Enchanted

Nancy Madore

Published by MIRA Books

Please note that this extract contains scenes of an adult nature

All text is copyright of the author

This opening extract is exclusive to Love**reading**.
Please print off and read at your leisure.

Erotic Bedtime Stories for Women

Beauty and the Beast	9
Bluebeard	31
Cat and Mouse	45
Cinderella	71
East of the Sun and West of the Moon	93
Goldilocks and the Three Barons	115
Mirror on the Wall	129
Mrs Fox	149
Snow White in the Woods	169
The Empress' New Clothes	185
The Goose Girl	199
The Sheep in Wolves' Clothing	219
The Ugly Duckling	237


Snow White
in the Woods

Once upon a time there lived a king and queen who had everything they wanted—except a child. On cold winter evenings they would sit contentedly near the cozy hearth, the queen with her needlepoint and the king watching her, while both discussed the day's events. But every now and then, the queen would halt all activity to stare out the window at the falling snow, and there she would gaze, having completely forgotten her unfinished sentence or her needle suspended in midair. Her husband knew well what it was that arrested her attention on these occasions; she was envisioning their child.

On one such evening, the queen accidentally pricked her finger with her sewing needle. A bright red drop of blood appeared and, as the queen stared at it, she sighed deeply and murmured, "If only I could have a daughter with lips as red as this blood, skin as white as the snow outside and hair as black as the coal that burns in the fire!"

Within a year the queen's wish came to pass, and the happy couple were blessed with a daughter who had lips as red as blood, skin as white as snow and hair as black as coal. They called her Snow White.

The queen died shortly after the birth of her daughter, and a few years later her husband remarried. His new wife made a beautiful queen, and the three lived together happily for a time. But before Snow White was ten years of age her father died also, leaving her to be raised by her stepmother. The woman was kind to the child at first, but with each year that passed Snow White became more and more beautiful and, by degrees, her stepmother, who was aging and fearful of losing her own beauty, began to resent her. One day, the queen abruptly stopped the supply of beautiful gowns and other adornments that Snow White was accustomed to, and forced her to labor in the kitchen. But even in rags, Snow White's beauty could not be ignored, and to her stepmother, who was plagued day and night by the fear of losing her beauty, it seemed as if Snow White were growing more beautiful for the sole purpose of tormenting her.

Finally the queen could endure Snow White's presence no longer, so she had a servant take her away with instructions to put her to death. But the gentle servant did not harm Snow White. Instead, he took her far away into the woods and warned her of the queen's intentions. Snow White was terrified, but the servant assured her that only a short distance farther she would find a small cottage belonging to seven kind little men who lived together in the wood. The dwarfs, he promised, would keep her safe.

When the servant left her, Snow White was alone for the first time in her life. The woods were filled with strange noises, and she rushed about in search of the dwarfs' cottage. She

wound her way deeper and deeper into the woods until, at length, she reached a small bungalow that could be none other than the home of the dwarfs, for the doorway was so short as to oblige Snow White to bend in order to enter through it.

With curiosity now overriding her fears, Snow White knocked several times on the small door. Realizing the dwarfs must be out, and impatient to see inside the little hut, she opened the door and let herself in.

Once inside, there remained no doubt that this was indeed the cottage of the dwarfs, for there were seven little chairs around the kitchen table, and seven place settings upon the table, and so forth. As Snow White advanced farther into the cottage, she beheld seven little chairs in a quaint little sitting room and, farther on, seven neatly made little beds in the bedroom. *What sort of men are these?* she wondered.

Now, the seven dwarfs were really seven handsome princes who had been placed under an evil spell by an angry witch. The spell, in addition to making the princes very small in stature, also caused each of them to be afflicted with a malady of sorts, so that one was plagued by continuous fits of sneezing, another by chronic sleepiness, another still by a sour disposition, and so on. Seeing no relief from their wretched situation, the princes left polite society to live quietly together in the woods, where eventually they came to be known by the characteristics they were given from the curse, so that they were called Sneezy, Sleepy, Grumpy, Happy, Dopey, Bashful and Doc. Such were the circumstances of the dwarfs when they made the acquaintance of Snow White later that evening.

From their very first meeting, Snow White was charmed by the dwarfs and felt quite safe residing with them in their lit-

tle bungalow in the woods. And as for the prince-dwarfs, they each fell deeply in love with Snow White. Nothing she did failed to please them, and they doted on her in every single thing that she wished. In no time at all they became the best of friends.

Now it happened one evening that the prince-dwarfs overheard Snow White crying in her bed. Alarmed, they rushed to her side and begged her to tell them the cause of her distress. After much prodding, Snow White finally confessed her loneliness to the dwarfs, and told them of her deepest desire for a prince of her own to love. This declaration saddened the dwarfs greatly; but Doc suddenly announced that he knew a remedy for Snow White.

"What is it?" she asked.

Doc did not answer her question, asking her instead, "Do you trust your devoted dwarfs, Snow White?"

"Of course!" she cried.

"Lie down and close your eyes, then, and we shall see," he continued.

Snow White complied, and at length she felt the hands of all seven of the little men upon her body, lifting her nightdress and alighting on her bare skin.

Snow White gasped and jumped up from the bed. Whatever she had expected, it was certainly not that!

"Things are not always as they appear, dearest Snow White," advised Doc. "But we can do little to help until you are able to trust us."

And with that he and his six companions left Snow White alone with her misery.

The incident was quickly forgotten, and once again the friendship between the eight blossomed. But Snow White was still plagued in the evenings with an aching loneli-

ness, and one night her sobs were once again heard by the dwarfs.

They rushed to Snow White's side with inquiries and entreaties. She again explained her melancholy wish for a prince of her own to love. And once again, Doc made the claim that he knew a cure.

"Please, tell me!" cried Snow White.

"Do you trust your faithful dwarfs?" he asked her.

"Yes!" she swore.

"Then lie back and close your eyes," he instructed.

Snow White did this, and within seconds she once again felt the small hands of all seven men upon her body. She gasped and jumped up. *What on earth could they be thinking?* she wondered.

"Be calm, for we could never harm you, Snow White," Doc quieted her, adding sadly, "it is enough that you still do not trust us."

And with that the seven little men left her quite alone.

The matter was again forgotten and, as the months passed and the cool winds brought snow into the forest, Snow White and the seven dwarfs grew closer than ever in the cozy little cottage. And yet, poor Snow White lamented the absence of a prince of her own to love, for all princesses cannot help but yearn for a prince. And soon the dwarfs were once again troubled by the sound of her tears.

They immediately rushed to her side, much as they had done before. She told them yet again of her desire for a princely lover. And again Doc swore he knew a cure for her loneliness.

"Do you trust your loyal dwarfs?" he asked her, just as he had before.

"With all my heart!" Snow White cried.

"Then lie back and close your eyes," said he.

This she did, and just like before she felt the light touches of the dwarfs hands, as soft as mere breaths, descending upon her face and body. She did not jump up this time, but trusted that they would not bring her to any harm.

Snow White willed her body to relax and, as she did so, warmth crept steadily over her, enveloping her in heat, and a strange tingling sensation began to stir up from within her. The fingers soon gave way to soft, moist lips that sought hers. At the first kiss to touch her lips Snow White opened her eyes, and standing before her she beheld the most beautiful prince she had ever seen. He held her hand while a second kiss claimed her lips and, there, before her gaping eyes, appeared an even more handsome prince, and then another, and still another, until the seven dwarfs had all regained their princely form, each more magnificent than the last. Every prince was uniquely different from the others, yet all of them were striking in their masculinity and physical perfection. One had flaxen hair and eyes of blue, while another had russet colored hair and dark eyes. One chest was covered in manly curls, while another remained as smooth as silk. Even the color of their skin was singular and unique amid them, for the flesh of one prince was as black as coal, while another's was the color of stained walnut, and still another had skin that was exceedingly fair. In short, there was not one masculine characteristic, no matter how minute, lacking among the seven men.

Snow White was positively trembling with shock and delight. "Choose your prince," she heard one of them whisper close to her ear. But she remained silent, for she could not bear the thought of losing so much as one of the magnificent princes that stood before her.

The princes did not question her silence. Instead, they knowingly removed their clothes, which had been all but torn to shreds in their transformation. Next, they set out to remove Snow White's nightdress, and it quickly disappeared as a flurry of fourteen agile hands set to action. Relieved of the impediment of her gown, the hands were now free to caress her flushed, trembling body thoroughly, seeking out every curve and dimple and peak, and finding all her hidden places. The hands explored her fully, lingering here and there, but leaving no single part of her untouched. Meanwhile their lips devoured hers in turn.

But the hungry mouths grew too impatient to wait idly for a turn at Snow White's lips, so they sought out other places to kiss. Feverishly Snow White moaned and writhed as the hands and lips of the seven princes consumed every part of her. She shivered as she felt the sharp teeth of one prince nip carefully at her breast, while another prince gently suckled at the other. One tongue slid down the length of her belly as another wriggled its way into her body at the juncture between her legs. Another set of lips took hers in a deep and lingering kiss.

Snow White was so overcome with excitement and desire that it was a struggle to keep breathing, and for a moment she feared she might lose consciousness. She floundered near delirium as she anxiously waited for what would come next.

Perceiving her quandary and the remedy for it, the princes gently positioned Snow White's body so that she could receive her first prince, a beautiful man with golden hair and eyes of the deepest blue. He kissed her tenderly as he slowly came into her. Snow White cried out in irrepressible ecstasy, utterly beside herself with the pleasure she felt.

You mustn't think that the other princes remained idle in

the meantime. One prince held up her right leg while another prince held up her left. A third prince kissed her lips while two more kissed and licked her breasts. They all watched the fair prince take Snow White, patiently waiting for their own turn, and she had to close her eyes for a moment just to catch her breath.

Just as Snow White was approaching the height of her pleasure with the gentle blond prince, the men who held her legs opened them wider and higher so that the prince could thrust himself deeper within her. This maneuver quickly had its effect, and all eyes watched the pair as they submitted to the last rushes of pleasure.

Immediately afterward, the fair prince stepped aside and another, darker prince took his place. This prince was not as gentle as the first, but he pleased Snow White just as much, if not more. With his eyes staring fiercely into hers, he twisted her body at the waist, so that her left leg crossed over to the far right. With the aid of the other princes, who held her in the desired position, the dark prince took Snow White while never once letting his eyes leave hers. Once again, her excitement and desire began churning and growing within her. With so many princes to attend to her, there was nothing more for her to do—indeed, there was nothing more she *could* do—than to simply lie there and accept the pleasure offered her by their combined efforts. And that is just what Snow White did. She was keenly aware of the individual princes as they administered to her, and acutely conscious of each and every touch of their fingers and lips. The princes held her firmly, while her dark lover thrust himself repeatedly into her, enjoying her, yet careful not to shame himself by putting his own pleasure before hers. Snow White strained and moaned as the sweet agony continued to build inside her, until she

once again shuddered in fulfillment, together with her dark prince.

Moments later the dark prince was replaced by yet another dashing princely lover. His eyes were a deep emerald green, and his handsome smile displayed perfect, white teeth. With Snow White still in the position she had been left in by the other prince, with one leg crossing over to the side, the green-eyed prince pressed into her, kissing her lips tenderly as he did so. In the next instant her skillful lover eased her over and onto her knees, without the slightest discomfort to her, and after which she was still joined to him!

Snow White stared out blindly in front of her as the prince took her with slow, long thrusts from behind. The other princes, meanwhile, continued to touch her, with intimate caresses along her buttocks and thighs, probing and prodding, as they each eagerly anticipated their own turn to stand between those soft legs and fill the opening within.

Snow White looked up and beheld the black-skinned prince standing near her. Positioned as she was, her head reached the precise height of his hips, which were so close that his manhood, rigid and throbbing, was poised directly in front of her within inches of her lips. He stroked her shoulders and back gently as he watched the other prince thrust himself into her.

DID YOU PURCHASE THIS BOOK WITHOUT A COVER?

If you did, you should be aware it is **stolen property** as it was reported *unsold and destroyed* by a retailer. Neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this book.

All the characters in this book have no existence outside the imagination of the author, and have no relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names. They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known or unknown to the author, and all the incidents are pure invention.

All Rights Reserved including the right of reproduction in whole or in part in any form. This edition is published by arrangement with Harlequin Enterprises II B.V./S.à.r.l. The text of this publication or any part thereof may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, storage in an information retrieval system, or otherwise, without the written permission of the publisher.

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the prior consent of the publisher in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

MIRA is a registered trademark of Harlequin Enterprises Limited, used under licence.

Published in Great Britain 2009
MIRA Books, Eton House, 18-24 Paradise Road,
Richmond, Surrey, TW9 1SR

© Nancy Madore 2006

ISBN 978 0 7783 0312 1

85-0309

Printed in Great Britain
by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc