plump little cottage princess. After a few minutes, though, she became frustrated. "Why isn't this doing it for me... grrrr!" It didn't matter how much she tried to get herself off. It wasn't working. "Mirror, show me the newly minted princess charming!"

The image of Snow faded, replaced by the plump, motherly form of Princess (formerly Prince) Charming. The queen added a second finger inside her slit, rubbing more aggressively as she drank in her victim's predicament.

The King had just introduced his “daughter” to another suitor and left the two in a room. “T-thank you for your visit, Lord Chester. Was the journey to your liking?” Charming fanned herself, trying to cool her flush, sweaty bosom. Ever since the curse had swapped their sex, Charming found his plush, mature body had an awkward side effect. The damn thing was constantly aroused. Gently hefting his tits into his dress cups made his nipples maddeningly hard. The bounce and sway of his curves, the jiggle of his thighs, just walking in heels set it off all the more. And being trapped inside all that constant wobbling flesh left him panting and blushing all day long. Charming’s mind wandered, picturing the stiff bodice squashing his tits as hands firmly groping his chest. Sitting, feeling his bountiful backside spread out wide on his chairs till the armrests dug into his hips, brought images of a man behind him, spreading him open, fingers sinking into the fat that blanketed his curves. And when there was a man in the room, forget it. All those feelings skyrocketed, his newly minted pussy pulsing and gushing. Demanding one of those nearby cocks fill his womanhood, stretch her wide and full, trying to cool his endless aching need. And now this older lord, wisps of white on the side of his head, was trying to hide the fact his eyes couldn’t stop from getting lost in Charming’s cleavage.

“I know your father thought us a good match, being closer in age and all, but just to get the pressing issues of propagating out of the way, you are still fertile, yes?” Blushed Lord Chester.

Charming wanted to balk and be insulted that one sentence in, and the guy was asking if his body would be able to carry his heirs. But he couldn’t. This would be the fourth suitor he would have turned away, and if he didn’t find some royal to wed him, bed him, pump him full of baby and make him their queen, his royal family could lose everything. “I assure you, my Lord,” Charming let out deep, uneasy breaths. “not only am I still primed to produce a male heir for whoever my husband maybe, but my figure is clearly built with the motherly hips and bosom for the whole package.” The princess was so glad no one but his possible suitor could see him like this, fully unaware of his witchy voyeur watching through her mirror.

“Oh, look how he rubs those fluffy thighs together, mirror.” Purred the queen as she continued her ministrations. “The potion in his pie went way sideways somehow. This former lad is in a forest fire level heat.”

Back at Charming’s castle, the trembling princess could barely contain himself. He had been nonstop horny for days, and it was only building, and the shy older man didn’t seem to be taking the bait. “M-maybe my Lord would like to test the goods?” Charming grasped her visitor’s hand and shoved it down the front of her gown.

“Oh fuck yes!” Cried the queen, massaging her tit and cackling at the display.

Charming’s face turned deep red. He had never had a man’s hand on his new motherly form, let alone cupping his breast. The princess’ nipple ached and pushed into Chester’s palm. How Charming longed for him to pinch it, twist it, anything to relieve the ache. “S-see Lord C-Chester, a bountiful bosom to feed a fu- mmphhh” Lord Chester had taken the advance as an invitation, and now they were lip-locked, the old Lord’s tongue swirling in his mouth. The third kiss

Charming had had this month, and this one with a man. And unlike the magical exchanges his previous kisses had led to. This helped with nothing. His body burned and yerned, getting hotter and needier by the second. Fuck he needed more. He couldn't take it anymore. His hand reached to undo Lord Chester's pants, who at first resisted, but then changed his mind and allowed it. Soon the belt was off, and the Lord's trousers were open. Charming had the thick veiny rod in his grasp, contemplating what it would taste like and if he should put it in his mouth when he found himself lifted up and draped over the couch.

"You're a naughty girl, aren't you, Princess Charming," whispered Lord Chester, sounding like a man trying to force some confidence. "Girls like you need a firm spanking, " don't they.

"I uh-" holy shit, thought Charming. This was going way faster and harder than he expected, yet it just made his cravings spike harder. "Y-yes, I'm a bad girl. I need to be punished!" The princess would say anything at this point just to get off. *SWAT!* A gloved hand swatted his big cushy rear, leaving a handprint. *SWAT!* He wanted to say wait, or slow down or... or... screw it- "Fuck me, Lord Chester. Take me, make me yours!" The spans had sent him over, with each painful smack, pleasure radiated through his wobbling cheeks, making his pussy gush with juice and anticipation. Lord Chester stalled for a moment, considering if things were getting too risky. Charming could only wince and wiggle his backside, pushing aside his embarrassment and humiliation and just... hoping against hope this older man could still get it up. Soon Charming's dress was lifted high and draped over him, and a finger hooked his undergarments and pulled them aside. It looked like he'd finally get the full experience of being- "Ghhhhaaaaawww" The dick had plunged deep into his slit. Charming's eyes rolled, and he let out a long lusty moan as he felt his insides get pounded by a throbbing cock for the first time. He couldn't think or speak. He was lucky he could even press his arm against his massive motherly tits to stop them from flopping out from each pound from the older man's pelvis against the princess' backside.

The Queen watched from her magic mirror, furiously fingering her cunt, and twisting her nipple with reckless abandon. "Why... can't I... Get.... OFF!!

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Six Months, It had been six long months since the potion-laced apple pies had changed the lives of the magically mixed up trio. The Queen's lair was a mess, carpeted in gloom and laced with broken bottles and old plates of food. She had yet to reassert herself as a powerful Queen of the land and had stopped asking about her beauty months back. Her mind was singularly focussed on one thing and one thing alone. From the dark corner of the room, her bed creaked, and she grunted and growled, "Mirror, show me, Snow, again."

The magic mirror shimmered with greenish wavering flame and up came the image of the Snow White, the dwarf woman. It had apparently been a busy six months. The short, curvy woman tried to balance one of her screaming triplets on her hip while clearing the table. Snow couldn't believe how quickly she had fallen into being the dwarven den mother. Needing to not end up

old and alone, she had given in to her dwarven suitors and found herself pregnant shortly after. Barely adjusted to her shrunken form and susceptibility to the pheromones of the dwarves, she only felt more thrown off by it taking just three months for a dwarven brood to gestate. The former princess spent three months as a pregnant short stack, libido still cranked through the roof, until one wild night of riding, one of her partners broke her water, and three more were added to the cottage. She held her swollen belly, shaking her head that batch number two was already in the works. Her Seven “partners” worked day and night to expand the cottage, and she only hoped at least one of them wasn’t too tired to take care of her needs.

“Enough!” Screamed the queen at her mirror, “This is still doing nothing. She’s not miserable enough. She’s a happy ever ready dwarven oven full of buns. Show me the prince, er... Princess Charming!”

The mirror quickly shifted to a half-dressed Charming, body covered in sweat as he bounced on a suitor’s dick. The sounds of his moans and heavy wet smacks of his giant tits against his rib cage filled the room.

“Your majesty,” cried the prince below him. “Careful, I’m... I’m about to release.

Princess Charming didn’t relent. She was too close. The heat in her loins needed his cum. She had become insatiable as of late, her snatch feeling awkward and empty when not occupied by something hot and throbbing. The look of an older woman hid how much youthful stamina and vigor he held inside, roughly squeezing his plump melon tits, grinding faster and faster, screaming louder and louder until... “yyyyyeeeeeeeeaaaaahh!!”

Charming collapsed on the man beneath him, his large soft mammaries spreading across his partner’s chest. He had cum so hard he was wheezing. The prince turned princess could only see stars as his mind recovered from the all too familiar brain-melting orgasm. It was an entire minute before he realized the prince under him was still pumping away. “I’m going to-- hnnng” moaned the man in the princess’ ear. His strong hands dug their fingers into Charming’s fat ass cheeks, locking him in place for the coming eruption. Charming could feel the twitches of the throbbing shaft, followed by the torrent of hot sticky seed, pumping directly into his womb, and the prince turned princess came again.

After a few minutes of catching their breath, Charming cleared his throat and pulled himself off the cock of the suitor below him. “W-well we better freshen up before anyone misses us, yes?”

Moments later he was lifting his dress to clean the excess seed dripping down his plump wobbling thigh. It wasn’t new anymore. He had gotten quite used to suitors finishing inside of him. It was the plan after all, for it seemed the only way he might get a proposal. Easy to bed, hard to wed. Charming looked at the sweaty woman in the mirror, still beautiful even if she looked overly ripe and on the verge of forty. It was unfair to look so old when only half a year ago he was a nineteen-year-old prince. His father had barely tried to find him a cure before setting up possible matches. “You knew your duty as a prince. Becoming a princess does not

soften what is required of you.” The King had said. And Charming did care about his kingdom and his duty, so soon followed the suitors and the balls. And always an incredibly lusty need in his core. He wanted to be a “good girl” and find a husband to bed him and end his heat, but no one seemed interested until he started to fuck them. And he fucked a lot of them! The first ball he had snuck off with at least four!

He hefted his swollen tits back into his top, frustrated that they didn’t fit. “Am I gaining weight still?!” Charming huffed and then covered his mouth. He ran to the sink and vomited violently. “What on earth was that?” He pondered as he washed out his mouth and prepared to return to the ball. Wait... Tender breasts, puking? The words of the midwife came back to him like a wave of icy water. The princess’ tiny gloved hands covered his abdomen nervously... He knew it in his bones--he was expecting. But who was the father? He had thirty-nine ‘guests’ at the ball before this one. The celebrations seemed fuller each time.

Actually, it didn’t matter. He could just choose one. Someone young with lots of stamina to keep up with Charming’s needs. He could only hope his libido would calm down after he swelled up into a motherly stack of mounds. His sexual needs would be horrendous with all the extra belly and milk-swollen bosom and-

“Princess Charming” A new young man barged into the room not five minutes after the last one left. “I can’t hold myself back any longer, watching you with all these other men.”

“Well, Robert, it is a ball, and I am trying to find a husband you know-mmmmpf” The prince named Robert pulled Charming in for a kiss, his sensitive tits mashing against the man’s broad pecs, and Charming did not resist. What had he become, this small chubby thing letting a former friend stick their tongue down his throat? He was barely what he once was, a creature only driven by their needs now.

Charming had vital work to do. He needed to convince someone that the baby was theirs, that it was time to be secure in a marriage, a queen...and a mother. But his body heat was already spiking, along with his heart rate and the need in his snatch. He had never wooed Robert, being they had grown up together, and now he was being lowered to a bed by him. “R-Robert! Robert, shouldn’t we um... slow... Or think about.”

“I want to marry you, Charming. I can’t watch you struggle and be the pawn of those men anymore.”

This... this was actually perfect. It’s not like Charming wanted to marry a man. That was more his duty now, along with being a demure queen and factory for making heirs. At least they had a lot of interest in common, and Robert was a bit of a pushover. In for a penny, I guess... “Okay, but if you love me, seal the deal.” Charming lifted his gown and spread his legs. All this talk had shot his libido through the roof. When it came to ruthless demands, evil queens have nothing on this princess’ pussy.

Charming's thoughts were interrupted when he saw Robert's member, a giant sausage of a cock. Long indeed, and exceptionally thick. "Oh, oh wow maybe we should wa- ah AH!" The breath caught in his throat as he felt the fat tip of Robert's shaft come to rest on his aching slit. Robert waited for Charming's go ahead, and it only took a few seconds of that giant wide rod teasing the entrance to his pussy, that the princess fiercely nodded his head yes. That was all it took, and Robert's dick worked its way inside ever so slowly. It had to. The dick was huge, stretching Charming's tunnel to its limits. A mix of extreme pleasure and pain was going to break the princess' mind. Robert raised his partner's legs, lifting them back on him till his milfy body was folded in a mating press, knees pressed into his tits, and giant cock buried inside his shuddering tunnel.

"I'm going to marry you this weekend, love," Robert cried through his grunts and thrusts. "But at this rate, we'll secure an heir tonight!"

Charming couldn't hear what was being said. He was going crosseyed as he got lost in his own moans and the insane amount of erotic sensations. All he knew was he was going to spend the rest of his days wrapped around this deity-level dick, only taking a break to pop out little royals. Magic kisses? Magic apples? Please! They could not compare to this indeed magical penis.

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"GAAAAAAH!" The Evil Queen threw a used dildo at her mirror, the image of Princess Charming fading quickly out of view.

"If you shatter me, oh youthful queen, there will be worse repercussions than what you have seen"

"Shut up, you snarky piece of glass!" The Evil Queen growled as she crawled to the foot of her bed. Though she still appeared in her early twenties, the woman looked exhausted and worn out, deep lines of sleep deprivation under her eyes. Her bedsheets were covered with every shaped dildo imaginable, and the room smelt like sex and sweat. "I don't understand. Every remedy, every spell, cannot restore my libido!" She swept a lock of loose hair from her torn cowl. "What good is having a gorgeous body of a twenty-year-old girl if I'm dead below the waist." She rubbed herself some more, to no effect. "Snow White is popping out dwarves. Princess Charming can't help but have sex multiple times a day... WHAT IS GOING ON, MIRROR?!"

"You took his youth, and your drive became his
Now you're always dry, and he plagued by lusty fits."

"Wha- wait a minute. Are you saying that while I got his youth, we didn't trade libidos? That fluffy hoar got *both* of our sex drives!?" The queen was groping her tits furiously. For months she had tried to figure out where her body's old erotic thirsts had gone and why no stimulus seemed to

help. "You said I had won. You said I was the fairest of them all. I'm as cold as a corpse in this bed. What am I supposed to do now?"

A Face in the mirror smirked as he viewed his struggling owner.

"You ruined lives and stole their joy

The princess turned dwarf and motherly boy

Though made Matronly or Shrunken Small, you curse seems fairest of them all."

He followed up his speech with a low rolling laugh that went on and on until he was shattered by an airborne dildo and a wicked scream. Some results are just far too hard to reflect on, it seems.



Next, a retelling of Cinderella...