

The Dizzying World of Wizney Presents

Apple of Thine Eye

A Happily Never After
Re-telling of Snow White

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Part 1. The Eighth

The orphaned princess Snow White was at a loss. Since she was a little girl, she had been a pawn in some game she never signed up to play. The princess had been the apple of her parents' eye, but that changed when her mother died, and her father remarried. Her stepmother, the evil queen, had taken her father's throne after he 'mysteriously' died, but apparently, that wasn't enough. The minute the queen had realized Snow had gone from the apple of her father's eye to a beauty all could appreciate, she somehow rationalized Snow had to die.

So the princess ran from the queen and the man her stepmother hired to kill her. She disappeared into life as a maid for some dwarven miners who never cleaned up or bathed, and you would think that would be enough for that crazy bitch to let Snow live in peace, but no. Her stepmother came in disguise and poisoned her, putting her under a sleeping spell that could only be broken by true love. And now Snow wasn't quite sure about the whole true love thing either. The curse was broken easily by the kiss of a man she had met one time. ONE TIME! Really? That's love?! And then Mr. "Charming" was all worked up to get back to *her* kingdom to enjoy it.

That crazy mine train of events had landed her here, using a broom now twice her size, significantly transformed and confused about what to do next. The pint-sized princess thought back to a week ago when everything had changed.

Her stepmother had just disappeared over the side of a cliff. The witnesses said a boulder flattened her, but a body was never recovered. Snow had been brought back to

the waking world by a kiss from prince charming, but that charm had quickly worn off. He was very bossy about returning Snow to her “proper place” and getting married and joining their kingdoms. It was all very exhausting and annoying, especially when he was so demanding yet never lost that broad pristine smile of his.

In a huff, she went back to the cottage of the dwarves one last time to say goodbye, but there was no one to be found. Only a delicious-smelling apple pie. Snow had sworn off apples after the whole curse episode, but this one just smelled so delicious, and it had a card next to it that simply said “Charming.” He must have left it for her as some sort of a present. Well, it wasn’t like she was going to be tricked twice in the same week into eating a dangerous apple. This one must be ok. And so the hungry princess dug into its delicious crispy, flaky cinnamon sugar crust and gooey apple center. All this stress had given her an appetite, and the prince’s gift was really hitting the spo-

gurgle gurgle

The apple landed in her stomach feeling odd and warm, and soon that familiar feeling of a cursed meal was spreading through her body. “Really? Again? Oh dear...” she whimpered and stood up quickly in fear, knocking the plate to the ground. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad? The last curse had hit her instantly, and this, whatever this was, was still working through her system. Perhaps that true love’s saliva was still around protecting her? Her arm violently shook, until with a strong shuddering pop, it crunched down to the length of a child. Where her typically thin, elegant hand should be, was a chubby stump of a limb. Its entire length was what her bicep used to be, and her feminine fingers and hand had turned into a broad, thick palm with sausage-sized digits.

“Help!” She cried, running to the door. Her other hand was vibrating now, and the minute she reached for the handle. Shhhwump! Snow missed it as her reach cut in half, both of her arms now small and... Dwarfish? That was it! Her hands and arms were looking like those of her seven dwarf housemates. Well, not as rough as theirs. They looked more womanly and soft but still very out of place on her body. In the distance, she could hear them singing their end-of-day sang on their way home from work. “I should call to them through the window! They’ll know what to do!” Her high-pitched voice squeaked as she ran to the window, her tiny arms flapping like little chicken wings.

“Dwarves! Dwarves, quickly I need your- *Shwwwwwump pop pop!* She fell to the floor face down. Snow White couldn’t see them under the sea of fabric that was her dress, but she knew her legs had changed. She could feel it. Just like her arms, they had lost most of their length, and their mass had piled up on her rear and hips. She could feel them, much wider with extra cushion tearing her undergarments with its wobbling heft

And size. It was odd to lose so much size in one place only to have it all gathered up in another.

The princess tried to get to her knees as she felt the shivers enter her shoulders and waist. She was completely thrown off by the new shape and length of her limbs, making the push upwards quite tricky. There was so much pressure inside, like her own skin was squeezing her. Fullness entered her face and ribs, making her top both too long for her torso and too tight on it. The minute she stood upright, the door burst open with all seven dwarves tumbling inside the cottage. "Snow, are you alright? We heard you scream and-" But the dwarf's words stopped, and his eyes bulged. Snow felt so full. So much mass was moving, shifting, puffing out her cheeks and... and...

"Eeeeeeeeeaaaah!" Snow howled as flesh that used to be spread over a much taller body found its final resting place in her breasts. Enough mass that her top burst open cleavage surging outward and causing the jaws of every dwarf in the room to drop.

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A week had not been long enough for Snow to adapt to her new form. It had barely been long enough to sew herself a new dress. Seeing her reflection was still shocking. Her beautiful, pale face was now attached to a short, plump body with stubby limbs and squashy curves. Even more overwhelming was walking around at her new diminutive height. She would feel like a child if it wasn't for her very womanly figure. All the furniture they had made for her was now grossly oversized, the chairs and tables too tall, her drawers out of reach, and the bed... well, the giant bed was excellent. All her cleaning tools feeling double their typical size and height, were not so pleasing.

"Damn giant broom." She huffed, sweeping the patio of their tiny little home. "It's not double the size. Everything feels double the work." Snow White's eyes drifted over to the laundry of the seven little men she shared the house with. So much laundry, the old piles of sweaty mining gear were as tall as she was these days. And more flustering still was the smell. It used to be a very stale funky smell, but now that she was a female dwarf, it was very different. All those odd bearded men smelled like a saliva-inducing treat. It made her blush and squirm! And where was her "One true love" now? He never returned. Probably saw her short, plump body and said, "Sorry, not into short damsels," and rode off into the sunset. What was she supposed to do now?

The diminutive princess swept harder and harder, trying to ignore all the brewing sensations and feelings inside, huffing as she shooed squirrels away and tried to ignore

the yummy aroma of those seven dusty dudes making their way back. Would that be the worst thing? To settle down with one of them? Is that how dwarf relationships worked? Do they get married? Would they share her? Why was her mind filled with so many of these t-thoughts. She looked at her broom head. Maybe if she could just do something so she could calm down, then she could figure everything out after a quick release...

