

Snow White.

The True Story.

As related by,

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An **Adult** story of Female Domination.

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The wordsmith sits amongst her voluminous black velvet robes and blue silk and pauses before relating her tale. A mask of ivory, edged with ebony sits easily in her hand. It is the mark of her devotion to the muse Melpomene. She is an older woman, still attractive and alluring despite her fifty years. She sighs as she allows her mind to wander over the details of the saga that she is about to divulge.

She speaks...

Once upon a time a king ruled a small land, north of the Alps, but south of the places where the Vikings blood their sudden axes. The King of this small but pleasant land ruled with a generous heart, dispensing justice with an even hand to rich and poor, titled and peasant. Not every citizen was always happy with their lot, but when they looked over their frontiers at the wars and raids, the plagues and disasters in other lands, they were generally of the opinion that they had been lucky to be born in such a sea of tranquility.

But the king's past was thick with tragedy. His beloved wife had died at the birth of his daughter and he felt bereft of her glowing presence. However, to balance this loss, the star in the crown jewels of his kingdom was his sumptuous daughter. With an alabaster complexion, raven black locks of hair that draped to her waist and a figure that all agreed was most alluring, she filled court life with the rays of her beauty and courtly

disposition. The only lacks that the king had, was a son to take up the burden and responsibility of the kingdom and a wife to make the court ceremonial complete and take the empty space in his bed at night.

So the time came for the king to find a bride. With the security of his realm in mind, he sent emissaries to the neighboring kingdoms near and far announcing that he sought a queen to sit on the throne by his side. Many Kings, Bishops and Princes offered a daughter or niece and sent them to the king to win his heart. They passed through the court and were greeted with grace and favor, but none of them was the woman that he sought. Some were too old to bear children, some were too young to be attractive to a man in his thirties and a few were shrews that complained every portion of the time that they visited his court. The remainder were unsuitable because he needed to find harmony with some other neighboring kingdom that would offer security and friendship.

One sunny day in late autumn, the heralds of yet another suitor for his hand presented themselves in court. Arrived was a Prince of Byzantium representing the power of Rome resurgent in the East. Accompanying him was his entourage of twenty knights and titled relations of the Emperor, senior officers of the famed Varangian Guard. The king greeted them with great favor, for who could resist the power of Rome renascent? Two days later, the niece of the Emperor of Byzantium arrived in great state and fanfare with an escort befitting her importance, beauty and manner.

Dressed in the watered silks of Palermo, the supple leather of Ephesus and the glossy satins of Byzantium itself, she was a bride befitting an Emperor, a representative of Imperial power and arrogance. Thirty years

sat lightly on her shoulders together with her long flowing blonde hair. She had a fierce eastern look that so beguiled the king that he immediately decided that his search for a wife had ended.

Her icy manner did not disturb him, the jeweled whip that she carried in her lace gloved hand was *clearly* an affectation and the high riding boots that she wore lent her an air of authority that he could not deny.

The wedding was one of state. Magnificent and munificent, it lasted for three days of gaiety and dance that ended as the king bore his bride to the marriage bed with great hopes in his heart. It was there, in that field of marital combat that the king discovered that his new queen was a woman who knew not only of the ways of love to beguile him, she rode him like a knight rides a charger. She drained him like a milkmaid squeezes the last drop from the goats and cows and soon she had him devoted under the spell of her stringent and inflexible love.

This was because she was a woman who recognized what she wanted, a woman accustomed to bending men to her will, a woman that knew that the whip and a terse order had its place in the wide field of a king's bed as much as it had on the battlefield where men die screaming as the steel finds their heart. A woman whose object was authority pure, control unabated by law, a woman who understood only *her* superiority.

So the days passed like leaves falling from the trees. They fluttered unnoticed until a winter of corrupted love filled the king's heart. It was not the love that he had had for his former queen. That had been a pure and unsullied thing that was filled with moments of romance and tenderness. *This* love was the love of obsession, the feeding of the crows and the grating noise of battle. But, it had its attractions for the king, as

he bent gradually under the strong hand of his lordly wife. While she wielded the whip in their bed and rode him to culmination with her boots on; while she chained him to the four-poster that had witnessed the conception of his fair daughter, he thrust into her sumptuous body. All the while, the spurs on her boots gouged his thighs as he screamed with his infatuated passion.

While the king lay under the spell of his Greek bride, as he fell into her potent spell of violent love, the court missed its king. As he lay sleeping with exhaustion from exhilarating floggings that his wife had administered, she ruled his court with a rod of iron. Gone were the balanced judgments of the concerned king, gone were the ceremonials that were inclusive of all citizens and gone was the ear of the king who always had had time to attend to all petitioners.

The new queen, dressed in black leather and with her jeweled whip in her hand administered justice. She was a dark eminence that created favorites in the court and promoted those who were grasping and avaricious. No peasant was ever accorded justice, this was subsumed to the lords of the land who could now administer the law as they wished. Whim and caprice ruled as the queen expanded her power and ensured that no whisper of her comportment reached the ear of the king. Torture chambers that had been filled with the dust of unuse and the spider webs of vacancy became inhabited by the servants of corrupt justice.

The queen took an extraordinary interest in the methods used to extract confessions and so added refinements that she felt increased the loquacity of those who would not betray their friends and family. She spent long hours amusing herself with the persuasions of the rack, the

swelling pear and the iron maiden as she enjoyed her nights making sure that her enemies suffered as she decided they should.

So, you may ask, what was the king doing in this troubled time of his kingdom? Why did he not rise from his bed and dispense the justice that he was famed for, far and wide? How was it that this Byzantine Queen, his wife, could govern with such a free hand? The answer lay in the nature of the spell that she had woven about his psyche. It was the drugs that she administered and the games that she played in his bed. Games of dissolute loving that were performed when he was fit to perform, centering on her own waxing pleasures in pain and power. She laid the whip on the royal flesh with a will. Soon it was the only way that the king could experience a climactic pleasure from her body. She addicted him not just to the pleasures of pain and degenerate flesh. She introduced philters and potions into his food and drink, so that he lay in a haze of confusion where the only person that he could bear to see was his naïve daughter and his immoral wife.

Soon the Queen took a lover. A base man who had lost his titles in years gone by for his maleficent treatment of his serfs. He was a man for whom the paths of pleasure and agony ran parallel and in close proximity. She did not treat this squalid lord as she did the king and pursue him through the silk sheets with a whip in her hand, but instead she and her lover cavorted in the presence of the screams of their victims as they were racked with the pain of the torturers glowing irons. A bed they installed in the deepest dry dungeon of the castle, a bed where the rhythm of their love-making chimed with the moans of those that labored on the racks.

Called from the dank depths of the bottle cells and the iron barred holding pens, their victims were brought to suffer in the bed while the

Queen and her new consort played their games of sexual passion and anguish. Fluids spurted into the open mouths of those victims, their parts were used for the delight of the Queen and the female victims were penetrated with gross indignity by her vicious devotee. The whip that adorned the king's cringing and needy flesh was used to add piquant highlights to the base servitude, the cancerous perversity that the Queen always required to come to the heights of gratification that she craved. Finally those victims were branded with the mark of slavery and sold to those others that need such victims to feed their sexual appetites.

In the midst of this descent of the court into a web of fearful glances, toadying praise, blackmailed servitude and sexual horror was the royal princess. She was offspring of the former Queen and found herself ever more estranged from her beloved subjects as well as the king, her father. She tried to speak to him, to wake him from his malaise, but the Queen took delight in showing her how powerless her father had become. A moaning shadow of his former proud self. A man who craved the whip, who longed to suck the teats and sex of the Queen who had dissolved his former self. A man who in his delirium believed that his daughter was just another whore presented to him by his iniquitous queen.

One day the princess was stopped in the shadow of the pillars in the royal gardens and shown a piece of paper that had already been presented to the king to sign and confirm. It was a parchment roll that explained that the princess had taken a lover. It was written that he was a gross criminal who murdered the victims of his rapes with the princess' exultant assent. This warrant was but a copy, the original had already been signed. The princess was soon to be constrained and imprisoned. A second paper was filled with the plans that the Queen had for her rival in the court. A list of imagined, but to be realized, tortures,

rapes and assaults that would be inflicted on her until at last she was ready to be blinded and handed as amusement to the Queen for her vicious erotic pleasures in the vast bed of agony where so many had already met their doom.

Her heart almost stopped when she realized that the king, her father, had himself signed the order for her arrest and doom. So it was that she found her charger, stuffed her bag with jewels and fled the court that had become a hell of perversity and debauchery. For long hours her trusty charger rolled up the miles of her flight until, at last, it was foamed and breathless with their escape. She pushed it on through the night, galloping past its reserves, but it loved her so that it ran with no complaint until its great heart burst and the stallion suddenly stood still and then sank to its knees in awkward death. Even in death it did not throw her, so great was its affection for the raven haired princess, it just neighed a last farewell and rolled over lifeless, allowing her to step from its still warm body unharmed.

At the edge of the vast forest, the Teutoburger Wald that had seen Roman armies march into its gloomy shade and never return, the Princess stood uncertain of her next step. With melancholy in her thoughts and heaviness in her heart she decided to enter that forest of aged oaks and seek escape, even though she knew that wild beasts like the hungry wolf and the evil wild boar took their shade under its branches.

For days she journeyed without incident, seeking wild berries to sustain her hopes and fill her belly as she wandered ever further into the heart of the murkiness of those vast trees. The level branches of the trees were her bed and the fresh trickles of water in streams were her wine. In the

night she heard the cries of the wolves and the blundering nighttime quests of the black bears. During the day she suffered the bites of the horseflies and the damp of the light rains that descended drop by glittering drop through the canopy of green far above her head, until one day she came into a clearing that was festooned with vines, the first that she had encountered. As she stood in the pale sunlight she heard the sound of song that penetrated into the glade and wondered what men could inhabit such a forlorn landscape.

A short man entered the clearing and stopped in confusion at the tattered woman who stood before him. She asked him kindly if he was of the forest and he replied that he was but a miner who smelted gold and silver, dug for gems and precious ores in the heart of this vast forest.

So it was that the princess found a home, a place of warm hearth and welcome that was to become a home for a while. Seven men there were, who worked together to mine the riches of the earth. Riches that had lain since the world was created by the gods of yore. In their house they lived and slept, in the open mine that they dug, they gathered the bounties of the earth.

The princess tarried a day and then another until they saw that she could cook and work for them for a meal a day and the comfort of their beds. They were hungry for her body as well as the fine provisions that she could cook. So they passed her from one to the next at night until all had had their fill of her luscious pleasures. In her dejection and hopelessness she complied with their wishes and allowed them to penetrate her body for their gratification and then awoke each morn to cook meals and prepare the house to be a fit place for them. The work during the day was arduous as they drove her to create an Eden for them. The work at

night was no less trying as they fed her on their emissions and found places to penetrate that she had never imagined could bring a man such pleasure.

The miners named her Snow White because of the purity of her beauty, the clearness of her skin and the snow that they covered her with at night, until her complexion was smooth and clear. Months passed as Snow White served her masters, the miners of the Teutoburger Wald. She became accustomed to their attentions and came to love the unceasing pleasure that was to be had from their strong arms as they held her fast and showed her that they were men who knew how to take what they wanted from a woman. The taste of them between her lips, the way that they filled all of her cavities with such strong thrusts, became a pleasure until she realized that she was lucky to be the lover of not just one man, but the debauched paramour of seven.

All the while that the princess hid in the forest and learned to satisfy her new owners, the Queen searched for her rival. She knew that she had to destroy the princess utterly if she was to be sure to keep her grip on the man who had been king, though he was now but a slave chained to her bedpost. So the Queen sent out riders, hunters and searchers to find the errant Snow White. Months passed and the Queen started to believe the urgings of her lover that indeed the princess had died on some lonely meadow or hillock, or perhaps had drowned in some river or stream where the wolves feasted now on her carcass.

One man only did not give up the search. A hunter by trade as well as inclination. He supposed that the rewards would be great and the queen would pay him handsomely should he find the princess. As he wandered and searched he imagined spending all the gold that he was certain to

receive when he presented the princess in chains to the queen. Finally he came across the wolf-ravaged remains of the princess' horse. The trappings and accoutrements half hidden by the flowers and grasses growing through the whitened bones and so he knew that the princess had entered the dark woods just to the west. But, the trail was cold and even his skills at tracking the wild beasts of the kingdom could not lead him to her final destination. So, he searched the less overgrown edges of the forest before returning to the city and preparing for a more thorough exploration of the forest and its hidden denizens.

All the while the queen gathered the traces of the kingdom in her cruel hand. Executions and vanishings of the king's loyal citizens proceeded apace, as the dungeons filled with those who spoke out against her pitiless rule. No longer did she visit the king in his bed. In her stead she sent men and women to the shackled king. These whores exalted in their new power over a king.

The king that no longer ruled his kingdom. He repeatedly signed the warrants that condemned his faithful followers to doom in the oubliettes and dank chambers that served as anterooms for their demise at the hands of the queen. There some of these victims were cruelly branded with her mark and broken, ready for the slave markets in Byzantium and Damascus to serve as playthings for the rich and dissolute Greeks of the east. Others were prepared for her bed, a place of cruel torments where she rode the men as they too were marked by the white hot iron of torment. She milked them of their essences for her immense gratification. As she screamed with unassuaged lust they expired between her thighs or perhaps survived to fail later at the next spiteful phase of their downfall. Some were blinded to end their lives in mewling darkness while others were rendered incomplete and flensed by the

torturers that haunted the darkness as they fulfilled their erotic fantasies of cruelty and mercilessness.

As the dungeons filled and the slave coffles were marched to the south, the court itself became but a parody of its former glory. Former feast days became orgies of perversion where wine and delicacies were laced with the noxious fruit of mushrooms that bent those who consumed them towards corruptions of the soul and comportment. Women were exalted over men and carried out rapes and mutilations on the men that they toyed with while the queen presided over feasts of the flesh that cast those of Nero and Caligula into the shade. Every degenerate and every pervert who sought out the court was granted power over those who were to be raped and defiled.

The queen discovered treachery and betrayal in every deed and word. Her former lover, the captain of the torturers guild found himself committed to the dungeons that he had formerly presided over. His body tattooed with foul inscriptions and thus he performed his duty as pleasure toy to the queen with reluctant ardor. Used to satisfy her deviant erotic urges he squirmed on her silk and lace sheets as she rode him for hours with her mocking laughter ringing in his ears and her whip in her lace bedecked hand.

The queen took a woman as her new master torturer. Red haired and gross with broad rolls of fat, the new mistress of the dungeons proved to be more imaginative than the queen herself. The small razor sharp stiletto blade that she carried sought out vulnerable flesh as she passed her charges fettered to the dank walls. Men feared to be called to her bed and very few returned whole.

Meanwhile the hunter, fully prepared for his search, entered the Teutoburger Forest to search for the princess. She was now the last hope for the kingdom that she should inherit as queen, but he was interested only in the phantom of a reward in gold should he find her. He searched the forest with an iron will. He traced the tracks of those who lived there out of fear of the queen and entered many a mean shack to search for the woman who he knew would bring him that reward. Finally, one fine day after many months under the eaves of the forest he came across a vast pit in which worked seven brawny men who scraped at the bones of the earth to uncover its riches. A nearby house stood in the clearing, a log built cabin where flowers bloomed from window boxes and birds sported in the thatch of the reeded roof.

As he watched from the concealment of the forest he heard the rattle of a bronze chain and then the squeak of the door opening and he knew that he had indeed found the object of his search. Chained to a post in the small dwelling she stood naked in the light of morning and attended to her menial tasks. Raven ringlets adorned her head, swelling hips and narrow waist flowered into fulsome breasts, white skin, pale in the sunrise, was marked with the names of her owners in tattoos of henna and wode. Rings of gold dangled from those pale pink nipples and the soft split between her thighs. Between these glittering rings of gold, hung fine chains that moved and glistened as she stirred. A slave she was, but also a princess, a servitor in the beds of the miners, but with a delicate stance that suggested tantalizing royalty and satisfaction with her lot.

The hunter recognized his inability to take her from these men and so reluctantly he withdrew into the forest to consider his choices. Should he attempt abduction, a capture of this prize or should he just return to tell the queen that he had found her quarry?

That night he crept to the window of the house to observe the conduct of its inhabitants and he saw that the princess was passed from bed to bed as her owners assuaged their carnal desires. She stooped over one bed and gave her mouth to the weapon of one of the men as the others stood in a row to enjoy her flesh from behind. One by one they entered her royal flesh. Some taking the tauter way, others choosing to use her as a man should use a woman. Until at last she had satisfied them fully and was chained to the wall to spend the night awaiting further erotic use as the essences that they had introduced into her appealing form leaked and cascaded from the places where they had been infused.

At long last, after much thought, the hunter made the fateful decision to peddle his information to the queen for the pile of buttery gold that he so desired. He made the mistake that so many men make when they seek to bargain with the devil incarnate. The error of thought that suggests that a covenant can be made with those that are beyond ruthless and that unguarded knowledge can be traded for wherewithal without undue risk.

The court was in session, the queen presiding over her subjects with pitiless candor. Finally came the time when informers, spies and those with someone to betray usually came forward to reveal the words that they had heard in the dark or merely invented to gain the estates of the condemned. The hunter stepped forward and uttered his arrangement, the locality of the princess for a reward fitting for such betrayal. Expecting a hearing, he uttered his fateful words while the queen fondled her favorite whip. A length of rawhide interwoven with thorns of diamond and blades of iron that was still rusty with the blood of the last use.

Scarcely before his words had ceased to echo in the stone hall he was taken into custody and fetters were clapped to his wrists and ankles. The queen, a great believer in the veracity of words spoken under duress, was not inclined to pay her new servant for his knowledge. Instead she planned to enjoy the squeezing of words from unwilling lips and gain not just the satisfaction of his slavery to her lust, but also the final conclusion to the threat to her dominance. Screaming and tearful the hunter was tossed into an oubliette in preparation for the queen's personal attentions as she drew her own blood from her hands by pulling the cords of her whip through her fingers in her anger.

That night the hunter discovered the faithlessness of queens. Naked and in tight chains that constricted his limbs he was bound spread-eagled to her bed as she cooed over his helplessness. Not one to forgo the pleasure of the degradation of others she sat by the bed on her golden throne as she asked him where the princess had sought sanctuary. The hunter supposed that he could still sell his thoughts and refused her the words that she wished to hear, so she called another man from a dank cell and ordered him to teach the hunter the meaning of perverse love. The sight of the hunter being taught this bitter lesson so inflamed her desires that the queen moaned and satisfied herself as the hunter was penetrated. Then the hunter was forced to implore the other prisoner to repeat the assault, this time using his traitorous mouth to satisfy that steaming manhood.

At last the game was played out and the queen called in her chief of all the torturers, the woman who delighted in inflicting agonies on the men under her authority. Her muscles moved under her oiled skin and the layer of fat that bulked her body. An iron brand was heated to white heat

and laid on the hunter's flesh with precision as he finally told the queen what she wished of him. In bitter recrimination of his own foolishness he found himself part of a coffle that was to be passed to the Sultan of Bagdad who was in need of men to serve as casual harlots to the officers of his guard.

The next morning the queen gathered a small guard and rode in state to the forest of Teutoburg. She intended to seek the miners and relieve them of their plaything to enable her to clench her fist around the kingdom like a woman's hand squeezes a sponge of the last of its water. But, even the intentions of queens can carry awry! In the forest of the Teutoburger Wald the small attendant parade of guards was attacked by the thieves and cutthroats that she herself had generated from the escaped lords of her kingdom. Her horse bolted with alacrity and carried her to safety, but she was lost in the forest as the horse broke a leg in the burrow of some small animal of the woods and she was alone.

For a day she wandered under the dark green cloak of that forest, unknowing as to her direction and unable to determine the path of the sun as it was covered by that umbra of oak leaves. Finally she stumbled on an open meadow with a large digging in the center and she recognized the place that the hunter had described in his agony. She saw her quarry, forced to do the demeaning chores of the men, emptying the privies and clipping the beautiful roses that climbed over the eaves of the house. But, she was not able to capture her prey for the same reason that the hunter had chosen to avoid a conflict with the miners. So she retreated into the forest and planned her strategies, knowing that guile and cunning would make up for lack of brawn and strength.

She gathered apples, rosy on one side and green on the other and then she sought out mushrooms that she had knowledge of to concoct her ruse. All night she prepared the poisoned fruit that would render her victims incapable as he steeped the apples in the juices of the mushrooms and rubbed the skins of the apples to persuade them to soak up the deadly elixir that she had prepared. Finally she was finished and in the early light before the dawning of the sun she laid the apples in a small pile on the step of the house. Each apple was fair, green and red. Each was a choice treat for hungry lips just as each had a film of toxic brew invisibly dried to its peel.

From her vantage in the forest the queen watched the princess open the door, notice the apples and then pick them up. So confused was she by the early morning erotic demands of her owners that she did not consider the gift of the forest strange, but bore the fruit into the house as a repast for her masters. The queen waited until the sun had risen fully over the horizon before she crept to the window of the house to discover what outcome her ruse had borne. Sure enough, most all of the inhabitants of the house had succumbed to the delirium-inducing effects of the tampered apples. All except the princess who stood holding the chain by which her ankles were affixed to the wall. All the miners lay prostrate on the cold slate floor, insensible and uncaring of events around them.

The queen entered the house with a feeling of undeniable triumph that quickly turned to anger when she realized that she could not find the key to the lock which bound the princess' fetters to the brass staple set deep into the wall. She had planned to take the princess into her care, lead her out of the forest and inflict grievous punishments upon her for daring to run from the punishment that she so richly deserved.

For a moment the queen considered using a knife to end the princess' life, but she realized that the smell of the blood that would surely gush upon her own clothes would bring all the nighttime wolves to her trail. The miners lay insensible, dead to the world and so the queen thought that the poison that she had so carefully prepared had killed them. So she forced the princess to eat one of the remaining apples in the sure knowledge that this would end forever the threat to her control of the kingdom.

Her grim work done and satisfaction blooming in her heart, the queen gathered food and a cloak from the house and made her way back into the forest, little knowing that the denizens of the house were not in fact dead, but simply insensible with the effects of the noxious drug.

The queen took the measure of the sun rising above the trees and headed east with a long sure stride. Despite the thwarting of her devious and degenerate plans to enjoy the attentions of the princess under the threat and actuality of torture for her own personal gratification, her heart was lightened by her small victory and she was in good heart as she emerged from the forest the next day. She found a small party of her knights searching for her at the edge of the trees. So she was able to enter her castle in state and continue her depravities with the sure and certain knowledge that no one could thwart her rule, her pleasure or her commands.

And so it went...

The queen tightened her grip on the kingdom, the king awoke one day in his own dungeons to discover that he was to be confined in a cage like an

animal to be released every night for the base use of both prisoners and his tormenters under the laughing countenance of the wicked queen.

Deep in a simulacrum of a perverted kingdom within the dungeons of the castle, the obese chief torturer reigned as Empress divine in her own right. She sat on her throne of naked men with her hard boots resting on the backs of young girls as she dispensed agonies, miseries, sufferings and anguish on her unwilling subjects.

In the forest, in the house of the miners it went badly for the princess. The men blamed her for their being poisoned and did not listen to her pleas of mercy as they justly beat her for her delinquency. In this they were well within their rights because she was but a vessel for their use, an instrument of pleasure and a mere chattel in their eyes and according to their rules. Princess no longer, they branded her to mark her as their own. A trivial marking of property with a white hot iron on the delicate skin of that small triangle that lies just above a woman's sex.

Finally the miners decided that since their slave was not suitable for any use but to please them as they willed. They decided that she would be better confined where they could use her as and when they willed. So, they fashioned a box of crystal to keep her in. They sealed it, leaving just a few small openings so that they could feed her and use her as they willed as the moment seemed right. They decked her with gold and gems and then closed the glass coffin with a level of craftsmanship that has seldom been seen in the land since Athens fell to Alexander and Corinth fell to Mummius.

The months passed, fluttering by like the wind-blown pages of a book in the cold north wind. Every life seemed in a comfortable stasis. The

princess, sealed in her glass coffin, suffering the attentions of the men who so needed relief after their long hours working in the mine. The queen, exultant in her power, using her whip to prove her authority and the king who learned that a man can pierce another man in lust, pining them screaming them to the bed. Women can enjoy their own vile rapes and can also enjoy penetrating a man with blunt articles of ivory, wood and steel.

A year after the princess had been locked in her glass prison she noticed a small crack in the glass. A mirrored sliver in the crystal that ran from a corner to the hole through which she was fed and watered. She tapped the glass and was surprised to see that the sliver grew and extended under her tapping. Hope sprang in her heart and she realized that fortune had smiled on her; perhaps she might escape her prison? Tapping blows, instant thumps of her small fists caused the crack to extend until the crystal shattered silently into a thousand sparkling shards. Almost confused by her outrageous luck, Snow White climbed from the wreck of her prison and stood on legs unused to standing. She reeled from the house in the hearing of the picks and shovels of the men who had used her so ruthlessly and disappeared into the trees with never a backward glance at the place that she had spent a year in terrible abused bondage.

Snow White was but a faded waif wending her way between the gnarled and ancient trunks of the grey oaks.

At this point, dear reader, you will imagine that this tale, terrible as it has been for so many of the characters who inhabit its telling, is on a slow

trajectory towards an ending in which the princess frees her father and puts the evil queen to the sword as is traditional in parables of this nature. I have the pleasure, however, to tell the tale as it actually happened and not as those of you with soft, generous souls would find fulfilling. For the end is one of quite a different nature, an ending that sours the psyche and blasts the spirit. But, I am constrained by the actuality of the scenes that actually took place and not some fairy tale in which the good triumph against all odds. In which the evildoers become but compost for the next year's crops. Those that tell the tale otherwise, like the brothers Grimm and that Frenchman Perrault and their ilk, have sadly tried to massage the emotions of their readers with untruths and falsehoods. Sugar coated distortions of the human spirit. For this is a history and not a fable, a tale or a fairy story. This is the blunt rusted steel edge of real life that haunts us all and shows no mercy to the weak, despite their righteous suffering.

A week of footsore travelling, sustained by berries, roots and acorns that swelled her belly until at last Snow White stumbled from the forest and fell prostrate by the door of a woodsman's humble shack in a delirium. There she found a refuge of sorts as the woodsman's wife took her in and nursed her on their bed. She was sleeping when the woodsman came home from his daily travails in the forest. He was a chopper of the boughs of the trees and a maker charcoal in mounds of slow burning wood with a covering of clay.

He looked at the fair woman that fate had brought his way and felt a sinful lust that almost overwhelmed him. The gold chains and rings, the pale complexion and fair face that demanded his attention. The woodsman's wife stood in silent assent as he covered the princess with

his body and woke her with the thrusts of his manhood pushing into her vulnerable body. As the princess weakly tried to escape the torment of being filled by the man pinning her to the bed, she could see the woodsman's wife standing relishing the circumstance that she might no longer have to put up with his crude rapes because of the substitute that now filled the marriage bed. In a few short minutes he was drained and withdrew leaving the abused princess limp on the stained sheets. His wife fetched the chains that they used for their dog and affixed their new slave to the bed. Then the woodsman's wife detached all the gold and gems from Snow White's body and passed them to her husband.

A new phase in the princess' life began; a new oppression in which, by night, she served the lusts of the woodsman when he returned from his work and by day she drudged as a maid for the woodsman's wife. It was, she reflected, better than her time in the crystal coffin of the miners. So she began to recover in body and spirit even though the woodsman's wife soon began to enjoy a more intimate erogenous service in the afternoons. An erotic servitude that came with sharp canings for failing to please the shameless woman with the zeniths of bliss that she demanded from her maid.

Eventually, as in all things, the wife of the woodsman tired of the princess as did her husband. Beauty has its attractions, but power over a slave soon loses its shine and the wicked couple started to consider selling their reluctant servant. For though Snow White never cried out and never resisted their advances, the princess had become indolent and lethargic and never showed the requisite enthusiasm that their erotic activities demanded. The woodsman had spent the gold on wine and stronger and his wife kept nagging him to sell their slave in order that she could buy some fine clothes.

Thus it was that a nobleman passed the woodsman's hut to ask directions. On his fine caparisoned horse and with an axe strapped to his back he noticed the beauty of the princess and asked her provenance. The sale proceeded with alacrity and he rode to the city with his new purchase on a long halter walking behind.

As we know, fate has a great part to play in our lives. It is an impartial force that makes itself felt through coincidence and chance, neither for good nor for evil. It is simply mankind's expression for circumstance and accidental happenings that are incidental and ever fluctuating, ever mutable and capricious.

So it happened that as the nobleman and his pitiful captive came to the town a great fete was in progress. Adults and children, nobles and artisans, men and women were gathered for the festival of light, when the day has ceased waxing and the night is waning no more. To celebrate this inexorable changing of the seasons, the queen had decided that a beheading and tormenting of her rivals and challengers to her swelling power would be appropriate to show the cowed mass of her subjects that her rule was incontestable. Every hour until sundown a victim was to be brought forth from the oubliettes and cages under the castle and dealt with by her cadre of tormentors, the final sufferer being the king himself!

Into this crowd arrived the nobleman and his unlucky captive. A rough shift covered Snow White's body and her long hair swept down her back as the nobleman stopped to admire the torment that was being inflicted on an Earl who had refused to give up his son for the queen's amusement. As they watched from the back of that muttering crowd a fanfare broke the chattering and the queen appeared on a charger, surrounded by her guards. Ermine and the fur of leopard adorned her body, fluttering occasionally in the breeze to reveal her naked and sumptuous body beneath. A pearl circlet was on her brow and her lace gloved hand bore her favorite whip. On her shapely legs were boots of soft girl's skin and around her neck were chains of gold with gems that sparkled like blood freshly shed. Red stained lips pouted, as she admired the use of the bitter instruments of torture that were being applied to the man who had not done her bidding.

The queen happened to glance to the side and saw the nobleman and his slave. For a moment she simply admired the figure and form of the raven headed woman. As fate would have it, Snow White turned to look up at her nemesis and recognition shone like a ray of the setting sun through the mind of the queen.

What aforementioned fate had decided and fortune determined, came to pass and the queen took possession of the one person she most desired to have in her power. The nobleman found himself staring upwards at the dim flickering light of torches through the opening in his bottle dungeon while the princess was confined in a cage at the foot of her enemy's bed.

It now remains, dear reader, to bring to a conclusion the histories of the characters that have populated this history of the kingdom. The tale tells of the futility of fighting providence, for, when the three norns decide to cut the strands of the web of a person's path through life, they do so with a small snick of their mistletoes-handled silver blades with finality that no individual or divinity can undo. The tale has a moral, no matter how others have tried to twist the history with false significance. The moral is that women rule more fiercely than men and that resisting them is futile.

The nobleman who stared upward from his prison at the flickering of torches, hearing only the cries of the victims of the hell in which he was confined, was forgotten, as all insignificant people are. One day the prison guard simply stopped lowering food and sustenance to his already starving frame and he ceased to live. He expired, neglected and ignored, with a small sigh of breath that signified his last words. It was heard only by the spiders and earwigs that infest the deeps of dungeons as they carried on their lives unaffected by his demise.

The woodsman and his wife discovered an important truth. That they missed the female slave that had been theirs for a while and regretted selling her in a fit of sheer tedium. In a short while they bought a young man as a slave, to help the woodsman do the work that was increasingly becoming beyond his capabilities due to his constant drinking. The woodsman took the rest of the coins from the nobleman and spent them on strong drink, so his wife never got to experience the fine clothes that she had longed for. One bright morning, the day after a bout of intemperate drinking that left him insensible and comatose, his wife smothered her insensible husband with a pillow so that she could be

more often with her young slave and spend more time enjoying erotic exercises that sent her into raptures of sensual pleasure.

Deep in the forest of Teutoburg, the seven miners continued their quest for riches. They gathered gems and refined gold, never realizing that they had riches enough for a fuller life. They did not understand the manner of departure of their little love mannequin and returned to pleasuring each other as they had done before her arrival. One day a passing troop of Frankish troops captured them and uncovered the hoard that they had accumulated. To cover their crime they cruelly murdered the miners and left the small house in the glade a smoking ruin. This hoard of gold and gems passed to their king, in part anyway, and became newly forged scepters, swords and a delicate crown that was placed on his head in a ceremony in Rome as he became the new Emperor of the West.

The unfortunate king of the kingdom was already a shattered man. His manhood stripped from him in a delightfully trivial game in the queen's bed the night before. He died in a stupor of agony on a stake. Nearby was the brazier that supplied the white hot irons that finally expunged the last thoughts in his royal head. Wielded by that odious Empress of the dark, the queen's chief tortures. The king died on the very night that Snow White first awoke to the queen's tender mercies, chained to her bed. The last thing that the king saw was the beautiful queen that he had married. The last thing that he ever heard was her dainty laughter as his sight faded. As he died he was cursed by the people who had loved his justice and integrity. They hated and blamed for all the doings of his wife, the queen of pain. It was indeed a fitting end for a monarch that failed his people.

The fate of the princess, foreordained by the fates, was to become the mannequin of the woman who had become her nemesis. It would not be unjust to say that the role of plaything to so many men during her captivity was a thousand times gentler than the touch of the queen. The queen used all of her considerable skill and expertise to create a delicious bauble from her that was the final artistic creation in a long career in the conception of anguish. The queen nursed the princess back to the full bloom of health with gentle words and gestures, generous actions and gifts of nourishment that would allow her to exact a perfect revenge on the princess that had challenged her sovereignty by trying to escape her malevolent clutches. Like a mother she dripped honey in word and deed, like a friend she nurtured and restored, until there remained just the striking off of the fetters and chains that bound Snow White living in the small room at the top of the tower that was her prison. But, that was not to be! No! All the while she showed false fondness, the queen rubbed her hands in glee and prepared for the final dénouement that would be her most creative stroke. The queen sent to her home city of Byzantium for masters in the art of medicine and sought as far as Egypt for the men who had the knowledge of the frail human physique.

Finally, when all was ready, Snow White was flensed of her shapely limbs in one evening as the birds chanted their evensong and the peasants returned to their dwellings with melody in their hearts. Shapely legs like carved ivory and slender arms like willow branches were detached with the skill of ten centuries until all that was left on the queen's bed for her erogenous pleasure was those broad shapely hips, those perfectly formed alabaster breasts and a face that could not cry out because Snow White's voice had been seared from her very throat. Furthermore, what remained for the queen's enjoyment were those full lips that could

satisfy her mistress and the delicate openings of Snow White's body that could be filled by the queen's latest paramours or simulacrum of manhood as the queen pleased herself with her own long fingered hands or caused the princess to kiss the bud between her strong thighs.

So the queen in turn nurtured and tormented the princess, making Snow White devoted to her and then suddenly causing the acid sting of pain and fear to bewilder her little amatory plaything. A subtle work that both perplexed and confused Snow White until, eventually, twisted love was what emerged. Like a distorted perfect bloom which flowers from a damaged bud. This, then, was the final fate of Snow White, to become an adornment in the queen's pleasure-bed for her perpetual enjoyment. A reminder of the queen's dominion on which she could expend her most guileful erotic torments, night after night, day after day as the years wended along their slow course.

After many years, the queen died peacefully in her sleep, her cruel whip in her aged hand, her amatory plaything mewling quietly by her side, in a fit of grief that her cruel mistress had passed away. Tears of sympathy that the queen's callous passion had passed away from the world and would torment no more.

The kingdom itself was subsumed first by the Franks and then swept clean by the hordes of wild horse-borne Magyars that followed and so the story of Snow White faded to become just an endearing fairy tale, as the real history of those times faded into the pages of the Dark Ages that followed. Like ink finally fading on a Pergamum parchment until just irrelevancies are discernible to the learned scholar.

The End

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