### Whore House

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Whore House

by kellym01

Summary

Lemon fic containing the carnal 'hobbies' of princesses, princes and villains. Erotic fiction. I
own nothing. No Flames! Just tell me who you want to see and what you want them to be doing. Tags will be added with each request, originally from Fanfiction.net (hence the first lemon chapter, requested) Comment to see who you want doing what to who. (I am willing to include characters from cartoons if my knowledge on them is good enough)
RULES

Basically – This will be solely an erotic fic, focusing on a Disney neighbourhood, 4 mansions, one with Princesses, Female Villains, Princes, Male Villains with oneshot chapters where the characters 'interact' with loose connections linking them together.

What should turn each character on? (Varying from simple to extreme levels in fetishes) I am very open minded.
Are there any particular 'pairings' you want to see?
If you want malexmale chapters I would need a volunteer to aid in writing it – never done it before and would probably screw it up, also would appreciate any aid given here.

If you're not interested just leave it be, no one wants to hear you guys moaning.

PROMPTS: MUST INCLUDE;

-PAIRING(S)

-WHAT YOU WANT TO HAPPEN

-FETISH (If Applicable)

THE MORE DETAIL PROVIDED, THE QUICKER IT CAN BE WRITTEN.

Categories:
Categories in which I am willing to write in, this will be added to as I recall more movies and shows and as I see more Disney movies, you can request shows/movies but they have to be:

Disney

Animated

I have to have a good grasp of the source material for obvious reasons.

Movies:

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

Cinderella – Trilogy

Alice in Wonderland

Peter Pan

Sleeping Beauty
One Hundred and One Dalmatians
The Jungle Book
The Black Cauldron
Who Framed Roger Rabbit
The Little Mermaid – Trilogy
Beauty and the Beast
Aladdin
Pocahontas
Toy Story – Trilogy
The Hunchback of Notre Dame
Hercules
Mulan
Tarzan
The Emperor's New Groove
Atlantis
Return to Never Land
Lilo & Stitch
Treasure Planet
The Incredibles
Meet the Robinsons
Ratatouille
Tinker Bell – Series
Bolt
The Princess and the Frog
Tangled
The Secret World of Arrietty
Brave
Frozen
Big Hero 6
Inside Out
Robin Hood
Pinocchio

**TV Shows:**

Kim Possible

Recess – Low Chance unless good prompt

The Emperor's New School

The Little Mermaid

Lilo & Stitch

Phineas and Ferb

Aladdin

Hercules

Gargoyles

The Legend of Tarzan

W.I.T.C.H. – Low Chance unless good prompt

American Dragon: Jake Long

Stitch

Ultimate Spiderman – Low Chance unless good prompt

**Specials:**

A list of creatures I have fairly decent knowledge on for specials (Christmas, Halloween etc…..); I do have a small request though when you request special chapters, state the characters you want, if you want/care a reason to be behind the species or for the character to be it since specials exist completely outside continuity, and state any fetishes/scenes you want to see.

Greek Sexual Transformations – Basically you want to see something from the old myths just state it.

Lamia

Jorogumo

Arachne – Basically same as Jorogumo but spider from hip down rather than waist down, without powerful venom.

Fairy/Pixie/Sprite

Giant

Giantess
Dragon

Dragon Hybrid – Still retaining humanoid form with draconic features.

Neko – Catgirl.

Furry

Anthro

Mermaid

Harpy

Fanservice Harpy – A more mature figure.

Vampire

Werewolf

Wolfman – Turning into a male wolf man hybrid in full moon despite gender.

Ghoul – Using physiology from Tokyo Ghoul.

Ghost

Witch

Slime

Devil

Centaur

Gorgon

Succubus/Incubus

Genie

God/Goddess

Nymph

Were? – Any form of were creature.

Cyclops – Human sized.

Giant Cyclops

Triclops

Zombie

Kitsune

Yuki-Onna – Snow Woman.
Mummy

Demon – Contract bound.

Angel/Fallen Angel

Leprechaun

Selkie

Scorpion Man/Woman – Surprisingly doesn't have its own name.
Contents:

Chapter 1: Ariel's Nightly Stroll - Ariel sneaks into Tiana's room late at night to visit her work flats.

Chapter 2: Special Tea - Jasmine joins Alice and Tiger Lily for a tea party that quickly escalates, one should never drink tea from Wonderland.

Chapter 3: Ariel Gets Caught - Ariel is at it again only this time she gets caught after going one step too far...by her daughter.

Chapter 4: Mother Daughter Bonding - Ariel takes Melody shoe shopping, afterwards they spend some time together in a cubicle together.

Chapter 5: Eat Me, Drink Me - Alice and Jessica Rabbit have some growth and shrink play.

Chapter 6: Bonnie Catches Kim - Bonnie finds Kim indulging in her secret fetish and takes advantage of it. Watersports.

Chapter 7: Contribution 1 - Amber Gets Burned - Gaston helps Hans have a little fun with Sofia's sister Amber.

Chapter 8: From Princess To Slave - Cinderella visits her step-family and finds herself being put back in her place.

Chapter 9: Here's Moana - Moana arrives at the Mansion and she and Nani have a private party.


Chapter 11: The Cursed Wood - Snow White and Aurora run into a little trouble when Maleficent gives them a taste of the Power of Hell.

Chapter 12: Alice's Dream Journal - Alice has a dream about growing and playing with Snow White and her little friends - contains death.

PLEASE NOTE I HAVE ADDED A NEW CHAPTER TITLES RULES WITH GENERAL RULES REGARDING PROMPTS, CATEGORIES I WILL WRITE IN AND INFORMATION ON SPECIALS.
Ariel's Nightly Stroll

Chapter Summary

Ariel likes Tiana's stinky shoes.

Characters: Ariel, Tiana  
Categories: The Little Mermaid, The princess and the Frog  
Contains: Foot Fetish, hints of Femslash  
Requested By: Balthasar00

The clock struck twelve. The corridors of their extravagant home long since being plunged into darkness. A single door slowly opened, the owner of the room peeking out, her vibrant red locks falling gracefully over her pink nightie.

The ex-mermaid glanced up and down the hall, only making out simple outlines of tables, portraits and empty suits of armour. She held her breath, silence. Silence except for the pounding in her ears of her own heart.

She gracefully stepped out of her room, slowly pushing the door until it was only open a crack. She released the breath she held before lightly tiptoeing down the hall, finding herself paying extraordinary attention to house the scarlet carpet felt beneath her feet as it gave way with each step.

Her heart continued to pound harder and harder, her breath becoming more irregular, lightly enclosing her fists as she walked; trying to remain calm. She came to a stop, glancing at the Victorian style door to her right; in the centre of the top of the door was an engraving of two frogs encircled by a tiara within a heart.

Ariel pressed her ear against the door, picking up on the faint, muffled sound of tired snores. Her hand slowly curled round the handle, she pulled it down, wincing at the slight click, she hesitated. At the sound of the next snore she pushed the door in, creating just enough space to squeeze her tiny frame past; she pushed the door back until it was only open by a crack.

She squinted, taking in the sight of the queen-sized bed with a tired lump sprawled out beneath the covers, snoring away, a small set of draws beside it, the outline of a clock upon it, ticking it away. She turned her gaze around the room, noting the dressers, mirror and closet before spying what she was looking for, at the foot of the bed, a set of discarded pumps, laid on their side.

She dropped to her knees slowly, waddling over. She paused, glancing up at the bed; there she lay, still sleeping soundly. Ariel hesitantly reached out, her fingers caressing the worn leather of the work shoes. She lifted the closest one, the tingling of her loins growing as she pressed the opening to her face, deeply inhaling the strong acidic stench forcefully, her free hand slamming against her crotch.

Her hand dipped beneath the trim of her nightie, her fingertips caressing her neither lips as she
breathed out her mouth and back in through her petite nose. She forced the shoe further against her face, smashing the end of her nose into the heel print of the insole.

Her index finger vanished into her slick pussy, she gasped into the shoe, taking deeper whiffs, allowing the vinegary scent to fully fill her being.

She froze as an unladylike snort escaped into the air above her. Her gaze darted back to the bed. Her heart skipping a beat as she tensed, she released a small sigh when she saw the sleeping form simple turn over in her sleep. Her shoulders slumped as her head fell forward, resting itself on the wooden frame of the bed, the coolness being very noticeable.

She returned her gaze to the aged flat, she lifted it to her face before extending her tongue and allowing the slimy appendage to explore the inside of the shoe. She groaned as she traced the outline of the owner's foot as best she could, her tongue failing to reach the toe prints. Pity. She forced the opening back against her face, pursing her lips as she attempted to suck the sweaty from the insole. Moaning at the taste as a few drops shot to the back of her throat, a single cough escaped her before she righted herself. Freezing in place once again, her heart pounding, she glanced up, the sleeping form rolled over again.

She released another relieved sigh before returning to the shoe and proceeding to clean the outside with her tongue, she slipped a second and third finger into her pulsating twat, audibly gasping, she shoved the front of the shoe into her mouth in an attempt to silence herself.

Once again the sleeping form merely stirred. Ariel slumped further, unsure how much more stress she could take. She began to pump her fingers faster and faster as she licked the shoe clean. She replaced it on the floor before retrieving the second one and inhaling the intense scent before lowering it, raising the hem of her nightie, folding it back.

She placed the shoe below her pussy, smirking with a lustful gaze as she watched a few squirts of her juice escape her and flow into the shoe. She brought it back to her face, nearly losing herself in ecstasy as the divine smell of her sex and Tiana's foot sweat entered her nostrils. Her eyes rolled back into her head she orgasmed, her cum shooting out, bathing her hand and lower arm, splashing onto the floor beneath her.

RING RING RING RING

Her heart nearly leapt from her chest as the sound of Tiana's alarm filled the room and the sleeping form started to move, she dropped the shoe in her small puddle, a few drops seeping into the shoe from the side as she dived on the bed, knocking the second shoe under with her.

She rolled over, holding her breath, trying to remain silent while checking that none of her was peeking out from beneath the bed.

Thud

Her gaze locked on the site of Tiana's bare feet as she climbed from the bed and began to make her way around the room, taking her underwear from her draws, her work clothes from her wardrobe as she instinctively picked up a brush.

She was ready within seconds and was looking for her shoes. Ariel watched as she knocked the one she dropped right way up, seeming to not even notice as her foot caressed the top of Ariel's puddle, staining her sexy soles as they vanished into the shoe.

Ariel had to bite her lip to hold back another groan as the mental image of Tiana spending her 'day' at
work walking atop her cum.

The tired woman seemed to remain in one spot. Ariel froze. Had she noticed the puddle? Was the shoe too wet? Did she smell it? She was suddenly immensely aware just how potent the smell of her sex was.

"Damn where it is?" She heard Tiana mutter as she stumbled about. Ariel frowned, until she noticed the other shoe beneath the bed. Her heart skipped. She watched as Tiana began to bend her knees, her palm landing on the carpet, thankfully missing the small puddle.

Breaking out of her trance. Ariel shot out her hand, swatting the shoe out the adjacent side of the bed. Hoping for dear life it was too dark for Tiana to see the sudden movement but notice the shoe.

Tiana's knees rested on the carpet.

Ariel felt as though heart was trying to burst out through her head.

"Gotcha!"

She froze.

Tiana reached out...and grabbed the other shoe, stumbling back up as she slipped it on her other foot before rushing out of her room and heading for her night job.

Ariel waited until the sound of Tiana's footsteps vanished entirely before she released her breath and allowed herself to drop, facedown into the floor. Her entire form moving with each beat of her hammering pulse.

She remained there for several moments before slowly crawling out, approaching the small puddle, she lowered her face and swiftly licked it up, enjoying the taste of her cum and the slight hint of Tiana's sole.

NEXT CHAPTER: Depends on reviews, ask and you will receive.
Special Tea

Chapter Summary

Jasmine joins Alice and Tiger Lily for a tea party that quickly escalates, one should never drink tea from Wonderland.

Characters: Jasmine, Alice, Tiger Lily
Categories: Aladdin, Alice in Wonderland, Peter Pan
Contains: Femslash, Pregnancy, Piercings, Breastfeeding, Drugs, Underage
Continuity: Pregnancy and Piercings only for this chapter.
Requested By: Leena

Jasmine pushed open the Victorian wooden door, with an engraved image of a mouse inside a tea cup, leading to a small bedroom with a single bed, decorated with pink flora patterned sheets, matching the wallpaper and tying in together nicely with the pink carpet. White dressers, wardrobes and draws were lined against the east wall and a large mirror.

Her gaze landed on the two girls sat on the floor, a tea set resting before them atop a fluffy pink blanket. The first girl, leaning against the bed, was fair skinned, with rosy cheeks, thick medium length blonde hair, and big blue eyes and attired in a cerulean knee-length dress with a white pinafore atop it, with white stockings and black strapped Mary Jane shoes with a black bow in her hair. And directly adjacent to the blonde girl was another with tanned skin, slender black hair tied into two braids and brown eyes clothed in tribal attire.

"Hey girls, mind if I join you?" Jasmine giggled as she joined the girls.

"Hey Jasmine." Alice greeted as she set a teacup in front of the Arabian princess, pouring her borrowed tea into the said cup, "The Hatter loaned me this tea, said it would help relieve stress." She stated; stealing a glance at Jasmine's extended stomach.

The pregnant princess ran a hand over her stomach absentmindedly, a small smile upon her lips.

"Thank you." Jasmine giggled as she took a sip of her tea, it was heart-warming just how adorable these two were. "Is Melody not coming today?" she asked as she glanced towards the door.

"No, she's going shoe shopping with her mom." Alice answered, Lily simply nodded, she didn't talk much.

As time passed topics would vary from what the girls did the day before, to how school was to what the new gossip was. They went through cup after cup, after cup of the Hatter's 'special tea'. After her third cup, she began to feel strange, there was a warmth that began to spread throughout her body, or more specifically her lower region, however she tried to ignore it, but the feelings persisted.
This went on for a few more minutes, she thought it had begun to subside, when Jasmine suddenly paused, her cup inches from her lips as she shuffled in place, grinding her legs together, a hot, tingling sensation teasing her pussy beneath the thin fabric of her teal pants. Her nipples pointed and grinding against her low cut top with every subtle movement. She swallowed, replacing the cup upon the saucer.

Damn these hormones.

She turned from her cup to the girls; each one seemed incapable of sitting still. Alice's cheeks burn with embarrassment; both she and Lily refusing to look away from their cups, seeming to be determined to become invisible or at least regain some semblance of control. Both looking very uncomfortable.

"You two okay?" She asked in a tone of concern.

"Yeah…I just…feel kind of strange…" Alice admitted, briefly eyeing her own tea, finding herself reminded of the strange rushes she felt during her travels in Wonderland whenever she drank or ate something with a label. She turned in place, reaching round the bed, retrieving the small box of tea bags.

Jasmine reached out and took the box from her, the cardboard box was a mixture of black and dark purple shades swirling together, with the golden letter 'Hatter's Relief Tea' followed by a tiny paragraph of 'side effects'. The Arabian princess's eyes bulged when she saw the words 'powerful aphrodisiac' followed by a statement 'to relieve symptoms the drinker must engage in sexual activities with another'.

"Alice did the Hatter give you this?"

Silence.

"Alice!?"

"Not exactly…I sort of borrowed it…I didn't think he'd mind…"

Jasmine released an exasperated sigh.

"Alice…this is…tea only for grownups…and the reason you feel strange." She stated, struggling to find the correct words.

"Oh?" Alice sighed, Jasmine shuffled forward, swallowing.

"I can help you to stop feeling strange…but you can't tell anyone about it, it's our little secret okay?" Jasmine proposed, mentally cursing the Hatter while planning to have a very…firm discussion on why one shouldn't keep such brews in the reach of children.

"Will it hurt?"

"No…maybe a little at first, but the pain won't last."

Jasmine turned and locked the door to the room before making her way over to Alice; dropping into a crouched position she began to untie the apron. Alice remained silent, chewing her lip apprehensible, while Lily watched on curiously. The apron was tossed to the side, soon followed by the dress, the shoes and the pantyhose, Jasmine continued until not a stitch of clothing, being very careful as to be gentle with the girl.
Alice involuntarily shivered from the slight chill in the air as Jasmine took in the site of the naked girl before her, she was so small, her breasts still underdeveloped, her hips narrow, her skin still glowing with the vibrancies of youth.

Jasmine then proceeded to remove her own clothing, her tiny top being the first to go, her voluptuous breasts bouncing as they were freed of their restraints, she never wore a bra. Jasmine took note how Alice's gaze locked on her breasts and the metallic piercings on her nipples. She swallowed as she moved to remove her pants, and soon her teal thong was too tossed aside. She gasped as her pussy's heat met the cool hair.

"Now Alice, I'm going to touch your chest." She reached out to the nerves girl, lightly cupping the small breasts, rubbing her thumb over the pointed nipple. Alice gasped, tossing her head back, her sensitivity beyond measure from a combination of her own chastity and the several cups of a potent aphrodisiac.

Jasmine leaned in, moving her thumb from the nipple before pressing her lips against it, the tip barely entering her mouth as she began to suck. The blonde's moans filled the room, her toes clenching against the carpet, her face burning red, her whole body jumping as Jasmine allowed the tip of her tongue to tease the nipple.

The moans became more frequent. Jasmine continued her ministrations as she subtly reached down to the hairless pussy; she traced the tip of her index finger over it, grinning as Alice jumped before trying to push herself against the finger. The princess nipped at the nipple with her teeth, applying a light pressure as she continued to stroke the outer region of the pussy, her strokes increasing in speed.

Alice swallowed as she felt a familiar pressure below, she opened her mouth to warn her friend but only moans escaped her. She threw her head back, squeezing her eyes shut as the flood gates were opened.

Jasmine smirked as she felt the girl's warm cum over her hand, past her wrist and half way along her forearm. Alice went limp, patting heavily, sweat glistening on her body.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry." Alice gasped out, unable to believe she'd just peed on Jasmine and after the whole tea mix up. A heavy weight settled in her chest, tears welling in her eyes, she just couldn't do anything right.

"Alice are you okay?" Jasmine gasped out, fighting back her arousal at the sign of vulnerability for concern for the child, had she gone too far? She didn't have much of a choice? What had she done?

"I'm sorry." Alice cried out. Jasmine frowned as confusion set in.

"What for dear?" She asked, leaning in, lightly brushing Alice's hair off her with her hand. Alice refused to sit up and continued to stare at the ceiling.

"I…peed…on…you…" She cried, teas starting to slide from her eyes. Jasmine found her features softening. She slowly wiped the tears away, ensuring the soiled hand was nowhere near the girl.

"Shh, shh, Alice calm down you didn't pee, you did nothing wrong, it's just what happens when you…release…do you feel any better?" She asked.

Alice swallowed.

"A little."

"A little? So you still feel strange?" Jasmine tried to keep her voice calm and level but her heart...
pounded beneath her breast.

"…yeah."

Jasmine sighed.

"Maybe we should try again." Alice proposed, positively glowing.

Before Jasmine could voice any response a new voice interrupted her.

"I feel strange too." Jasmine turned to face Lily, her gaze was averted, fidgeting in place. The dark haired woman fell silent as she considered her options, she had hoped a single orgasm each would solve this, but apparently this wasn't the case, unless Alice enjoyed her efforts to help her, a tad too much.

"Tell you what, since Alice still feels…strange…we can help each other out." She proposed as she turned to fully face Lily, she reached over and 'helped' the girl out of her tribal attire, tossing to where the other clothes rested until she too was naked, her breasts barley larger than Alice, a couple inches taller, thinner hips and a much darker complexion.

Jasmine sat herself down on the blanket the tea occupied, moving it out of the way, opening her legs, she took Lily's hand and guided her down to the spot beside her, before tapping Alice's ankle, the blonde got the hint and moved to join them.

"Okay now I want you two to suckle my breasts like I did with Alice and I will help you two to stop feeling strange. The duo nodded, Lily seeming rather shy while Alice seemed to almost be buzzing and after the guidance of Jasmine's hand to the back of their heads they latched their virgin lips onto Jasmine's pointed nipples, the metallic taste of the piercings filling their mouth as they proceeded to suckle.

Jasmine allowed her eyes to close; releasing a silent gasp as Alice seemed to learn rather quickly, teasing her nipple with her tongue before lightly nipping at the tip.

Just as before Jasmine allowed her hands to slide down before proceeding to lightly trace their cunts, starting from the base to the tip, enjoying how the two girls jumped at her touch, even biting down slightly on her nipples as she increased her speed.

The trio gasped in unison as Jasmine felt the familiar sensation of lactation as the milk of her teats filled the mouths of her partners. Partners? She barely had time to wonder where the statement had come from as the sucking force of the girls increased. Jasmine gasped out in pleasure, bending her leg upwards as she proceeded to grind her heel against her own pussy. Moans filled the room with renewed vigour as Alice and Lily gulped down Jasmine's milk, savouring every drop, regretful as the occasional drop escaped them and slid down from their lips, past their chins and over their breasts. The site of her milk washing over the two as they savoured her taste almost pushed Jasmine over the board.

Not that the wait was long as soon Lily too adapted in technique and began to flick Jasmine's tip with intense speed. Jasmine bit back a scream as she came. Thick streams of her thick juices shot out, bathing her foot as her whole form convulsed in pleasure, her index fingers pushing into the two girls – though she managed to stop them before they reached the hymn, the two girls screamed at the new sensation, their cunts clamping down on the fingers and bathing both hands in their juices.

The duo seemed to grow heavier as they slumped; dropping onto Jasmine's knees. But they continued to suckle at Jasmine's teats.
Jasmine turned her gaze to her hands, lust clouding her eyes as she stared at her appendages covered in streams of cum, individual streams connecting her fingers. The scent of sex entered her nostrils, her lust continuing to grow. She leaned forward, her tongue extending as she proceeded to allow it to glide up her arm, over her wrist and round her fingers as she assumed to suck it clean, her arousal growing as she glanced towards the duo, loving the fact they were watching her lick up their cum as they sucked her.

Jasmine paused in her cleaning, shivers shooting up her spine as the two girls proceeded to grind their sopping pussies against her legs, rubbing their cum into her skin.

Lily reached down; she poked Jasmine's pussy, the woman shivered at the small form of contact. The hand retreated before shooting forward and vanishing into the pussy. Jasmine physically jumped, falling forward and landing on top of the two girls, pinning them beneath her breasts and stomach. Her moans nearly turned into screams of pleasure as Lily began to flex her hand inside of Jasmine, slowly pushing her wrist into the cunt.

Jasmine's lost herself in the convulsions of pleasure as she came once again, bathing Tiger Lily's arm and the intertwined legs of the girls in her cum, she fell limp atop of them. Lily released her teat and slowly retracted her arm; she looked over her hand, white, wet and sticky. Fascination growing in her eyes, she sniffed the strange concoction – shuddering at the scent of sex, hesitantly she extended her tongue, recalling what Jasmine had done.

The hand was clean within minutes and soon after Lily had altered her position so her head was beneath Jasmine's cunt, she latched on the still leaking and rather sensitive part, forcefully sucking and lapping at her pussy. Jasmine soon lost herself as she was subjected to orgasm after orgasm by a girl with an insatiable appetite for her cum.

NEXT CHAPTER: Depends on reviews, ask and you will receive.
Chapter Summary

Ariel's sneaking about again...only this time she didn't get away unnoticed.

Characters: Ariel, Melody
Categories: The Little Mermaid, The Little Mermaid II: Return To The Sea
Contains: Femslash, Foot Fetish, Underage, Incest
Requested By: BlueLanternRazor

Once again the clock struck twelve, the familiar tone of the grandfather clock echoing throughout the halls. Ariel's eyes snapped open, quickly adjusting to the darkness of her room. She slipped out of her bed, relishing in the feeling of the rouge carpet fibres tickling her bare soles. With a light push she rose to her feet, crossing her room briskly, attired in her pink nightie once again, her scarlet hair falling over her shoulders with unnatural grace.

She pressed herself against her door, her oceanic eyes closing as she held her breath, focusing solely on the sounds of her home. Aside from the faint ticking and snore of her house mates silence met her ears, she released her breath. Her face split into a grin of excitement, the familiar tingling down south filled her being as she partially opened her door, slipping out and closing the door till it was only open a crack, just as before she glanced up and down the hall to be safe before stepping fully out of her room.

She turned and swiftly pranced down the hall, her steps light and swift. She passed door after door, each one with its own carving, avoiding tables and suites of armour with ease, the dim light of the stars entering their home, doing nothing to dampen her vision.

Her steps slowed as she arrived at the desired door; just as grand as all the others, at its top was an engraving of a dolphin in mid leap. She pressed her ear against the door, the only sound she heard, a muffled moan followed by the creek of movement in a bed. She released the breath she held before slowly pulling down the handle, she leant in, peeking through a crack.

Sure enough, there she was, fast asleep in her bed. She pushed the door open wider and stepped into the room before slowly pushing the door until it was only open a crack. With a small sigh she cast her gaze about the room, the walls painted a light blue. White dressers, draws and a wardrobe resting against the walls with a vanity mirror at the ready.

Upon the bed, beneath the covers was a small bump, she tilted her neck back, peering over the bump, the familiar pile of dark hair in place, her face so peaceful as she slept. A small sile graced her lips; feeling a familiar warmth in her chest.

She turned her gaze from the sleeping girl, her gaze searching the room, and there they were cast
aside, beneath the dresser, a pair of small size five pink heels. Her heart pounded in her chest as she glanced back towards the sleeping girl, she had yet to stir since she entered. She dropped to her knees, inching forward, her hand struck out, claiming the nearest one. She pulled it in, lifting it to her face; she pressed her nose into the opening, inhaling deeply and sharply.

Nothing.

Her heart dropped. There was no scent; Ariel frowned as all she smelt was the fabrics of the shoe itself. She tried the other and still nothing. She tossed the shoes back under the dresser, she threw a look over her shoulder, her gaze narrowing almost predatory as she searched for more shoes, hopefully some with scent.

The girl shifted in her bed. Ariel found herself pressed not to leap back from her current position, her knees bending more, kneecaps nearly touching the floor, a single palm pressed into the floor, she was ready to leap. Not that it would help her.

The girl continued to stir and turn. Ariel's heart hammered within her chest and yet she found herself unable to move. The covers shifted upwards revealing a set of five small, dirty toes. The redhead's gaze locked on them, her throat suddenly very dry. The movement stopped.

Ariel tipped her head to the side, her gaze never leaving those dirty, sexy toes. She glanced towards the head of the bed; all she saw from her spot was her black hair. She glanced back to the toes, to the hair, the toes, the hair. She swallowed. Creeping forward, her heart pounding, she could positively hear it thumping within her head; she rested her fingers on the edge of the bed, those toes so close yet so far. She reached over; glancing towards the top of the bed, holding her breath as she delicately peeled back the quilt until the underside of her foot was fully revealed.

Ariel's eyes widened, thick dirt and grim covered the sole, she felt her tongue peak out. One more glance to the sleeping face, still no sign of waking. Ariel's grin returned, she crept round the bed till she was at the base, she leant over, resting her chin an inch off those toes, leaning forward, she lightly sniffed the sole, her fingers shooting under the hem of her nightie, her eyes closing as the delectable scent teased her heightened sense of smell.

A small sigh escaped her lips; she should have done this, years ago. She never wore shoes so why would they bare her scent, she inched back burying the tip of her nose between her toes, forcefully inhaling the strong scent. She threw her head back, relishing in the musky smell, inserting a single finger into her wetting pussy. She leant back in, pausing, swallowing before finally giving into temptation as she hesitantly extended her tongue and gave the foot a miniscule lick along the sole, collecting dirt and grim, her mouth, watering as her mind reminded her what she was doing.

Her second and third fingers slid into her pussy with ease, she grit her teeth to silent her moans as the foot she licked moved an inch away from her, she leaned forward against, her tongue slithered out and struck the underside of the sleeping girl's big toenail groaning as she claimed the dirt beneath it, swallowing as the toes clenched shut, Arial nearly came as she watched the toes clench and unclench, a fourth finger joining the inside of her pussy.

She moved forward once more, lost to her arousal as she puckered her lips and proceeded to kiss the toe she licked, as if giving herself to the girl. The foot shot back before returning with equal speed and force, striking Ariel's face, she fell back, barley catching herself as while one hand caught her fall the other cradled her reddening nose.

The sound of violent movement on the bed filled the room. Ariel's heart threatened to burst from her chest, she slid her feet beneath the bed and attempted to drag herself beneath it, only managing to get her lower half beneath it when she was seen.
"Mom? What are you doing?" the curious girl was now leaning over the edge of bed, staring at her mother, wearing the same attire she had once loved to swim in a separate pair of white pantalettes and a white camisole; the pantalettes covering the bottom half of her stomach.

"Err..." what could she say? How could she explain being like this? "I came in to...check on you and I fell." Ariel answered.

Melody didn't buy it.

"You never come in just to 'check up on me' and it wouldn't explain how I managed to kick you." Melody argued, Ariel knew Melody wouldn't believe any lie she came up with now, not with half of her under the bed, if she had been mostly out she could have argued she fell and was then kicked... but no way would she fall into this position.

She turned her gaze from her daughter to the floor. Oh why didn't she stop at smelling, just smelling her daughter's feet would have been enough to get off on...but no she had to taste them, to kiss them. As these thought swirled round her head Ariel suddenly became very aware of the scent of sex on the hand she held her nose with, she must have caught herself with the clean one, which only left... oh god. How long did she have before Melody noticed?

She moved quickly, hiding her hand behind her.

"Mom!" She turned back to face her little girl "Please." That was all it took.

"I wanted to smell your shoes." Why did she say that?

"What?!"

"Melody...I...how do I explain this...I have this thing...I...like how...feet smell...but since your shoes didn't have any smell..." stop here! Don't say anything else! "I saw your toes and...I couldn't resist." Damn it!

"You like my feet?" Ariel looked away, cheeks burning with a fire their own; her heart beating faster than it had any other night when snuck out, Melody was way too calm about this.

She nodded.

Melody shifted in the bed bringing her legs, and her feet, into view.

"But they're so dirty?"

"I like them dirty...dirtier the better." Oh just kill me now!

Melody moved again, extending her leg past the bed until her foot was only a few inches from her mother's face, her foot blocking a good portion of it from view. Ariel froze.

"What are you waiting for? If you want to smell my feet you can." Melody stated after a couple minutes of hesitation, Ariel leaned back, surprised.

"But..."

"If you like my feet then go ahead, if it makes you happy." Melody then proceeded to drive her point home by pressing her sole against her mother's face, even lightly rubbing the sole against it and wiggling her toes, tapping them on Ariel's forehead.

Ariel sniffed sharply before she could stop herself. Arousal now filling her entire being as the
humiliation of being caught and forced to smell her daughter's stinky feet mixed with the thrill of indulging her fetish in such a forbidden way.

She inhaled again, almost feeling the scent clogging her nose.

"If you want we can do this all the time…you don't have to sneak…if you want I can even make the extra sweaty?" Melody offered, unaware of the burning sensation this was causing in her mother's loins.

Oh how Ariel craved to pleasure herself but she couldn't, not in front of Melody. Although, the thought of Melody watching her as she smelled her feet as she got off was a major turn on.

She subtly moved her sticky hand back under the hem of her nightie, four fingers sliding into her pussy without resistance; she could physically feel the stream leaking out onto Melody's carpet.

The haze of lust consuming her judgment once more, her tongue peaked out, stretched down to the heel of the foot. She made contact and proceeded to drag it up half Melody's foot before going back to the heel and doing it all over again with renewed vigour.

A shiver shot up Melody's spine when she felt the slipper appendage make contact, she didn't pull back. It felt incredible. After the third lick Melody found herself asking;

"So you like to lick feet too?" Her mother's groan was all the response she received as she continued to lick, "Then have at it, lick my feet clean." She pulled her foot back slightly and Ariel launched forward, pulling Melody's toes into her mouth and forcefully sucking them, her tongue occasionally shooting out to lick the soiled sole.

Melody closed her eyes and leaned her head back, savouring the moment. She and her mother were finally spending some real time together, really bonding…and it didn't feel too bad either having her own mother licking her feet clean. She fell back upon her bed, her eyes closing as she began to drift back off to sleep, all new dreams waiting for her as her mother continued to clean her feet.

Ariel remained where she was for another two hours, pumping herself as she cleaned every inch of dirt from her daughter's feet, she came several times, her nightie now stained as was the carpet beneath her. She pulled back and admired her work; her saliva shimmered on Melody's feet, enhancing their enchanting beauty.

She glanced up. Melody was asleep. She felt her arousal spike once more. She stood up, glancing to where she was sat and sure enough there was a puddle. She raised her arms and removed her nightie, dropped back on her knees and proceeded to scrub the floor with all her might, for another half hour, until most of her mess was gone. Once done she stood, approached her daughter and placed one final kiss on each of her toes before taking her leave, slowly closing the door behind her.

She headed back in the direction of her room, nightie balled up in her hand, the danger of being caught naked only adding to her excitement, though now going on 3am the odds of her being caught were slim, then again there was no telling when Tiana would get up for work. She traced her finger over her sopping pussy at the thought before sliding her hand in up to her wrist as she imagined Tiana coming out of her room, seeing her naked, asking her all those questions…before punishing her for being so naughty as to do that with her daughter, maybe even make her worship her feet after she finished worked.

She gasped; her body convulsing. She sprinted the final short distance to her room, barley getting inside as the flood gates open and she gushed out.
NEXT CHAPTER: Ariel takes Melody shopping for shoes

A/N For those who haven't already noticed, I've added a list to the A/N chapter containing categories I'd be willing to include in this fic – which movies and shows.
After getting Melody some new shoes, Ariel and her daughter seek some privacy to...'bond'.

Characters: Ariel, Melody
Categories: The Little Mermaid, The Little Mermaid II: Return To The Sea
Contains: Femslash, Foot Fetish, Underage, Incest
Requested By: Yumberduddle

Melody slipped her second converse onto her barefoot, briefly glancing into her mirror, brushing her dark locks behind her ear, taking in her appearance, her cream vest peaked into view beneath her salmon shirt, with light brown shorts. She stepped out of her room, her thoughts loitering on the events of the night before, her mother had stayed with her until she fell asleep, maybe even till after, a large grin took over her face.

First she got a surprise visit from her mother; they had really bonded with their talk last night and now they were going shopping. She was positively giddy, her stomach tingling with excitement. Her pace hastened, her steps becoming larger as she head down the corridor.

A door opened, Alice stepped out of her room. Melody turned on her heel, just narrowly dodging the blonde girl.

"Hey Melody." She greeted with her usual smile "You want to join us? Lily, Jasmine and I are having a tea party in a few minutes?" she offered, holding up a box of tea "I got it from the Hatter." She prompted, unaware of the effect her tea would have.

"Sorry I can't, me and mom are going shopping."

"Oh…maybe next time then?"

"Sure." Melody called back as she turned and continued on her way, her brisk walk quickly evolving into a run, she rounded a corner, catching herself on the golden bar of the staircase; a twin set leading up from the floor below, cast from marble with a vibrant red carpet cascading over them.

Bracing her hand against the bar she ran down, jumping over Cinderella who was scrubbing the floor at the base of the stairs, it seemed old habits die hard after all.

"Melody how many times have we told you no running in doors?!" Cinderella snapped as she rose to
her full height wearing the cleaning attire she had worn when serving her step family, her cheeks tinged with a light blush as she cast her gaze on the hyperactive girl.

"Sorry, it's just mom's taking me shopping today." Cinderella wasn't given time to response as Melody turned and continued to run towards the oak door, sprinting outside and closing the door behind her as Cinderella resumed her cleaning 'duties'.

Ariel turned as she heard the door open and close, she was standing outside the door, just above the three stone steps that led to the garden and past that, the road. She was attired in a low cut purple shirt, exposing her midriff with green jeans with light purple heels.

It was quite warm today; Ariel found herself licking her dry lips as she noted it.

"Hey mom, ready to go? Where's the car?" Melody looked round, frowning in confusion.

"We're not taking the car today."

"The carriage?"

"Nope."

"The rug?"

"No."

"Horse?"

"Melody this may be difficult to understand but, we're walking, the mall is only a mile or so down the road, we've both swam further than that, I'm sure we can handle the walk." Ariel sighed, while thinking to herself how much her daughter's shoes would stink after today, the familiar tingling down low returning.

Melody blushed.

"Okay, then let's go." Ariel smiled at seeing how energetic her daughter was, until she grabbed her mother's wrist and dragged her down the stairs, passed the garden. Ariel barley managed to get the girl to slow down before they started heading down the road towards the mall.

Ariel briefly brushed the back of her hand against her forehead, caught off guard by how hot it was getting.

"So mom, are you coming over again tonight?"

Ariel's face turned red, briefly hesitating in her steps.

"Melody, that's something private, we don't talk about it in public." She reminded her daughter.

"But will you?" Melody persisted, Ariel sighed.

"Yes." She didn't look at Melody when she said it, hating how her pussy tingled at how brazen her daughter was about her mother worshipping her feet, heck the whole reason Ariel was so eager to take Melody shopping for shoes was to get her some that would make her sweat and retain her scent.

Melody looked away from her mother, a sense of shame setting in, worrying she'd upset her mother, she chewed her lower lip nervously. After walking in silence for a few minutes Melody changed the subject and began talking none stop, happy when she saw her mother smiling, occasionally
commenting on the random changing topics, though Ariel's blush did persist for a good while longer before finally fading away.

Within the hour they arrived at the mall, crossing the carpark with ease, both making a beeline for the shoe store. Everywhere there were shoes, shoes lining the walls, shelving units at random intervals.

Ariel carefully took hold of Melody's wrist, ensuring she didn't start bolting around like a headless chicken, again. She then proceeded to lead her daughter about the shop, her gaze roaming over certain shoes, occasionally she'd pick up a box, inwardly smirking knowing that with every step her daughter took the better those shoes would smell.

"Poseidon mom how many shoes we getting today?" Melody laughed, she'd yet to try any on and her mother was already holding four boxes.

Ariel gave her daughter a small smirk as she picked up a set of black leather heeled boots. "You complaining?" she teased, Melody's cheeks burned with embarrassment.

"N-No."

"Good, now what do you say we find somewhere to try these on?" She teased.

"Oh, ok…" Melody started glancing round. "There's a seat over there." She pointed to a corner with a cushioned seat.

"Alright then." Ariel then proceeded to lead the way, Melody claimed the seat.

"Which should I try on first?"

"How about these?" Ariel opened the orange box, retrieving a pair of black flats, very similar to the ones Tiana often wore.

"Err…ok." Melody moved to untie her shoes only for her mother to stop her, placing a hand atop her daughter's

"Let me." Melody retracted her hands as Ariel began to untie the laces before slowly slipping it off, noting the insole peeling up as it clung to Melody's sole. Yum.

Once free of the sweaty confines Melody wiggled her toes, feeling refreshed as the cool air caressed it. The scent of her feet reaching Ariel's nose quickly, she swallowed, the musky scent leading to the tingling she'd been feeling all day to develop, it took everything she had not to insert her fingers and pump herself right there and then.

She inspected the shoe, noting a faint outline of her daughter's foot, she reach in with two fingers and pushed the insole back into place, she retracted them, sliding them beneath her nose as she placed the shoe on the floor, pleasurable shivers shot through her. She inserted the fingers into her mouth, moaning as she sucked them clean.

Melody herself looked a little sheepish; her mother was sucking her foot sweat from her fingers in public. She glanced to her foot, wiggling her toes again; she could see the beads of sweat on them. How her mother could like it was beyond her. But…then again maybe I don't need to understand, if it makes mom happy and it's something we can do together…

Ariel began unlacing the other shoe, eagerly slipping it off, this time lowering her head just enough to catch a good whiff of her daughter's musty scent without looking too suspicious. She placed the shoe with its partner.
She took hold of her daughter's heel, grinning as she felt the sweat staining her fingers. She picked up the flat and guided Melody's foot into it before doing the same with the other shoe, ensuring to hold her other foot with the same to intensify the lingering scent.

Melody stood from the chair and did the usual walk about, as her mother discretely sniffed her hand under the guise of scratching the side of her nose, her tongue sneaking out and licking a portion of the foot sweat from her hand, closing her eyes as she savoured the sensation of droplets of her daughter's foot sweat gliding down her throat.

As Melody returned from her walk Ariel dropped her hand, rubbing it together with the other, rubbing the remaining sweat into her skin, now on the edge of gushing in her panties.

After a quick discussion on how they felt Melody sat back down and Ariel removed the flats before slipping on a pair of black spiked heels, or that's what Melody called them anyway, that heel looked pretty…painful. Her daughter frowned when she saw them, the heel was quite a bit taller and thinner from the heels she had. Ariel gave her a hand standing up.

Melody stumbled around, waving her arms in small circles as she struggled to maintain her balance. Until finally, the heel slipped, she fell, Ariel shot into action, barley catching her daughter before helping her back to her feet.

"I'm not too sure about these…” Melody murmured.

"Trust me Melody; all you need is a little practice." Ariel's voice was soft and caring; she brushed a stray hair away, tucking it behind Melody's ear. "Come on let's try on the next pair."

Ariel helped Melody back to her seat, slipping the heels off before producing a pair of red flip flops, slipping them on, ensuring her thump rested against her daughters foot before lightly sucking at it. Melody once again took her little walk, much more graceful this time around, once back she slipped them off herself before sitting down much to Ariel's disappointment.

"Now the boots." Melody blinked at the black leather boots her mother held, no doubt in her mind that after an hour of wearing those in this weather would have her feet saturating in a pool of sweat. Ariel aided her daughter in cramming her barefoot into the boot. As she took her stroll Melody felt her cheeks tinge with embarrassment as they squeaked with each step, she hated that, it meant every time she'd wear them to go anywhere people would stare at her…hopefully the squeaking would stop soon after she started wearing them.

The next and final pair for Melody to try on was a pair of light blue ugg boots, her mother slipped them onto her feet with ease, she wiggled her sweaty toes against the sole enjoying the comfort and knowing they would get sweaty rather quickly, she stood up and took another walk, after a final discussion the shoes were put back in boxes, Melody had slipped her converses back on and Ariel paid the woman at the till.

As they left the store Ariel couldn't help but stare at Melody's shoes, her lips rather dry as was her throat as she recalled how sweaty they were, oh what she wouldn't give to drag her tongue up her sole, suckle at those toes…maybe for Melody to walk all over her naked body not stopping until her own scent was completely and totally replaced by that of the scent of her feet. Ariel bit back her groan, focusing on not opening the flood gates…it would be all too noticeable if she lost control even for a second.

Melody glanced to her mother, catching her just as she turned to look away from her feet, she chewed her lip, recalling how Ariel had acted in the store, how she took every possible opportunity to discretely smell and taste her feet. And she just bought her all those shoes…
"Mom, do you want to go somewhere private?" her voice low, quiet, though with her mother heard it just as clearly as she would if Melody had said directly into her ear.

Ariel froze. Her gaze slowly turned back to her daughter, feeling the hunger of pussy grow.

"Mom?" She asked again.

Ariel blinked once. Twice. Thrice.

"Err…s…su…sure"

Melody smiled at her mother before proceeding to drag her in her choice of direction, Ariel glanced up to where she was heading…the toilets? Nope, that was not the place to do this.

"Hold on Melody, how about we try somewhere a touch more hygienic?" and a lot more risky.

Melody glanced back with a slight frown, tilting her head to the side.

"Like where?" She asked, confused, where was more private than a toilet?

"Come with me." Ariel then proceeded to lead Melody in the opposite direction, into a large and rather extravagant dress shop, Melody couldn't help but gawk at all the beautiful gowns but her mother payed them no notice, her face beat red as she led her daughter through the store, one hand round Melody's wrist the other held an intense grip on the bag of boxes and boots.

Melody kept her mouth shut as she was dragged between stands of dresses. They came to a stop outside the changing rooms. Her mother taking on a much more dignified pose and pace, though her cheeks still burned red and her eyes were glazed with arousal, she snagged a random dress from a stand, a red one that reminded Melody of Jessica's usual attire, she doubted it would fit either of them.

Ariel then led Melody into one of the larger changing cubicles, locking the door behind them before hanging the dress on a hook.

"What's the dress for?"

"So we don't draw too much attention, if we were to leave here without anything to try on people would ask us some rather awkward questions." Her mother's smile never faltered.

Ariel then proceeded to kick off her heels and took off her jeans, placing them on one side of the wooden bench.

"Mom why are you…?" the question died on her lips as Melody found her cheeks starting to burn, though Ariel's burned even brighter from the question.

"I need to keep my clothes clean." She answered sheepishly.

"Oh." Ariel noticed her daughter look towards her shoes, her own eyes widening as she realized she thought she meant her daughter's shoes would dirty her, or her feet, either way Ariel tossed her shit aside to join her other clothes, leaving her only in her purple bra and matching panties. Blocking all thoughts about how to explaining to her daughter why her panties were going to get wet as they… played.

Ariel lowered herself until she sat in her knees on the coarse, blue carpet, watching as Melody took a seat on the bench. Her arousal spiked as she looked up at her daughter, now physically beneath her
and at her feet…it was so hot.

Melody extended her foot to her mother, eyes widening as Ariel proceeded to untie her laces through the use of her teeth rather than her hands. Once untied Ariel gave the lace in her mouth one final tug and the shoe plopped to the floor, landing on its side. The ex-mermaid then proceeded to lean down and force the shoe the right way up with her cheek before pressing her face into the opening, inhaling deeply, her daughter's musk filling her as it did the night before, the scent getting trapped in her nose.

Melody didn't know why she did what she did next; she placed her barefoot atop her mother's head. Ariel leaned back, the sole dragging down, marking her red hair with grime and sweat until it was pressed into her face. She inhaled deeply extending her tongue and licking her foot from heel to toe, groaning at the taste. She repeated the process until the sole of her daughter's foot was sweat-free, her saliva covering it, glinting in the light of the cubical.

She moved up, taking the diminutive toes into her mouth, pressing lips into her foot as she began to forcefully suck on her toes, Melody leant back, eyes closing, moaning at the sensation of her mother's warm mouth around her toes, her hot tongue teasing them as they bathed in her pooling saliva. When she switched to sucking the big toe individually Melody gasped, her free leg subjected to a spasm from pleasure, shooting out and hitting her mother between the legs.

Ariel released a mixture of a gasp of pain and a moan of pleasure, falling back onto the floor hard, banging her head, a dull throb of pain filling her mind as her back ached and her pussy screamed. The sensation of Melody's converse against her covered pussy driving her over the edge, she ground herself against it, moaning in pleasure. The physical stimulation combined with the humiliation of getting off as her daughter practically stepped on her…leading her to new heights of pleasure.

"Mom! I'm sorry." Melody gasped, retracting her foot, Ariel moaning in disappointment, launching from her seat and towards her worried mother only to stop mind bend.

"Don't stop."
"What?"
"Don't stop…step on me, walk all over me…make me into your welcome mat." Ariel moaned.

Melody frowned, she had been so worried she'd hurt her mother…but she liked it? It made her happy to be kicked; she wants me to step on her?

When she caught a glance of her mother's pleading, desperate gaze Melody nodded. Her mother liked this, it made her happy and it was something they could do together…maybe this is our thing?

She rose back to her full height, lifting her shoed foot once again; she stepped onto her mother's stomach. Ariel shivered in pleasure as she felt her daughter's weight, it wasn't much but just the fact she was being stepped on was more than enough. She wanted to pump herself and yet didn't…no she wanted to get off by just having Melody treat her like the dirt she is.

Her confidence growing, Melody brought her second foot onto her mother noting how she seemed to, flinch as she pressed all her weight on her as she lifted her second foot, and how she smiled. Melody smiled too, she placed her foot on her mother's chest, forcing her breasts to part for her foot.

"Ah, that's it baby step on me…" Ariel moaned, quieter this time, almost a whisper, seeming to remember this was a public place – she almost came at the thought of someone finding them like this, her half naked, sprawled out on the floor with her daughter stepping on her.
Melody pressed down on Ariel's chest, stepping forward, increasing her pace when she heard her mother gasp. Maybe forcing all her wait on her chest wasn't such a good idea. Her foot came back down fast, onto Ariel's face, releasing the weight on the chest.

The dark haired girl froze as she realised what she just did, that she just stepped on her mother's face with her shoe on…and rather quickly. Ariel moaned into the shoe, continuing her whispers, approving of the action.

"That's it, wipe your shoe on my face…make me your doormat." She extended her tongue, dragging it up the sole, cleaning the dirt and gravel from it, swallowing.

Melody stepping back, moving her foot from her mother's chest to stomach before lifting the shoe from her face, glad it didn't hurt as much this time. Her eyes widened however when she saw Ariel's tongue fully extended, covered in dirt from her shoe. She watched the redhead swallow before extending her tongue out expectantly. Melody got the message.

She extended her foot once again over her mother's face, only this time rather than step on it she dragged the sole of her shoe over her mother's tongue, smiling as she heard her mother moan again as she swallowed the dirt.

All too soon the shoe was clean; she placed her other foot on Ariel's stomach.

"What do you want to do next?" Melody asked, Ariel groaned, she didn't want to be in control, she wanted Melody to do what she wanted to her, all sense of logic long lost in the fog of lust that shrouded her mind, Ariel glanced round, before her eyes found the bag. Melody followed her gaze, she stepped off her mother and dipped her hand into the bag.

She seemed unsure which ones to get out. Ariel smirked.

"Practice makes perfect dear."

Melody froze. Eyes wide. She turned to her mother who gave her an encouraging nod.

She hesitantly claimed the desired box. Opening, her gaze locked on the spiked heels, she took them from the box, sitting on the bench, removing the now clean converse she slipped her feet into the spiked heels.

She stumbled to her feet, bracing herself on the walls of the cubicle. She looked on at her mother, still unsure.

"Go on Melody, step on me, start on my panties."

She swallowed, lifting her foot carefully and ever so slowly, she stepped into Ariel's pussy, the heel missing it by an inch, much to Ariel's disappointment. The next step, however, was much more painful. Ariel groaned as Melody rested all her weight on her pussy as she slowly lifted the second foot over her stomach, being deliberately slow, not wanting to hurt her mother, not realising how she was teasing her with her other shoe.

She stepped onto the stomach, the heel of her shoe digging into the soft flesh of her mother's tummy, Arial gasped out, the mixture of pain and pleasure was too much. The flood gates had opened. She came. Beneath Melody's shoe the purple panties grew wet rapidly, the liquid seeping through, soaking the sole of the shoe.

Melody leapt off her mother, falling onto the bench as she lost her balance, watching as Ariel's body convulsed with the sensation of an orgasm.
"Mom…?" Melody gasped, her eyes landed on the wet patch. What the?

Ariel rolled onto her stomach. No. it wasn't enough. She looked up at her daughter with hungry eyes, loving how inferior she felt on the floor. She glanced to the heels, noting the soiled sole.

"Sorry Melody. Let me clean that for you." She muttered breathlessly as she crawled, or rather dragged her self over, lifting her daughter's shoe before proceeding to lick the sole clean of her cum, loving the taste of herself.

"Mom? Are you okay?"

"Of course sweetie…"

"But…you um…got a…little…wet?"

"That's because this excites me…" so far gone now Ariel didn't realize what she was saying, all she knew was that she was horny and loved being walked on and worshiping her daughter's feet.

"You pee when you…"

"No, but I ca…" Ariel stopped "It's not pee."

"Mom I…I don't understand?"

"Melody when a woman gets really excited she…" Ariel stopped herself "It means I…really like something."

"So it means you're happy?"

"Yes…"

That did it.

"H…How do…do we make it…happen again?"

Ariel grinned. She shifted her position, opening her legs, showing of her stained panties before removing them and fully spreading her legs. Pressing the soiled fabric against her face, inhaling her scent deeply, her arousal growing further before she tossed them to wear her other clothes were.

"One way to make me cum again would be to put the heel of your new shoes in and out of here." Ariel answered, pointing to her sopping pussy.

"Err…okay." Melody sounded unsure but did it anyway she shuffled a tad closer to the edge of the bench and pressed the heel of her shoe against Ariel pussy, being careful as not to hurt her. Ariel gasped, she moved closer to Melody, pushing the heel inside of her.

"Now what?"

"You can either take it out and put it back in a bunch of times…or move it around a bit." Ariel giggled, before bursting into a fit of moans as Melody rotated her ankle. As her mother arched her back, closing her eyes she pulled the heel out half way before pushing it back in, each moment deliberately slow, her mother groaned, growing in confidence as she watched Ariel grind her hips against the heel she increased the speed of her motions, working up a bit of a sweat on her feet.

Melody glanced to the side of her, where her mother's clothes were piled, atop of the pile was her panties. She recalled how she had smelled them, how she moaned. Curiously Melody reached out
and took hold of them, turning them over in her hand, and inside out, she eyed the stain. Glancing up at her mother, her eyes were still closed, back arched as she continued to fuck herself on her heel.

Melody slowly brought the panties to her face and gave them a hesitant sniff. Her eyes widened, she felt a tingling in her fanny, she glanced at it then back at the panties, it felt nice, she liked it. She pressed the underwear against her face and forcefully inhaled the scent, no longer caring if her mother looked up, if she could smell them. Then why couldn't she.

The feeling grew, she needed more. Her lips parted, sticking out her tongue, she traced over the scented stain, her mouth-watering as the taste filled her mouth, she glanced back at her mother, her eyes still shut, back arched, though now she had one of Melody's converses pressed against her face and she was inhaling deeply, submerging herself in the realm of her daughter's feet.

Melody then shoved the purple underwear into her mouth, forcefully sucking at the stain, running her tongue over and even chewing it, desperate to get more of the flavour that made her feel so good. She looked over her mother, caked in sweat, some of it hers but mostly her mother's. If this is what her mother's underwear tasted like, how she smelled, then what would the rest of her be like, would it make her feel this way too?

Before Melody could even consider her options further Ariel slammed her cunt against the shoe, sure she probably cut herself or something in the process as her cum bathed the shoe and some of the floor, and herself of course. She tossed the shoe to the side, apparently spent.

Melody tore the panties from her mouth and stuffed them in her bag, her face burning with embarrassment, what would her mother say?

Ariel slowly fell forward and proceeded to clean Melody's shoe before licking up the mess she'd made on the floor. Melody put her heels back in their box and back into the bag, she watched as her mother put on her shirt before looking round.

"Melody I can't see my underwear?" She didn't look at her daughter; Melody wasn't sure why she didn't.

"I've got them in the bag; I'll put them in the wash when we get back for you." Hoping her mother would drop it, after all why would she want to wear them after she got them wet…Poseidon please don't let her ask for them…if she found out what I did…

Ariel nodded, still not looking at her daughter, shame long since setting in. She pulled her green jeans over her stained thighs and pussy, hoping nothing showed. She slipped on the shoe, picking up the red dress she'd brought in, Melody slipped on her converse, one far cleaner than the other. They left the changing room, Arial hung the dress back up where she found it and the two headed home.

The whole journey back Ariel wasn't sure what to think, Melody kept conversation light, hoping her mother would forget about her underwear…she wanted to hold onto them for now. The sense of shame lessened but never left Ariel, she felt guilty about tricking her daughter into fucking her with her new shoes and yet so aroused not only were Melody's feet getting sweaty again but she had made her walk home commando she denied her, her underwear and it felt so hot, she felt so dirty, what kind of mother was she…and worst of all she was already waiting anxiously for the next time her daughter would do those things to her again.

NEXT CHAPTER: Depends on reviews, ask and you will receive.
I've tried to correct all spelling mistakes, was a touch tired when wrote this and misspelled some of the names, but I think I got them all.
Eat Me, Drink Me

Chapter Summary

Jessica stumbles upon Alice having some fun with the Hatter's tea with Wonderland cake.

Characters: Alice, Jessica Rabbit
Categories: Alice in Wonderland, Who Framed Roger Rabbit
Contains: Femslash, Piercings, Drugs, Underage, Growth, Shrinking, Insertion, Slavery
Continuity: Piercings only for this chapter.
Requested By: Shelka89

A fair skinned girl with rosy cheeks, thick medium length golden hair and big blue eyes, attired in a cerulean knee-length dress with a white pinafore atop it, white stockings, black strapped Mary Janes and a black bow in her hair ran down the hall way. A fire burning within her gaze as she turned, roughly grasping the handle of the wooden door, panting; slight beads of sweat materialising on her forehead.

Alice eagerly pushed open the Victorian door, sprinting into her room, kicking off her black Mary Janes, jumping onto her bed, cheeks flushed as she was dwelled on her planned actions. Her head stretched past the edge of her mattress, reaching out she grabbed either side of a small box beneath her bed, pulling herself back onto the bed, placing the box between her legs as she stretched them out.

The box was a dark purple in colour with a black ribbon binding it shut. She swallowed anxiously as she unbound the ribbon and lifted the lid, her anxiety and nervousness slowly giving way to her more lustful thoughts that were rising in her mind and in her lower body as she took in the site of the divided goods within the box. On the right were a dozen clear bottles with a strange mixture within them, each labelled 'Drink Me' and on the left an equal number of cakes labelled 'Eat Me'. The familiar tingling sensation sounded down below and growing stronger as she gazed upon her souvenirs from Wonderland.

She lifted out one of each and placed them on her bedside table. Replacing the lid; dropping the ribbon atop it she slid the box beneath the table.

The young blonde licked her lips, the flames of lust starting to ignite as she turned to the other side of her bed, leaning over the side and lifting a silver tray filled an assortment of white teacups on matching saucers, a white teakettle with light blue lid, a tea spoon, silver sugar pot and of course, the most important part, the Hatter's special tea.

Alice scrunched her toes, chewing her lip as thoughts of the pleasure she would soon be feeling filled her mind as she set about the task of making her tea, her young pussy screaming for attention.
Almost losing herself in excitement at the thought of combining the tingling feels of the 'Eat Me' cake and the powers of the Hatter's tea; she found herself forcing her palm against her dress, pushing it between her legs in an attempt to quell her excitement.

XXX

A tall, voluptuous woman with a curvy hourglass figure, a narrow waist and broad hips stepped off the final step onto the second floor of the mansion; turning left she headed down the hallway, a small smirk upon her face. She had fair skin and long, luxurious scarlet hair, with side bangs covering her right eye, her eyes a heavy-lidded green with seductive dark lashes, accented by shimmering lavender eyeshadow. Her nose was fairly small, especially in contrast to her ruby pouting lips, her ensemble consisting of a red sequined strapless dress that revealed a lot of her cleavage with a low back with a sweetheart neckline and high thigh slit, with matching red stilettos and elegant purple opera gloves and gold stud earrings.

Her breasts bouncing with every step she took. She turned off the stairs, heading down the corridor, the heat within her loins growing; she lightly chewed at her lip, wondering just what Megara had in store for her tonight. She winced ever so slightly at the sensation of the fabric of her dress being dragged over her pointed nipples, her gloved hands balling into fists at her side as she resisted the urge to touch herself.

She loved Roger, she really did…but there were just somethings he couldn't provide for her that Jessica desperately needed. His innocence and naivety warmed her heart, but the fact that as far as he was concerned a game of hanky panky was the most erotic activity known to rabbit and womankind…she needed so much more and Meg could give it to her no strings attached…she just needed a release every now and then, was that so bad?

Jessica hesitated, her thoughts coming to a screeching halt, the sound of groans polluting the air, soon followed by the sound of something heavy falling to the floor. Worry filled her heart as her eye laid on Alice's door, she ran to it, throwing it open and entering the room in a single fluid motion only to be blinded by a rather soft wall of white that pushed her back against the wall, slamming the door shut in the process.

XXX

Alice felt closed her eyes as she downed a third cup of the Hatter's tea, the teapot now empty she pushed it under the bed, groaning as she felt it's effects develop rather quickly. She scrunched toes, stretching out her legs as she gripped carpet fibres with her fingers, desperate to keep herself from doing anything to relieve the burning sensation, she turned her gaze to the cake that rested beside her lap, she gleefully took it and claimed an a large, eager bite.

She ignored its taste, swallowing it after only a few chews and no sooner had the lump vanished down her throat did the familiar tingling, burning sensation spark in her lower abdomen. Her limps lightly convulsed as they began to stretch and expand. The young blonde felt her eyes close as she grew from her height of three foot seven inches to seven feet; she released a sharp cry as the stimulating feeling of growing mixed with that of the Hatter's tea. More she needed more. Another bite and she grew to fourteen feet, her limps stretching out much even more, losing all conscious thought as to limiting her growth to a manageable size. Another bite and she found herself at a staggering twenty eight feet, her young pussy gushing, staining her white panties.

She grunted as her head struck the roof as it started to push out, growing with her, the walls each following suite, while the rest of the room from the door to the windows to the furnishings remained the same size.
Alice allowed her hand to vanish beneath her dress, she poked the now soaking panties, gasping, pushing her hips forward from the light touch, she tossed the remaining few crumbs of the cake into her mouth. Her body convulsed once again, her groans and cries following, not even noticing as she knocked over a set of draws with her ankle, her knee bending for room. Nor did Alice notice her door being opened as Jessica Rabbit sprinted into the room, only to be met by Alice's sole as it slammed against her, pushing her back; her ankle slamming the door shut and holding it shut as her growth slowed to a stop.

Alice released another groan of pleasure as she felt the struggling of her visitor against her sole, she pushed out further, pushing the 'intruder' against her wall, gasping and thrusting her hips, relishing in the sensation of the unknown being, being held captive by her foot.

Jessica struggled against the white wall, her movements slowing, growing more difficult as she felt herself being crushed between the two walls until she reached a point where all she could do was grind herself against the wall in a feeble attempt to escape. A strong, rather musky stench filled her nostrils, growing stronger each time the wall creased and un wrinkled itself, made all the worse as the air was slowly forced from her as the pressure of wall caused an intense pressure on her chest as her voluptuous assets were pushed back against her.

Alice eyes slowly opened, her lust filled gaze settling on her left foot, the small movements beneath it continuing to bring her pleasure. Curiosity bettering her, much to her captive's relief; she retracted her foot, her ankle twisting into a semi-awkward angle. She watched as the tiny redhead fell to the floor by her foot, trying to regain her breath gasping for clean air. It was a touch arousing to see someone in such a state from her feet.

Jessica turned her gaze upwards, gawking at the now thirty five foot tall child. Stumbling to he feet, "Alice? What happened to you? How did you get so big?"

"Err…I ate some Wonderland cake."

"…Why?" Jessica asked with a frown, Alice averted her gaze.

"It…feels good…" like you did beneath my foot.

"Good?" Jessica swallowed, she didn't like where this was going, where was the girl's mother when you needed her…please don't tell me I've got to give her the 'talk'.

"I feel all tingly and…" her words died on her tongue at a single pulse from her pussy, crying out for release, the tea's affects growing stronger, she needed release. Her hand began to slowly slide back down between her thighs, Jessica noticed.

Her cheeks burned scarlet with embarrassment, she glanced towards the door, still blocked by Alice's ankle.

"Alice…do you know how to get back to normal?" her tone now one of panic.

"Yeah…"

"Then can you just move ever so slightly and I'll give you some privacy…we can talk later and…"

"Nope." Jessica turned to face Alice, her locks flowing to the side, revealing both her widened eyes. Alice averted her gaze "Well…you see…you felt really good against my foot…and I was wondering if you could…go back under it until the…tingling stops?"
The tiny redhead blinked. Then again. Then once more. Alice really wanted to pin her beneath her foot until she came? Why does that actually sound…hot?

Jessica anxiously chewed her lower lip, her cheeks tinging with embarrassment, she glanced towards the foot in question, still clad in its white stocking, the sole a light grey with bits of dirt and grime infused with the fabric.

"Would you mind?" Alice asked cautiously, lust fuelling her gaze as it locked on the tiny woman.

"Err…sure, just until the tingling stops…"

"Oh thank you, thank you!" Alice bounced in place, her rear briefly lifting before slamming back on the floor; shockwaves erupting from the impact, Jessica stumbled back, falling onto her rear, grimacing as she made impact.

"Oh, sorry…I didn't mean to…"

"It's okay Alice." Jessica sighed as she stumbled back to her feet and slowly made her way over to the foot. Funny I came here for a booty call and now I'm willingly being pinned by a child's foot.

No sooner had Jessica stepped into place did Alice start to apply pressure on her tiny frame, wiggling her toes, arching her back slightly, groaning at the immense feelings of pleasure she felt. The small struggles Jessica made as she pushed back against her sole, with little success, equated to the perfect massage, combining with the rush of power she felt at having a woman the size of a bug, to her, beneath her foot…it was incredible, she pushed harder, grinding ever so slightly, forcing her sole against Jessica as if aiming to have her leave an imprint in her stockings.

Her fingers pulled her stained panties to the side beneath her dress, she plunged two of them straight in, releasing a rather vocal groan and increasing the pressure on Jessica.

The redhead gasped. "Alice…ease up…a bit…please." Her pleas went unheard, her hands balled into fists, slamming into the sole she pushed back with renewed vigour, still it got closer. If this kept up she was going to end up as nothing but a stain on the giantess's sole. She leant in ever so slightly, extending her neck, reaching a couple 'inches' below Alice's little toe, she bit into the sole with all her might.

The foot shot back, Jessica fell to her knees gasping for breath, relieved it had worked, a slight hint of guilt at hurting the child, but if she hadn't…her thoughts stopped as the sole slammed atop her, pushing her into the ground.

"That hurt."

Jessica gasped as she felt the pressure increase.

"I'm…sorry!" She cried out with all her strength, desperate to be heard this time. The pressure lessened, the sole levered off her, balancing on the heel.

"I forgive you…sorry if I hurt you…"

"I'm fine…just try to be gentler." She stumbled back to her feet, the sole was lowered again, until it we an inch away from Jessica's face.

"In that case…would you kiss my foot better, your bite really hurt?"

Jessica blushed, first she was being slowly crushed by Alice's foot and now she wanted her to kiss it?
Jessica chewed her lower lip, trying to ignore the rush of heat she felt as she leaned in. She pressed her rouge lips against the sole. Upon leaning back she noticed her lipstick had left a tiny imprint of her lips. The gigantic toes above her wiggled, the sound of Alice's giggles filling the air.

"That tickles." She laughed, inching her foot closer to Jessica again. The tiny woman swallowed before proceeding to lean in, taking the hint, she began to bestow her kisses on the dirty sole, trailing kisses over it, a physical trail of her kisses being left as her lipstick smudged.

Alice stretched out her foot, plunging a third finger into her sopping pussy; it ate the appendage eagerly, her pussy muscles clamping on the intruder. The blonde's groans escaped her, her eyes once again closing. Jessica's kisses felt so good against her foot, the new stimulation mixing with her previous high, the rushing thought of the bug sized woman worshiping her was so hot.

Jessica felt his kisses become more forceful, the heat between her legs growing, the musky scent of Alice's feet filling her as lust clouded her mind, she felt her hand slowly slide over her waist, over her hip and down her thighs, hiking her dress, pressing her fingers against her bare pussy, thrusting her hips against her hand, her kisses became more enthusiastic. She pressed her face into the sole, before dragging it up against the foot, her tongue sliding out and pressing against it. She relished in the taste of the dirt beneath Alice's foot, the hat between her legs growing as the humiliation of being literally a bug licking up the dirt from Alice's feet. Her fingers were sucked into her pussy.

Alice moaned as she felt the licks of her captive. "Ah…yes…that feels…so, so good…lick my stockings clean…" she moaned, her words driving Jessica to give more of herself; the passion and force of each lick growing.

A fourth finger plunged in, Alice trust her hips upward. Her pussy clamped down on her fingers, erupting in a powerful orgasm, bathing her fingers and panties in cum. She retracted her fingers, bringing them to her nose, she inhaled the scent of her sex deeply before proceeding to forcefully suck her fingers clean, groaning at the taste of herself before gulping the juices down.

Jessica felt the tremors of Alice's orgasm, her own pussy squirting its juices over Alice's sole as the thoughts of the blonde cumming from her worshiping her feet filled her mind. She ducked down and quickly licked up her juices, enjoying the taste of herself mixed with a hint of Alice's foot sweat.

Once the evidence was gone Jessica stopped, stepping away from the sole, more than a little turned on by how much she smelt like Alice's foot, it was like the blonde had imprinted on her, establishing her ownership of her.

"Who said you could stop."

Jessica stiffened. The blonde's tone was so commanding it gave her chills. Her heart pounded within her breast as she seemed unable to decide whether to feel arousal or fear, settling for a mixture of the two.

"You came…"

"You said until the tingling stops."

"You mean you're still horny?"

"I'm still feeling tingly…" she seemed confused about Jessica's choice of words but soon shook it away "So get back under my foot, I want you to lick my stockings clean." Jessica nearly came again on the spot.

When she didn't immediately move Alice felt her temper flare, mixing with her lustful mind set
almost eagerly. She lifted her foot and once again slammed it atop of Jessica, pinning her beneath her foot. Giggling as she felt the tiny struggles.

"You know what? Maybe I'll keep you under my foot, just wear you in my shoe and you can worship me feet all day…and at night you can sleep in my stinky stockings." Alice laughed, nearly cumming again at just the thought of it, and she wasn't the only one. It didn't take long for the blonde giantess to feel the familiar licks beneath her foot; she eased off the pressure. Her hands slithering down her thigh, her fingers moving to push her panties aside once again, the soaked fabric squelched beneath her light grip, she grimaced.

Alice brought her knees up, dragging the tiny woman with her, loving how she rolled beneath her foot, becoming trapped beneath her toes, she increased the pressure on her feet, lifting her rear just enough to slide her panties over her rear, up her thigh and off her legs, scrunching her toes around Jessica, lifting her off the ground in the grip of her toes as to fully take off her panties without free the tiny woman, whose kisses and licks had yet to slow down.

Jessica glanced to the side, peaking over the side of the toes, licking the side of Alice's small toe as she watched the white panties fall to the floor, the scent of sex washing over her; she began to lightly thrust her hips against the blonde's toes.

Alice uncurled her toes, a pleasurable shiver shooting up her spine when she heard the small thud of her tiny slave landing on the floor. Jessica looked up, sprawled on the floor, as Alice proceeded to remove each of her stockings, being deliberately slow. As each one came off she wiggling her toes in the cool air and the redhead found herself hard pressed not to start fingering herself in front of the child. Alice tossed the stockings over her bed, her legs each falling back onto the floor, wide open and from her position Jessica could clearly see Alice's youthful, bare, dripping pussy, she frowned when she saw the silver ring on her lower lips, wasn't she too young to have piercings? And to have one in such an intimate area?

"Now what are you waiting for slave, worship me feet." Slave? Where'd that come from? Jessica squirmed in her place, stumbling to her feet she ran over to Alice's right foot, pressing herself into the sweaty sole, relishing in the feeling of the moist, pungent flesh against being pressed against her small frame. She eagerly began licking up droplets of sweat, drinking it with great gusto, bestowing kisses between licks.

Alice spread her lips and began to violently rub her clit, scrunching her toes as her body pulsated with pleasure, her moans and groans once again sounding as Jessica continued to clean the blonde's feet, moaning at the salty taste that dominated her mouth. The heel inched back and the foot lowered, granting Jessica access to the child's toes, the redhead buried her face between Alice's powerful, sweaty toes. She devoured any hint of toe jam between the blonde's toes, gasping in pleasure when she squeezed her toes and captured her head with ease.

The movement of her fingers becoming more rapid, Alice squeezed her toes together once again, clamping them down on her slave as she leaned back, her hips driving forward, her legs rising into the air, lifting Jessica into the air, dangling her helplessly from her toes. Not that this stopped Jessica from licking the sensitive flesh between Alice's toes. Her movements became faster, her body convulsed, almost lying back she held her lips apart and gasping as she sprayed her cum into the air, groaning as it fell back onto her exposed flesh, her dress long since folded back over her stomach.

Jessica for her part merely continued her ministrations unlike the last time she didn't even consider stopping as she felt the convulsions of the blonde. Her whole body shook, still dangling from Alice's powerful toes, she was so powerful and while she herself was so weak. Alice was so powerful, she was like a goddess, she could do anything she wanted to her and she could do nothing about it…and
she would love every moment of it.

As the effects of the orgasm faded Alice slowly turned her gaze to the dangling Jessica Rabbit, still licking the gap between her toes. "You make such a good pet Jessica." Her tone was soft, as was the smile she wore. The only response she received was that of Jessica kissing the space between her toes and more forceful licks, surely nothing remained their anymore, even the taste must have faded and yet she continued. Alice's smile grew; she stretched out her toes, parting them. She watched as the redhead plummeted to the ground, a slight gasp of pain followed the familiar thud but still she stumbled to her feet.

"Now my little slave, the next thing I want you to do is to approach my pussy." Jessica didn't hesitate and began to walk over, a slight limp in her step "No, crawl to it you little bug." The redhead moaned as she processed the statement, dropping onto all fours she began to crawl towards her goddess's opening.

Alice reached over and plucked a small shred of paper from the floor, where she had discarded it earlier, she carefully placed it atop her little clit ring, ensuring the inscription faced her slave, before reaching for something else that rested atop her bed.

Jessica came to a stop a foot from the pussy, she looked up, remaining one all fours. She spied the paper and felt her excitement fill her out as she read it. 'Eat Me'. It took all she had not to latch onto the giant pussy and give it everything she had. She turned her gaze to the face of goddess, the scent of her sex all around her.

Alice smiled down at her slave; she lowered the vile between her fingers. Jessica took it, noting the label 'Drink Me', wearing an expression of confusion as she looked back up at her goddess. "Now I want you to drink a third of that vial, but make sure you're holding my little ring when you do." She giggled.

Jessica rose to her full height, extending her hand she took hold of the ring, sending Alice pleasurable shivers up her spine. She removed the lid from the vial before taking it to her lips and slowly tipping it back, stopping when approximately a third had emptied from it, she replaced the lid and carefully dropped it the floor. She gulped the liquid down, the effect was almost instant. Rather quickly Jessica noticed the world around her beginning to expand, the rate of expenditure increasing in speed as time went by. Within minutes Jessica found herself to be a mere three inches in height, her right arm looped through the piercing, holding herself.

Alice's smile had grown larger and larger as Jessica got smaller and smaller. "You really are a bug at that size now aren't you my pet." This was so hot "But bugs don't wear clothes now do they, so strip off buggy." She giggled.

Jessica didn't need to be told twice, the first thing she did was slip her purple opera gloves from her hands and tossed them to the floor, next she kicked off her heels, she took off her earrings and tossed them into the pile and finally the difficult part, she slowly and rather awkwardly removed her scarlet strapless dress and tossed into the pile. She hesitated a moment before turning to look back up at her goddess, she was so far up now, it hurt her neck just to try and look at her face.

"That's better, now my little bug, I want you to climb into my pussy and do everything you can to get me to cum you back out." The way her goddess giggled when issuing this command drove Jessica to the edge, she nearly found herself cumming on the spot at being referred to as a bug. Then again even if Alice was normal size at this height she would be considered a bug.

She heaved herself onto the piercing and eagerly ran across it to the lips of her goddess, using both arms and all the force she could muster she slipped into the endless cavern that was her goddess's
pussy. The entrance closed behind her as soon as she entered and as it did the heat increased dramatically, Jessica stumbled about the pussy, slamming into the walls around her before slipping and falling to the 'floor'. Her goddess was so wet. She pressed her face into the floor and began to bestow it with kisses, passionate licks and even lightly nibbled on it, growing wet herself when her new prison shook in pleasure.

Alice pushed her head back against the wall, moaning as she felt the tiny squirming within her pussy, too small to cause her to orgasm quickly but enough to bring her pleasure.

"You feel so good down there little bug…I think we've found your new home, I hope you like it." She giggled.

Jessica found herself sliding all over the place, the whole cavern shaking as her goddess giggled. Jessica started pounding the walls and the floor, thrashing about, biting with all her force, eager to bring her goddess pleasure, the mere thought of remaining tiny and trapped inside her divine pussy led her to cumming, her cum mixing with her goddesses. She rolled around in the cum; soaking it into her skin, as if trying to permanently mask her own scent with that of her goddess.

Alice felt her toes curl as she chewed her lower lip, the more erratic Jessica's movements became the closer she got to orgasm once again, it seemed despite her slave's diminutive size her tiny movements were enough to tease and edge her with near ease. Her hands balled into fists at her size, gripping the carpet fibres, she thrusted her hips, moaning as she felt her bug sized slave slide about in her pussy.

Jessica, now thoroughly soaked, stumbled about the humid cavern; it was getting harder to breathe now. And it was so hot, she found herself drinking mouthfuls of her goddess's cum just to remain hydrated. She braced herself against the wall of the cavern, glancing up, a smirk spread across her lips. She dug her nails into the wall; she then began to pull herself up, dragging her body against the wall, nearly falling when the entire cavern shook with her goddess's moans but determined she climbed hirer and hirer, her body saturated in sweat and pre-cum she jumped the final distance, wrapping her arms around Alice's G-spot, hanging freely, digging her nails into it to maintain her balance as the whole cavern violently shuck.

Jessica pulled herself up, the cavern shaking every time Jessica brought her goddess pleasure. She pushed her breasts against it, keeping her nails in place. She leant in close and licked her goddess's G-spot, each one forceful and rapid, the cavern shuck. She bit down on the G-spot. The flood gates opened.

Jessica was struck was a tidal wave of her goddess's cum. She was washed out of Alice's pussy, barley managing to grasp hold of the clit ring as cum continued to spew out, pooling on the inside of Alice's dress on the floor.

Alice turned her gaze down to the tiny woman, exhausted, her breath ragged and sweat glistening on her young body. "You did well slave…" She panted.

"Thank you goddess." Jessica breathed out, not realising what she said.

"Goddess…hmm…Goddess Alice…I like the sound of that bug, I definitely could get used to it and this…I think I'll keep you." She giggled before reaching down, plucking Jessica between her thumb and forefinger, bringing her up to her face.

Her mouth opened, she lowered her tiny slave, extending her tongue before dropping the redhead upon it.
Jessica found herself looking around in a state of awe, her arousal growing; she was so helpless… nothing but a bug in the mouth of her goddess. Alice then proceeded to toss Jessica about her mother, sucking her tiny form, licking the cocktail of sweat and cum combo, swallowing the mixtures down. Her tongue probed every miniscule inch of her slave's body, very thoroughly. Jessica cried out in pleasure as her goddess rammed the tip of her tongue against her pussy, slamming her against the roof of her mouth. Jessica didn't last long and soon gushed over Alice tongue, she nearly same again as she watched her goddess drink her cum.

Alice opened her mouth and leant over and spat her slave into her palm, smirking as she took in the site of her saliva coated pet squirmed in her palm. She pushed her up with her thumb to her fingers before lowering her hand back down to her pussy. She parted her lips and deposited her back inside her cavern, allowing her lips to close afterwards.

"I was going to ask if you'd rather spend the rest of the night under your goddess's feet or inside my pussy…but you just felt too good." Alice giggled before reaching over and picking up her soiled panties, she slipped them back on, wincing at the wet fabric but smirking when she recalled her new slave was getting the brunt of it, next she slipped on her stockings, smirking when she saw the tiny kisses on the sole and took greater satisfaction of knowing that she'd be walking on Jessica's kisses.

She reached between her legs and picked up the 'Drink Me' potion, she uncorked it, tipping a portion of it into her mouth, the familiar tingling of pleasure erupting down below as she shrunk down to her original size, gasping when she felt Jessica's presence became…more noticeable.

She glanced round, watching as the room shrunk back down to its natural size, she spied the tiny clothes between her legs, smirking, she plucked them from the floor.

"Well you won't be needing these anymore." She giggled, lifting them higher, she tilted her head back, parting her lips, she dropped them in and with a single gulp swallowed them, ensuring no one found them and started asking questions.

Alice got to her feet, stretching out her stiff limbs before placing the potion on the bed; she turned and approached her door, wincing at the stench that lingered from having her enlarged feet so close to it. She stepped out her room, deciding not to bother with her shoes, leaving her door open a crack to air it out some she proceeded to head to the kitchen to get a glass of water, all that fun had made her quite parch.

She was soon stopped, however, as Meg rounded the corner, near bumping into each other. Alice prayed her flushed cheeks, combined with the obvious sweat as her hair clung to her forehead and the scent of sex was unnoticed as she met Megara's gaze.

"Oh hey Alice, have you seen Jessica anywhere? We were supposed to meet nearly an hour ago?" Alice found it hard not to burst out laughing at the question, suddenly very aware of her pet's tiny but stimulating movements.

"No, sorry." Meg simply nodded with a small smile and continued on her way, unaware of the smirk on Alice's face as she patted her dress against her pussy, her excitement growing once again, this time without the influence of the tea.

NEXT CHAPTER: Halloween Special

A/N I'm going to attempt a Halloween special and due to the possible length and details still needing to be worked out an update before then is unlikely.

A big thank you to BlueLanternRazor for all your help in writing this fic.
(1) Considering how potent that 'Drink Me' stuff is, to turn Alice from a giant to mouse height I doubted it would be a good idea for a normal height Jessica to drink it all.
Bonnie Catches Kim

Chapter Summary

Bonnie catches Kim indulging in her watersports fetish and takes advantage of it.

Characters: Bonnie Rockwaller, Kim Possible
Categories: Kim Possible
Contains: Femslash, Slavery, Watersports, Femdom, Panty Sniffing
Requested By: Balthasar00

A tanned girl with thick, shoulder-length brunette hair, cut into a shag style with narrowed teal eyes, with a slender yet curvaceous figure attired in a strapped, low-cut pink top with a maroon miniskirt that hugged her thighs and black strapped Mary janes stood outside the door to the mansion(1).

Bonnie rapped her knuckles against the door, sparing a glare at the broken doorbell as she squirmed in place, mentally cursing it and the fact she'd forgotten her keys in her room when she left that morning.

"Oh screw this." She muttered angrily before, stomping down the few stairs back onto the pavement before storming round the side, stopping when she came to a black ironed gate, blocking her way to the 'back garden'.

The brunette inhaled deeply, rotating her shoulders and loosening her muscles up before taking several steps back and charging towards the gate, she leapt into the air, flipping in the air before sticking the landing on the other side, she released her breath before continuing on her way, past the side walls of the mansion and reaching the garden.

A small patio, complete with table, chairs and a parasol rested by the backdoor, Bonnie spared a glance to her right, taking in the numerous acres of land behind the mansion, after a small field it was only trees as far as the eye could see.

She approached the door angrily, yanking at the golden handle. Locked. She slammed her fists against the thick wood before delivering a strong kick to it.

"Ah, shit, shit." Bonnie cursed, cupping her foot and hopping in place, her face scrunching in pain. Yet still no one came to open the door. There wasn't even the sound of movement on the other side.

She chewed her lower lip, gritting her teeth as it slipped out of her grasp, her eyes darting between the locked door and the acres of trees, the pressure in her bladder growing. She turned on her heel before briskly storming across the field, her legs unnaturally stiff as she fought to remain in control of her bladder.

The summer breeze traced through her jagged locks, the odd strand blowing into her face, she
brushed it aside aggressively. Her steps large and brisk, she crossed the field within minutes. The shade of trees overcame her, the warmth of the air dimming. She lightly bit her tongue as she stepped over numerous thick roots, barely avoiding the occasional trips.

Only pausing when the summer breeze caused the unkempt grass to caress her legs; chewing her lip as she struggled to remain in control of her bladder. Just a little further, she needed to find a secluded area where she won't be found, the last thing she needed was for someone to happen across her... relieving the pressure, god she'd never live it down, especially if 'Perfect Possible' found out.

The sound of trickling water forced her to stop, her eyes closing as she tried to calm herself but it only served to focus her hearing, the trickling sound grew clearer and seemed to be mixed with low groans.

Bonnie squeezed her eyes shut, gritting her teeth, shaking her head to banish the sound, her knees nobbling. Her eyes snapped open; she turned to move away from the sound only to pause when a rather vocal moan sounded. The brunette hesitated, she swallowed. She turned back to the direction in which the sound of running water originated from.

Her foot steps were light and deliberate, ensuring she stuck to soil rather than any form of vegetation. She crept around numerous trees, before pausing behind one with a rather wide trunk, the speed of the water seemed to have slowed down; she peeked round, trying to ignore the pressure of her bladder.

Her teal eyes widened, clamping down her hand over her mouth to prevent the sound of a giggle, or laugh, from escaping her lips.

There she was. 'Anything's Possible,' 'Little Miss Perfect,' Kim Possible. The tall, rather slender, emerald eyed cheerleader with long fiery hair, her attire consisting of her short black top, exposing her midriff, her green cargo pants and red panties, white socks and shoes neatly piled several feet away. Her back was pressed against a thick trunked tree, upside down, her knees bent and her bare feet planted against the trunk to aid balance. Her fiery locks pooled beneath her head, her lips parted as her fingers forced her pussy lips apart, angling her fingers. A golden stream fired from her cunt and into her mouth.

Bonnie watched as Kim gulped down her piss eagerly. Bonnie pulled out her phone, smirking as she pulled up the video app, fighting the urge to giggle as she pressed the red button and the virtual seconds began to tick by as the small screen showed the display before her. As Bonnie eyed the screen in her hand she took note of the glimmering splashes on the cheer captain's cheek.

'Guess her aim isn't perfect.' Bonnie internally muttered; the gears in her mind turning as she thought of numerous ways she could use this to torture Kim. She smirked, after this she'd have that redhead wrapped around her little finger.

Kim groaned as she gulped down her golden nectar. She ran dry too soon, the stream ducking near the end and falling over her black shirt. A familiar shiver shot up her spine at the thought of heading back home, her shirt stained by her own urine for all to see. Everyone would see it and yet not know what she'd been doing.

Kim retracted her fingers from her pussy, thoroughly soaked in pee; she brought her fingers to her mouth and began to lightly suck on them, cleaning her fingers of her nectar, moaning in pleasure.

Bonnie's smirk grew, not stopping her phone's recording even as Kim got back up from the ground, brushing off the back of her shirt, dirt and the odd leaf falling off of her. The redhead stretched out her arms, thrusting out her chest before leisurely turning to her discarded clothes, prolonging her
nudity as long as she could.

The brunette nearly failed to stifle her giggle as the teen hero bent over to pick up her panties, mooning the phone. Bonnie waited till Kim slipped her scarlet panties over her rear before she pressed stop on her phone. She winced as she stepped out from behind her tree, the pressure in her abdomen continuing to grow and becoming more noticeable as she moved from her spot.

"Well, well, what do we have here?" Kim froze. The redhead slowly turned, peering over her shoulder, paling considerably when she saw her high school rival, stood there; hand on hip, smirking at her.

"B…Bonnie…what are…what are you doing here?"

"I should be asking you that Possible. Though a better question would be why were you drinking your own piss?" the brunette's smirk grew.

"Wh…what…I…I wasn't I…I was…" a blush enveloped Kim's face as she averted her gaze "It's not what it looks like…your…your eyes were playing tricks on you."

"Then why are you half naked?" Bonnie teased.

"I…I was…sun bathing?" Bonnie sighed, making obvious look towards the trees blocking most of the sun's rays from actually touching them.

"Really, that's it? This is pathetic even for you, that lie was beyond pitiful and to top it off your stuttering was so bad I had trouble keeping track of what you were even trying to say."

"I don't know what you're talking about Bonnie." Kim argued, finally meeting her rival's gaze, her blush still being a major presence upon her face.

"I saw everything Kim."

"Wha…" Bonnie flipped open her phone, the video file image visible, her thumb pressing down on the play key and Bonnie's smirk grew as she watched Kim's mouth slowly open, her blush spreading further as her whole form went rigid as she watched the recording of her drinking her own urine.

"Now Possible, wouldn't it be a shame if someone were to see this video, like say your parents? That buffoon of a boyfriend of yours? Or I don't know, maybe the whole of Middleton High School?"

"Ya…you wouldn't…"

"Oh I would Possible." Bonnie's smirk now akin to the grin of the cat that caught the canary, Kim opened her mouth only to close it again, she bowed her head.

"What do you want Bonnie?" Bonnie felt a rather pleasant shiver when she heard the submissive tone of her rival.

"Oh I'm going to enjoy this," the brunette chuckled only to wince as she was reminded of the pressure in her abdomen, she was struck with inspiration. "Tell you what, for starters I'll have you do something you'll enjoy."

Kim didn't like where this was going.

"Strip."

"What?"
"Did I stutter Kimmie? I want you to strip for me." Kim took a step back. "Strip or this video is going viral."

Kim sighed again before bringing up her hands, her fingers curling round the base of her black shirt. She hesitated before pulling it over her head. She shook her hair free of the shirt's collar. Her bare breasts bounced in the summer air, her nipples pointed. She dropped her shirt atop her cargo pants.

"Ooh, no bra Possible. and drinking your own pee, such a little slut." Bonnie mocked, enjoying every second of her rival's torment. Kim gave no answer, simply pinching either side of her red panties before sliding them back down her legs and tossed them with the rest of her clothes. She turned to face the brunette, crossing one arm over her chest while the other slid between her legs to conceal her intimate areas.

"Oh don't be such a prude Possible. You've got nothing I don't." Kim let her arms fall at her sides. "Better." Bonnie allowed her gaze to glance over Kim, taking in every inch of her. Why was her heart pounding?

"What about this am I supposed to be enjoying?"

"Shut up and get on your knees."

"Wha…"

"I said shut up and get on your knees." Bonnie snapped.

Kim's mouth snapped shut and she dropped to her knees, wincing slightly at the sudden impact. She hated the shiver that shot down her spine when she saw how Bonnie was looking down at her, the smugness. She could practically hear the brunette thinking how superior she is to her.

Bonnie stepped closer to the fire haired teen. Kim opened her mouth.

"Not. A. Word."

Kim closed her mouth, attempting to ignore the heat fire burning in her loins, still hot from her… drink earlier.

"Open your mouth."

"Why?" Kim cried out in pain as Bonnie's palm swung round and slapped Kim's cheek, her head ripped round, her eyes squeezing shut as she could practically feel the red print forming on the side of her face.

"Silence. And because if you don't your little secret goes viral." Kim opened her mouth but no sound emerged. "Good girl." Bonnie stepped over Kim, lifting herself onto her tip toes and lifting the hem of her miniskirt.

Kim's eyes widened when she saw Bonnie's naked pussy, shaved clean. Bonnie's second hand came down and parted her lips, preparing to aim.

"Hope you enjoy this Kimmie, I've been holding it for a long time." Bonnie's smirk grew before finally evolving into a smile as she threw her head back, eyes closing as she forced the flood gates to open. A bright, hot, yellow stream erupted from beneath the skirt, striking Kim in the eye. The redhead gasped as the urine quickly covered her face, she leant back and started collecting her rival's pee in her mouth.
"You better not waste a drop Possible." Bonnie laughed as she opened her eyes, glancing down at the redhead, laughing when she saw the pee stained face and how eagerly she was gulping down her pee.

Kim couldn't help it. She moaned as she swallowed Bonnie's 'nectar.' The sour yet nutty taste dominating her taste burning of her loins grew, arousal flooding her mind at the realisation that she was being forced to be Bonnie's toilet. Kim's eyes widened in lust, she was living her fantasy; she was a human toilet…to Bonnie? Why did that make it all the more arousing?

Her hand slowly slithered down her body and between her legs. She was so wet, and not just from the spilt pee. Her fingers slid in with little resistance as she began to pump herself.

Bonnie's eyes widened as she watched Kim's fingers penetrate her pussy as she began to finger herself, she really was enjoying this. Bonnie felt her own levels of arousal growing as she watched her rival, stained by her pee, gulping it down as she fingered herself. She flipped open her phone and snapped a photo of Kim, ensuring she didn't capture any of herself, only Kim masturbating as she drank pee.

'Ooh your life is over Possible, this is your new purpose.' Bonnie mentally giggled, feeling herself grow wet at the very thought of turning her rival into her own personal toilet. She was almost disappointed as she felt her bladder grow closer to being empty. As the flow began to slow Bonnie pulled back her hips and with an extra thrust she covered Kim from head to toe in her urine. The brunette smirked as she regarded it as marking her territory. Claiming her rival as her new toilet.

Kim gasped as she felt the warm liquid shoot over her, her vaginal lips clamping down on her fingers as her juices gushed over her legs, running over her thighs, kneecaps and then finally the ground in which she kneeled upon.

Bonnie stumbled back as the flow stopped, a few drops catching the inside of her legs as she regained her balance. She turned her gaze to Kim; she remained kneeling, watching her as if waiting for her next command. Bonnie felt a familiar tingle in her loins at the concept.

"What are you waiting for slave? Clean me up."

'Slave?' Kim mused, her mental tone one of confusion and excitement. The redhead launched forward, grazing her knees on the coarse ground. Bonnie smirked as Kim's head vanished beneath her skirt; she jumped when she felt the cheer captain's tongue on her inner leg, licking up the stray droplets of pee before moving onto the brunette's pussy. She cried out as she felt Kim's tongue graze over her pussy before infiltrating it.

Kim pressed her lips against Bonnie's pussy and began to forcefully suck as her tongue captured every drop of urine from every crevice of Bonnie's pussy, swallowing every drop. She began to pull back once the task was complete only to be forced back in as Bonnie pressed her hand against her skirt, pushing Kim back into her pussy.

"Oh, no you don't little slave, eat me out." In her arousal Kim needed no other provocation, her tongue dived back in and her lips met Bonnie's once again.

Bonnie threw her head back in pleasure. Jumping with every twist of Kim's tongue. It didn't take long until she felt a new set of flood gates open, her pussy started to squirt the second Kim nipped at her G-spot. Kim pressed her lips against Bonnie's pussy, ensuring not to leave a single gap, capturing every drop of Bonnie's cum and swallowing it down. Once she was done Kim gave Bonnie a few more light licks, cleaning her of her juices.
Kim pulled out from beneath skirt. Bonnie laughed when she caught sight of Kim's face, covered in piss with splashes of her cum, with her hand imprint still on her cheek.

"Say thank you Possible, for your treat and allowing you to speak."

Kim hesitated, earning her another slap on her other cheek, giving her matching prints. Kim slowly turned to face Bonnie, flinching slightly at the glare.

"Thank you Bonnie for allowing me to drink your pee and cum, they were yummy and thank you for letting me speak." Her tone was soft and timid.

"You're welcome, and don't look so down, this won't be the last time I'll be in need of your services." Bonnie smirked.

"What?" Kim's eyes widened.

"You heard me Kim, unless you want it to become common knowledge that you get off on drinking piss then you're going to serve me as my human toilet, and anything else I can think of." Bonnie's smirk grew as she saw the mixture of worry and arousal in Kim's eyes. "Each morning you're to come to my room and act as my toilet."

Kim was frozen. So many thoughts rushed through her head, even after this Bonnie wasn't done with her? And it sounded like she wasn't going to be done until she got bored, and by the sound of it that wasn't going to happen any time soon.

"Do you understand?" Bonnie pushed, Kim bowed her head.

"Yes Bonnie."

"No, you call me Mistress when we're alone…or whenever I say so." The brunette laughed.

"Very well…Mistress."

"Good toilet." Bonnie laughed as she patted Kim's head, the brunette glanced towards Kim's clothes before approaching them and retrieving the red panties, she turned back to Kim.

"You're not to wear panties anymore, and no bras either, not even during practise or games, when I look under your skirt I want to see your pussy and ass bare…and if I catch you otherwise you'll be punished, am I clear toilet?"

"Yes Mistress." Kim bowed her head, which prevented her from seeing her new 'mistress' lightly sniff the crotch of her panties, a light blush to her cheeks as she stuffed them in between her cleavage.

"Get dressed toilet, it's time we head back to the mansion." Bonnie smirked; Kim merely nodded, weakly rising to her feet before heading over to her clothes.

NEXT CHAPTER: Depends…

A/N Sorry for the wait, still working on the Halloween chapter, yes it will still go up even if Halloween is long gone. Hope you all enjoyed the chapter.
Also when making requests give as much detail as possible.

(1) I'm expanding the universe officially here, a new mansion for TV show protagonists + side characters and another for antagonists – that's not to say you can't have TV meet Movie.
Okay I know you guys are waiting on the next chapter, it is in the works but due to real life I've been forced to put it on hold for now.

Now to get to the points of this author note, this was just going to be included at the end of the next chapter but I've got a lot of Uni work to finish.

1.0 Requests;

I keep receiving requests without enough detail to write so in this note I'm going to state the minimum that needs to be included – though note the more detail provided the easier it'll be to write, and you'll have a better chance at getting what you want and I'm more likely to write more detailed reviews first;

1 – Pairing(s)
2 – Fetishes if any – also specify if there's anything you definitely don't want to see
3 – What you want to happen
4 – A catalyst e.g. Alcohol, Drugged Tea, Lust
5 – Age – this one only specifies for characters like Ariel and Wendy who have different ages in canon

1.1 Previous Requests

And now to address requests I need more clarity on but am unable contact the requestee;

Guest 1: Hans + Elsa pairing (specified no rape) I need a catalyst that would cause this to happen.
Guest 2: Elsa dominating Anna and making her, her pet – I can probably come up with a catalyst but I need more info on the kind of domination you want.
Guest 3: Alice Sequel where she shrinks a lot of princesses, I need more info such as who and what you want to happen.

2 Sequels

Yes I will write sequels to chapters if they are requested – with enough information.

3 Contributions

I am now accepting contributions, I am doing this so this fic can continue even when I am unable to write for it and to allow for a wider selection of categories – as long as it's Disney it's good, prefer it to stay animated but I might accept live action stuff (I will only write animated ones though).

Basically – send me your chapter either by private message on or at this email Incubus at asia . com – this is a dummy email I set up for this, harass me on it and it will be deleted and you just ruin it for everyone else.

When you send me a contribution (full chapter) please include a desired title (1), provide your preferred alias so I can state who it was written by and if you'd be okay with another reader writing a sequel to it or a reader requesting a sequel, the answer will be included with the chapter.

Please note I will look each chapter over and correct any grammar errors – I'm not a beta so don't
expect miracles.

4 Poll

A poll is up on my fanfic account (succubi-lover) for a similar fic to this with different categories, it's a way for me to see where the interest is if I get chance to write one, on my profile is a few lists to allow you knowledge what categories will be available with each idea - additions will be made as my memory gets better.

(1) If no title is provided I will attempt to think of one.
Amber Gets Burned

Title: Amber Gets Burned
Author: Darkness Rissing
Categories: Frozen, Sofia the first, Beauty and the Beast
Characters: Amber, Hans, Gaston
Contains: Blackmail, blowjob, underage and rape

Inside the dark corridors that conform the villain mansion, Gaston walked with an air of superiority in him. Although this time it wasn't because he felt like the owner of the place (like he always did). No this time it has something to do with the small yellow figure that was trying (and failing miserably, said the hunter) to following him in secret. Something that amused the hunter greatly, since he knew that the figure had been following him for some time now. But that was fine he WANTED her to follow him (that's the only reason he had left the backdoor open and chose a route that didn't end with him walking into any of the other villains that prefer to stay inside the mansion, even during the day). But back to now, using a hand mirror to look over his shoulder, the hunter saw a glimpse of a yellow dress and a blonde hair hiding behind one of the armors, he opens a door close to him and after making sure the figure knows where he is going he enters the room.

Princess Amber looked from her "hiding" spot making sure that nothing was going to jump at her (this was a place full of villains and monsters after all and her bright yellow gown and hair clashed with the dark interior of the mansion, making her easy to spot) and saw her objective enter a room. Now one must be wondering why the little princess was inside such a place following a well-known villain. The answer lay with her sister Princess Sofia. A few days ago her sister returned home looking dizzy and tired, walking as if she was hurt and what was more important (to Amber anyways) it's that both her tiara and her shoes were missing. When questioning her about it she had said that she didn't remember much and that she only passed away the afternoon in company of a new friend (or so she thought) Gaston. Of course the name was infamous to any princess and Amber began to worry that he had done something bad to Sofia. Unfortunately the brunette didn't seem to remember much of that time so the blonde princess give herself the task of finding the truth.

After following the hunter for some time (making sure to never be seen or heard) the princess ended up hearing the name Sofia coming from his mouth. Telling her parents that she was going to reunite with some friends, she began to follow him and with some work she manage to follow him inside the mansion.

"Well that's it," She hears the man talking "everything ready for my nap, but first I will go to the kitchen for something to eat before returning here to sleep" and with that the hunter walks away.

Seeing her opportunity the princess makes a run for the door (her heels creating some echo). Amber looked one last time above her shoulder to make sure he wasn't coming back and quickly entered the room, closing the door behind her.

"Well...this is a surprise." She said, looking over the very well decorated room. In fact that was exactly the problem. The room didn't look like it belonged to a "filthy hunter".

A red carpeted floor, a rich king size bed with deep blue covers, two night tables, a big wardrobe close to a full body mirror and a window with and gold curtains, even a bookshelf and a working
desk. All together give this the impression to belong to someone of royalty.

"That or he is more of a thief that I thought," The princess said moving around "in any case I must work quickly and find some evidence".

With that said Amber began to register the room looking for something that could prove Sofia’s presence in that house. Opening the cabinets the blond princess threw its contents out, moving to the wardrobe she stopped, only for a moment to notice the rich suits and jackets that it contained, before remembering her mission and started throwing things out and checking inside. She even looked under the bed, hoping to find her sister’s tiara under it.

"Ugh this is frustrating," The blonde princess said not caring for the mess she was leaving "if I were a villain and a thief, where would I leave the stolen goods?" finally she decide to check the desk hoping that what she was looking where there.

Opening a desk cabinet she began to throw out paper after paper, until something shining call her attention. For a moment she believed that she has found what she was looking, but she was disappointed at taking the object just to see that was a snow globe. Although one really beautiful since it was laminate in gold a jewels, plus the snow inside looked like diamond dust.

"Well this is a surprise." Said Amber

"This is one more!" Screamed a voice behind her causing her to drop the snow globe.

Turning around she saw a man with fair skin, freckles across his nose, auburn hair, sideburns, and green eyes. Wearing navy blue trousers, black boots, a magenta cravat, blue shirt, indigo vest, black epaulets, white gloves, gold aiguillette, and a light gray-and-black blazer with patterns.

"I leave for ten minutes to get lunch and when I return I find a little thief in my room," Said the man angry

"Thi…thief? I, I" Yelled Amber feeling insulted "I'm not the thief here"

"Oh really? ...you could have fooled me if it wasn't for THIS" The man shouted pointing out the mess that the princess let behind on her hurried quest, "or THAT" He then pointed the now broken globe (spilling it's contain on the carped) "trying to steal my limited edition and expensive golden snow globe?"

"I DIDN'T TRY TO STEAL ANYTHING!" Yelled Amber, before taking a deep breath, trying to calm down "and I'm not a thief…I am Princess Amber of Enchantia and…"

"And I am Prince Hans of southern islands and I want to know what YOU are doing in MY room?" Interrupted Hans

"Your…your room?" Stutterer Amber

"Yes MY room!"

"But then this is not Gaston´s room?" She said, looking round really well this time at the room, getting horrified by the state she has left the place.

"No, this is not Gaston´s room," Said the prince "do you really think that someone like him would live in a place like this?"

"No I didn't think," She said embarrassed.
"That's obvious," Continued Hans looking around "so what we have here is, breaking into a room that is not yours, going through my things, breaking an invaluable object, and also yelling at the owner of the place." With each sentence he gets closer and closer to Amber until he is in front of her and bows to her level "also you are a princess," He said pointing her tiara "meaning that you shouldn't be here, at the villains mansion unless you were invited to it…were you invited?"

The princess shakes her head.

"No, I didn't think so." He rises again and turn around "so I don't have another option here than to notify the others of your presence here and to call your parents"

Amber's head shot up at that and fear invaded her. Her parents would be very disappointed if not furious at her for not only lying about her whereabouts, but the fact she entered in Villains' domain, enter someone else's room and mess with it (even more so, fellow royalty) they will certainly ground her for life but also she will be never trusted again and not the least of all, the look that her father will give her…she couldn't allow that to happen.

"WAIT PLEASE DON'T!" She cried. "Please you don't understand."

"Oh and what should I understand?" Asked Hans, stopping and turning to look at her

"Look…my sister…she was here some time ago." Try to explain Amber "and I think something happened to her here since she never left her tiara unless…"

"So you are saying, it's that you only do you broke in here because your sister doesn't have a tiara?" He asked like she had just said the dumbest thing of all.

"Well…something like that," She said weakly "and she mentioned Gaston and was acting strange"

"Any girl who meets Gaston ends up acting weird the first time" He responded "later they act smarter and ignore the guy or kick him, whatever he acted before" He then turn back to the door "what you just told me, is that another princess has been breaking the rules and I'm sure that your parents would like to hear about this."

Amber wanted to hit herself, not only she will be grounded for her reckless behavior, but now even Sofia will be in trouble.

"Please no," She begged "this was just my mistake…please, I will do anything to fix this," She cried, almost in tears.

Hans' hand stopped over the knob of the door, and hidden was the ember of a smile adorning his face, "hook, line and sinker" He thought before subtly locking the door.

…

Hans and Gaston had an estranged friendship between them. They both think that they deserve more than what life has dealt them, both are not afraid of going to extremes to gain what they want, and although Gaston is more of a womanizer than Hans, both of them have the same problem. Woman tend to hate them. Their reputation has cause that any of the pretty girls (that let's face it the great majority are on the "good" side) to try a get the maximum space between any of the two and them. And although Gaston tends to be ignored, slapped or even beaten by any girl (or boy who see him flirting) Hans had it worse since there is no moment he didn't feel watched when he goes out, and has even had some weapons pointed at him.

So it was a surprise that in one of their "get togethers" in the "Villain Hunters Club" Gaston
appeared with a big smile and happy of the life. After asking, the hunter revealed to the prince the "conquest" he made with one of the princesses, shocking the villainous prince. After filling all the blanks and details Hans scold at his bad luck saying that "he won't even get the luck to pull something like that" – feeling a little bad for his friend (they are villains, pity is not something they generally like to show to others), Gaston tells him that he may have a solution. Turns out that Princess Sofia sister (Princess Amber) who suspected that something had happened to her sister and had been trying (and failing) to spy on him and one time she fell into one of Gaston’s hunter traps. After getting her down (and enjoying a nice view of her knickers) she reveals that Sofia mentioned him by name and that she spent the afternoon with him.

Before she left she had said that "she would find proof that he did something to Sofia," and has been trying to catching him ever since. The hunter proposed to the prince that he will lure Amber to the mansion and into the prince’s room so he can have a similar experience to what he did.

The plan had worked like a charm and now the princess was trapped.

…

Hans turns to Amber "Anything you say?" The blonde princess shifted nervously at the hungry look the prince is giving her

"Ye-yes…I will clean this mess and even repay you for the snow globe." She says hurriedly.

"Tempting but no," He says but before she can offer anything else he continues "I have something else in mind, and if you follow my instructions to the letter, I won't tell anyone about this little… incident….deal?"

Amber thought about for a moment "D…deal."

The smile on Han’s face grow a little.

"Splendid…now go and stand in the middle of the room and don't move."

The princess, a little confused but more relieved, did what he instructed and stood still in the center of the room. Hans for his part, walked over to his desk and taking the chair, he moves close to where Amber was and stood, placing the chair in his chosen position he sat down and he began to look over her body, deciding on his next move.

The blond princess felt a little nervous when the prince spoke again.

"Ok I have decided," He says "hike up your skirt."

"W-what?" She asked confused.

"You heard me…hike up your skirt."

Confused by this the princess takes a hold of her skirt and slowly lifts it a little, like she always does when walking.

"Higher," Replied the prince.

The princess raised her skirt more, revealing her amber colored shoes.

"Higher."

Starting to feel even more nervous, the princess hiked more of her skirt, showing her creamy legs to
the prince, whose smile returned full force.

"Higher."

Her hands began to tremble as she raised it just a little more, knowing that she is showing him the full length of her legs now and that she is almost at her underwear.

"Higher." ordered Hans.

"But…but," She tried to speak, to argue.

"Higher." repeated the prince before lowering his tone a little "show me you underwear."

"Wha…what?!" Yelled the shocked princess, letting her skirt fall and causing a scowl to appear on his face.

"You hear me, show me your underwear…don't you think I didn't notice that," He says pointing at a pile of clothes that Amber threw before. Looking good at them she realized that it was underwear…grown man underwear. The face of the princess become redder.

"You looked at mine and now I'm going to look at yours." The voice of the prince broke her from her daze "I think that, that's fair."

"But I never…I can't…" She tried to say. Showing her knickers to a man…SCANDALOUS if her mother ever learned about it…

"Very well then," He says standing up "I think we don't have anything else to do here…so let us go and notify your parents."

"WHAT!"

"We had a deal and it seems that you won't hold up your end of it so…"

"NO WAIT!"

Amber was trembling. On the one hand doing something like that was going against everything she had been taught about being a princess and she could just decline to do it. But on the other hand, if she doesn't do what he says then not only will she be disappointed in and be in troubles with her parents (something she doesn't want to do) but also Sofia will be involved in something that not even she is certain is real or not.

Either way she will lose something…so better be the lesser of the two.

"I…I will do it" She says, bowing her head down, but trying to be strong "just give me another chance and I will do what you want."

Hans smiles ones again. This could end well for him after all…maybe he can push it a little bit more.

"Very well I will give you another chance" He said "however...for questioning me this time I will add another thing for you to do…do you agree?" Seeing no way out, she nodded "very well." He sits down once again "then proceed."

Trying to keep her nerves under control, Amber bends a little and takes hold of the edge of her skirt. Trembling, she begins to rise, raising the hem of her gown with her, stopping once she reached the point where she was before. Looking at Hans, the prince has a look of expectation and give her a nod.
Closing her eyes, and taking a deep breath she gives a final tug to the cloth.

The smile on Hans' face reached its maximum as he started to feel rather exited at what he saw.

"Very well," He says standing up "now don't move until I say so" He gets close to Amber and kneels down.

Looking this close, Hans can appreciate the young cream colored legs of the princess, going up from her form her dainty feet, hiding inside her shoes, up to the beginning of her yellow colored, cotton lace knickers.

Taking off his gloves he puts his left hand on her right thigh (causing Amber to shudder at the feeling of his big warm hand) feeling the soft skin.

"Gaston really was right" He thought as he began to move his hand, massaging the princess "it's like touching a cloud, or something like that."

Princess Amber, for her part, was starting to feel a weird sensation as the villain massaged her thigh, in a way no one had done before.

"ummm…ummm…what are you" She started to ask, but the prince put his other hand on her left thigh and begin to make the same movement.

"Relax," He said getting his face close to her covered crotch "this is the other thing I want you to do…just stay still."

"But that is where…ah ahhhh." The princess let a scream as Hans' face touched her panty covered crotch and his hands moved behind her legs.

"This is part of the deal." He said as his hands firmly cup her buttocks "so take it."

Suddenly Amber realized that something was not right, and that she shouldn't let him touch her that way or be that close to her "special area".

"WAIT you can't…" But his hands gripped her ass and pushed it, forcing her crotch into his mouth where he gave a big suck "ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh."

Letting go of her skirt; the cloth fell over his head, while his hands massage her rear and his tongue begin to lick over her knickers.

"Ah ah…wait…ah, ah… what are you…ah ah…you can't lick there…ah ah…" The sudden feeling returned with full force at his sudden attack while a heat emerged from her core and started to spread throughout her body. One of her hands rested on the covered head of the prince while her legs threatened to buckle beneath her but the strong hands of the prince supported her while as they got more daring and his fingers began to slip under the cloth of her panties, touching her naked flesh and sending more shocks through her body.

Hans was, mentally, thanking Gaston, as his teeth play with the cover of the pussy in front of him, and his tongue just had to taste the reward behind it, a stain start to soak the previous dry cloth. Granting him a taste of her sweet nectar.

But it's not enough…as always, he wanted more.

Taking one hand from her posterior (and readjusting the other to support her trembling form) he moves it to the front and uses it to move aside the cover and began assaulting her directly.
That was the line, he crossed it eagerly.

"Wait…NO…AH…No…No…AH."

The tongue suddenly shot more inside."…AH, AH… no no… NOOOOOOOO!" with incredible strength Amber manage to break the hold forcing Hans out of her skirt and away from her, as she falls to the floor.

For a moment Hans is surprised by the sudden resistance but quickly his expression changes to one of annoyance and irritation.

The princess in front of him was breathing hard while trying to control the warm feeling that invaded her body. Her legs are shaking so much that she could not find the strength to stand up. Her mind was also turmoil of emotion and no clear thought comes to her.

Scowling, the prince stands up and moves over to the fallen princess. It was time to get serious.

Amber was just recovering when she felt the presence of Hans behind her, and his hands moving, one to her lower back and other behind her neck, holding her in place. Before she could cry out or ask what he was doing she felt the hand on her back working on the ties of her dress.

"Wait!…what are you….?" But her question came too late, the ties came undone and the hand travelled fast to her neck and help the other to unbutton the hidden dress clasps. With his work done Hans stood back up and backed up a little before speaking with harsh voice.

"Take it off."

Fear filled the princess’s mind.

"What?" She asked, tiredness forgotten.

"Your dress…TAKE. IT. OFF."

Standing up, (thanks to the sudden shot of adrenaline) Amber backed away from Hans who in her eyes was no longer a prince, but a full-fledged villain.

"No…I'm not doing that!" She yelled "that was not what we agreed...and…and…" She takes a breath "AND NEITHER WAS THAT…THAT...STUFF YOU JUST DO TO ME."

"The deal is off."
says Hans "since you won't obey… I told you that you couldn't move until I said so, yet you did."

"YOU ARE DESPICABLE!" The princess yelled.

"AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?" He yelled back.

"I'm going to go a tell my parents!" She spat and the room fell into silence

"What did you say?"

"I'm…going…I'm going to tell them." She says "I'm going to tell them the truth…that…that brute of Gaston did something to Sofia and they will come!"

"I'm going to bet they will be happy to hear about that." Hans says looking and sounding smooth "especially after they and your fellow princesses learn about what you did here and what they would think."

"They would never believe you." She stated as a thought occurs to her "you are a villain…and I'm a
princess…their daughter…they would never believe someone like you!" Mentally Amber kicked herself for not thinking about that sooner.

But cunning is Hans specialty for a reason and with a smile he walks over to the bookshelf.

"Oh, so you think that I won't be believed then?" He selected and removed from one of the higher shelves, he reveals a hidden camera behind. "After the first three times my fellow *AHEM* neighbors intruded here to steal from me I decided to take my security a little more seriously."

The smile on Amber`s face vanished.

"So I think that your parents would believe me, after watching this recording of you messing with my room."

Amber fell into silence, while her mind was trying to find a way out

"They would see," She began "they would see what you did too."

"That's true," Hans begin starting to get close to the princess "They would see, your friends would see, all the other princesses would see...but you see...as you said I'm a villain...they would never expect less from me...but YOU...a princess doing such shameful things...because if you don't know what WE just did, it's not something a princess of your age should do...just imagine the scandal."

That's exactly what Amber was doing. Imagining the faces of her parents, of her friends, been rejected by her fellow princesses for doing whatever Hans did to her and what she allowed it. Before she could retort something Hans went in for the kill.

"And imagine Sofia...what will happen to her?" She looks at him with horror. "After all Gaston may or may not have do something to her like we did, and he may or may not have also had a camera filming the whole thing." Getting in her personal space he finishes her "you are born from royalty, that could save you...but your sister doesn't have that luck does she?"

The body of the blonde princess trembled.

"Please..." She said her voice but a whisper.

"Please...what?" Asked Hans.

The princess raised her head, showing the tears streaming down her face.

"I would do anything you ask but please...PLEASE...leave her out of this." She begs.

"That depends on you." He said with a smile and getting back into his chair again "Take it off."

Shaking, the princess takes hold of the neck of her dress and pulls it up. Without the ties and clasps the cloth passed above her head with ease. Then, with some difficulty, she retracts first her right arm and then her left one, inside the dress. Then using both arms she push the cloth up. Grazing the dress from the inside she pulls the fabric of the gown away, letting the cloth fall onto the floor, leaving her naked with only her shoes, stained underwear and tiara on.

Hans swallow some saliva in his mouth. Like her legs the skin of the fair princess is white like milk giving her a divine aura around her. Her childish breasts were perky and even a little develop for someone of her age, a clear areola and nipples that were beginning to get harder at the cold air in the room.
Amber never felt so embarrassed than in that moment. No one except her mother and her maids had ever seen her, this naked before, and the way that Hans was looking at her made her feel like she was been observed by a hungry predator. Unconsciously her arms begin to move to cover her naked chest while her eyes close hoping for this to be over soon.

She hears the sound of footsteps and the chair being pulled closer to her. Then the sound of buttons been undo and clothing been removed and landing on the floor.

"Open your eyes." She hears the voice of Hans, she does what he said….just to receive yet another surprise.

The villain had taken off his trousers and underwear, leaving his large erected cock for the princess to see, right in front of her.

"What…what it's…" She tries to speak but the horror leaves her silent.

"This is your next assignment." He stated, taking her head with his hand and sitting back down, carefully forcing her to her knees, leaving her face close and level just short of being level with his member.

"It stinks!" She cried on surprise.

"Your fault" Answer Hans "I was about to take a shower when I found you…but now you will help to clean it." Amber looked up both confused and scared. "First take it with your hands and begin to massage it, rub it up and down."

Slowly, hesitantly taking hold of the member from the middle, Amber began to move her hands like he told her. Up and down she went, slowly.

"Oh god…princess, you do have soft hand….arrh." Hans moaned, feeling really good "that's right, continue…a little faster." The princess continued, her hands moving a little faster. Soon the groans of the prince began to be heard and from the tip Amber could see something coming out as a liquid substance started to ooze out.

"Something is happening." She said "it's leaking something."

"Then clean it." He ordered.

"But...but with what?" She asked, stopping, looking round for something to clean.

Hans roughly grabbed her head and brought it closer to the tip.

"Use your tongue." He said "go ahead give it a lick."

With one last doubt the princess slowly stuck out her tongue and gave it a light lick. Immediately she recoiled at the taste.

"It's gross and salty." She complains "I've never tasted anything so bad before!"

"Well you are about to." And quickly he grabs her head and pulling her in, his tip pushing past her startled lips and inserting his full length inside her warm, moist mouth.

Amber released a shocked, muffled scream, feeling the intrusion into her mouth. She began to thrash, trying to get away for what was cutting her respiration while a salty taste fill her mouth.

"Don't you dare bite me, you hear me!" Hans said, pulling his member out a little (allowing the
princess to gasp a quick breath), before thrusting his member back in once again.

In and out, in and out, Hans moved his member inside the princess's mouth "oh god…your mouth is so tight, this is…ahhh…god dammit…I'm really enjoying this ah, ah, ah."

Amber for his part was more than scared.

"Ohh god…this stinks…I can't breathe!" She thought, she felt sick "please make it stop…PLEASE SOMEBODY HELP!" Tears fall from her eyes. Hans stops for a moment and pulls his member out.

"Hey…if you want me to finish, then start using your tongue."

"*cough cough*…what…?" But Hans intruded once again.

"Ah ah ah…use the tongue use it!” Her mind screamed.

"Oh that's it, oh." Hans moaned as the tongue of the princess tried to twirl in her mouth. "Oh I don't think I can hold it much longer!"

"Ah-its getting bigger" The princess felt "what is going…"

"AH…here I come!” Screams Hans "CUMMING!"

And a thick, salty liquid filled the mouth of the princess. The princess tried to swallow it, but the taste and stench were causing her to want to throw up. Finally Hans removed his member from the princess, allowing her to crawl away a little before spilling all out over her discarded dress.

"*cough cough*…. agghhhh…. *cough cough.*"

Hans observe the form of the princess sweat and cum from her mouth beginning to cover the front of her body as she coughed and threw the foul liquid out of her mouth. But what caught the attention of the villain; was the wet stain that was in the princess underwear and how much bigger it was than before.

"Looks to me like I wasn't the only one having fun." Said the prince.

Amber turned to look him with eyes full of tears, fear and hate.

"Oh don't be like that," His smile appeared again. "In fact we are not over yet," He stood up and walked over to the princess, who tried to back up in fear. "There is one thing left to do."

He grabs her and picks her up.

"NO! LET ME GO! NO, NO!" Amber cried, trying to fight but the prince wouldn't let her go and threw her with incredible force onto the bed. Bouncing on the mattress (losing one of her shoes in the process) the princess looked up with fear as Hans took off his shirt and vest and begin to crawl onto the bed towards her. In desperation, she takes her remaining shoe off and throws it at him, but he just caught it and throws it over his shoulder, while giving her a smile and a "really look?"

Scared, Amber tried to crawl away, but the prince grabs her ankle and pulls her to him.

"Relax princess," He says, letting her go. Amber try to crawl away again but he grabs her again, but this time uses one hand to grab the hem of her knickers "this will just hurt a little" He roughly pulls her underwear off and throws it away.

"NO! NO LET ME GO!" Amber cried "PLEASE…SOMEBODY…MOM…DAD…HELP ME!"
Pulling her leg again, Hans position her under his body. Amber tried to hit him but he caught both hands and pinned them down, but she continued to thrash and move around.

"Have you forgotten about Sofia?" Asked Hans and Amber's movements ceased. "Remember if you play nice she won't be suffering any type of humiliation."

The princess’s eyes filled with fresh tears that slowly glide down her cheeks. Hans released his hold on her hands, but she doesn't make any attempt to move, to try and escape.

"Good girl." He says, patting her head mockingly, before kissing her.

Surprised by this but not making any moves, more than spilling tears, Amber let Hans’s tongue roam freely inside her mouth, sucking her own tongue while stealing her first kiss.

Finally Hans separated his mouth from hers and begin to lick her neck, slowly going down, sending shocks throughout her body until he finds her petite breasts.

"So cute." He gave it a light lick, before taking it inside his mouth and lightly sucking at it while his hand fondled the other.

"Ah…ah…ah…please…no…" The little princess panted. Hans bit her nipple "AHHHHHHH" He licked around the areola while his hand twisted the other nipple "AH…that hurt" Finally he released the nipple (that soon found itself been licked) and his hand travelled south, to her tight and up until he touches her womanhood.

"Ummm…someone is getting wet." He said with a smile before tracing his finger over her entrance.

"AHHHHHHH!"

"Sensitive." He says, moving his body so her legs and pussy were in the air, directly under his gaze "but so pretty" Pale as the rest of her body, the little untouched slit looked soft and inviting to his eyes.

"Please no…that's embarrassing," She cries covering her eyes.

Getting close to it, he wagged his face side by side into her womanhood until his mouth once again claps over her crotch and his tongue began its work over her.

"Ah, ah, ah no please not there!" She cries, feeling the warm sensations once again. He continues to caress her with his lips. Up and down with his tongue licks the tender flesh while the princess begins to feel like she was losing her mind. Her legs shift and flex around his head, unconsciously forcing him deeper into her folds.

The prince takes advantage of this and forces his tongue deeper, feeling her inner walls. One of his hands travels to her pussy, spreading her labia for him to see her inner flower. "Ah I'm… I'm feeling…ah…please….uhhhhg…stop I think…ah…something…ah…its coming…ah…ah!"

Knowing what's about to happen, Hans begin to speed up his movements "Ah ah…NO AHH…AH…IM GONNA…AH...AHH…SOILD MYSELF…AH AH…AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!" Soon the love juices of the princess rain over his face and down onto the bed.

"Well look at that…wetting my bed now?" Mocked Hans "for shame princess, one could think bad of you" One of his fingers traced the wet slit and slipped inside with ease "Well I think that's all I need." He says, looking down at the hard breathing princess.
"Does...Does that mean that it's over?" Her mind wonders.

But alas that was not the case. Hans lower the legs of the princess and position himself on her entrance.

"Wait...what's that?!" She thought in alarm feeling something hard down there.

Smiling one more time, Hans began to move his member.

"WAIT WHAT?!...AHHHHH...NO STOP...THAT HURTS!" Amber cries while Hans was trying to get his member inside her, "AHHHH STOP!" The tip of his shaft enters "AHHHHHHHHHH STOOOOPPPPPP!" She tries to kick him but the Hans catches her by the ankle and spread her leg to gain more easy access.

"Aggh you are so tight," Grunts the prince, using his other hand to grab the princes by the waist and start pulling her, trying to aid his member in entering her.

"JUST STOP, JUST STOP..... PLEASE!" Cried Amber but the cock was slowly entering her, expanding her interior against her will until it stopped for a moment.

"Finally there's the barrier." He pulls out a little to prepare "ok...this...IS...IT!" grabbing her waist he thrusts and pulls her at the same time, breaking the barrier and getting his full length inside her.

"GAAAAHHHHHHHHH!" Amber´s eyes rolled inside her head as she chokes a scream of pain, while feeling her insides been filled by Hans´s member.

"Ahhh so...tight ahhhh!" Hans spat in bliss "you really are tight princess." Pulling out a little he thrusted once again, waking Amber from her shock

"IT HURTSSSSSSSSSSSSS!"

"That's the first time for you." He says and began to go in and out of the princess.

"AH AH AH...NO PLEASE...IT HURTS...AHH PLEASE STOP... AH.... AH....AH!"

Thrusting first slow and then gaining speed the prince enjoyed every moment of the virgin flesh that surrounded his member.

"Ahhh... this is great....aaggh...so good...it's so tight and warm...oh god YES." Seeing the trapped leg on his hand, he opens his mouth approaching the feet and closing it around her toes massaging them with his tongue moaning at the taste of the princess.

"NO NOT THAT!" Ambers yells "that...that's dirty...don't do that...ah...ah...ah!" With each thrust the mind of the princess begin to lose focus. Soon the only thing that she registers was the in and out motions of the member and the hits it gives to her womb releasing a shock throughout her body, every time it goes back in, as Hans licks her sole multiple times.

Watching the eyes of the princess begin to glaze over, Hans release the leg and turning around without getting out of her, he falls on his back, moving his hips thrusting without stopping.

"AH, AH, AH, AH!" The princess pants. While Hans´s hands grab her breasts again twisting her nipples.

"Ah, ah, ah...please stop....ah let me go!" She cries out in pain, starting to recede and a wet smacking sound start to fill the air as her screams of pain begin to transform into moans of pleasure causing the villain to smile.
"I don't think so princess!" He said, sitting on the bed still thrusting.

Amber almost falls but he keeps hold of her by the waist, keeping her in place. "Finally it seems that you are getting comfortable." He said, keeping a hand on her breast. Stopping for a moment he adopted a thinking pose "but something is still amiss…ummm…oh I know THIS!" He suddenly grabs her tiara and tears it from her head. Causing her hair to falls loose and messy.

"Noooo GIVE IT BACK!" She reacts seen him taking her last symbol of her royal status as princess and tries to take it back but he keeps it out of reach, causing his member to begin to slip out of her but Hans gives her a very hard push, sending her down again and ceasing her attempts.

"Sorry but I don't think you should keep this anymore." He throws the tiara away and takes a moment to admire her new style. "There much better…I think like you more like this." And then he started to thrust again, this time with more force.

"AH AH AH NOOO…TOO MUCH….. STOOOP!" Cries Amber as her hair bounced in front of her face and back with each movement.

"Agh agh see that's better," He kisses her. He plays with her tongue a little while thrusting and rotating her forcing his member to touch and threat to penetrate the entrance of her womb. At the same time he began to suck and nip at her breasts with is teeth, pulling her nipples with his teeth and making the pale skin turn red from his abuse.

Finally he feels that he is reaching his limit.

"Ah ah…I'm getting close…ah, ah, be ready to receive me!"

"AH AH AH WHAT?" She realized what was going to happen when she felt his member getting bigger. "NO…I DON'T WHAT THAT STICKY THING INSIDE ME…No…..AH AH AH… STOP….AH..AH…"

"TOO LATE PRINCESS… AH AH… IM CUMMING"

"NO NO AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH" Amber felt the warm sensation of cum filling her insides, and a feeling of loss and hopeless bloom in her heart alongside the sensation of been dirty in more than one way.

"Ah, ah no…I didn't want this…" Tears begin to fall from her eyes.

"I disagree with you." He pulls out letting her fall on the bed. Her hair spreading out under her sweat covered her body. Cum and blood gushing out of her pussy, "I really wanted this to happen"

Getting out of bed Hans picks up the discarded dress "maybe you shouldn't have acted so reckless in the first place." He then began to clean his member with it covering the soft material with blood and cum.

"Maybe if you could have stopped for a moment and thought things through better you would not have fallen into such an obvious trap." He let the ruined cloth fall again on the floor "I think I will take a bath. Feel free to rest and get dressed if you want." He gives the naked princess a look, admiring the shine of the sweat on her body, the marks on her no longer pale breasts and even the liquids spilling out of her former untouched pussy "or not…any way I don't really care." A thought comes to his head "in fact…I think I would like some company and you need a good clean." Grabbing Amber by the waist he carries her to his bathroom leaving a trail of sex juices and virgin blood behind him.
As the door of the bathroom closes, a key opens the main door and Gaston enters the room holding a bottle of wine and a glass. Looking around his eyes fall on the stained dress on the floor and the trail leading to the bathroom; the hunter can't help but let a small laugh escape his mouth.

"Definitely…there is no best friend like Gaston." The hunter boasted, entering the room and giving it a look "although it may be better if I teach him to not leave such a mess behind…I think that's what caused his girl problems in the first place." Leaving the bottle and glass on one of the nightstand table he turned around to leave.

"Better come back later to get the details and receive the well-deserved gratitude," As he was leaving he noticed the princess's underwear and tiara close to the door. "Now which one would be the better trophy for a prince?" He wondered aloud, picking both items up. "It's always important keep a reminder of your successes." He extended his arm, lifting the knickers and giving them a good long look, and then he takes the tiara with his other hand "uhmmm…decisions, decisions…” He pondered playing with the cloth and giving the jewel a good look "…ugh sometimes it's difficult bring a good friend."

And with that he leaves, locking the door again behind him.

A/N First contribution written by, Darkness Rissing as stated at the top.

Once again the email to send contributions to is: incubus at asia . c o m

at = the a in a cirlce
From Princess To Slave

Chapter Summary

Cinderella is back where she started.

Characters: Cinderella, Drizella, Anastasia, Lady Tremaine, Edgar Balthazar
Categories: Cinderella, The Aristocats
Contains: Femslash, Slave, Incest, Smothering/Queening, Fisting, SM, Rape, Spanking, Anal, Shoe Fucking, Findom
Requested By: Darkness Rissing

A young girl crept through the night. She possessed fair, flawless even, skin, pink lips and twinkling blue eyes, medium-length strawberry-blond hair with soft bangs, pulled into a French twist that is complimented with light silver band over it. She was of average height with a slender hourglass figure, attired in a sparkling silvery-blue ball gown with a low-cut neckline, lighter peplum, capped sleeves, opera gloves and a delicate laced white petticoat with a pair of glass slippers topped with sparkly hearts, she wears a simple black choker around her neck and long evening gloves cover most of her arms beneath her opera gloves.

Cinderella's gown glittered in the night, her bare skin prickled against the cool night air. Her oceanic eyes glancing round every few steps, she rounded a street corner. She paused at a open large, black, cast iron gate, she swallowed before stepping through the gateway.

She could just make out the outline of aged statues, half broken, decorating the front lawn of the mansion. She swallowed once again, her heart pounding within her chest, her fingers flexing at her side as she strolled over the cracked path, pausing before crossing a wooden bride, below her a moat that encircled the mansion. She slowly ascended the cracked marble steps, stopping outside the wooden doorway.

Cinderella raised her hand, curling it into a fist, hesitating, before knocking on the old door. She winced slightly as she retracted her hand, briefly wondering if anyone heard, the thick door muffling her knock.

The creaking of the door echoed throughout the night air. Cinderella's hands balled into nervous fists at her sides as she was met by an aged man at the door.

He stood with a strict posture, a slender man with fair skin, half bald and dark grey hair, and black eyebrows. He wore a black coat, a vest with a brown front, a black bowtie, a white dress shirt with red cufflinks, lacy pink armbands with red linings, grey stirrup pants, pink suspenders and black shoes with medium grey splats.

The man known as Edgar Balthazar stepped aside, extending his right arm, ushering the princess in.

"Greetings Princess Cinderella." His tone was polite and respectful despite his dislike for her and her brethren.

"Thank you Edgar, not to be rude by why…." Cinderella greeted as she stepped over the threshold, her question dying in her throat.
"Not all of us are royalty, I am merely here for a little extra cash. Lady Tremaine informed me of your arrival, I trust you know where to find the room?" the blonde winced at hint of a mocking tone in his voice.

Cinderella gave no answer and simply left the villainous butler behind.

"Have fun." The aged man called after her.

XXX

Cinderella paused outside a single door along an extended hallway on the top floor of the mansion. Just like home many doors decorated the corridor, suits of armour filling the space between them with a scarlet carpet lining the floor. The door before her had a familiar fat cat carved into the centre of the top of the door.

She raised her fist once again and knocked on the door. A muffled 'enter' sounded soon after.

Cinderella entered the room, slowly closing the door behind her. She slowly turned to face the three sets of eyes watching her, subtly taking in the interior of the room. There was a single four poster, queen-sized bed, a dark mahogany dresser rested against the wall with a wardrobe at its side (1).

The fair-skinned Lady Tremaine stood behind her two daughters, her thin red lips set in her signature dark smirk upon her heart-shaped face; her sickly green eyes seemed to almost glow in the darkness of the room. She possessed a rather large hooked nose with pronounced creases on either sides of it. Her attire consisted of green orb-shaped earrings, a crimson gown with a golden brooch near her neck with a green gem embedded within it, her gown possessing a high purple collar with extended purple sleeves and a green ring on her right ring finger. Her grey hear styled in a high heart-shaped pompadour, her dark cane resting in her light yet firm grip.

Before the well-aged woman stood her eldest daughter Drizella, who possessed a slender figure, a fair skinned complexion like her mother, shoulder length, dark brown hair with rolled locks on the back. She was clothed in a chartreuse coloured long sleeved nightgown with a white ribbon in the centre and a matching sleeping hat. She smirked at the blonde before her, pointing her nose in the air.

And to the right of Drizella stood Anastasia, much like her sister and mother she had a slender figure, a fair complexion, she had long red hair with black eyes. Her attire consisted of a magenta long sleeved nightgown with a white ribbon in the centre over her chest with a matching sleeping hat much like her older sister. Though unlike Drizella Anastasia's gaze was locked on Cinderella, chewing her bottom lip as to stop a large grin from splitting across her face.

"Greetings mother." Cinderella bowed her head, her stepsister's large bare feet filling her gaze, Anastasia's toes were painted a deep red and Drizella's a lime green. "Sisters."

"Hello, princess." Anastasia spat as she and her sister stepped forward, taking up a position on either side of the blonde.

"It has been…too long since we last saw you Cinderella, I do hope your time in a life of luxury hasn't distracted you from your true calling." Lady Tremaine drawled.

"I think she has mother, she seems to have forgotten how to greet her betters." Drizella sniffed.

"Y-You are not…my betters."

"What did you say? Speak up girl!" Lady Tremaine snapped.
"I said, you are not my betters! All my life you have been treating me like dirt and using, abusing me as you please! But no more!" the blonde's voice was firm, her head lifting as her anger fuelled gaze met her stepmother's.

"And what are you going to do? You're nothing but a simple, cowardly serving girl." Anastasia laughed.

"I am not a serving girl…I'm a princess, I'm a strong independent woman and I'm not going to do things I don't want to, least of all because you say so! I'm cleaning my hands of you! You have no power over me!"

Both Anastasia and Drizella take half a step towards Cinderella only to stop as the base of their mother's cane hit the floor and raised her hand as to quell their anger.

"Independent?" she laughed "You only got where you are now by marrying your prince, when he leaves you, you will no longer be royalty. I wouldn't call that independent."

Anastasia and Drizella giggle.

"You say you're a strong princess, and that we have no power over you, that you will not do anything you don't want to anymore…well that's all well and good my dear, I just have one question."

Cinderella said nothing.

"If you don't want anything to do with us…then why are you here?"

The blonde went rigid.

"Wh-What?"

"If you really don't want anything to do with us, to as you so eloquently put it, clean your hands of us, then all you must have done is simply not come here tonight, just ignore us and never speak to us again. And yet you came here, why is that dear? Is it that you actually enjoyed how we treat you?"

Drizella and Anastasia shared a look, dark grins splitting across their faces.

"Wh-What are you t-talking about? Y-You treated me like a slave. You…"

"And you liked it." Lady Tremaine finished.

"N-No!"

"You liked being ordered around, to be looked down upon by us." Lady Tremaine smirked.

"Wh-Why would I-I like…"

"Why because it's your rightful place dear."

"No!"

Slap

Cinderella turned with the momentum of the strike to face Anastasia. Drizella's hand print illuminating on her cheek. The blonde's eyes were wide with shock. Drizella had hit her. She had slapped her.
"How dare you speak to my mother that way?! Who the hell do you think you are?" Drizella spat.

Slap

This time it was Anastasia. Cinderella managed to catch herself this time before she stumbled too close to the eldest of the two sisters.

"Yeah! You're just a serving girl and that's what you will always be, mother's word is law as far as you're concerned."

Both her cheeks flushed with pain and embarrassment.

"B-Bu…"

Slap

Drizella again.

"Foolish girl, if you were meant to be royalty you would have been born with blue blood rather than having to seduce it."

Tears welled in the blonde's eyes. She was unsure if it was from the pain or her 'family's' words. She was sorely tempted to remind her stepmother she tried to have her daughters do the same thing.

"And even when you did, you just left us. I kept you, clothed you and fed you ever since your father died and you repay us by running off with a prince and never letting us see a single penny of your new fortune."

Cinderella opened her mouth only to be cut off again.

"Silence. I did not give you permission to speak. You know had the prince married Anastasia or Drizella I wouldn't have left you behind, I'd give you a job in the palace. Yet you gave us nothing, not even a small allowance to keep your father's home afloat."

Lady Tremaine's words stung her. Most of the sting coming from her comment on her late father.

"You showed your true colours that day Cinderella." Cinderella squeezed her eyes shut.

"Enough! You treated me like a slave for over a decade and this place stopped being mine and my father's home the second you took it!" the girl's shouts soon became screams as Drizella's hand took hold of the blonde's hair, her hand curling into a fist as she yanked the poor girl from one side to the other, her knees buckling.

"How dare you talk to mother like that!" Drizella's saliva coated Cinderella's face.

Cinderella stumbled back, trying to fight her way out of her stepsister's grip, wincing. Anastasia smirked, stepping forward, her fist ensnaring the back of Cinderella's dress before yanking it back, Drizella released her hold and the blonde fell to the floor, upper back exposed, her hair a mess – her band now in Drizella's grip. Low groans emitted from the princess.

"Listen to yourself, groaning like a common whore, not very fitting for a 'princess' now is it?" Drizella sneered, placing a strong mocking tone on her stepsister's title.
Cinderella's eyes squeezed shut; Drizella's insult echoing throughout her mind. Anastasia laughed again, claiming a handful of Cinderella's gown before tearing it away and tossing it the floor, leaving the blonde's slender stocking clad leg exposed.

"Then perhaps she should dress like one." The redhead quipped, Drizella's response was to tear more of the gown away; revealing Cinderella's other leg – the blonde cried out as she felt her stepsisters begin to shred her gown as they had her mother's pink dress the night of the ball.

A light blush tinged the blonde's cheek as the segment of her gown that covered her chest was torn away, leaving her light purple bra restraining her C cup breasts, a low tickling sensation spreading through her abdomen.

A devious smirk spread across Anastasia's lips, she roughly took hold of Cinderella's now exposed arm and with a single yank pulled her in close before capturing her lips.

Cinderella squealed into her stepsister's lips, pulling back as she felt Anastasia's tongue press against her lips. She managed to pull away.

Slap

Cinderella cried out, falling into Anastasia, the right side of her face being forced into Anastasia's bosom her free hand cradling her reddening cheek as her tear filled gaze turned towards Drizella.

The blonde scarcely had time to register the dark glare before her lips were once again captured by Anastasia, startled she was unable to stop her stepsister's tongue from forcing its way into her mouth.

Cinderella gasped out, her cheeks burning with a mixture of pain and embarrassment from the humiliation and something she refused to acknowledge as she felt Anastasia dominate her tongue when she tried to resist.

She tried to pull back but Anastasia kept a firm hold. Cinderella's hands curled into fist as her lungs began to protests; she pushed against Anastasia only to cry into the redhead's lips as she felt Anastasia's nails dig into her delicate skin.

Her shoulders rose in an attempt to curl in on herself.

Anastasia released her, breathing heavily, a thin string of saliva briefly connecting their lips before it dropped. Cinderella leaned back, her chest heaving heavily as she gulped down the oxygen, her face burning red.

Anastasia grinned, quickly regaining control of her breathing. Her smirk returned, larger than before as she noticed a light dampness to her stepsister's panties. Her hand show out, her fingers curling into a fist over the front of the panties, feeling a rather pleasurable rush as the blonde cried out in alarm as she tore her panties from her – leaving her shaven pussy exposed. Anastasia ripped the undergarment in half before tossing the remaining rags across the room.

"You really are a common whore aren't you?" Drizella mocked as she reached down and traced her finger tips over Cinderella's exposed pussy, noting the light moisture beneath her fingers. Cinderella shivered beneath the touch, sharply inhaling when Drizella made initial contact.

Anastasia laughed before slamming her palm into Cinderella's exposed shoulder, the blonde quickly lost her balance, wincing as her upper body slammed onto the floor. The laughter of her two sisters echoing around her as Anastasia tore her silver stockings from her legs, shredding them and Drizella ripped her bra from her chest, tearing it in half and tossed it away.
Throughout the commotion Lady Tremaine had slowly began to approach her daughters, and stepdaughter. She gracefully lowered her position before slowly sliding each glass slipper before raising back to her full height, a small cruel smile upon her lips as she admired the display before her, she placed the shoes atop her bed, for later.

Cinderella pushed against the floor in an attempt to get up and away from her sisters. Her effort was in vain as Drizella's fist pounded in to Cinderella's chest. The blonde cried out in pain, her head slamming back onto the ground as her torso fell.

"Perhaps I need to show you your place little whore." Drizella sniggered as she hiked up her nightie, her free hand dipping under the hem and swiftly removing her lime green thong; she tossed them atop Cinderella's heaving chest before striding over to the still gasping blonde.

Cinderella's eyes widened, a mixture of fear and arousal in her eyes as Drizella's large, bare feet landed on either side of her head and her sight was filled with Drizella's exposed rear and rather swollen pussy.

Drizella swiftly lowered herself, dropping her rear onto the blonde's face. Her smirk growing as her eyes closed to savour the sensation of having the new 'princess' beneath her rear. She lightly squirmed in place, grinding her ass against Cinderella's face.

Cinderella's hands shot up, her dainty hands trying to gain a strong hold of Drizella's legs. Drizella's eyes opened, her smirk dropping into a disapproving frown as she lifted her left foot off the floor, Cinderella's arm rising with it. The brunette smirked darkly as she slammed her large foot atop Cinderella's stomach.

The blonde cried into Drizella's ass, losing her grip on that leg, her stepsister moaning as the vibrations of her scream brought her pleasure. Spurred on by her screams Drizella stomped her foot atop the blonde's left arm, groaning in pleasure as Cinderella's body lurched in pain as she gasped into Drizella's ass.

"Now be a good little whore and let go of my other leg." Drizella giggled, her smirk becoming a grin as Cinderella's other arm fell to the floor. "Good girl." She mocked before lifting her other foot and slamming it atop the still free arm, harder than the last one. She relished as she felt the screams from her stepsister.

"Now my little whore…" Drizella began; her grin going as she edged forward on her captive's face, the force of her feet on the blonde's arms briefly increasing – earning her some more pleasurable gasps of pain. "You are going to put that whore mouth of yours to good use and eat out my ass and if you do a good job I might let you pleasure my pussy." She continued with a tone of superiority.

She felt light attempts of movement beneath her rear, yet no licking. She glared down between her legs, her grin growing when she saw the shade of red the blonde's neck was.

"I don't feel any licking." Drizella declared in a chipper tone as she extended her hand, reaching for the blonde's exposed breasts, her index finger outstretching till it's tip began to circle the blonde's pointed nipple.

A muffled, failed, gasp sounded beneath her as Cinderella pushed her chest up. "Oh you like that do you?" the blonde's bare breasts raised higher, the shade of her neck darkening. Her legs squirming and toes scrunching as she tried in vain to move her head.

"Well let's see if you like this too." Drizella said softly as she placed her thumb and index finger upon the blonde's nipple, enjoying the following failed startled gasp. She began to apply pressure,
slow and light at first only to increase it faster and faster, until the nipple was almost flattened between her fingers.

Cinderella screamed in pain. Her neck now purple. The brunette began to slap the other breast, laughing as she left red prints from her hand, loving every scream she felt.

The brunette shivered in pleasure as she felt a slender and warm wiggling tongue reach up into her, tasting her ass. Drizella felt herself relax on the blonde's face, gasping in pleasure.

"Good girl." She sighed, briefly lifting her rear from Cinderella's face, allowing her to gasp for air, filling her lungs as she released a small cry of pain as more of Drizella's weight was placed on her arms. Drizella reclaimed her seat and released her stepsister's breasts, for now.

As soon as Drizella reclaimed her throne she felt the blonde's tongue get back to work in exploring every crevice.

"Such a good whore." Drizella moaned, she turned to her sister who was sat by Cinderella's legs, lightly fondling her breasts "But still you did fail to follow my orders until I was forced to punish you…Anastasia why don't you show this little whore what happens when you fail to obey?"

Anastasia grinned. She crawled over to the opening of Cinderella's legs, her gaze locked on the blonde's slick pussy.

"The bitch is enjoying this." Anastasia stated as she slapped Cinderella's sensitive pussy, enjoying how her body jolted in a mixture of pain and pleasure.

"It seems your body knows its proper place." Drizella laughed as she grinded herself against the blonde's tongue "Beneath us." She finished.

Anastasia slapped Cinderella again, even harder this time, she jolted again. Anastasia soon lost herself in the moment and began to repeatedly slap Cinderella's cunt, each slap harder than the last – even her hand was stinging.

Cinderella cried into Drizella ass, squirming in place but unable to do anything, her head pinned to the floor by Drizella's ass, her arms by her legs and Anastasia was too close for her legs to do anything aside from receiving a blow from her back hand when they got too close.

Then it happened as Anastasia landed another blow two of her fingers slid up to the knuckle into the blonde's hungry pussy. Cinderella gasped out, her walls clamping down on her fingers.

Why was she enjoying this?

She hadn't time to ponder her question as she felt the fingers slowly slide out. She groaned in pleasure. Then nothing, her pussy was left alone…and it burned, she lightly thrust her hips upwards in search of pleasure.

"Such a disgusting whore." Anastasia spat as she thrust four fingers into her stepsister, her grin expanding as she watched her body convulse as she cried out, not ready for so many intruders.

"I wonder, could I fit my whole hand in here?" Anastasia mused allowed.

"Give it a try dear sister." Drizella laughed, she lifted her rear from the blonde, smirking as she admired the pained winces of the blonde and how red and sticky her face war. "Would you like that little whore?"
"Please…no…" she gasped out.

"Wrong answer." Drizella sang as she slammed her rear atop the blonde's face. She lifted it again, taking in the pained expression.

"Would you like that little whore? Do you want my sister to feed that whorish pussy of yours?"

Her voice was caught in her throat. What could she say? And why was the burning getting stronger, why were her southern lips clamping down on Anastasia's fingers.

Once again Drizella dropped all her wait on Cinderella's face before lifting herself again.

"Would you like it little whore?"

"Yes." She answered without realising.

"Then ask beg my sister to do it, beg her to feed your pussy."

The burning became an inferno, pleasure spreading throughout her body.

Why did she feel so hot? Why did she like this?

She slowly turned her gaze to Anastasia.

"Anastasia plea…" she was silenced as Drizella dropped herself upon her once again and just as she had done before she lifted soon after.

"That is no way to speak to your betters' slut!" Oh how she wanted to argue against her sister, that she wasn't beneath them. But the words wouldn't come…and even if they did…would they be true?

Cinderella swallowed, her voice catching in her throat, her mind reeling at her stepsister's words, the low heat building with each word and action of her stepsisters. Her hesitation was rewarded by another close up view with Drizella's rear as it slammed on her face once again, this time Drizella went one further by grinding her rear against the blonde's face to emphasise her point and Cinderella's true station.

The brunette pressed her weight down on the 'princess's' arms once again as she lifted her rear once again.

"Now try again little whore."

Cinderella swallowed. "Please…Mistress Anastasia…put your hand inside…my pussy." She gasped out.

Her stepsisters threw their heads back in laughter, Anastasia sliding the remainder of her fist into Cinderella till her wrist hit the blonde's slick pussy entrance.

Cinderella released a loud moan, lightly lifting her hips. Drizella reclaimed her seat, enjoying the feeling of the 'princess's' moans more than she had her screams, the now clumsy licks accenting her pleasure.

Anastasia slowly slid out her fist until only her knuckles remained in – enjoying how the blonde shivered and convulsed before her – she paused a second before driving her fist forward, sliding into Cinderella until she passed her wrist. Cinderella's whole body jumped off the floor at the sudden, deeper intrusion. Drizella jumped in place and she stopped her resistance, soon starting to lightly squirm on the redhead's arm.
"Such a horny little slut." Anastasia giggled, she pulled her hand back out, much faster than before, she slammed it back in, laughing as the helpless blonde cried and moaned into her sister's ass and attempted to hump her arms whenever it slid in. She repeated her motions numerous times, getting faster and faster with every shove, each one more forceful than the last.

Cinderella felt tears leak from her eyes and be soaked into Drizella's smooth skin. A haze of pain and pleasure clouded her mind and twisting her thoughts. She felt her body tense, her southern lips convulsing round Anastasia...no...Mistress Anastasia's wrist. She cried into Mistress Drizella as she clamped down on the redhead's wrist, her cum spewing from her pussy and covering her fist.

She heard their muffled laughter as the hand was retracted. Her lungs were starting to ache again.

Anastasia retracted her hand once again, sliding it out as slow as she could. She felt a twitch down below as she watched Cinderella's cum pour out of her pussy with every inch that she took back her hand. Once fully out the cum flowed freely onto the carpet, even dripping from her wrist.

"Looks like the little bitch really enjoyed that." Anastasia laughed, she glanced at the blonde's head, or what she could see of it, and her deep red skin "I wonder how she likes the taste of pussy." She wondered aloud, her smile evolving into a wicked smirk.

"Well she has been such a good little whore..." Drizella began, a large smile on her face as she altered her position till her pussy lips rested on the blonde's lips "Enjoy." She felt the blonde shiver beneath her as she laughed before she put her lips and tongue to work.

Anastasia admired her now sticky, sopping hand. Her gaze returned to Cinderella's throbbing cunt, her smile growing as she proceeded to wipe the sticky juices over the girl's thighs, enjoying how she shivered under her touch.

Drizella's moans filled the air.

"Oh god! It's like this is what you're meant to be..." the brunette moaned as she ground herself against Cinderella's lips and determined tongue.

The fire between Cinderella's legs continued to grow.

Drizella slammed her pussy against Cinderella's face. The pleasurable sensations and ministrations combined with the fact it was Cinderella she was using to get off made it all the better, pleasure shooting up her spine and throughout her body. With each lick and every grind she felt herself come closer and closer to her release.

Cinderella's tongue twisted and churned inside her pussy. It probed and tickled her inner walls, teased her clit with its tip. She gasped in pleasure, inhaling sharply as she clamped down on the invading tongue, squeezing it with an iron grip as she convulsed. Her pussy writhing in pleasure as her juices began to gush out and fill the blonde's waiting mouth.

"Swallow bitch!" Drizella cried. The fire between the blonde's legs grew.

Cinderella's lips parted, she allowed the hot, sticky liquid to flow into her mouth, quickly filling it. She gulped it down fast, desperate to avoid spilling a drop, half fearing and half...horny? At the thought of what her sisters would do to her if she didn't swallow it all.

Drizella shivered as the last of her juices flowed into the blonde's mouth and down her throat. The brunette slid off of Cinderella's face, who gasped for breath as her stepsister rested against the bed, breathing hard.
Lady Tremaine with her usual smirk picked up her cane from where it rested against one of her bed's posts. She slowly made her way to her dresser, constructed of dark mahogany. She extended her foot beneath the dresser, hooking it on the wooden stool beneath it, sliding it out. Dark polished, wooden legs with a deep purple cushion atop of it.

With one mature, barefoot she pushed it over to the still down blonde.

"Assume the position, child." Cinderella stiffened when she heard the controlled, angry tone of her stepmother.

She weakly looked up at matriarch of her family.

"Now!"

She flinched. Jumping to her knees, she stumbled, tripping over herself. She fell atop the footstool, wincing as her pointed nipples were squished beneath the weight of her own breasts.

"Now, child, you are going to apologize for the disrespect you showed us earlier."

She lifted her cane, and with one single solid motion slapped the wooden cane against Cinderella's bare, tender rear. The sound of wood slapping against flesh echoed throughout the room, a red mark materialising upon her ass as Cinderella cried out in pain, fresh tears welling in her eyes.

"I'm sorry!" She cried.

"What!?"

The cane spanked her ass once again; a new mark appeared near the previous one. She cried out again, gritting her teeth, squeezing her eyes shut as tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I'm sorry Mistress!"

"Ungrateful child. It seems I have been too soft with you…well I won't be making that mistake again." She spanked the blonde again and again, and again. Each stroke was harder than the last, Cinderella cried out after each one, her hands curling into fists as she fought to remain in the same position…desperate to avoid moving and inviting any additional punishment.

Lady Tremaine struck the blonde's rear one last time, harder than any of her previous strikes combined, over the previous marks she'd left. Three small spots within the fresh mark opening to reveal three small spots of blood. Cinderella arched her back, lifting her head, crying out in pain only to be silenced by her own gasp as her stepmother's grip ensnared her hair, nails digging into her scalp as she was pulled back.

Lady Tremaine leant in.

"If cry out one more time I'm going to going to shove those glass heels up your fucking ass, do you understand?!" her voice was a harsh, aggressive whisper.

"Yes…Mistress." Cinderella gasped out in a small voice.

"Good, now, you are going to thank me for each stroke."

"Yes Mistress."

Lady Tremaine shoved Cinderella back onto the footstool and slammed her cane against her naked ass. She grit her teeth, inhaling sharply to swallow her initial cry.
"Thank you Mistress."

"Good girl." She slapped her rear again.

"Thank you Mistress."

"So tell me slave." Lady Tremaine began with a smile; Cinderella felt another pang of heat down below. "Which hurts more? Backhand?" She slapped her rear with a backhanded swing.

"Thank you Mistress."

"Or forehand?" She swung the cane again, altering her hold and slapping her rear.

"Th-Thank you Mistress."

"Answer me slave!" She struck the red rear once again, more red spots appeared. Cinderella swallowed, why did she feel so hot? Why did she like this?

"Backhand Mistress." Lady Tremaine chuckled, altering her hold once again before proceeding to release a barrage of strikes from her cane, each one backhanded and each one Cinderella thanked her.

"You've been an ungrateful, disobedient child haven't you?"

Slap

"Yes Mistress. Sorry Mistress."

Slap

"Thank you! Mistress."

"And as a good parent I should be the one to put you back in your place."

Slap

"Thank you Mistress."

"You came here an ungrateful, disobedient brat...but you will leave reformed, knowing your place in life."

Slap

"Yes Mistress. Thank you Mistress."

The spankings continued for another half an hour before Lady Tremaine finally stopped. She stepped back to admire her work, Cinderella's ass was beaten raw, several small cuts decorating the patterned, red scars.

She extended her cane, smirking as the child flinched as she pushed her ass cheeks apart with her cane. She glanced towards her daughters.

The sisters were both resting against the bed, Drizella's legs were spread and she was pumping her pussy with her fingers, moaning in pleasure as Anastasia sat beside her, lightly rubbing her fingers over her now exposed pussy, resisting the urge to insert her fingers inside her as she roughly fondled
her right breast through her nightie.

"Girls." The two froze, each looking up at their mother. "Bring me her slippers."

Cinderella tensed, unconsciously holding her breath. Her sisters…no her mistresses, jumped to their feet, each of them grabbing one of her glass slippers and rushing over to their mother.

"Girls, I think it's time for you to contribute in reaffirming tonight's lessons for Cinderella." The girl in question grew tenser.

"What do you want us to do?" Drizella asked, an eager grin splitting her face as she lightly rubbed her pussy through her nightie with her free hand.

"I want you to take these…slippers." The final word spoken with snobbish arrogance "And put one in her cunt and the other up her ass."

The two sisters burst into fits of cringe worthy laughter.

"But..." Cinderella began.

Slap

The blonde bit back her cry of pain as she felt her stepmother spank her ass with her cane once again.

"Looks like my lessons haven't sunk in yet…you'd better learn soon you brat or trust me, I'll beat you so hard you'll be begging me to end it...and I'm sure the others would love to try out our little slave…. I wonder how many times you could take being used before you break." She slowly bent over till she was eyelevel with Cinderella throughout her threat, punctuating it by spitting in her face. The blonde gasped, leaning back, feeling the heat down below throb as she felt the foreign saliva slowly slid down her cheek, leaving a trail starting just below her left eye.

"I'm Sorry Mistress...thank you Mistress."

"Better, now we are going to continue your lessons as I decide."

"Yes Mistress."

"Besides I never said I wouldn't shove that slipper up your ass if you were good, just that I would if you kept screaming…and I won't be the one doing it."

"Yes Mistress." Cinderella squeezed her eyes shut.

Lady Tremaine leaned back, returning to her full height, her superior dark smile ever present. She turned back to the girls who just stood their ground, watching with lust filled gazes.

"Get. To. It." Her voice firm and filled with the air of authority.

The two girls burst into action, rather clumsily dropping to their knees by Cinderella, each holding a shoe. Drizella smirked as she took the heel of the high heeled glass slipper and forced it into her soaked cunt, she was honestly surprised and a tad disappointed that the blonde's pussy ate the heel so eagerly and the groan she received was more one of pleasure than pain.

Anastasia, however, got a more...desirable response as she positioned the heel over the blonde's anus – receiving pained whimpers from just spreading the 'princess's' cheeks, much to her own pleasure. She lightly pressed the tip against the puckering hole. Cinderella whimpered. A dark,
lustful smile spread across Anastasia's face, she carefully placed a hand over the shoe's opening, the other hand holding the tip in place. And with one almighty push the redhead slammed the heel into the blonde's anus, up to the base.

Cinderella screamed in pain, her whole body jumping forward. Tears streaming down her face like a river, more tears than she had shed the rest of her night. She released a gurgled gasp of pain from her throat. Pain filled her lower body, slowly spreading, her toes curling, her fist tightening till her bunt nails tried to break the skin of her palm.

Drizella began to pump Cinderella with her shoe, cum oozing out from the start, but even with the pleasure induced from being fucked with her shoe the pain of the one in her ass remained dominant. It became harder not to scream as Anastasia began to slowly slide the heel out of her rectum before slowly pushing it back in. Nor did it get any easier when the redhead started to pick up speed to the point no sooner had the heel left her rear was it slamming back down again – she even missed a few times…she was certain there was a cut or two where the glass heel had hit the tender areas around her hole when it missed.

Lady Tremaine began to fondle one of her breasts as she watched the display. To watch her daughters put that girl in her place was beyond enticing for her…but it wasn't enough.

Cinderella's muffled groans of pain began to be infected by hints of pleasure as pain and pleasure began to merge…she knew soon it would be hard to tell what she was feeling as she was penetrated by her slippers. Her pussy began to quiver once again, she squeezed her eyes shut as it clamped down on the heel and gushed out on her heel, her cum flowing into the shoe and filling it.

Drizella glanced to her mother, eyes widening as she watched her mother fondle her breasts and tease her pointed nipple through her attire as she lightly pushed the handle of her cane against the fabric concealing her pussy.

"Keep going."

Drizella resumed her pumping of Cinderella's pussy, much to the blonde's pleasure; her hungry pussy eagerly devoured the heel, squelching sounds joined the constant mixed groans of pain and pleasure.

"Anastasia."

The redhead turned to her mother, not stopping her rapid fucking of Cinderella's anus – her lack of attention causing her to miss even more and force the heel to find the hole rather than pull back and try again – the blonde nearly screamed, nearly.

"I think it's time to move onto the next part of Cinderella's lesson, it's time she saw where she belongs in life." She began, with a lustful voice. "Sit on the bed."

Anastasia didn't say anything. She released the heel, fully buried into Cinderella's anus, causing the blonde to whimper in pain and discouragement. The redhead rose to her feet and briskly moved to the bed, claiming a seat on the edge.

"Brat, crawl over to Anastasia's feet and lie beneath them."

Drizella let go of the slipper, halfway into the 'princess'. The blonde whimpered as she pushed herself up and started to crawl towards her mistress. The glass slipper in her pussy quickly fell out and landed with a light thump on the carpet. The one on her ass, however, slowly began to slide out with each minor movement, Cinderella cringed with each movement.

When she reached Anastasia it finally fell out, thankfully. She was more than relieved when she
could no longer feel the heel and heard the familiar light thud. She slowly lowered herself to the floor, lying on her back. She slid herself upwards so that her head was beneath where Anastasia's rather large feet rested in the air.

They were a little dirty and had a light odour to them...but it wasn't unpleasant. Her pussy pulsated as she looked up at her Mistress's foot; it took up her whole field of vision.

"This is where you belong." It was Lady Tremaine; she'd recognised the voice anywhere, even when filled with lust. "Beneath us, you are worth less than the dirt on Anastasia's sole, her toe jam has more rights than you."

"Yes Mistress."

"You are to worship her feet, in fact whenever you are here and we are not using you, you are to assume such a position and worship our feet unless instructed otherwise, regardless of where we are and who is there. Do you understand?"

"Yes Mistress."

"If you see I or my daughters out in public you are to bow before them and kiss their feet, even if you're...ugh...friends are with you...in fact especially if they are there."

"Yes Mistress."

"You will come here whenever we summon you and you shall worship us until we want to use you."

"Yes Mistress."

"You belong to us."

"Yes Mistress."

"We are your betters."

"Yes Mistress."

"Then say it." She paused, but only a second.

"You are my betters, I belong to you."

"Good, and that means we can do anything we want with you."

"I belong to you Mistress."

"And since you decided not to share your new found wealth I think you should make it up to us. To start with you are to transfer 30% of your royal fortune every month to us, and to make up for your disobedience perhaps we shall rent you out...I'm sure Hans and Gaston would love to have you for a night, and Ursula has been so very lonely since she lost Eric and I'm sure her sticky tentacles would love to enjoy you, perhaps she and Morgana could share you...or if you've been bad or we feel like it we could sell you to Scar, or Shere Khan, maybe even Zira...I'm sure they'd all love to give you a try."

"Anything you desire Mistress."

"You'd do well to remember that brat or I'll feed you to those beasts, I would give you to that bloody
snake but...he'd make sure you didn't feel a thing...maybe the hyenas if not those lions or tiger...so many choices...we could film, I'm sure someone here would get off on it." She laughed "Or we could just give you to Maleficent."

"Yes Mistress." Tears were once again rolling down her cheeks.

"Good, now Anastasia put your feet on her."

Anastasia didn't hesitate. She pressed her feet into Cinderella's face. Her feet consuming all of the blonde's world.

"This is your place in life, worshipping the lowest part of us because that's all you deserve...I want you to masturbate to her feet, I want to condition you so that you cum from a single whiff of our feet, that will be your reward brat." Her harsh words drove Cinderella wild, she reached for her pussy only to feel her slipper as Drizella handed it to her. The blonde's fingers curled round the shoe, dipping into the insides, still clean, this was the one Anastasia had shoved into her ass – she shivered at the memory.

She inhaled the potent scent of Anastasia's feet deeply, filling her lungs with her feet stink as she positioned the heel at her pussy and penetrated herself. She found her pleasure heightened by the humiliation of being beneath Anastasia's feet. She was serving them once again...and she loved it.

She pressed her lips against the sole. The lips she kissed her beloved prince with. And began to shower Anastasia's soles with her kisses as she continued to deeply inhale her scent.

"Worship harder." Anastasia moaned as she pressed her feet deeper into Cinderella's as if trying to leave an imprint of her foot – Cinderella nearly came at the thought. All logic she once had was lost to the realm of lust.

Her tongue darted out and began to taste the sole, stretching to sample the rough skin of the heel before trailing to the centre; she licked all that she could reach. The taste of Anastasia's feet dominating her mouth.

Anastasia's feet covered her face completely. She felt the redhead drum her toes as she enjoyed her tongues efforts and it brought her more pleasure. Her pussy devoured half the shoe.

Anastasia's breath hitched in her throat as the blonde's tongue flicked at a rather sensitive area of her sole. She giggled as she continued to drum her toes atop Cinderella's forehead as she reached up and pulled down the neckline of her nightie, allowing her right breast to slip from its rather limited confines. She began to roughly grope it, harshly nipping her erect nipple between her fingers. Her other hand dipped and pulled up the hem of her nightie before plunging her fingers into her dripping twat, gasping in pleasure, she pushed her feet harder into the 'princess's' face. The sensations of the blonde's tongue combined with the fact it was Cinderella was incredible.

Cinderella gasped into Anastasia's sole as another few inches of her slipper slipped inside her with each thrust as continued to kiss, lick and suck on the redhead's giant feet.

"Harder slave!" Anastasia gasped, pressing harder into the blonde's face, she could practically feel Cinderella's erratic pulse beneath her soles.

The pleasure coursing throughout the ex-princess's body intensified at the command, her pussy consumed more of her glass slipper as her efforts to worship Mistress Anastasia's feet were spurred on.

"You're so good at this." Anastasia cried out, her toes scrunching and capturing blonde bangs
between them, she rubbed them together. She groaned as she used Cinderella's hair for a toe rag "Maybe I'll keep you as my little foot bitch, you'd be the perfect footstool." She moaned.

Cinderella merely continued to worship her large feet, even starting to lightly nibble her sole – much to the redhead's pleasure.

Drizella watched the display before her, enchanted by it, her fingers pumping her drooling pussy as she pleasured her ass with the heel of Cinderella's other slipper. With each insertion each one fluid movement got faster and faster.

She spied the blonde's open legs before extending her leg towards the whore; she pushed her big toe into the puckering hole that had previously been destroyed by a glass heel. A jolt of ecstasy shot through her as she watched Cinderella lurch as she felt her big toe penetrate her ass.

Drizella's fingers became faster, the heel becoming clumsier as she drove her foot further and harder against the whore's ass as she felt herself get closer to orgasm – spurred on further as the whore squirmed with every minor movement of her foot.

Anastasia thrust her hips forward as she slipped a third finger into herself, her feet dragging back, over Cinderella's face, leaving a red trail behind and the near ingrained scent of her feet. Cinderella gasped as Anastasia's big toes stopped on her lips as the redhead arched back in pleasure, her toes inadvertently pushing into Cinderella's mouth.

Cinderella eagerly accepted her mistress's toes. She began to eagerly suck on them, her tongue tracing over their tops, sliding between each toes starting from the pinkie and working its careful way up to the gap between the second and big toe. She traced a light trail with her tip up along the toe before slipping beneath the toenail, cleaning it as well as teasing the sensitive skin.

Anastasia cried out in pleasure, her foot driving forward, half vanishing into Cinderella's mouth, her toes colliding with the back of the blonde's throat.

Cinderella gagged on the foot, her chest and neck convulsing as she gasped for breath, her hips bucking as her pussy walls clenched once again on her glass slipper, swallowing another few inches before her body was racked with the most intense orgasm of her life, she came, hard. Her cum flooded out, forcing the slipper from her pussy, it landed on the floor with a familiar thud, every inch marinated in her cum, the insides flooded with it.

Drizella and Anastasia joined in their stepsister's pleasure, the redhead gushing as she felt the blonde gag on her big foot. Drizella cried out in pleasure as she felt the whore's rectum convulse around her toe as she came.

Even Lady Tremaine felt her legs quake as her mature pussy opened, her juices sliding down her inner thigh as she watched the final stage of the brat's training come to fruition.

Her two daughters collapsed, their juices flowing either onto the floor or onto the brat herself.

The aged matriarch strode over to the panting, sweaty ex-princess and reaffirmed slave. Her cruel smile upon her lips, she paused a moment to savour the site of the blonde, sprawled out on the floor, Drizella's toe still buried in her ass, one of Anastasia's big feet still half inside her mouth as the other one rested on her bare breast.

She retracted her foot before delivering a hard kick to her bare side. The brat cried out on Anastasia's foot in pain.

"What did I say about crying out like that brat?" She placed her left foot atop of her neck, applying
enough pressure to make it more than difficult to breath. She enjoyed the site of the brat gasping for air beneath her foot as it squashed the life out of her.

"N-N-No…t…to…M-Mistress…Sorry…Mis…tr…ess." She gasped out.

Lady Tremaine pressed down a little more, chuckling as the brat gasped for air; she even turned a light shade of purple much to the matriarch's pleasure. As the blonde's eyes started to close she stepped off of her.

"Now get to cleaning this mess up…use those ugly rags." Tremaine ordered, gesturing to the rags with her cane.

"Very well Mistress, thank you Mistress." Cinderella replied, though muffled by her mistress's foot.

Cinderella slowly and carefully removed the foot from her mouth before slowly turning over, holding back a moan as she felt Drizella's big toe in her ass with each minor movement. She began to crawl away from the exhausted sisters, resisting further moans as the toe was slowly pulled from her rear.

No sooner was she 'free' from the toe though did Lady Tremaine roughly take hold of her blonde locks and force her beneath her nightie before dragging her face and hair all over her inner thigh and pussy, cleaning herself.

"Now, before you get to cleaning up this mess you are going to get me off, and drink my juices and thank me for them."

No sooner had she finished her command did Cinderella burry her head in her stepmother's pussy, kissing the moist lips blindly, her tongue dipping inside, twisting and wriggling, the scent and taste of Lady Tremaine's sex filling her world.

She felt the clit with her tongue and before lightly nipping at it with her teeth. The matriarch felt her legs buckle as she thrust her southern lips again her slave's face, gasping as she felt her tongue and nose enter her.

"I should have done this years ago." She gasped out as she began to grind herself against and over the blonde's face.

Cinderella gasped for air as she thrashed about beneath Lady Tremaine's pussy as the woman in question continued to smother her with it.

The matriarch gasped in pleasure, pleasure deriving from the brat's efforts as well as the knowledge she was smothering her with her womanhood – and she was loving every second of it.

The brat continued to thrash against her, bringing her closer and closer to her release. She forced her slave into her crotch once again, her legs buckling beneath her as she fell atop the girl. They both fell to the floor, Lady Tremaine ensuring that the brat's head remained in place as her lips shook in pleasure, clamping down on any parts of the brat's face that was inside of her.

Cinderella thrusted her tongue deep into her stepmother, her lungs going tight as she gasped for air, the matriarch continued to grind her cunt against her slave. Her legs began to shake and quiver.

The flood gates opened, her aged juices rushing out and onto the brat beneath her nightie. Cinderella latched her lips on her cunt and began to forcefully suck and gulp down all of the juices, cringing as she felt the lips try to clamp down against something.

Cinderella was more than relieved when her stepmother was finished and slowly got back up –
though she made sure to wipe her pussy with her face and hair before she fully let her go.

"Now…get to it." Lady Tremaine gasped out breathlessly as she collapsed on the bed.

"Yes…Mistress." Cinderella breathed out, her lungs taking in as much oxygen as they could with each breath as she slowly got back to her knees.

She reached for the rags of her ball gown and proceeding to scrub the carpet clean of her and all of her Mistress's cum…there was quite the mess.

"And when you're done, get the hell out." Lady Tremaine breathed out.

"Yes Mistress, thank you Mistress." And that's what she did; she cleaned the room with her rags before tossing them into the trash. Time had lost all meaning to her, she watched with dim eyes as the last scrap of her gown fell into the bin, sticky and full of cum.

Next she slipped on the glass slipper she had masturbated with when she worshipped Anastasia's feet – she shivered at the memory. Next she went for the one hanging limply in Drizella's ass. She carefully slipped it out, hesitating as the brunette shivered in pleasure.

She slipped it onto her foot, each of them squelching beneath her feet; she felt her own cum squeeze between her toes. She shivered again.

Cinderella turned and silently left the room. Silent aside from the squelch of every step in her cum filled shoes as she took her leave, naked as the day she was born aside from her enchanted glass slippers.

A/N Well hope the wait was worth it. Have started including the aliases of those who requested chapters, meant to do so from the start but just forgot.

Poll Results (To Date) – This Poll will end on 17/01/17

Anime Tarts: 4
Cartoon Hussies: 2
TV Whores: 0
Pixar Brothel: 0
DreamWorks Sluts: 0

(Contributions will be allowed on these when written – I have seen a lot of TV but I haven't seen everything or even all of the popular shows, so if I can't fulfil a request due to lack of knowledge you are welcome to add it yourself.)

The winner will be going up that day with the rules and available categories.

**Important:** I'm considering setting up a theme week – if the first week is a success in that I get enough requests/contributions to write it there will be others to follow.

The first theme week will be Creature Week – involving either an original creature girl/boy or one of the established female characters will be altered to a creature.

Just like usual I need the following information;

- Pairing
- Fetish
- What you want to happen – more detail the longer it'll be

- Catalyst for the intercourse

- Age

- Creature and who it is – if you want an original character I need a species and basic personality.

And as an added bonus any requestees or contributors get an additional vote to the next theme week if this one is a success – a poll will be posted on my profile on the 17th in which you'll all be allowed two votes, you can either choose two fetishes, two categories or one of each – pm me if you want something added to the poll or put it in a review.

In order for this week to be a 'success' I need a total at least 3 requests or contributions, I'll try to keep you all up to date on the progress of the requests in each new chapter from now – if I can't update it'll be on my fanfic profile – succubi-lover.

Future theme works can be either fetishes or a chosen movie/show and only requests and contributions that fit under them will be published in that week.

I would like to request any contributions for this theme week be headed by 'Creature Week' to make things easier for me.

I will be accepting requests and contributions for the Theme Week until 13/02/17 – if I have enough material Creature Week will start 20/02/17 and end 26/02/17.

And for reference, when I write the requests I'll likely use imagery akin to that of an anime with a lot of Fanservice.

And for those reading on archive of our own, the winner of the poll for the sister fic to this will be posted on this site too and placed in the same series as this one.

(1) This is Lady Tremaine's room; her daughters are roomed elsewhere in the mansion.
Okay, an update on Theme Week due to a sudden flood of uni work and a lot of personal shit I'm going to move it up, I'll post a note when I have the dates sorted.

So far I have four requests, including some old requests that fit so the theme week is confirmed but still would like at least another three so I can post one each day, not to say I won't accept more than that.

This also means I will accept theme requests until further notice and will do my best to write them out.

Poll
Anime Tarts was victorious and has been published so those with anime desires please head over there for all your anime needs.

Also on a final note - due to uni work I am forced to ask for aid from anyone willing to contribute to this fic, including Anime Tarts - they can be your own writing or if you want you can pick up requests.

If you are interested either pm me on here of email the account I previously gave out on this fic, and is currently on my profile.
Here's Moana

Chapter Summary

Moana's Introduction to Whore House.

Characters: Moana Waialiki, Nani Pelekai, Rapunzel, Merida, Tiana, Cinderella, Jasmine, Belle
Categories: Moana, Lilo & Stitch, Tangled, Brave, Princess and the Frog, Cinderella, Aladdin,
Beauty and the Beast
Contains: Femslash, Scent Fetish, Alcohol, Armpits Sniffing, Neck Sniffing, Neck Biting, Drunk,
Foot Smelling, Foot Licking, Masturbation, Cum Eating, Footjob, Penetration, Mutual Masturbation,
Ass Kissing, Ass Sniffing, Rimming, Anal

Original Work

A fair skinned young girl with light freckles around her nose with large green eyes, clad in a
traditional dress known as a dirndl; with a long skirt with a purple theme and a pink accent. Her dress
consisting of a lavender corset top laced with a pink ribbon, the skirt purple and decorated with
swirling and floral designs in pink, dark purple and white. She wore a white petticoat beneath, the
skirt's hemline above her ankles but well below her calves, her sleeves at the top are short, puffed
and striped with pink and lavender, the rest are long and it is pale baby pink with a white lace at the
hems. Her bare feet pad along the carpeted floor. Her long golden locks, roughly 70 feet in length,
worn in a thick braid with smaller braids woven in and adorned with flowers.

Rapunzel was strolling down the corridor when she saw it, her eyes widening as a door to one of the
many still vacant room illuminated with a warm red glow. The door began to crack as the upper
centre began to fold in on itself, carving the image of a seashell, the lock clicked away. The glow
dimmed.

A large toothy grin spread across Rapunzel's face, she turned on her heel and began running back
down the way she came.

"We've got another one! We've got another one!" She screamed excitedly at the top of her lungs.

XXX

Night had fallen and a handful of the residents of the mansion had gathered by the door, eager to
meet their new housemate.

Rapunzel was stood off from the door, excitedly dancing about to the music of a string quartet as she
waited for the door to open, attired in the same clothing she'd worn earlier.

"Wull ye stoap ye jiggin 'n' calm doon.(1)" Merida called from where she stood, attired in a simple
dark forest green dress with several tears in strategic places to allow for easier and more fluid
movements. Her wild curly red hair lightly shaking as her head snapped round to address the blonde.

"You can't blame her for being excited Merida." Replied the African American princess, she was tall and slender with a sculpted figure, her raven hair was medium in length, tied in a low ponytail, her eyes were brown with pink eye shadow and dimples on her cheeks. Her attire consisted of a Renaissance gown with honey yellow and a light green and light brown as the primary colours with lime green heels.

"She was just the same when you arrived." Nani added. Nani was a beautiful young woman, strongly built though fairly slender with olive skin, ebony hair reaching a little past her shoulders and brown eyes. Her attire consisted of a pinkish beige short-sleeved belly shirt with a heart design atop her chest, blue jean shorts and teal sandals.

"Aye, ah remember. She wouldn't stoap trying tae braid mah hair." Merida snapped, sending a mild glare at a rather sheepish looking Rapunzel.

A feminine giggle drew the Scottish princess's attention. Ariel was stood to the side of the door, barley muffling her giggle behind her slender hand, attired in a pink and white gown, silver barrettes in her hair and pearl white earrings. She seemed to be unfazed by Merida's glare.

The remaining princesses were;

Cinderella, attired in a frilly, sleeveless, pink-and-white dress with pink ribbons and a sash with jade and teal coloured beads around her neck, with pink heels.

Belle, a young princess with long brown hair, tied back in a low ponytail, with hazel eyes, full lips, rosy cheeks, a heart-shaped face and a sculpted figure. Her attire consisted of a simple designed bodice, wrapped off-the-shoulder sleeves, a wide-hemmed floor-length skirt made of 8 triangular panels and a multiple-layered white petticoat with a scalloped edging on the hemline with golden heels and matching gloves reaching to her elbow.

And Jasmine, a very voluptuous and attractive young woman of average height, with medium skin, long lustrous black hair tied in a ponytail bound by two sea green bands matching her outfit and ending in a small swirl, brown eyes, and a distinct hourglass figure. Her attire consisted of a sea green cropped the top that reveals her midriff and her navel with sewn-in sleeves for her arms and matching pants and shoes. She wears a sea green headband that is centred with a sapphire adorned into it and to complete her outfit, two large golden earrings that dangle from her ears, completely covering them with a matching necklace.

"Howfur lang is this aff tae tak' anyway?" Merida snapped after silence finally fell.

"It'll take as long as it takes." Belle answered simply as she sipped at the glass of Champaign in her hand. "Sometime it's instant, others several hours…you took six." She continued, taking a much larger sip afterwards.

Merida huffed, turning away from the brunette.

The door clicked.

All eyes turned towards it as it opened to reveal the new arrival.

She was young, slender and slightly muscular. She possessed a dark complexion, not far from that of Nani's. Her long curly wavy black hair reached her lower back she had thick eyebrows and deep brown eyes. Her attire seemed to be quite tribal in design leaving her midriff and feet exposed, with a blue shell tied hanging over her chest upon a necklace.
"Err…hi…" She greeted nervously.

"Hey." Nani returned as she offered the girl her hand, she took it, allowing the older woman to guide her inside the mansion. "I guess we better get through introductions…my name's Nani." She gestured to her chest as she did so, the girl slowly turned to look at the other princesses.

"Jasmine." She offered the arrival a warm smile.

"Merida." Her expression was plain but the welcoming sentiment was there.

"I'm Belle sweetie." The brunette seemed to emit a calming aura about her, calming even the wildness of her nature.

"It's Cinderella." Another warm smile was offered.

"Tiana." The new arrival noted her more assertive demeanour.

"Rapunzel." The blonde ran at her, pulling the new arrival into a rather tight hug, she felt rather awkward. "My name's Rapunzel." Continued the unaware blonde excitedly.

"Ease up kid, you're suffocating her." Nani stated as she carefully pulled the blonde off of the new girl.

"You okay kid?" Nani asked as she lowered herself to the girl's level.

"Yeah…I'm…Moana." Moana gasped, inhaling deeply as she re-caught her breath, inhaling the rather pungent scent of the older girl after working hard for most of the day before she came to meet the new arrival. Moana swallowed, lightly shivering as she inadvertently found herself savouring the musk.

"Well Moana, welcome to the Heroine Mansion."

"It used to be the Princess Mansion but then S.L. changed it so we can have more housemates (2)." Rapunzel babbled.

"Now, now Rapunzel no breaking the fourth wall remember…the writer isn't too fond of it." Belle scolded, lightly slapping the back of Rapunzel's wrist.

"Sorry." Rapunzel sighed, turning her gaze to the floor as her cheeks flushed wish embarrassment.

Moana just looked on with an expression of confusion.

"Weel na point standing 'ere, she's 'ere sae let's break oot th' ale." Merida declared before leading the way to the dining room.

XXX

The long dining table had been pushed against the wall and was decorated with filled glasses of a variety of alcoholic beverages. Each of the girls had each claimed their time to excitedly chat with their new housemate, none more than Rapunzel, ironically who was the only one not to hand Moana a new drink at the start of their discussion, or rather her rant.

Moana stumbled away from Merida as the Scottish Princess took another swig of her flask before stumbling drunkenly away from Rapunzel who began to chase after her, releasing cries of a girly night or something; it was all gibberish to her.
"Whoa kid, easy." Nani cooed as she stabilised the younger girl before she could collapse.

"You smell nipce." Moana hiccupped.

"I think you'll find that isn't the case kid." Nani laughed "Guess you're not used to drinking are ya?"

"Drink? I drink all the time...water vand coconut milk." Moana slurred.

"Crap." Nani muttered "Let's get you sat down."

"Okay Nian...you shmell ogod." Nani blushed this time, the warmth increasing as Moana leaned in and sniffed the crick of her neck.

"You've definitely had too much to drink." Nani laughed nervously as she led Moana through the closest door, taking them into the library through the side entrance, she carefully placed her on the green sofa. "How you feeling?" She asked as she sat down beside the inebriated girl.

"Pi ffeel great." Moana let herself lean on Nani's arm, moaning at the warm touch. "you eafel nice."

"Erm…thanks." Nani laughed nervously, flinching slightly as Moana's hand fell onto the exposed flesh of her leg.

"And you slelm nice too...can I smell you?"

"W-What?" Nani stammered.

"Can I smell yosu?" Moana slurred.

"Why…?"

"Please?" Moana slurred, her hand sliding unknowingly down into Nani's inner leg.

"O-Okay…b-but I haven't had chance…to showe..." Nani was silence by her own gasp as Moana buried her face in the crick of her neck, inhaling deeply as she moved atop of the older girl's lap, straddling it. Nani winced as she smelt the heavy alcohol on Moana's breath.

Nani felt her form stiffen as she felt a muffled moan into her neck.

"Y-Y-You l-like it?" Nani stammered.

"Hmm-hmm." Moana hummed in affirmation. "You smell great."

Nani shivered again as she Moana's lips brush against her sensitive neck, her hands curling into fists on the fabric of the sofa.

"Chan I smell ypour pits?" Moana's slurred words this time highlighted by an undertone of lust.

"M-My…?"

"Your armpits, can I smell them?" Moana subconsciously ground her hips against Nani's leg, the older woman shivering beneath her.

"W-Why?"

Nani gasped as she felt Moana lightly nip her neck, she jumped beneath her.

"It makes mwe feel good...that smell?" Moana groaned.
Nani chewed her lip, trying to ignore the low pulsating heat as the young, beautiful girl ground her crotch atop her leg.

"Please?" There was that word again.

"Err…I'm…not wearing a bra!" Nani announced in a desperate attempt to deter the girl.

"A bra?" Moana asked; her voice still filled with desire and hunger.

"Err..." How did she explain it so that Moana wouldn't ask her to take her top off? "To…hide my breasts…modesty?" Even she knew how pathetic her attempts were.

"Oph, oyiur shy." Moana slurred as she reached behind her back and untied her top, tossing it the floor, her breasts bouncing free of their binds, right in Nani's face. "Xbetter? Now bzoth of us have boobs out?"

Nani was blushing from head to toe. She wanted to look away, to tell the girl to put her top back on, yet she couldn't look away from her breasts, and her pointed nipples. Feeling her own rub against the fabric of her shirt.

"Cian ol smell your pits now? Camn i see your btoobies?" She should say no, she should tell her to get dressed…she should take her to bed.

She didn't. She swallowed before slowly lifting her top over her head to throw it away, her boobs bouncing as they were freed from the limited confines. She froze in her movement as Moana buried her face in Nani's left pit while her arms were still raised, inhaling deeply.

Moana moaned into the shaved pit as the strong earthy scent filled her nostrils, she wrapped her arms round Nani, pushing herself against the older girl as much as she could, grinding her crotch on Nani's leg.

"You smellil pso good, fso yummfy." Moana groaned, her lips parting to latch onto a portion of Nani's pit.

Nani gasped out when she felt Moana begin to suck, squeezing her eyes closed as she felt her warm, wet tongue glide over the tender flesh of her underarm. She squeezed her legs shut, her shirt still on her arms.

Moana audibly inhaled, her left hand latching onto Nani's right breast roughly on instinct. Nani moaned. The younger girl began to roughly massage and play with the breast, mashing her own against the older girl as she humped her leg and savoured her taste.

Nani shivered, the burning sensation between her legs intensifying. She wiggled her arms, gasping as the sensitive flesh of her underarm shook with her, including that which was in Moana's mouth. She threw the shirt away and roughly tore Moana's mouth from her pit, ignoring the disappointed grunt as she carefully pulled the girl's head back before capturing her lips with her own; her tongue shooting past Moana's lips to begin dancing with her tongue. She couldn't help but savour her own taste, the burning between her legs intensifying as she did.

Nani took Moana's spare hand and slid it beneath the waistline of her shorts, moaning into the kiss as she felt Moana's fingers trace over her sopping hungry pussy.

Moana moaned into the kiss as she slid her fingers passed Nani's Southern lips, slowly, as if testing the waters. She wiggled them slightly, feeling the warm wetness between her fingers.
Nani thrust her hips against Moana's hands, lightly biting down on Moana's bottom lip as her tongue returned to her own mouth.

Moana grinned as she slid her fingers a little deeper, enjoying how Nani's aching pussy would clamp down, hungrily devouring the appendages after so long going without.

"Can I lick your pits?" Moana asked as she pushed her fingers up to the knuckle into Nani. The elder woman gasped out in pleasure as she squeezed the new girl's fingers.

"YES! God Yes!" Nani cried out.

Moana grinned. She slid back, dragging her clothed pussy against Nani's leg, lowering herself, kissing Nani's free nipple while her hand continued to grope the other, enjoying how the woman shuddered in pleasure. She buried her face in her underarm, inhaling deeply. She flexed her fingers, Nani gasped, thrusting her chest and hips forwards in pleasure.

Moana extended her tongue and slowly began to tease Nani's underarm, her tongue slowly tracing warm wet circles. She groaned at the strong hint of the taste of Nani's sweat.

Nani shuddered, her breath hitching when she felt Moana's tongue, her arm coming down on instinct, unintentionally forcing the girl further into her pit, much to Moana's pleasure. Nani didn't know whether to moan or laugh from her ministrations.

"Is there...anything else...you'd like to taste?" Nani gasped.

Moana bit down on Nani's pit, her fingers spasming inside her. Nani cried out in pleasure and pain.

Moana pulled back, slowly dragging her chest against Nani as she closed in on her ear.

"Can I lick your feet?" She slurred, Nani shivered as she felt her hot breath caress her ear, her pussy clamping down on Moana's fingers.

Nani groaned, nodding her head. Just desiring she stop tickling her armpit with her tongue...though it did feel kind of nice.

Moana slid herself off of Nani, slowly removing her fingers, much to Nani's disappointment...though it was rather hot to watch Moana lick and suck each of her fingers clean.

"You taste so good." Moana slurred as she clumsily removed her dress, revealing her naked pussy.

'She doesn't wear any underwear.' Nani mentally noted as she removed her own shorts and black lace panties, kicking them away while remaining on the sofa.

Moana sat on the floor, legs open, taking Nani's right foot, removing the sandal, she gave it a light sniff, moaning at the scent before carefully placing it next to her, next she lifted the rather sweaty foot to her face, she pressed her nose between the big and second toe, inhaling deeply. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as the powerful aroma filled her nostrils.

Nani let her hand slide between her legs, her fingers circling her erect clit, gasping in pleasure, her toes clamped down on Moana's nose, the girl's breathing enhancing the pleasure she felt.

Moana's tongue slid out and flicked Nani's big toe, Nani squeezed her toes even more forcefully. Moana dragged her tongue along Nani's foot, just beneath her toes.

Nani moaned, scrunching her toes in pleasure, sliding a finger into herself. She never dreamed it
would feel so good to have her foot licked.

She released her hold on Moana's nose, dragging her toes down her face, Moana's tongue remaining extended. Both moaned as Nani's foot dragged along her tongue until her toes curled around the tongue, squeezing. Moana closed her mouth, Nani's toes in her mouth; she began to suck, savouring the salty taste of her toes, enjoying the hint of lightly burned corn taste they held.

Nani gasped, sliding another finger inside of her and beginning to pump her pussy. She kicked off her other sandal, she lifted it. Moana's gaze locked on the dirty sole, she sucked even harder on Nani's toes, she was greatly rewarded as Nani drove her foot further into Moana's mouth; her toes eagerly playing with her slippery tongue as the sole of the other foot came to rest on her face, covering it from the tip of her nose to her forehead. She drummed her toes, playing with Moana's hair with them. Moana shivered at the feeling of Nani's sweaty, dirty sole against her face.

Moana lightly pressed her teeth into Nani's foot as she continued to forcefully suck on her foot. Nani cried out in pleasure, her pussy pulling her fingers inside of her, her lips quivering as she felt her flood gates and she came. Her cum coated her fingers and the sofa in which she sat on.

Nani moaned, lifting her fingers to her lips. She made eye contact with Moana, ensuring she watched as she slowly sucked and licked her fingers clean, one by one, enjoying how the girl shook and groaned at her feet.

Her eyes closed as she savoured the remaining taste of her cum as the last few drops slid down her throat.

Her eyes snapped open, her breath hitching in her throat. Her gaze slowly turned downward, her eyes widening as she was met with the site of Moana's foot, toes buried in her still wet pussy, wiggling.

Her lips parted and her moans began anew. She fell back, losing herself to the sensations of Moana's toes exploring her pussy as she sucked and licked her foot, her teeth lightly scraping their tops as her other toes played with Moana's hair.

Nani's foot fell from Moana's face, landing between her open legs. She rested her sole on Moana's wet cunt, pleasurable shivers travelling up her spine as she felt her sole bathe in her pussy juices. Moana screamed on Nani's foot when she felt her warm, damp sole rest on her hungry sensitive pussy.

Moana came. Hard. Her pussy juices gushed out, coating Nani's sole with her cum. Nani groaned, dropping her foot in the fast forming puddle of cum, her big toe tracing over Moana's lips. The girl in question couldn't help but watch as Nani's foot played in her cum, it was so hot.

Nani's lips clamped on Moana's toes as the pleasurable sensations of her foot, bathed in sticky cum combined with all the other sensations. Her cum gushed out once again, covering Moana's toes in her own cum.

Nani allowed her eyes to open again, she watched as Moana's foot proceeded to tease her lips with her big toe before playing in the cum that had spilled over onto the sofa. She couldn't help herself, her hands shot out, ensnaring Moana's heel and ankle before lifting it up to her face, she extended her tongue and dragged it along her sole, licking up the cum.

Moana gasped sharply at the wet sensation, her toes wiggling and scrunching in pleasure. She snatched up Nani's foot and proceeded to mimic her actions, each of them licking the others foot clean of their respective cum before moving onto sucking each other's toes, their tongues dipping
between toes, each of them playing with the others cum and basking in pleasure.

"We'll have to do this again sometime." Nani groaned as she begrudgingly returned the foot an took hers back, she wiggled her toes, enjoying how wet and sticky they felt, coated in Moana's saliva.

"Soh yes." Moana moaned.

"What else would you like do?" Nani asked as she leant forward.

"I want to spmlahe your ass." Moana slurred with a perverted grin, Nani returned her grin and proceeded to turn around on the sofa, sticking out her rear.

Moana eagerly dived in, gently cupping either cheek and lightly massaging them. She leaned in and inhaled her scent, groaning as did.

"Do you like the smell of my ass?" Nani teased, wiggling her rear in Moana's place.

"You smell slo gdoo." Moana groaned as she leaned in and placed a chaste kiss on each of Nani's cheeks.

A pleasurable shiver shot up Nani's spine. She had to admit, it felt really good to have her ass kissed, the pleasurable feeling combined with the rush of power…divine.

"Ooh." Nani cooed. Moana got the hint; she began placing a multitude of kisses on Nani's cheeks, each time getting closer to her crack.

Nani gasped when she felt Moana reach her closed crack.

"Oh god…" She moaned "Do you want to go…deeper?"

Moana didn't answer, she parted Nani's cheeks and admired Nani's puckering anus before leaning and placing a light kiss.

Nani's back arch, her rear extending as she threw her head back, gasping in pleasure.

Moana's lips parted, her tongue sliding out and beginning to lightly trace a circle around her anus. Nani's back arched even further until it would arch no more. Moana's tongue only got faster and more forceful.

"Oh…God!" Nani groaned, her voice pleading for release. How was she so good at this.

Moana pushed her tongue inside Nani, her anus clamped down on her tongue, screams of pleasure erupted as Nani came once again. Moana pulled back, admiring the beautiful woman before her, leant over the sofa, breathing heavily, covered in her own juices.

"You're incredible…" Nani gasped out.

"So are you." Moana slurred as she climbed onto Nani from behind, straddling her. She began to lightly kiss her neck, leaving a trail from the top to the bottom.

Nani felt the girl go limp. She glanced over her shoulder. And sure enough she had finally passed out in her drunken state.

"Even drunk…your stamina." Nani moaned before beginning to wonder just how she was going to get this girl to her room without anyone realising what had just happened.
A/N This is the introductory chapter for Moana, I finally got round to watching it a few days ago and now she is officially available for requests, and yes I will do this every time I watch a new Disney Movie – which will include Zootopia when I finally watch it and every future animated Disney movie.

I also will be adding more original works to this, as in not just requests any more.

Also consider changing how I write this fic, as in when I write prompts for movies I'm going to try and publish them during the month of their initial release, for example Snow White was released in March of such and such year, so when I write Snow White I'll aim to do so in March – note this will not affect contributions, TV Show based requests, Theme Weeks and Crossovers sort of cheat a bit with it.

(1) If requested for more active roles I won't include an accent for Merida to make it easier to read, unless requested for it to remain – my apologies if it's inaccurate.

(2) My username on fanfiction account is Succubi-Lover
A cold breeze could be felt that night, the wolves howled at a yellow full moon as bats and owls crossed the sky on a ghostly flight. In the weary night you could hear growls, cackles, roars, wails and screams…combined with the sound of laughter, cheers and celebration in the distance. All the elements combined could just mean one thing….it was finally Halloween.

A time of both fear and joy it was received by both children and adults ready for a night of fun, candies, costumes and pranks. But in the world of Disney, a sense of terror creeps inside the heart of the people fighting for the forces of good. Since this time was also a time of shadows, a time of monsters and ghouls, a time where evil can unleash all its might…it was a time for villains.

Since the moment the clock struck midnight and the great shadow of Chernabog rises from the top of Bald Mountain, in was the end of the fun and innocent terror, and begin the one night reign of the forces of evil. During this one night the powers of those serving the shadows grow in a way that no hero, prince or princess would be able to beat until the sunrise. During this time the villains have the freedom to do anything they so wish without any repercussions.

For that reason the homes of those serving the light were protected by a magic spell that seal the places stopping anything and anyone from entering once the 12th bell has sounded and the doors are closed. The only way for anyone to enter this houses after that; is with special enchanted keys, given to their owners and inhabitants before the twilight hour.

But even after the streets were emptied, the night was anything but silent. Monsters could be seen
roaming around, ghosts scream and wail as they fly to their reunion at the peak of the mountain, ghouls and imps could be seen dancing around pyres and broken into any place they find unlock. And of course the minions of the major villains could be see ready to plunder, vandalizing, and sneaking around hoping to catch any lost soul. Although a great majority were busier trying to reach any of the parties and celebrations that their masters and mistresses hold during this time of the year.

That's right. Even the villains are known to have parties and have fun, but in a way that a lot of people (princesses and heroes) call wild, uncivilized, out of control and of course…evil.

The "Jolly Roger" was anchored in the big lake locate at the middle of the Central Park; the great ship decorated with lanterns and lights. The sound of music could be heard from a great distance away, while upon its deck Hook`s crew dance and drink as if there were no tomorrow alongside not only town girls, who didn't fear their reputation, but also by young witches, female gargoyles, devils and other female monstrous creatures. Barrels of rum both full and empty could be found in every corner of the ship as were tables filled with food of all types, prepared alongside one really big and empty table collocated in the center of all the fun. Outside the ship and using the ramp to the shore, a group of pirates escort two girls wearing just a nightgown each, one blue and the other lavender with a purple sweater, up to the party.

Up the main street; Peter, Honest John and Gideon were happy laughing and drinking as the minion weasels of the fat cat raid any store and destroyed anything "good looking" that they come across while returning some goods to the trio.

Deep in the forest some animals run for their life at the sound of gun fire echo behind them. A bunny escaped by pure luck of a shot…just to be hit by another coming from its left side.

"Ha….mark another for me partner." A yellow clad cowboy celebrated, as he takes his prey and throws it to one of his three helpers to safe keep.

"I must admit that you are quite good with a gun Slim" answers an also wearing yellow muscular hunter with a shotgun.

"Why thank you Clayton." answered Slim "And also, thanks for bringing me on this year's hunting trip."

"No thanks needed my friend." A group of pheasants try to run, but the hunter stops them with three shots. "When both McLeach and Slade turned down this year's invitation I thought I'd be out here all alone." He collects the birds. "Good to know that some still hold the grand tradition"

"Well you know me." Slim shoots at a tree, a family of squirrels is lucky enough to escape, causing the bullet to hit a branch "I never turn down a chance to practice my shots." The branch breaks and falls onto the head of one of the helpers. "But if I may ask…why did those two decline this year?"

"Beats me." answered Clayton, spotting a deer. "Something about been invited to a party." He opened fire, squeezing the trigger. The animal managed to barley evade the bullets but when it tries to jump over a rock a roar echoed around them, a shadow hits it from its side.

"How curious." A regal voice sounds "Shenzi and the other hyenas said something similar to me." The moonlight reveals a dark unkempt lion with brownish orange fur with distinctive almond-shaped neon green eyes, with large tan paws with long, curving black claws. His claws buried into the flesh of the deer. "I wonder if we are missing something?"

"Well whatever that is." A lioness emerged from the shadows followed by her pack. "I don't think it could be important enough to miss the hunt. Especially one as successful as this one." She said
giving the lion an affective rub. "By the way my love…my lionesses found where a group of these
critters are hiding and it's seems that their great prince is guiding them towards the river"

"Is he really?" Asks Scar getting a nod from Zira

"Well look at that…it appears that Tremaine's tip comes true once again" commented Slim.

"And alongside the hiding spots in the forest that we found, this is the 5th time she has been right." Clayton adopts a thinking posture. "If I didn't know her I would think she was a witch or something like that…if not, then how is she getting this info?

"Don't know don't care." Answered the cowboy. "All I know is that soon we all will overtake Gaston in trophy numbers and you and I will gain a fortune from taking pelts to Ms. Deville… for that I think I shall get a fox pelt for her."

"Usually I wouldn't agree with him." said Scar as one lioness takes the deer's carcass away. "But he is right, we cannot waste this opportunity. With some luck we could have one less hero before sunrise."

Taking out a map Clayton trace their route. "If they continue that way they will reach one of the princesses' houses closer to the forest and if they get in they'll be inside the protection spell." He marks a part of the river not far from their location. "If we set an ambush here we could cut them off and take them down." He rolls up the map.

"Well then…what are we waiting for?" asks Scar. "Let's prepare ourselves a trap and collect that prince."

"You hear him…LET'S MOVE!" Roared Zira and soon the whole pack took off into a sprint with both the hunter and the cowboy following after them.

"I don't know what those two are doing but they are certainly missing all fun here." Declared Slim.

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But contrary to what Slim was thinking, both McLeach and Slade were having a lot of fun. Inside the Villainess Mansion, tonight's host been Lady Tremaine, both hunters where enjoying the party that the evil stepmother had prepared for what the invitation called a 'special event that will be a celebration for all villains to the end of time' and for the moment the party seemed to be quite a spectacular event.

A band, formed by skeletons, ghosts and little devils, was playing some really good music. Around the ballroom, villains chat, play, eat and even dance with each other. On one side Hades and Jafar were playing a magical version of darts, using Pain and Panic as a dartboards, on a table close to the buffet, Saluk and Shan-Yu where in the middle of a competition of pulse while some of his Huns had started an eating contest against Shenzi, Banzai and Ed.

On another table Ratcliffe and Sykes seems to be in the middle of a business discussion, with Ursula making some contracts. Close to them Madam Mim and "The coachman" were comparing notes about how and what they should transform children into and their uses. Somehow Stromboli had managed to convince mother Gothel to dance with him and surprisingly Cruella Deville was there too dancing with prince John of all people (or animals) while making comments about his fur. Even Shere khan was there on a feline version of a dance with Si and Am, the Siamese felines.

As for the Lady of the house; she and Queen La were having a nice conversation about 'disobedient slaves,' when Edgar approaches them.
"Excuse me madam but your…special guest… has arrived." The butler announced.

"Ohhh…she is finally here?" She asked with a smile. "Excuse me dearie but I need to attend to some business." And with that she leaves the ballroom.

Going up the stairs, the lady stops in front of a door as she hears laughs inside the room alongside several pleasurable moans. Opening a little the door she peaks inside and a smile appears in her face.

Drizella and Anastasia were sitting on the bed. Both dressed on their ball gowns but barefoot, their feet extended with certain blonde princess, dressed in a long black cloak, licking their soles hungrily, like a good little slave.

"Faster bitch! We want them clean for tonight's party!" Drizella ordered, pressing her right foot into the face of the blonde. Cinderella inhales deeply, forcefully sniffing the foot forced against her. The face of the princess was already red and sweaty but wore an aroused smile.

"Yes mistress…right away mistress." The princess began suck on the foot making sure to give each toe a taste with her tongue, cleaning it. Then she moved to lick her dirty sole, savoring the salty flavor of her sweat and dirt. Soon her head is seized by her other sister and force to face the other foot.

"We went to all the trouble of getting them nice and dirty for you." said Anastasia rubbing her left foot on the face of the blonde, eliciting a moan of pleasure from her. "The least you can do is lick them clean

"Yes mistress…sorry mistress. Thank you mistress." Cinderella replied as began sucking the sole of the redhead's toes, sliding her tongue between her toes.

"Hey! I wasn't finish yet!" Drizella complained, rubbing her feet against the hair of the princess, messing it up while wiping off the dirt and sweat from her feet onto the once clean hair, leaving it dirty and a little damp where her feet had been.

"Sorry mistress!" Cinderella switched again and resumed licking the sole of the raven haired sister.

"Shame we won't have much time with her at the party." said Anastasia, rubbing her wet foot against the side of her once stepsister, now slave's head.

"Maybe we could get a taste before it." The green clad sister pushed Cinderella’s face with her foot, causing the blonde to fall, her cloak moving to reveal a pair of golden shoes and the golden hem of the dress under it. Both girls seems eager, they grasp a side of the dress that was showing with the intention of tearing it.

"Ah ah ah girls... no early samples." Their mother called as she entered the room, stopping them in their tracks

"Mother."

"Mistress."

The sisters release their hold and stand up while Cinderella bows to her.

"And also, don't be too rude…after all." she bends down picking a regal golden tiara from the floor. "This is a special night for her." With false kindness she places the object back on the princess’s head. "We want that she looks her best don't we?"
"Yes mother." Both girls grumbled, sliding their shoes back on.

"Oh don't be like that girls." Their mother said. "You will also have a part in tonight's event, don't forget that." Both sisters smile at the reminder.

A knock was heard.

"Excuse me lady Tremaine." Edgar poked his head through the door. "Some more guests have arrived at the front door…and they said that they'd brought the special delivery for tonight."

"Ahh…excellent." She replied with a grin. "Well girls, help the princess to fix herself and get her down stairs." She moves to the door with a dark expression on her face. "The show is about to begin."

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Downstairs, Edgar opens the front door, allowing the stepmother to greet the people waiting outside.

"Gaston so nice of you to come" She greets the hunter.

"No one makes a party without Gaston." He boasts, flexing his muscles

"Quite, quite." The Lady smiles; surprising the butler, not expecting her to agree with the well-known, egomaniac. "This party would not be the same if you hadn't come." Her eyes fell on the small child figure, wearing a long black cloak; covering all of her. "And this must be your…plus one."

"Yeah." He answered, placing a hand on the figure's head, causing it to flinch. "This little lady has come with me to help turning on the party."

"That's good." She said with a dark expression. "She will be of great importance tonight…do please come in." She moves to the side to allow him to entre, but not before handing the hunter a piece of paper with a number upon it.

"My thanks, fair Lady." He replies before giving a light push to the figure's upper back, causing them to stumble forward and to fall over the threshold, her cloak lifting up their body slightly, revealing to Edgar a pair of small purple heels and the hem of a purple gown. "Oops…sorry about that." Gaston mocked as he helps the figure back to their feet and both enter.

"Medusa darling." Tremaine greets the next person.

"Tremaine, so nice of you to invite me to this little reunion." Both ladies greeted each other, each bestowing two kisses on each of the other's cheeks.

"Oh don't thank me…you know I always love our little get-togethers." The stepmother smiled. "So tell me…was your little journey… rewarding?"

"Oh believe me…it was." With an evil look in her eye the scarlet clad villainess turned to peer over her shoulder. Behind her Mr. Snoop was carrying a sack, grumbling at the weight of its contents. "I don't know how you got one of those golden keys but I'm more than happy that you did."

"Speak for yourself." The shorter man complained, placing down the sack. "Not only did I have to carry the child all the way here, but also I was attacked by those satanic puppies when we entered the house."
"Oh…stop complaining you useless waste of space." Barked Medusa. "It was only a couple bites. Be thankful I managed to throw that sleeping powder before all one hundred and one got to sink their teeth into you." The man huffed, crossing his arms. "Besides just like as I did, you wanted revenge on the little brat, so don't act like you weren't thinking over what you are going to do to her if you win, the entire journey here."

"Exactly." Said Tremaine. "And please dear, do try not to mention that out loud…the great majority don't know about THAT yet." She sends the shorter man a glare. "Also I don't control anything … everything will be out of your own luck." She hands them a number.

The man grumbles as he once again lifts the sack and carries it inside.

"You can leave that here, Edgar will take care of it." Tremaine then stops Medusa, leaning into her she whispers into her ear. "Also don't worry my dear. In case you don't get lucky I will make sure to record the whole experience for you to enjoy anytime you want."

With that Madame Medusa grins and proceeds to join the party, though not before giving the sack one last look and hungry glare, smirking at it.

Tremaine's smile grows, her lips lifting further with genuine happiness as she spied two of her closer friends stepping up to the door.

"Maleficent, Grimhilde so nice you have come."

The Dark Fairy and the Evil Queen returned her smile, greeting her friend.

"Of course Lady Tremaine." Answered the Queen. "After what you told us, what you were planning, there was no way we would miss this opportunity. Although we do find ourselves in quite a predicament here, since we could only bring one extra guest we couldn't agree on who we should bring."

"We both have good reasons to bring our respective choices." Continued Maleficent, lightly petting her crow. "After all a history such as ours is full of moments and people that we both would love to repay…so much we'd like to do to those girls." A dark expression crossed the face of the evil mistress. "But after we recalled who you had brought as the main event for tonight, the decision became all too easy."

"Far too easy." Added the Evil Queen; playing with a shining golden key between her thumb and forefinger. Both dark rulers looked over their shoulders to see a group of Maleficent’s minions holding a bound figure, wrapped in a dark fabric concealing their identity, with the exception of the uncovered pair of tanned pumps decorated with yellow bows.

"Well, I'm actually surprised that, THAT brat gave you enough trouble to arrive at this hour." Commented the evil stepmother.

A look of annoyance crossed the faces of both ladies.

"Oh no, she didn't give us that much trouble." Replied the Grimhilde as she entered the mansion, Maleficent following closely behind her, each receiving a number from Tremaine

"The reason we are late was because we needed to save that pair of idiots." Said Maleficent as she pointed behind her with her thumb.

Looking, over Maleficent's shoulder, to where she was pointing Tremaine saw a pair of well-known henchmen stumbling their way towards the door.
"Sorry, we are a bit late Lady Tremaine." Greeted the taller of the two. "We had some trouble with the truck."

"Horace and Jasper." greeted the Lady uninterestedly. "Cruella was wondering when you two would finally arrive...had some problems on your way?" She pressed, seeing the state of the two. Jasper had a black eye, a lot of scratch marks on his face, his jacket seemed to have been teared by something sharp, and when he raised his hat she saw three bumps on his head.

Horace seemed a little bit worse. Both eyes where black, his nose seems to have been hit rather hard, as it was bent on a side and his pants were torn at the ankle on one side and on the other, the entire leg part was missing, showing off bite and scratch marks on his hairy leg.

"What...naiiiiih." Replied Jasper. "Just some minor setbacks, but nothing too serious. The vixen was a fighter but we captured her without a problem."

"Except for the scratches, the bites, the shovel she used to hit me, the race she made us give her before catching her again, the fact you fell into that well, or when that crazy chicken jumped on me or when the noise alerted some people in the house and we had to run for our lives, just to run over Maleficent and the Evil Queen..." he would have continued his list had Jasper not hit him over the head.

"Yeah...well it was nice of them to lend us a hand and to help put our pursuers to sleep."

"Not really...if they didn't put them to sleep they probably would have caught us and discovered where we were going to take her, ruining the plans of the boss and everyone..." A new hit shut him up.

"'IN ANY CASE!' He gives his partner an angry look. "Mission accomplished." He moved aside, allowing Lady Tremaine to see the 'package'.

It was similar to the one that Maleficent and the Queen had brought, but the differences were in the pair of pink shoes, red furry ankles and the fox tail coming out of the cloaked wrapped around her.

"Good for you." Said the Lady. "Please come in, Cruella already has your numbers."

"Oh, so nice of her don't you think Jasper?" Asked Horace only to receive yet another bonk on the head.

The minions of Maleficent just cackled at the sight of the two and Edgar murmured something that sounded like "Idiots."

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"Well look at this place." Tremaine's face adopted an expression of annoyance. "You finally decided to fix it?"

"Abis Mal" Greeted the Lady with tedium.

The Arabian thief and his men just continued to smile.

"I hope you really can pay us." Said the short man. "Let me tell you, even with that key you gave us, getting this one wasn't easy."

"That I can see." She mocks, seeing the black eye on his face and the marks of battle on some of his men. "Who could have guessed that a teenager could give a group of grown man such as yourselves
such troubles?"

"Laugh if you want...you are not the one who was receiving her arrows." He pulls one out of his ass
"But at least I have a nice souvenir." He pulls out a bow.

"Do you even know how to use that?" She mocks.

"Shouldn't be that difficult." He then turns to his men "Bring her in boys!" One tall henchman carries an unconscious red haired girl, dressed in a green dress "Out of curiosity...what do you have against this one?"

"This bitch thought she could humiliate my daughters when they were putting their new pet in her place. So now it's my time to show her just what happens to those who dare to cross me or my family."

"Bitter much." The thief said. "Anyways now that we've brought her...."

Tremaine just rolled her eyes at the expectant face of the man.

"Yes, yes...you can stay and eat and I will pay you later." She dismisses him.

"Hahaha...pleasure doing business with you." He turns to his men. "You heard the lady boys... TIME TO CELEBRATE!"

The men cheer and enter the house.

"Edgar, you and the others take the packages to their respective rooms." She ordered the butler "After that you can join the party if you want...who knows, maybe you will get lucky tonight."

"You are too kind madam." He replied with a smile as he took the sack. "Okay, everyone follow me." He then proceeded to the lead the way for the others.

Tremaine watched them for a moment when Drizella poked her head out the door of the ballroom giving her a thumbs up gesture.

The stepmother smiled. "Showtime."

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Back at the party the new guests either went straight to speaking with old friends and allies or headed directly for the food. Some villains decided to try and get close to Gaston, something he loved, and questioned him about the little cloaked figure he'd brought, that seemed to be really nervous, been surrounded by all these villains, but the hunter just said that it was a surprise and that she was part of tonight's special event. This made the others really curious and even more so when both Drizella and Anastasia arrived with a cloaked figure of their own, although much taller than the one Gaston had brought.

This was the moment when the evil stepmother claimed the scene.

Silence please!" Lady Tremaine announced; her voice cold and harsh, cutting through the ramblings of her fellow villains, the demonic music screeching to a stop at her declaration.
"Thank you, now as your host I'd like to welcome you all to our first annual Sexualem Celebrationem." She paused as applause sounded around her, Mr. Snoop whistling as Shere khan released dominating roar while Si and Am rest against his back.
"Tonight all bets are off. All rules are changed. Tonight we all get our...happy ending." Lady Tremaine laughed, placing a suggestive tone on her final two words, a trio of hyenas erupted into laughter in the crowd as low sinister chuckling joined them from the more lethal members of the villain community, the Huns and Abis Mal’s thieves releasing hearty laughter as they clinked their pint glasses of ale and rum. "Yes, now before we get to...the highlight of the evening, some thanks are in order."

Silence fell, Lady Tremaine spied her daughters guiding the cloaked figure through the crowd toward the center of the room.

"Thank you, Hades, Lord of the Underworld for providing us with the help and musicians for tonight." She gestured to the demons holding their instruments in the far corner of the room and to the tuxedo clad skeletons carrying silver trays of hors d'oeuvres and beverages.

Applause sounded as the God of the Underworld rose from his throne at his table, decorated by the skulls of fallen heroes; he gave a light bow, his arrogant smirk remaining in place as his flaming locks licked at the air.

"Thank you also to Dr Facilier for providing the...secret ingredients for tonight's meals." Low desperate groans of poor souls filtered down from the kitchen. "And for providing the security in the form of your shadow minions."

Applause filled the air again. The Shadow Man rose from his humble chair and bow gracefully, taking off his hat, his own shadow bowing repeatedly against the wall.

"And thank you to Cruella for aiding in the preparation of the food and your help with the decorations." Cruella rose to her feet, bowing as applause echoed around her. "And finally thank you to Gaston for...providing some of tonight's...entertainment." The hunter rose, bowing as a fresh wave of applause shook the building, much louder than the previous ones.

"BUT" exclaim Tremaine causing the silent to return "there is one that I must thanks above all, someone that without its help this night wouldn't be possible." she gives a dark look to the cloaked figure as her daughters grab the cloak "Allow me to introduce you the key of our victory and also the one who will give us the first part of tonight show. The one and only princess Cinderella!"

The sisters tore the cloak revealing the blonde princess.

Cinderella was dressed in a golden ball gown with white capped sleeves, peplum and petticoats. Golden slippers on her feet, her hands were cover by long opera gloves. Round her neck she wears a pearl necklace, decorated with hearth cut diamonds, along with a pair of earrings of the same material. With the golden tiara sitting in her head she was the perfect image of a princess, if it was not for the nervous, semi aroused look in her face.

"That's right!" continued Tremaine over the shock of every villain in the room. "Thanks to the princess generous donations not only today are we enjoying a very well deserved party, but also she gave us a way to ensure a victory over those pesky princesses and heroes that think that they can order us around, that we're no longer a threat." Some villains let out a growl of anger while others looked on in confusion.

"Explain yourself Tremaine." Declared Jafar trying to grasp just what she was saying.

"Yes, this girl is a pain to be around like the other pampered girls." Said McLeach "I can't even shoot my gun at home because one of them always appears saying that I'm bothering the birds or something like that, and they never travel alone."
"And I have to put up with children climbing into my yard!" Screamed Prince John. "I cannot even threaten to throw them into the dungeon because she or one of the other brats gets in my face or call their pesky friends or husbands…I NEED MY BEAUTY SLEEP AND I CAN'T GET IT WITH CHILDREN LAUGHING AND SCREAMING OUTSIDE MY WINDOW!"

"That's nothing…I can't hunt anything that the princesses consider a friend!" Called Shere Khan. "Every time I try to eat a deer or a bunny one of those girls gets in the middle and I need to go back to look for something else or risk having a hunting party after me." He then pointed at the Siamese cats. "Si and Am had found themselves at the wrong end of a broom…" Then the trio of felines looked at Cinderella, their eyes filled with immense hatred."…Courtesy of her, and all because they were after some mice."

"Patient my dear friends." Said the evil stepmother, seeing that the mood was starting to heat up. "All you need to know is that this bitch will never give us trouble ever again and soon, thanks to her this night others will follow….isn't that right Slave?"

Cinderella looked up, feeling the gaze of each and every villain in the room. Some with confusion, some with rage, but a lot more, especially from the males, filled with lust as their gazes roam her body, undressing her with their eyes.

"Y-yes mistress." She said with a broken tone. It was getting harder to breathe as she felt her excitement grow as did the wet sensation between her legs.

"Oh ho-ho-ho! I see." Hades suddenly said understanding. "You have been having fun, haven't you Tremaine?" He sent her a smile, gaining one in return from her. "Long time since I've seen a slave been broken." This called the attention of the other villains. "This party really is going to be unforgettable." He sits back on his dark throne, leaning back. "Please do proceed."

"Thank you Hades." The evil stepmother then turns back to her daughters. "Drizella, Anastasia… would you do the honors?"

"With pleasure mother." both said in unison as they began circling the princess like a pair of sharks. Cinderella followed their movements, trembling a little as her arousal grew each second that she felt their dark gazes on her.

"Well look at that…she is shaking like a leaf." Said Anastasia. "What's the matter princess?...Scared?"

"N-No mistress." The blonde stuttered, her breath catching in her throat, a light tinge of a blush appearing upon her face.

"Maybe she is getting excited." Proposed Drizella. "Having all these men around her must be awakening her inner bitch."

Some villains in the audience laughed at that. Their laughter helping to invoke a larger blush to spread across the princess' face.

"But sister." Anastasia said with false shock. "A princess shouldn't allow herself to feel things so low as lust." She sent the blonde a dark smirk. "That's reserved for the lowest and dirties of the whores."

"Then maybe that's what she is, a whore." The black haired girl proclaimed.

"Now, now sister." The redhead scolded playfully. "You know we can't go around saying that about one of the most prestigious of the princesses without evidence."
"Then let's ask her." Her sister retorted before giving the blonde her own dark smirk. "I'm sure that someone as regal and proper lady will only tell the truth."

"Good idea sister...now Cinderella." The princess straightened after hearing her name. "We want to ask you something and I hope you can answer sincerely."

"Yes mistress, I'll do as you order and answer you sincerely." She responded.

"Very well...I want you to clarify." She steps in front of Cinderella. "Are you a princess or a whore?"

The entire audience fell into silence, on the edge of their seats, waiting for the answer.

Cinderella looks at her sister directly in the eyes. One part of her wanted to fight and not give the villains the satisfaction of having power over her, nor the pleasure of having her admit it. But that part was minuscule compared to the part of her that remembered just how good it felt having her mistresses punish her pussy and her ass with her own glass slippers, the sensation of the spanking her stepmother gave her, the flavor of the feet and pussy of her sisters that she got to taste as a reward for her service, and how much she enjoyed it every time she was treated like a slave, a tool, something less than trash...a simple whore, if even that...been reminded she was worth less than the dirt on the sole of her mistresses.

"I...I...I'm a whore." She finally said.

"What was that? ...I couldn't quite hear you." poked Anastasia.

"I'm a whore!" Screamed the blonde. "I'm just a simple whore, a tool for you and mistress Drizella to use as you fit!"

Everyone gasped at that and well more than a single face adopted an evil perverted grin towards the princess.

"Really? ... What a shock." Mocks Drizella, taking a position behind the blonde. "One would believe you are a princess from how you look."

"My sister is right." Said Anastasia, raising her hand towards the blonde's neck. "If you are not a princess then you don't need THESE!" Grabbing the necklace she tears it away, "Or THESE!" In a quick movement she grabs the earrings and tears them from her ears, causing some blood to trickle down from Cinderella's ear. The blonde princess let out a moan of pleasure at feeling of the pain as she grit her teeth. "Do you?"

"N-No-no mistress." She managed between her heavy breaths.

"Then you should thank us releasing you from their weight." said Drizella.

"Yes mistress...th...thank you mistress." Said Cinderella, causing the villains to burst into fits of laughter once again.

"That also means." Anastasia continued, taking a hold of the golden material of the gown's skirt. "That you should thank us for this." She tears the cloth, revealing the white petticoats beneath it.

"And THIS!" said Drizella, grabbing the peplum part of the dress and tearing it away.

"Yes mistress...thank you mistress."
"Can't hear you." said Anastasia, tearing one of the sleeves.

"Yes mistress…thank you mistress!"

"Still can't hear you." Pushed Drizella; grabbing hold of the golden gown from behind and tearing it.

"Yes mistress…Sorry mistress…THANK YOU MISTRESS!"

"LOUDER!" Screams Anastasia, grabbing the bodice of the gown and tearing it open and revealing the bouncing slightly bruised breasts of the princess.

"YES MISTRESS…THANK YOU MISTRESS!"

Both Sisters step back and admire their handiwork with wicked smiles. The gown was totally ruined, except for the petticoats that still covered the modesty of the princess. Cinderella´s face was red with excitement, even more noticeable for the rise of her breast now visible for the audience to admire, her nipples pointed and on clear display.

"Now she looks more like what she truly is, a whore, not a princess." Commented Anastasia.

"Yeah, but I think she still has too many fancy clothes for that." Her sister replied before getting close to Cinderella once again. "What do you say princess?" She pressed in a mocking tone. "Do you want us to get rid of this too?" She asks grabbing the cloth round her waist.

"Yes Mistress…please…get rid of it." Cried Cinderella.

"You want us to make you naked?" Asked Anastasia with false shock.

"I don't care…do what you wish with me!" The princess cried, waiting to feel free of the restricting clothes she wore, and to feel her body being abused by her mistresses.

Her sister smiles and with one big pull the last part of the gown was torn from the princess' body.

"Well look at his, she even wears whore's underwear." Commented Anastasia, referring to the yellow bow panties the blonde had put on.

"And that's not all!" Declared her sister, pointing at the growing wet patch on her panties. "Looks like this little whore is all exited."

Both sisters laughed, sharing a look as they take their positions on either side of the princess. Each one taking hold of one of the knots of the panties and with one simple tug, the knots come free and the cloth falls to the floor, reveling Cinderella's dripping pussy.

"HA…and THIS is supposed to be a princess?" Laughed Jafar.

"Oh please even before she wasn't much of royalty." Said the Evil Queen. "She wasn't more than a lowly maid in this house."

"I hear she passed her days surrounded by mice and other critters." Madame Medusa proclaimed.

"Oh, I can assure you that that is true." Said Tremaine.

"Quite fitting… a beast surrounded by vermin…no, a slightly bigger vermin surrounded by more vermin." said The Coachman "And I know of that."

"She certainly acts like an animal." Commented Radcliffe
"HEY DON'T INSULT US!" yelled Shenzi.

"Yeah we have more class than her." Commented Banzai, popping out of a cake with his head covered in icing. Ed then following up by nodding his head repeatedly, sending cake pieces at the governor.

"Yeah…real difference." He said with disgust.

Back to the princess, the sisters were not finish yet.

"Your slippers slave." Ordered Anastasia.

"Yes mistress." Cinderella replied as she slips both her feet out from the golden slippers. She bends over to pick them up, showing her ass and pussy to the villains behind her. The males especially the Huns and Abis-mal’s men howl and wolf-whistle at the view, while some tried to get closer to the princess but are stopped by feeling of an icy sensation on their backs, turning round they are met with the gaze of Maleficent, sending them a warning glare that promised death and suffering if they moved any closer.

Rising up the blonde princess hands her slippers to her sisters.

"Well I think that she is now dressed accordingly…don't you think?!" She calls for the villains opinion, all cheer seeing one of the princesses only dressed in a pair of gloves, stockings and her tiara.

"Well since we have already established that you are a whore, why don't you act like one?" Drizella commented. "Show everyone here what you really are."

"Yes Mistress." Replied Cinderella before lowering herself to sit upon the floor, spreading her legs. She then proceeds to grope her right breast; lightly massaging it as her other hand slides down her body and starts to caress her wet entrance.

The villains watch on with amusement, enjoying her moans of pleasure beginning to surge from the princess' mouth as her fingers threatened to enter her pussy. The princess moaned as the fingers of her left hand trace her wet entrance and her right hand continued to grope her breast, massaging the fleshy mound to the delight of her and her audience. Nipping her nipple between her fingers, she squishes and pulls it, releasing out screams, screams a mixture of pain and pleasure..

"Well slave are you still a princess?" Asked Anastasia.

"N-No Mistress I'm not!" exclaimed the blonde, teasing her clitoris and moving her other hand to grope her left breast.

"Then what are you? …A slave?" Pushes Drizella.

"Yes!" Cried the blonde, pinching her erect clit.

"A simple bitch?" Poked the redhead again.

"Yes! I am your bitch." She moves her fingers to her mouth and suck on them before returning her hand to her breast, her wet fingers encircling her pointed nipple, she shudders in excitement.

"Then scream!" Orders Drizella. "Scream it to the world and let everyone hear you and know who you really are!"
"I'M A SLAVE, A HORNY BITCH, A TOOL TO BE USED…PLEASE LET ME TASTE YOUR CUM AND SERVE YOU WITH MY DIRTY BODY." She cries, pinching and pulling at her nipple, introducing the tips of her fingers to her pussy.

"And that's all you will ever be!" Exclaims Anastasia, stomping her foot over Cinderella's hand, forcing her fingers to cram inside her pussy. The sudden mixture of pain and pleasure causes Cinderella to pull her nipple even harder, releasing screams of pain that quickly became moans of pleasure, as she moves her fingers faster under the shoe of her stepsister. Soon the juices begin to flow out of Cinderella, the blonde wears a smile of happiness and perversion as she feels her juices cover her hand and the shoe pressed against it.

"What a dirty slave." Said the redhead; retrieving her shoed foot. "She just got my shoe all dirty."

"That's not right." Said Drizella putting herself behind Cinderella before giving the slave a shove her with her foot. "You make a mess and dirtied your mistress…now you will face the consequences." She gets out a riding crop

"Mi-Mistress?" She stuttered half terrified and half aroused by the site of the crop.

"Ass in the air slave." She ordered, and the blonde complied, leaning forward and sticking her bare rear into the air, her leaking pussy on clear display. "Now you will clean the shoe of my sister while taking the punishment you deserve."

"Yes mistress." Cinderella began to lick her cum off of her mistress' shoe, her tongue sliding along the dirty, creamy sole of the shoe, swallowing every drop her tongue procured.

"Well she didn't need much convincing." commented Anastasia.

"You dirty little whore…you wanted this didn't you, you little bitch?" Drizella spat as she spanks the princess’ rear with the crop, savoring the crack that sounded, filling the room, as it made contact with Cinderella's, soon followed by a cry of pain and pleasure.

Cinderella let out a muffled scream as she tries to continue suck more of her sister's shoed foot.

"What was that?" Asked Anastasia, retrieving her foot as her sister struck the blonde's right cheek, "I thought we instructed you to speak louder."

"Ah ah…I…I…AH." Cinderella cries as Drizella struck her ass, interrupting her. "I want… (SLAP) …I need… (SLAP)…ah…. (SLAP)" 
"Red scars begin to appear upon her ass and her pussy begins to leak again with renewed vigor. "(SLAP)…YESSSSS….I WANT THIS… (SLAP)…PLEASE SPANK ME, PUNISH ME, MARK MY ASS (SLAP)….PLEASE (SLAP, SLAP, SLAP) MISTRESS…. LET ME SUCK AND TASTE YOUR FEET!"

The redhead sister smiles darkly and slipping her left foot out of her slipper, she presents it to the slave girl.

"This is what you want?" She presses. The blonde tries to reach for it, stretching her neck, but Drizella strikes her ass again, stopping her.

"Yes…mistress…please." Begged the princess, extending her tongue past her lips, trying to reach it.

"Open wide then!" She instructed and suddenly Anastasia moved her foot, inserting her big toe inside Cinderella’s mouth. The blonde released a small scream as her ass was struck one more mixed with a gasp of shock, both soon becoming a moan of pleasure as she began to suck on the toe and slide her tongue around it.
"Ha, she even acts like a dog." Pointed out Cruella, noticing how the ass of the princess wiggled in the air. "All she need is a tail."

Smiling evilly, Drizella spread the wiggling scarred ass checks and proceeded insert the rod into the puckering anus of the blonde. The sudden intrusion causing the princess to suck even harder on the big toe in her mouth. She groaned on the toe in pleasure, lightly wiggling her ass and her new "tail", each moving in unison as if showing her enjoyment and pleasure.

"Now she really is a bitch." Chuckles Hades.

"The mighty princess bitch." Laughed Madam Mim.

"Maybe we should call her Princess Bitcherella." Hollard Shenzi; receiving a laugh from her brothers.

The fallen princess ignores them, preferring to pay attention to the flavor of her mistress Anastasia's divine toe in her mouth, and the feeling of mistress Drizella sliding the rod in and out of her ass.

"That's right bitch, show us more." Said the black haired girl; taking one of the golden slippers and inserting the heel into Cinderella´s dripping pussy. The wet walls swallowed the heel of the shoe hungrily, it sank in with ease to the delight of the blonde who continues to try and devour more of her mistress foot, taking all her big toes into her mouth. Finally she can't take it anymore and soon cums in an explosion of juices pouring out of her pussy.

Anastasia takes back her foot, her toes and some of her foot not wet with their slave's saliva, she proceeds to dry it using Cinderella´s hair, making sure to mess her hairstyle and knock the tiara off of her head. She loved using the slave as her toe rag The princess falls onto the floor with her ass still sticking up into the air, while the slipper is shoots out of her pussy which still continues to drool cum.

"Oh, oh…I think we'd better call her Princess Cunterella." laughed Banzai, getting every villain into a fit of laugher as they point and insult the fallen blonde who doesn't seem to care.

"Cin…Cinderella?"

…That is until an innocent and familiar voice reached the blonde's ears and makes her look up.

There, in front of her wearing a lilac-pink princess gown decorated with diamonds and pearls, a crystal tiara, lilac-pink stockings and purple slippers…was Princess Sofia.

The little princess didn't know what to think when Gaston invited her to a Halloween party. She knew that staying out after dark was dangerous, from what others have told her and her family, but the hunter assured her that she would be fine as long as he was with her. Surprisingly, it was her sister who convinced her to come, saying that this was a good opportunity to learn about the so called 'villains' and that she was going to one herself. So after her parents give her permission, however, had they not had their backs to her, she would have seen the colorful spirals in their eyes. She had put on her cloak that Gaston gave her and met with Gaston at his house, where Amber and Prince Hans left for their own party; and from there to Lady Tremaine’s house. Of course seeing Maleficent, arriving almost at the same time put her on her nerves and the presence of a good majority of the most infamous villains inside the mansion didn't help them any, but she tried to remain calm and close to Gaston all the times.

Then Cinderella was put on the spotlight and confusion ruled her mind.

When the stepsisters began to destroy the blonde princess's dress, Sofia wanted to jump in, but
Gaston kept her in place, making her wonder what was happening and why Cinderella didn't defend herself. As the events advanced, Sofia was filled with even more confusion and even fear, but when the blonde began to masturbate...a new, hot feeling flowered within her and kept her watching the spectacle as a warm sensation began to grow and spread from her crotch. In her distraction, she didn't notice Gaston taking off her cloak and only did react when the hunter pushed her forward, sending her in front of the horny fallen princess.

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"Cinderella...what...what's going on? ...why are you...?" The little princess tried to ask but a hand ensnares her wrist.

"Our slave told us about you." Said Anastasia. "The dirty commoner whose mother seduced a king, just too dress in nice clothes and jewelry." She threw her towards Cinderella, who caught her and pulled her into a protective hug. "Nothing more than another whore, like this dirty little slave who thought that a nice dress and a pair of slippers could make her into a princess when all she is now and always will be is another horny, dirty slave."

"Same as you Princess Sofia." spat Anastasia. "A brat who thinks herself royalty...while she is barley even a dirty commoner."

"DON'T SPEAK OF HER OR ME LIKE THAT!" Sofia tried to defend herself against the words of the villains.

"They are right." said Cinderella shocking the little brunette, who turns to see the blonde princess.

"You can't really think that!" Cried Sofia. "You told me that I have what was needed to be a princess...LIKE YOU!"

"Ohh my sweet child." Cinderella caressed Sofia's cheek. "If we really were meant to be princesses we would have been born as one." Her hand rises to the head of the little princess. "Just because we wear a crown and dresses we believe that we are of royalty." Her hand closed around Sofia’s tiara. "Thanks to my mistresses I now see the true...we are nothing but servants." She takes the tiara and throws it away. Sofia tries to recover it but the elder princess holds her by the wrist. "We must be thankful for what life has dealt us and not try to hide who we are with jewelry and titles that don't belong to us." Her hand grasp Sofia´s amulet

"Please Cinderella don't do it!" Sofia begged, trying to keep the blonde princess from taking her most beloved possession. "This is not like you...PLEASE SNAP OUT OF IT!"

"Like me?" The blonde questioned "I'm a servant, a whore, what I am is what my mistresses decide...A PAIR OF GLASS SLIPPERS ARE NOT GOING TO CHANGE THAT!" And with a strong pull the chain breaks and the amulet is sent flying away. Sofia managed to get loose from the hold and dived to retrieve it, but Drizella jumps in and sits on her back. Sofia slams onto the floor, grunting in pain as Drizella enjoyed her new seat.

"And where do you think you are going?"

"Please no...you are hurting me..." The princess cries kicking and trying to free herself.

"She doesn't understand yet." The evil sister said. "Maybe it's time to be more firm." And looking at Cinderella she points at the kicking legs of her cushion.

Understanding, the blonde crawls to them, carefully gripping one ankle, she slides off Sofia’s right slipper, she lifts the opening to her face, inhaling the scent deeply. She moans at the sweaty scent of
the girl's feet. She places it beside her and moves in, she lightly sniffs Sofia's little stocking clad toes, damp from sweat. Her lips part and take in her stockinged foot. The little princes lets out a started gasp as the blonde princess began suck on her toes through the pinkish material of her stockings.

Cinderella tasted her, running her tongue over Sofia's sole and the bottom of her toes, savoring the flavor. The sock quickly began to get wet with her saliva; Cinderella nipped the stocking with her teeth and began pulling the cloth, before proceeding to toy with the foot, taking it in and out of her mouth. Finally the blonde bit the tip of the stocking and pulls with all her might. Soon a ripping sound is heard and Sofia´s toes are exposed. Cinderella chews the fabric, sucking on the sweat and saliva from it before spitting it next to Sofia's slipper.

"Ahh…no…what are you…?" Sofia cries, feeling Cinderella's hot, wet tongue sliding between her toes, her teeth nipping her big toe. "Please stop that!" The blonde princess takes the foot out of her mouth and using a finger she begins to tear the rest of the stocking, leaving Sofia's small foot completely exposed. She begins to bestow small kisses along the creamy damp sole. Sofia´s toes curl and scrunch each time the lips of the elder princess touch her skin. The sensation that she received causing her to stop her fruitless struggles, staying almost completely still on the floor beneath Drizella's rear.

Drizella takes advantage and taking the other leg, she slips her hand inside the dress and taking hold of the other stocking by its hem she begins to take it and the remaining slipper off.

Seeing the other now naked foot, Cinderella switches to the other shoe and starts her licks anew, moaning at the taste of Sofia's salty sole. Sofia´s screams became quieter and quieter as her arousal rose with each lick; she released a small cry as Cinderella lightly bites her heel.

"Well slave?" Drizella asks, giving the purple shoe in her hand a small sniff, her nose wrinkling at the potent odor. "Are those feet tasty?"

"Yes Mistress," the blonde responds before giving them a long lick, from Sofia's heel to the tip of her big toe. "They are delicious."

"More so than ours?" questioned Anastasia.

"No mistress, yours are the best." The blonde replied without hesitation. "Yours are the ones I love to lick, to taste, to worship the most…I wish they were on my face so I may inhale their heavenly aroma and fill my lungs with it. I want to have them inside my dirty pussy, to make me cum, before allowing me to clean them of my dirty cum and the dirt you walk on." As she spoke Cinderella stood on her knees, causing Sofia´s feet to fall directly below her dripping cunt.

Sofia began to squirm at the feeling of the juices of the blonde dripping onto her feet, for some reason she couldn't help but note that it felt familiar. But before she could think more about it a dark figure walks from the circle of villains.

Cinderella was enjoying the sensation of Sofia’s little feet on her pussy after she lowered herself a little, when a green hand grabbed her hair and pulls her away, pain and pleasure shot through her body as her eyes squeezed shut.

"This has been really entertaining, but perhaps it's time to put the games aside and teach this kid a real hard lesson." Stated Maleficent, approaching them. "After all a child will not learn anything by just receiving words… actions speak far louder after all."

"By all means your highness." Said Drizella with an arrogant smile, standing up and releasing the little princess from her weight. "Please help us."
Using her magic, the dark fairy lifted Sofia from the floor until she was at the same level as Cinderella. A green ring of energy with a smoke-like consistency bind her hands together above her head, leaving the little princess suspended in the air.

"You better understand...you are not a princess and tonight you will be even less than a servant, so better get you dressed for your rightful place." Said the Evil Fairy. Then she turns to Cinderella "Get rid of this stupid dress."

"Do as she says slave!" Spat Drizella when the fallen princess didn't move.

"Yes mistress."

the blonde slave replied crawling towards the captive brunette. Cinderella then grabs a handful of Sofia's skirt and begins to pull. The brunette princess tries to beg for her to stop but the blonde didn't listen.

"Cinderella please stop!...You need to stop!" ripping sounds begin to be heard. "PLEASE DON'T DO THIS!...PLEASE!..." The purple fabric begins to give way. "NOOOOOOOOOO!" Finally pearls are sent flying as Cinderella falls to the floor with a good chunk of the purple gown in her hands. Looking up she sees that only the front of Sofia's dress was ripped, showing off her slender, creamy legs, one with the ruined stocking, and her purple underwear to all who was present.

The little princess squeezed her eyes tight, trying to hold back the tears that threatened to escape.

"Well isn't this a surprise?" Said Drizella. "You are a failure even at this."

"Yeah, you must do better." Continued Anastasia, taking hold of Sofia's ruined gown from behind.

"Like THIS!" With a strong pull what was left of the gown was torn away, causing the little princes to flinch as she tries harder not to cry.

"Sorry mistress...I-I will do better." Said the blonde as she rose to her feet. Cinderella then gets close to Sofia once again and grabs hold of the neckline of her bodice with both hands. The brunette opens her watering eyes, giving the blonde princess a silent plea.

But Cinderella is unaffected and begins to pull with all her strength; the blonde tears the last part of the dress revealing Sofia's childish breasts. This time Sofia can't stop the tears from escaping her eyes.

Not deterred by this, the blond kneels and grabs Sofia's knickers. Without missing a beat the blonde tears the undergarment away, sneaking a light sniff of the crotch before letting the cloth fall to the ground as she stood up, letting the villains see the now nude body of the little princess.

While some villains simple chuckle at her misfortune , Slade and The Coachman look more eager to get close; with the poacher roaming Sofia's body with the eyes, as the donkey trainer wore an evil toothy grin upon his face.

"What's this...tears?" Asked Maleficent. "What happened to all that bravo you had?"

"HA...the brat may act tough but it's just an act, she's really just a crying baby." Mocked Anastasia.

"She acts like a princess." said Drizella standing behind Sofia. "But she is still just a little girl." and with that she grabs Sofia's prepubescent breasts roughly before beginning to caress them.

"Umm...umm." Sofia tries to stop a moan from escaping her lips. She doesn't know why but this also feels really familiar to her.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!"

"Now girls that's not the way." Scolded Maleficent. "I said actions are louder than words, but I was referring to her actions." She points at Cinderella who was busy smelling Sofia’s ruined knickers again, and masturbating to the smell. "After all she was the first to welcoming her when she arrived, so I think it's fitting that she gives the lesson."

Both sisters crackle.

"Well slave you better be grateful." Stated Anastasia, calling the attention of the blonde. "Consider this a reward for been such a good dog you little bitch."

"She is all yours." said Drizella. "Come here and show her what we taught you."

"Yes mistress…thank you mistress." The blonde crawls until she is directly in front of Sofia’s crotch. She then proceeds to caress her legs and inner thighs.

"So soft." Murmured the fallen princess. "That's something I admire about you." She continued while the little princess began to squirm at the blonde's caresses. "Your skin, so white, so creamy and so soft…." Her eyes fell on her little hole, she moves her face closer. "…So cute and so alluring." She then proceed to slowly extend her tongue past her lips before slowly and carefully licking her little slit as her hands massaged her little buttocks.

"Ah…no wait!…Ah ah…what are you…? No…ah…stop!" The princess begged, trying to move away, but Cinderella’s hands gripped her ass with enough force to hold her in place and Maleficent's spell ensured she had no escape and Cinderella's tongue continued to taste the inner folds of her pussy.

"Umm…umm…ah...umm…ah…ah…ple-ah….please…ah…no." The slim fingers of the blonde grasped the tender flesh of her little rear, sending shocks of pleasure throughout her body. Suddenly the hands spread her butt cheeks and Sofia felt a single finger find its way to her butthole.

"ahhhhhhhhhh!…No…don't put it there….ahhhhhhhhh!" Cinderella introduced her index finger to Sofia’s anus and started to move it. On instincts, Sofia began to move her hips, trying to get the finger out, but her limited movements only help in the actions of pulling the finger inside her butt, and the tongue in her pussy. Soon she felt a low pressure and some warm liquid begin to flow out of her.

"Oh Sofia…you are so delicious." the eyes of Cinderella reflect her lust and sexual hunger. "I need more." And she clamps her mouth down; she begins to suck Sofia young pussy, drinking up the leaking cum.

"Ah…ah….ummm….ah…s….stop!" Sofia’s body trembling as Cinderella continued lick and suck her pussy. The hands of the blonde continue to play with her ass, gripping it until red marks began to appear over the creamy skin.

As the tongue of the fallen princes found her clitoris, Sofia´s mind began to shutdown as the hot feelings caused by the princess increased, causing her to begin to stop her resistance. Her breathing became more difficult. A building sensation grew where the mouth of the blonde continued its assault.

"Ah…ah….Cin…Cinderella…I feel…I feel…ah…ah…ahhhhhhhhhhh!" Finally the little princess couldn’t hold back anymore and soon the mouth of Cinderella received the glorious rain.

"HAHAHAHAHAHA." Laughed Drizella alongside Anastasia. "Well what do you know…she can cum a river, and at such a young age too, such a little whore." She positioned herself behind Sofia
and began fondling her tiny breasts from behind.

"What do you said slave?" Pushed Anastasia, seeing the brunette trying to catch her breath. "Want to continue?"

"Yes…yes…I need to taste more." Cinderella cried frantically as she proceed to insert two fingers into the wet entrance. Sofia's shivers only seemed to arouse the blonde even further and soon the Cinderella inserted her fingers in all the way, causing the brunet to let out a cry of pain and pleasure.

But then a frown appeared upon the face of Cinderella. She moves her fingers inside Sofia causing more small cries form the small princess, she suddenly pulls them out and looks at her now wet fingers, her face adopt a look of surprise.

"What's the matter slave?" Questioned Anastasia.

The fallen princess looked at her fingers and then to her mistress.

"She's not virgin." She finally stated.

Everything stopped…but only for a moment.

"YOU HYPOCRITICAL LITTLE BITCH!" Screamed Drizella, twisting Sofia´s nipples.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Sofia cries out in pain, her screams getting louder when the black haired girl began to pull them to their limit. "You try to tell us that you and this whore were true princesses…WHEN YOU ALREADY WENT AND FUCK WITH SOME IDIOT?"

"HEY!" Gaston yelled from the crowd.

"Fu…fuck?...ah…no…what….I…ah…ah." Sofia cried, trying to make sense of anything but the pain she was feeling filled her mind.

"Ugh kids today." Commented Hades as he lit a cigar.

"A true lady wouldn't be acting like that." Said Madame Medusa.

"A true PRINCESS and future queen would be pure until marriage." Added the Evil Queen.

"This just proves that they give the title to anyone with an angel face." Said Ursula.

"BUT!" Yelled Maleficent with a dark smile, calling everyone's attention. "This also means that we don't need to be to kind with her anymore." She sent a look towards Cinderella before grabbing her staff and twirling her hand above the crystal top, she began to chant. "Rise inner feelings of desire and lust; show us the true wishes and desires of this little whore!" Green smoke surge from the top of the orb, and soon the smoke began circle round Cinderella´s waist. The blonde let out a cry of delight as from the smoke conjured black vines that bound themselves around the blonde's waist and twisted and twirled around her crotch until a black dildo was formed.

"Ah—Ah…what-what is…?" The fallen princess panted, her gaze locked on the black thing. Grasping it with a hand she was rewarded by a jolt of pleasure that intensified as she began to stroke it.

"Your true desire." Answered the Mistress of Evil. "It seems that you truly are a slut in both mind and heart." The blonde just looked up for a moment before smiling and continue to stroke her new member. "So why don't you put that to good use?" And with a wave of her hand the green smoke
above Sofia disappeared, dropping the little princess onto the floor. Smiling the horny blond stepped closer to the panting child and lifted her by the waist.

"Please...no more...let me go!" Begged the exhausted princess.

"Not yet." Replied the blonde. "The best part is still yet to come." She then placed the wooden head of her member against the wet entrance, shivering in pleasure as she began to push.

"Ahhhhh...IT HURTS!" cries Sofia, eyes watering at the feeling of the sudden invasion.

"Ah...so tight and so warm." Moaned Cinderella, feeling the wet walls clamping down on her member as she slowly forced it in, shivering in pleasure as each inch was submerged inside. Sofia began to squirm and kick, using the little strength she still possessed, trying to get away from the blonde. "Ummm...Sofia you are squeezing me...ummm." She pulls out before ramming with force causing the little princess to stop and scream in pain.

"Get it out...please it hurts!" Cries Sofia, feeling the hard thing ram the inside of her pussy.

"Oh Sofia, you don't need to pretend." Said Cinderella, giving another thrust. "You already did this with someone else." Another thrust. "And probably more than once." Her thrusting began to increase in speed. "So let yourself be lost to the pleasure and enjoy it."

"NO...ah...ah...y-you are wrong!...Ah ah ah ah...I never...I don't remember...ah...ah...ah! The princess panted as the blonde continued her thrusts. Each thrust sending both pain and another feeling throughout her body. Around her she could only see the smiling evil faces of the villains, clearly enjoying the show and of course Cinderella's face proving she too was enjoying what she was doing. At this point the building sensation began to grow once again. "Ah...ah...I feel...I feel it again...ah...ah...ah...im gonna...im gonna...ah...ah...AHHHHHHHHH!"

Cinderella moaned at the sensation of Sofia´s juices soaking her new member.

"AH...YES...AH... AH... AH... AH IM GOING TO CUM...IM GOING TO CUM... IM GONNA FILL YOU!" She screams out in ecstasy, thrusting in deep with immense speed and force until she also came and her fluids combine with Sofia's and exploded outside her pussy. The blonde panted as her member disappeared, back into black smoke, vanishing back into Maleficent's scepter, allowing the combination of fluids to flow freely out of the little princess.

"Cin-de-re-lla.....why?" She managed to cry before falling unconscious, claimed by fatigue.

Around them villains cheer and laugh, applauding the show.

"Yes yes...that was entertaining, but it's not the end." Everyone turned to pay full attention to the Lady of the house. "Those two will be here all night for any of you to use them as you wish." Some male in the audience smile and started to get closer to the two princesses.

"But they are not the only ones." Lady Tremaine continued, Drizella and Anastasia then begin to push a lottery wheel onto the stage. "As I said before, thanks to this slave." she points again at Cinderella who just watched on dumbly as some of Abis Mal's men surrounded her. "We managed to gain the means to have our revenge on those who have wronged us." And she then pulls out a golden key showing it at everyone.

"A golden key!" Exclaimed Jafar.

"That's impossible!" Cried Madame Min.
"HA…now we are talking." Flamed up Hades.

"Interesting." Mused Sykes

Saluk and Shan-Yu share a dark full toothed grin.

One of the bandits began to fondle Cinderella’s breasts from behind, causing the blonde to moan in pleasure.

"And that's not all." continued Tremaine. "Thanks to the efforts of some of our fellow villains."

Stage lights illuminate Maleficent, the Evil Queen, Madame Medusa, with Mr. Snoop waving his hand, Horace and Jasper, who each gave a bow of appreciation. One of the bandits moves in front of Cinderella and drops his pants, his hard member springing up, catching her chin as it lifted to her lips much to his pleasure.

"We have now four special guests in this very house…” Cinderella stared for a moment and then with a smile she spreads her legs, bestowing a kiss on the tip of the member. "…And a lucky four of you will have the opportunity to play with them, all you have to do is win…” The bandit smiled and took hold of the princess’ legs and pulled her into position. "…And all that is needed is for your number to be taken out of this wheel…”

"Oh so that's what this paper is for." said Abis Mal…villains around him just rolled their eyes.

"…So my friends" the bandit's smile grew as he begin to push himself inside Cinderella. "Who's ready for some vengeance?" the villains cheer, joining to the screams of pleasure coming of the fallen princess.
The warm summer sun shines its comforting light on the small meadow in the middle of a forest, surrounded by trees, reaching up to soak up the sustenance the sun provided them.

"This is a beautiful spot." Commented a fair skinned young woman with a refined face and waist-length golden locks and violet eyes; she was tall and slender, her lips redder than that of a rose. Her attire consisted of a grey calf-length half-circle skirt with a white petticoat, a black bodice over a light grey blouse with long sleeves and a black headband, her feet bare. Admiring the flowers that littered the clearing in which they sat, atop a checker patterned blanket, topped by a hand woven basket and plates of sandwiches and cakes.

"Why thank you Aurora." Snow replied. Her skin as white as her name suggested, her lips as red as blood, hair as black as night, her cheeks rosy Her attire consisted of a simple court dress, consisting of a dark blue bodice with a high white collar; her short puffy sleeves are a lighter blue than her bodice with red cloth poking through exemplifying the ‘slashing; design that was quite fashionable during her time of rule. The long shapeless yellow skirt she wore possessed a white petticoat, visible as the girl danced, occasionally lifting her skirt with the motions, she wore tan pumps decorated with yellow bows and flows right down to her ankles, she wore a brown cape with a red interior. Her hair styled in her signature bob, parted in the middle, topped with her red headband with a bow.

"I found this little patch last time I cut through the wood." She continued.

Meanwhile, within the darkness that was the villainess mansion two lone figures stood in a single room.

The room's walls were lined with mirrors of different shapes and sizes, a four-poster queen-sized bed in the centre with dark purple curtains. The floor was stone tiled, a mahogany dresser rested against a far wall, a hand mirror resting atop it while another stood attached. Even the dark oak wardrobe beside it possessed mirrored doors.

In the centre of the main wall, surrounded by many mirrors rested a rather special, ancient mirror. Surrounded by a grand ringed frame with a golden pattern lining it, purple tinted reflecting glass within in it, smoke clouding view as a single face stared back at the two figures.

The first; an icily beautiful woman with a serene face devoid of emotion, a slender figure, her skin pale, her eyes a dark vivid green, scarlet lips and thin, refined eyebrows. Her attire consisting of a purple gown with long sleeves and a red rope belt ties around her thin waist. She wears a black balaclava that covers her ears, neck and hair, leaving her face exposed with a long black cloak, lined with red inside and the bottom lined with white fur, a high white collar attached to her cloak, a golden pendant connected to the collar, orange-yellow high heel pumps upon her feet and to complete her ensemble, a golden crown atop her head with five spikes on the front and a jewel on the tip of the centre and tallest spike.

The second; also tall and slender, beautiful pale green-skinned woman with a narrow face and a
prominent chin, her eyes yellow, black horns atop her head. Clad in a dark black and purple robe with bat wing-like edges, beneath her robe she wore a dress of identical colour with some red instead of purple; she wore a golden ring with a large circular black stone upon it. She carries a staff with a glowing green orb at the tip.

"Show her what you showed me." Grimhilde barked, her gaze narrowing at the mirror.

"As you command your majesty." The mirror responded in a monotone voice, unintimidated by the two dark beings before him. His face vanishing into puffs of light green smoke which soon filled the mirror.

The smoke began to clear, a bright, colourful image taking its place, contrasting with the darkness of the room and its inhabitants. The image was that of a sunlit meadow in the nearby forest, the image changed, zooming in on the two princesses and their picnic, making small talk as they helped themselves to a variety of cakes.

"It would seem that my ungrateful brat of a stepdaughter and an old…friend of yours are enjoying a little picnic." Grimhilde stated.

The Dark Fairy's gaze narrowed, gritting her teeth.

"Perhaps we should endeavour to remind them…one shouldn't journey into the dark woods all alone." Maleficent proposed; her tone carrying unspoken sinister incentives beyond the meaning of her words.

"Beautiful minds think alike." Grimhilde smirked "What did you have in mind?"

Maleficent lifted her sceptre, moving her green hand over the orb, flexing and twirling her fingers. Sickly dark green smoke filled the orb.

"That it's time the privileged brats tasted a hint of the powers of Hell." Her hand continued the motions even as the smoke seeped out of the crystal orb and began to glide towards the mirror. Grimhilde took a step back, eyes widening as they followed the smoke. The green puffs floated through mirror, both villains watching as it appeared in the image of the princesses, the sky darkening as storm clouds blocked out the light of day and the smoke floated into the trees.

XXX

"That's peculiar." Aurora muttered as she looked up at the sky and newly formed storm clouds filling it. She blinked repeatedly, swearing for a moment the grey clouds possessed a green tint.

"Hmm?" Snow hummed as she craned her neck back. "Looks like rain…perhaps we should cut our picnic short for now and head her shelter." She proposed, turning to face the blonde.

"Err…yeah, sure." Aurora replied; her voice vacant as she finally tore her gaze away from the clouds, Snow was already packing up the picnic. It didn't take long when she joined the effort.

The duo turned and headed back the way they came, spying the woodland trail they had followed to get here. Snow led the way, carrying the basket while Aurora followed behind, flexing her fingers at her sides anxiously, something didn't feel right.

The blonde could feel her heart hammering beneath her breast, her stomach churning as every instinct in her body seemed to scream danger, a feeling that was eerily familiar. She chewed her lip as she fought to remain calm.
'There's nothing wrong...it's just going to rain a little...a little rain never hurt no one...I've been through these woods with Philip enough times...I am completely safe...there is nothing dangerous here.' Despite her mental reassurance the blonde didn't feel any easier, in fact she found herself feeling worse as she stepped onto the trail.

"Aurora? Are you okay?" Snow's concerned tone ripping Aurora from her musings she turned to look at the ebony haired princess only to blink at seeing her several paces ahead. Her gaze moved to her feet, apparently she hadn't moved since stepping onto the trail.

Her gaze returned to Snow, who had now completely turned to face her with a worried expression.

"I-I don't know...something doesn't feel right." Aurora admitted. Taking a few cautious steps towards Snow, when she was close enough the pale-skinned princess wrapped a comforting arm over her shoulders.

"It's okay Aurora." Snow whispered into her ear. "First time I cut through the forest in the dark I was terrified...the mind plays tricks on you in the dark." She continued.

The blonde cast a quick glance round, the trail, it was a lot darker since the storm clouds rolled in, the branches of the trees limiting the already little light that could reach the trail.

"O-Okay." Aurora replied in an equally quite tone, hesitantly nodding rather timidly before the duo continued down the tail Snow holding her close the whole time.

XXX

Soon the duo were far from the meadow. The twisting feeling, as if her intestines were knotting themselves around and inside her stomach, in Aurora's gut never leaving, only growing more troublesome over their journey.

"Something isn't right..." Aurora muttered, gritting her teeth, bending down further as she pushed herself more into Snow's arm, subconsciously seeking protection in the shorter princess.

"It's okay Aurora." Snow whispered comfortingly as she began to trace small circles upon the blonde's upper back as to calm her nerves, the blonde had to admit it did help, a little...it also felt really nice...she made a joking mental note to ask Phillip to do it when she got back.

The blonde leaned further into the motions, not noticing the slow movement in her peripheral vision as a small vine began to snake its way towards them alone the ground.

'Rain.'

The thought struck the blonde's mind out of nowhere, she frowned. Her eyes widened as she glanced up. They had been walking for a good fifteen minutes now, not a drop of rain had fallen and yet the clouds remained in place.

'Tha-That's nothing...clouds don't always mean instant rain...i-if we're lucky...we might be back at the mansion before the rain starts.' Aurora mused, trying to ignore feeling in her gut and the itch in the back of her mind.

The creaking of wood filled the air around them subtly.

'Sn-Snow is right...I'm been silly...just paranoid...I'm safe...as long as I'm with her...I'm safe.' She continued internally.
"Oh." Snow gasped, Aurora's eyes snapped up, her heart jumping into her throat, only to slowly calm back down, it seemed the other princess had simply snagged her cloak on a protruding branch.

XXX

"This is quickly growing tiresome Maleficent!" Grimhilde snapped, turning her impatient glare on the Dark Fairy.

"Patience dearie, the brats are about to have their first taste." Maleficent answered calmly, though still her voice carried an unspoken threat.

"The-They've been walking for over a quarter of an hour and nothing aside from some clouds have..."

"Silence!" The sudden raise in the fairy's voice shocked the Evil Queen into silence, a dark glare been cast upon her, her own heart pounding beneath her chest, she averted her gaze, her impatient anger extinguished with ease.

"I must warn you, doubt my powers again and you'll see just what I'm capable of." Grimhilde found her hands shaking; she curled them into fists in an attempt to still them, only managing to dull the shaking. The Dark Fairy's tone had been deathly calm, only causing her threat to be all the more terrifying, worsened further by the way her sceptre lit up like a Christmas tree, the dark green light illuminating the entire room and filling every mirror.

"S-Sorry." Grimhilde averted her gaze, attempting to calm herself and regain her composure. The Dark Fairy's eyes narrowed further, Grimhilde fearfully took a step back, earning a dark smirk from the fairy before she turned back to the mirror.

"I suggest you think before you act in future." Maleficent stated, her tone remaining calm, Grimhilde felt her hand go to her chest in an effort to calm the rapid beating, her cheeks paler than normal.

XXX

Aurora was still trying to calm herself, her heart hammering a storm in her chest as she watched Snow attempt to unsnag her cloak without tearing it. She seemed to be struggling. The blonde hesitantly stepped out from under Snow's arm, a cold chill shot through her when the warmth of her friend's arm left her, she straightened, her pulse picking up even further.

She stepped lively towards the branch, her hands shaking as she took hold of the cloak, fidgeting with it as she tried to unhook it, a twig of the branch folding over unnaturally, landing atop her hand the cloak, the end slowly curling round the end of her hand.

"AAaiiiee !"

Snow jumped back as Aurora's scream filled the forest, birds in the distance fleeing from their perches, her cloak tearing from the branch as Aurora ripped her hand away from the branch, not noticing the stinging sensation as the twig cut the back of her hand, shallow but deep enough to strike blood.

Aurora ran to Snow, wrapping her arms round her left arm in a hugging fashion, pulling herself closer.

"Aurora? What's wrong? Are you okay?" Snow asked quickly, her tone a mixture of fear and concern.
The blonde was now almost hiding in Snow's cloak, having shuffled round, her eyes locked on the branch still holding the torn cloth of the cloak and slowly reaching out for them.

Snow's head whipped round to the direction her terrified friend was looking, her eyes bulging as she saw the branch reaching for them.

"Aurora…run!" Snow screamed before both she and Aurora turned on their heels and began sprinting down the trail, Snow dropping the hand woven basket in her panic.

The branch hastened its speed, reaching until it could reach no further, shaking in frustration and desperation to reach them; looking as if it was waving. But that was the least of the princesses' problems; one by one the trees began to move with a mind of their own as did the vines that once strangled the trees, stretching out for the fleeing princesses.

Aurora's heart was in the back of her throat, she felt sick, every step she took her gut got even worse. All the trees were reaching out for them; their branches like arms, the twigs liked clawed fingers as the vines the snaked round them lashed out like vipers, sprouting thorns, tearing at the fabric of both her and Snow's clothes.

Snow wasn't faring any better, her shorter legs causing her to lag behind her friend but she dare not alert the blonde, if either of them hesitated even for a second they would be caught.

"Gah!" Snow cried as one of the vines cracked through the air like a whip and snagged her left cheek, leaving a shallow cut, she grit her teeth continuing to run.

The dark haired princess released another startled cry as she felt a strong grip form on the back of her gown, followed by the sound of tearing fabric as she continued her run, stumbling as the strong pulling force of branch's hold behind her, nearly falling flat on her face but barley managing to remain on her feet, quickly returning to her running pace, now a meter or so behind her friend.

She needed to speed up; at this rate she would be caught.

Her eyes widened in fear as she watched a wooden hand shoot out to the right of Aurora, it's twigs forming an enclosing fist that barely missed her head, instead catching the back of her bodice, tearing most of the back, the strings tying it shut been torn away aside from the lower quarter, slackening the bodice and causing Aurora's pace to slow as she pushed her right arm across her chest to hold the clothing in place.

'Aurora…please be okay…please make it.' Snow internally prayed, more concerned for the safety of the terrified blonde than her own safety.

XXX

"They seem to be avoiding them." Grimhilde stated, her voice still void of the power and intimidation it held earlier, still reeling from Maleficent's outburst, and now combined with the added shock and fear of what the Dark Fairy did.

"They won't get far." A shiver shot through the Evil Queen's body. "The only way to truly harm a princess is through hope."

Grimhilde felt herself paling further, her gaze now locked on the Dark Fairy. While she seemed passive on the outside it was clear to see that she found great amusement in toying with her prey, before she broke them.

"But perhaps…I should give them a small hint as to what they're facing." Maleficent mused, lifting
her sceptre, the orb filling with that sickly, dark green smoke once again, this time though the smoke was consumed by a bright dark green light, the same light that had filled it when Maleficent had… warned her.

A spark of dark green lightning erupted from the orb, striking the mirror and passing through it.

Grimhilde was sure the smirk the Dark Fairy wore as she did that was going to star in her nightmares.

XXX

The princesses continued to flee, the blonde still unaware that her friend had fallen behind, her gaze locked only on the road ahead, occasionally glancing to the storm clouds above.

Both their clothes were now housing numerous tears, Snow had lost a large section of the back of her skirt, leaving the backs of her creamy legs exposed, a low hanging branch had snagged her headband, leaving her hair wild and untamed, the puffy sleeves each sustaining new slits, her cloak now hosting several holes, along with a cut on her left cheek.

Aurora on the other hand, had also lost her hair band to an overhanging branch, her right sleeve missing a patch on her elbow and shoulder, her skirt also supported new slits but it still preserved most of her modesty, the back of her bodice was mostly torn so that she had to hold it in place while she supported a cut on the back of her hand. Her bare feet screamed in pain as they continued to pound against harsh surface of the trail.

Their faces red from exhaustion, their bangs sticking to their foreheads, caked in sweat, but they continued to run. They mustn't stop…couldn't stop…if they stopped, they would be caught…if they even so much as slowed down a little they’d be caught.

The storm clouds washed over with a dark green tint. The crackle of thunder filled the air. Aurora turned her gaze to the sky, still running, she felt her thundering heart skip a beat as the clouds became a darker and darker green, emitting a unholy glow.

Images flashed by the blonde's mind's eye. Images of her in a dark room. Her eyes an unnatural green as she approached a pulsating green glow. The images flashed chaotically, switching between the unholy storm clouds and the images of her approaching a…spinning wheel? She recalled a voice whispering in her ear, egging her on. The familiar image of the Dark Fairy filled her mind.

"Maleficent!" Aurora gasped, inhaling sharply, as if heeding her call dark green lightning erupted from clouds, heading straight for her, or where she was fast approaching, she pivoted on her toes, continuing her charge away from the attacking trees, the lightning struck the ground, just missing her foot, burning the ground beneath it, leaving it singed.

The blonde released a breath she didn't realise she was holding in relief, her breaths becoming erratic as her lungs struggled to resume the previous rapid but steady rhythm they needed. Violent coughs erupted from her lips as she stumbled, refusing to slow down, even to catch her breath.

Another crack of thunder echoed throughout the forest. A second bolt of lightning erupted from the clouds; Aurora narrowed her gaze as she prepared to dodge against, choking as she continued to struggle to control her breathing.

The bolt shot past her. The blonde's eyes widened, fresh terror filling her heart and mind as she realised just who this bolt was meant for, who it was aiming for.

"AAaiiee !" Snow screamed as the bolt struck the ground just as her right foot touched ground,
forming a singed pothole, she lost her balance as her foot slid in, falling forward. The princess dropped to the ground, gritting her teeth as she grazed her right elbow on the ground.

The trees wasted no time, their vines snapping out, wrapping round her as their branches grasped hold of her skirt, dragging her along the ground, closer to them.

"AAaiiee !"

"Snow!" Aurora screamed, already charging back towards her friend, desperate to help her escape, her heart in her mouth.

Unfortunately, the blonde was so focused on reaching Snow she didn't see the root break through the trail, curling into a hoop, her barefoot hooked on it.

"AAaiiee !" Aurora fell forward, squeezing her eyes shut as her toes were pushed into the trail, forced to bend to avoid breaking as the top was forced against the thick tree root. She slammed onto the ground, gasping in pain.

More vines snapped out, binding round her wrists, forcing them together as another did the same with her ankles; more vines slithered out like eels from the trees. Ever so slowly did they slither closer and closer, Aurora began to thrash against her binds, the vines didn't give in any way. The vines began to slowly curl their way around her legs, forcing them together as they travelled up and beneath her skirt as another began to wrap round her arms and a the remaining vines began to wrap around her waist, not stopping until her torso and arms were cocooned, as were her legs, though hidden beneath her skirt, her slender feet poking out beneath her binds.

"AAaiiee !" Aurora shrieked as she was lifted off the ground before been suspended several feet above the ground, her terrified gaze found Snow.

The dark haired princess had been gagged by a rather tightly would vine, she was spread eagle on what had been the right hand side of the trail when the duo was running, hand-like branches holding her wrists and ankles apart at the same level as her, directly opposite her.

Both now so full of terror and dread it was leaking out of their ears.

Aurora's lips parted to try and communicate with Snow, to try and think of a way out of their current predicament, her reward, a thick vine wrapping round her head and gagging her. Her eyes bulged as she shrieked into the vine.

Snow tugged against the trees with all the strength she could muster but they didn't even budge, she bit down on the vine and it merely tightened, a second vine curled around her neck, curling round until it reached a snug fit, Snow gasped, now able to physically feel her breath dragging against her windpipe with each breath, her hands became fists, her heart trying to burst out of her chest as she found it harder not to panic as she felt the new strain caused by breathing.

A new branch reached round, taking hold of the front of her bodice before proceeding to tear it from her torso. Snow shrieked into the vine, eyes bulging as she watched it toss her bodice, and evidently her most of her bra as the remaining rags fell to the ground and her now bare breasts bounced free of their restrains. Her bodice was thrown to wind, torn into nothing but a collection of rags by the hand-like branch, which then proceeded to take hold of her cloak, tearing it from her with ease and almost eagerly shredding it before tossing the rags away to join the others.

The branch returned, another snapping out from the opposing side, each one taking hold of one side of her skirt, tearing large fractions from her skirt, throwing the rages to the ground after wooden
thorns erupted inside its grip, tearing and shredding the skirt pieces. Her creamy legs now in full view aside from two large fragments of her skirt behind her and one in the front; covering between her legs, reaching her knees.

The hands returned, slowly taking hold of the pieces behind her. A third shot out, darting between her legs, Snow released another, muffled, shriek into the vine. The hand twisted till it's misshapen palm faced her, it roughly took hold of the final piece before, in perfect unison with the others, ripping it free and shredding it into rags, throwing it onto the ground below, leaving the dark haired princess clothed in only her red panties, contrasting greatly with her pale skin, and her golden pumps.

Two thorned vines snaked out towards Snow, from either side at waist height, the vines curled round the waistline, Snow cried into her gag as she felt the thorns did into her skin, cutting her as they moved round the panty waistline. With a single rapid motion both vines sliced through the panties with their thorns, leaving a couple three inch long cuts in Snow's hips as they slithered away, her panties now in two pieces floating to the ground below, leaving her ass and pussy now completely exposed and in full view of the still bound but clothed Aurora.

Snow shivered against the cold air as the wind picked up, her hair flying wildly, her body began to shake, whether from the cold or the outright terror coursing through her veins was anyone's guess.

*Wuh*-PSSSH!

Snow shrieked into her vine gag as a vine whipped her back. Tears welled in her eyes as she arched her back.

*Wuh*-PSSSH!

Another muffled shriek elicited from the princess as the vine whipped her bare ass, this time leaving a red mark where it had struck, tears slid down Snow's cheeks.

Aurora cried into her own gag, desperate to aid her friend, she wriggled and squirmed against her binds but her efforts yielded no result aside from the vines tightening their hold on her.

All she could do was watch and listen as more vines came and whipped her friend.

A new vine slithered up from the ground, slowly curling round Snow's right ankle and sliding its way up her leg, curling round it like a snake, the pressure of its movements soon pushing her right golden pump off her dainty bare foot.

The vine slithered up her bare leg, despite Snow's efforts to try and kick it off, been only able to do little more than lightly shake her leg in the hand-like branches grip. The vine round her neck tightened, she gasped, stopping her attempted kicking and the vine loosened again but still maintained the harsh pressure.

Snow flinched as she felt it drag along her inner thigh as it continued to curl round her before opting to go horizontal, grinding against her exposed, helpless pussy. Snow cried into the vine, more than shocked as her eyes bulged, a rather pleasant tingling arising, and continuing as it slithered past her pussy and continued up her body, dragging its body over her exposed pussy.

*Wuh*-PSSSH!

Snow shrieked into her gag as a new mark was added to her ass.

The vine slid over her stomach, she shivered at the contact to the sensitive flesh.
Her power back this time, her tears now flowing freely as she grit her teeth to suppress her shrieks at seeing the tears flooding from Aurora's eyes…she had to try and be strong, for her.

New vines emerged behind her.

Snow cried into her gag as they struck the centre of her back, her lower back and her ass crack.

The vine sliding up her body forced its way between her breasts, circling round the left one, binding it, squeezing it. Snow winced. The vine continued and reached over to bind her remaining breast, a shiver shot her spine as the vine stopped, still firmly pressed against her pussy and now forcefully binding her bare breasts.

Snow cried into the vine as the vines struck her lower back and both her ass cheeks. Her chest heaving against their binds, inhaling deeper in desperation, trying to calm herself, her heart furiously pounding against her chest.

A new vine stretched up from the ground below, slowly sliding round her left ankle, Snow gasped. It slithered up her leg, dragging its body round the limb, much slower and more forceful as it continued to wrap round her bare leg. Snow felt a shiver travel up her spine from the sensations of the slow vines movement, soon her final golden pump dropped off her left foot as the vine ground against the opening it continued its climb.

Snow gulped when the serpent vine stopped around her, it began to grind itself against her inner thigh, sliding back forth. Snow squeezed her eyes shut, releasing small, muffled screams against the vine.

The vine shot forward, forcing the other vine to the right side of her pussy, the bound princess wincing as it caused the binding of her breasts to tighten further and pull them to the right in result. However, her startled, pained scream became an outright shriek of pain and terror as the new vine continued and struck her naked cunt, burrowing its way into her pussy.

Her eyes bulged as she felt the squirming and wriggling inside her, she leaned forward, screaming into her gag as the vine went in deeper and deeper.

'No! No! Stop! Stop! PLEASE SOMEBODY HELP ME!' She internally screamed.

The pale-skinned princess continued to bend attempt to bend over, only been able to move enough to stick out her rear, her reward been a second vine launching at her, burying itself into her ass.

Snow shrieked into the gag once again.

Wuh-PSSSH!
Wuh-PSSSH!
Wuh-PSSSH!

Her screams flowed into one another, her shriek even louder now as vines proceeded to fuck her ass and pussy while another three whipped her once again, this time all aiming for her ass, new marks forming on either cheek and one crossing from cheek to the other across her parting crack, striking a few inches of the inner walls.

The vines began to pump the princess, roughly sliding in and out of their respective holes. Snow continued to scream into the vine covering her mouth, so desperate for help to find them and to get out of their current situation.

Aurora continued to thrash against her own bindings, the desire to escape and help her friend filling her mind and fuelling her every movement. However, little did she realise her mind was going to get preoccupied by something much, much worse.

The vines round her waist and legs rapidly unbound the princess, sprouting thorns as they did so, tearing the remains of her bodice to shreds and leaving hundreds of tiny red cuts from her ankles to her thighs. The blonde hissed into her gag, squeezing her eyes shut as her tears slid down her cheeks. The rags that once covered her torso fell to the ground below, joining the colourful rags of her friend's clothes.

Her bare breasts bounced free in the open air, the cold wind forcing her to shiver and her nipples to harden, her cuts stinging as the wind slashed against them mercilessly.

'Should have worn a bra…' Aurora mentally berated herself.

Now attired only in her ripped skirt, supporting several slits in result of their escape attempt, her hair wild, sticking out at awkward angles, half pooling atop her breasts while the rest hung over her back, random leaves and a twig sticking out of her locks. Her arms lifted over her head, wrists still bind as were her ankles, the vines stretching her out, forcing her to push her breasts out.

The vine round her mouth slowly peeled itself from her mouth, reaching down to her breasts, brushing over her pointed nipples, roughly caressing her, teasing her. The blonde hissed through gritted teeth in begrudging pleasure.

Aurora turned her gaze back to Snow, now having her ass pumped by two vines and second was slowly edging towards her pussy.

"Sno…!" The blonde was silenced as the fine caressing her breasts snapped back, forcing itself against her lips, snapping them shut to prevent the entry.

The vine tenderly poked her lips, briefly pushing them aside only to meet with a wall of her teeth, she resealed her lips forcing it back out.

Hand-like branch shot out, roughly taking hold of her golden locks and pulling them back forcefully and quickly. Her eyes squeezed shut, her mouth opening.

"AAaiiee!" Her scream, however, was cut short as the vine shot into her mouth, slamming against the back of her throat, she gagged, pulling her head back only for the vine to follow her, struggling not to empty the contents of her stomach.

The vine began to pound her mouth, sliding in and out of her mouth, fucking her throat, ignoring the startled gasps and squeals. She bit down on the vine, the vine didn't slow, her teeth didn't even
scratch the vine.

A new shot out from behind, slamming into her ass, forcing the enclosed cheeks out of its way. Her scream of pain muffled as the vine continued to pound her throat. The new vine stormed forward, tearing through the back of her skirt and her pink panties, with little red roses along the waistline, forcing the cheeks apart before slamming into her anus.

"AAaiiiee!" The vine continued to push up against her tight little hole, slowly forcing it to open wider and wider.

Aurora felt her heart skip a beat, freezing in place; her body going stiff as her breath hitched in her throat as she felt the appendage slip inside her. She felt it continuing to drive forward. Pain. That's all she knew. Her anus flexing against the tentacle-like tree limb, desperate to reject it. The dry appendage began to pump her rectum, slamming in and out of her tight pink virgin hole, picking up speed every time it slid back out.

Aurora screamed on the vine slamming against the back of her throat, now thoroughly lubricated by her saliva. Pain continued to fill her mind, her eyes remaining tightly closed, her hands balled into fists, her nails digging into her palms as the trees continued to destroy her ass.

Her mouth opened wide as she continued to try and release her pained screams, muffled by the vine and ending up been diluted by a gargling sound. Strings of saliva connecting her upper and lower jaw as her eyes snapped open, bulging out.

Her vision filled with the site of her helpless friend, her cunt now filled with three vines, juices flooding from her as they continued to pump her, her juices coating the tentacle-like vines. The vine pounding her ass now gone in exchange for a small branch, her eyes were wide, tear stained and glazed over, her muffled cries silenced as she simply hung in place, the trees pumping her, vines whipping her breasts. Her once creamy, flawless flesh marred with several cuts with light bruising on her wrists, arms, ankles and inner thighs.

Aurora tried to call out her name but she couldn't form the word.

XXX

Maleficent wore a small smile as she continued to watch the mirror, enjoying the display. Grimhilde, however, while she did like to see Snow put in her place, this was truly evil and she didn't know how she felt about it.

"Perhaps it's time to finish this." Maleficent mused allowed as stroked the sphere atop her sceptre. The orb once again illuminated with an unholy dark green glow, another bolt erupting from it and striking the mirror.

XXX

Aurora released another muffled, gurgled scream as the tentacle-like tree limb was torn from her ass, a thin layer of blood trickling over the limb as it retreated, only for another half a dozen vines to erupt from the trees, sprouting thorns, they whipped round her, their thorns digging into her skirt before pulling away, tearing the fabric with ease. Rags floated to the floor as the vegetative tentacles struck out again and again, each time snagging, ripping, tearing and shredding Aurora's skirt until none remained.

But even with her skirt gone the vines continued, this time aiming for her panties, now supporting a large hole, showing off her firm bare ass. They struck out snagging on the back of the panties and
proceeding to make more rips, leaving tiny holes in the back of her panties, they lashed out again and
again until her ass was completely bare, now supporting a few small, shallow cuts and scratches,
with a trickle of blood seeping between her cheeks.

The serpent-like appendages reached round her waist, Aurora's shrieks continued as they proceeded
to rear away the front of her panties and soon all the was left was the waistline, decorated with tiny
red roses, the rest nothing but shreds of cloth and rags floating towards the ground to join the rest of
their clothes.

The six vines twisted behind Aurora, remaining just barley within her peripheral vision as Aurora
managed to tilt her head to the left to see, struggling as the vine continued to fuck her throat, now
very saw and her mouth now quite dry. The vines twisted and knotted, weaving themselves until
they formed a much larger and thicker appendage, almost matching the thickness of one of the tree
branches.

The combined vine shot forward, striking her ass and forcing her cheeks to part once again.

"AAaiiee !" While muffled and mixed in with the sound of chokes and gurgles as the organic
tentacle in her mouth dipped down her throat, but this time her shriek was very vocal as her burning
anus was forced to take in the invader, though had it been smaller Aurora would have found her ass
almost wanting of the animated phallic plant.

The combined plant began to pump her, each time sliding deeper than the previous insertion. Her
eyes squeezed shit, fresh tears sliding down her cheeks as her teeth bit down on the wood in her
mouth.

The tentacle slid free of her mouth, now thoroughly soaked by her saliva. Her mouth felt dry and
sore, especially her throat, all she could taste was wood, she gulped for air, running her tongue over
her mouth, feeling the plant's pattern imprinted on the roof of her mouth and she could practically
feel it coating the back of her throat.

The tentacle curled and twirled in the air, as if analysing her before gliding back towards her, its tip
poking her chin before it turned down and slithered down her body, forcing its way between her two
large breasts, along her stomach, stopping at the base of her stomach and pushing off her, its body
gliding over her and remaining pressed against her torso before turning once more and ramming into
her pussy.

"AAaiiee!" Her scream filled the surrounding forest, her voice dry and cracking.

The wooden tentacle continued to drag itself along her body and between her breasts, burying deeper
into her cunt. Aurora's toes scrunches, she squeezed her eyes shut, her tears increasing in quantity.
Pain filled her being afresh as her tight pussy walls were forced to stretch despite the lubrication of
the tentacle. She felt as though she was going to split in half.

The tentacle began to pump her, sliding in and out of her cunt as the larger one did with her ass,
going faster and deeper with each new insertion, her screams became silent as they reached a pitch
she couldn't hear. Pain was all she could feel as her aching pussy and ass were abused beyond
believable measure.

She grew numb to the world. All she could feel was pain and all she could do was stare at her friend.
Snow's eyes had closed, falling unconscious, a now rather sizeable branch fucking her ass, her pussy
now been pumped by four eel-like vines, each fighting to enter her while another two whipped her
breasts, another two whipping her ass and one her back, her entire body still wrapped and restrained
by the vines.
A low pressure began to build within Aurora, the burning of her cunt increasing...a burn that didn't belong to the friction of the lubricated tentacle pumping her pussy. Her hips lightly bucked and the tentacle in her pussy increased its speed, the friction burning her cunt. Her lips parted releasing a moan of both pain and pleasure as she bucked against the tentacle, her flood walls opening, her cum gushing out and coating the tentacle with some fresh lube, her anus clamping down on the tentacle in her ass, almost as if trying to pull it in.

The vine in her pussy didn't slow, continuing to rapidly pump her, burning her insides, now beyond been raw. Her hips bucked again as a pleasurable cry cut through her and another wave creamy of cum washed over the tentacle, applying more of her own lube to the tentacle.

Both tentacles slid out of their respective holes, Aurora gasping in pain as her ass was freed of the colossal vine while her pussy ached from the burning sensations caused by the vine's friction yet yearned for it' return, a low fire burning within her loins, hungry for more.

The small tentacle slid between her legs, altering its path to ensure its body didn't touch her pussy, dragging along the inside of her thigh. Aurora inhaled sharply at the sensation, a pleasurable shiver shooting up her spine. The smaller tentacle slid upper backside, slithering along her crack, she shivered, her heart hammering within her chest, she squeezed her eyes shut as she knew what was coming.

The damp eel slid between her ass cheeks, the cooling lube soothing the burns along the inside of her ass that it touched, following the same path its larger counterpart had taken. She flinched when she felt the tip poke her abused anus.

She felt her hole slowly open as the tentacle drove forward, the lube coated tentacle felt almost soothing, rather pleasant actually. Her puckering hole flexed around the vine as if beckoning it, welcoming it, pulling it in.

The pleasant sensations were short lived, however. As the much larger vine whipped round and pounded into her cunt.

"AAaiiee!" Her entire body shook with her scream as the tentacle slid inside her, her hands once again becoming fists, her blunt fingernails nearly breaking the skin, her toes curling in pain and displeasure as her wetness of her pussy did little to dampen the pain as she felt the tentacle forcing her pussy walls to expand once again, feeling as though it was trying to shatter her like she was made of glass.

It stopped when it reached a certain depth. Aurora gasped, her breast heaving heavily as she fought to control her breathing.

She felt the tentacle in her ass start to move once again, sliding in and out, slowly fucking her ass as it had done her pussy, a tingling sensation creeps up her spine. It reached into her as far as it could, slowly sliding in and out as if easing her into the motions. It was very pleasant.

The larger collection of vines began to move once again, sliding in and out of her pussy, she fell forward, her wrist bindings preventing her from falling too far forward as the two vines continued their set tasks, sliding in and out of the princess.

It was a strange sensation to say the least, within her ass it felt rather nice and her pussy burned with desire as it was abused by the large tentacle. She didn't know how to feel, her brain unable to decide as pain and pleasure began to entangle in her mind.

XXX
Aurora hung in her binds limply, simply taking the tentacle in her ass and cunt. After a half hour of the none stop assault she was struggling to stay awake the tentacles occasionally swapping holes. Her pussy pulling in the tentacle hungrily and her ass…what had once started as immense torture was now more pleasurable than anything she'd ever felt before.

Low groans elicited from her lips as her pussy began to shake against the large tentacle as her anus sucked on the tentacle. Her body coated in a thin layer of sweat, cum sliding down her inner thighs as well as coating the large tentacle pumping her hungry cunt.

The smaller tentacle slid deep inside her rectum, swirling and curling in on itself. Aurora's breath hitched, her breasts bouncing from the sudden movement, her pussy walls clamped down on the large tentacle, shaking and quivering in pleasure. Her whole body shook with pleasure as another powerful orgasm shot through her, her legs shaking, toes curling as she tilted her head, eyes rolling back into her head. Her flood gates opened and the large tentacle was torn from her sopping cunt, her cum both new and the partial build-up of liquid that hadn't escaped between the tentacles switches of holes. Her dripping cum onto the rags below her.

She shivered as she felt the smaller tentacle slowly wriggle its way out of her ass, moans and gasps of pleasure escaping her lips from every minor movement. When it finally slithered out Aurora felt almost disappointed that they didn't immediately switch holes again.

She felt the vines round her ankles rapidly untie her; she timidly wiggled her feet, lightly allowing her legs to weave through the air, testing the feeling of freedom, her ankles each wearing marks from the tight binds. She had little time to savour the feeling before she felt her wrists been unbound before she fell to the ground, she grunted in pain as she hit the harsh ground.

Thud.

Her gaze snapped to the site of Snow White sprawled on the ground, also free of her binds. Aurora grit her teeth as she stumbled to her feet, her wounds stinging, her muscles aching and the insides of her pussy and ass burning. She stumbled over to the unconscious ebony haired princess.

She lightly shook her shoulder; she merely received a low groan in response, the sweat and cum drenched princess remaining unconscious, her tear stained face not even twitching. Aurora turned her gaze round the trail fearfully; she could feel the trees watching her, as if waiting to use them again. Her legs shook in fear, she slowly lifted Snow and draped her arm round her neck before reaching over her shoulder, inadvertently groping her right breast as she stood her up and proceeded to continue their escape back to the mansion, dragging her friend with her as carefully as she could.

She briefly glanced round the rags that littered the ground, hoping to find something to use in an attempt to restore and preserve some of their modesty and dignity. Nothing but shredded cloth, nothing big enough to cover themselves…maybe if she bound a dozen or so rags together but she didn't really fancy hanging around there any longer than she had to. Not when she could steel feel it. The familiar sound of thunder echoed once again. Aurora flinched, fearfully turning her gaze to the storm clouds as they darkened.

'Not another lightning bolt!' Aurora mentally begged, knowing she wouldn't be able to dodge if another one struck.

The clouds opened and…water? Aurora's eyes widened as rain began to fall from the unholy clouds, quickly escalating to a full scale downpour, she shivered as her body became quickly soaked, her cuts stinging as the water droplets pounded against them like icy bullets.
Snow groaned, her tired eyes slowly fluttering open.

"Come on…let's get out of here." Aurora whispered into her ear, receiving a small nod and a quite grunt in response. The duo started walking together, Aurora supporting Snow as she gritted her teeth and soldiered on, trying to ignore the icy pain brought on by rain.

A/N Due to the high interest in giantess Alice fun I am considering writing a series alongside this, each chapter been a new entry in Alice's dream journal, and possibly a real life event, takes place in this universe. If you are interested please review and or vote on the poll on my fanfiction account, succubi-lover.
A young golden haired, rosy cheeked girl released a low pleasurable moan as her big twinkling blue eyes fluttered open, her pink lips parting to release a tired yawn as she stretched out her stiff limbs beneath her quilt. A small smile spread across her face as she her left hand slide down her body, her index finger stroking over her plain white soaked panties, thoroughly stained by her juices, her breath hitching as she felt the renewed squirming of her little pet.

Alice threw off her pink quilt, shivering as the cool air of the room caressed her naked body, sweat glistening on her body as she breathed heavily. Her attire only consisting of her soiled panties Alice slowly sat up in place, her gaze falling onto her crotch where she spied a small lump moving around, the familiar pleasurable sensations of her little bug massaging her pussy as she kissed her clit shooting up her spine.

"I had another one of those dreams last night little bug." The squirming briefly stopped but quickly resumed with renewed vigour, Alice giggled between her low grunts of pleasure.

"It was Snow White and those Dwarfs this time." Alice continued as she slid out of bed, stretching her arms over her head as she stepped out of the bed, pushing out her chest, her breath hitching as her bug bit her erect clit. "Ooh, good little bug." She cooed, she smiled warmly to herself, she loved telling the shrunken Jessica Rabbit about her dreams, she was always more eager to please her, to ensure her Goddess wasn't tempted to live out any of her dreams with her…it made her feel so powerful to know the devotion of her bug was only matched by her fear.

Alice swiftly crossed her room, every step enhancing her pleasure as she felt her bug slide further into her pussy, her breath hitching again when she felt one of the bug's legs slide all the way inside her.

She claimed the seat at her dresser, reaching down to the bottom draw; opening it she retrieves a light green journal out of the draw, placing it on the desk as she closes the draw. She turns her gaze to the snow globe on her dresser, within the glass globe was the familiar scene of the never ending tea party in wonderland, an unbirthday gift from the Hatter. She lifts the globe, turning it upside down, her gaze meeting with the black base, she slides the centre away, revealing it to be a hidden compartment with a tiny gold key within it, she retrieves it and replaces the globe on the dresser to watch as snow fell over the party before returning her attention to the journal, she tilted it onto its side and proceeded to unlock the clasp keeping it shut, after all she couldn't afford to have anyone find her Dream Journal and discover her dreams and the fate of Jessica Rabbit.

She opens the journal; she flicks through the journal, searching for the next blank page, smiling as she recalled a few of the dreams…each one lately seeming to revolve around her collecting more bugs. She steals a pen from her pencil mug with a pink fluffy ball atop of it. a perverted grin spread across her lips as she wrote the title of her dream.
The Fairest Bug of All

I had another one of those dreams again, it was Snow White and her little helpers this time...it was so hot. Even hotter than the one with Mulan.

XXX

Alice found herself skipping through the forest on a warm summer's day. The fair skinned rosy cheeked girl with thick golden hair and big blue eyes was attired in a cerulean knee-length dress with a white pinafore atop it, white stockings, black strapped Mary Janes and a black bow in her hair. She lightly hummed to herself as she continued to skip without a care in the world, enjoying the feeling of the bug in her shoe and how she licked at her stocking clad feet, maybe next time she'd put her inside the stockings. She giggled at the thought.

She stopped abruptly. Her whimsical hum interrupted by the sound of whistling tune combined with a feminine song consisting of 'la la la.' Her small smile became a scowl as her head snapped round to see who dared ruin her day in the forest.

Alice was met with the site of the seven dwarves walking single file ahead of her, heading in her direction, eyes closed as they whistled their tune. Behind them danced Snow White.

The princess with skin as white as snow; lips as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony with rosy cheeks followed close after the dwarfs, despite her shorter stature compared to her sister princesses she was still taller than Alice, even her dainty feet were bigger than hers. Her attire consisted of a simple court dress, consisting of a dark blue bodice with a high white collar; her short puffy sleeves are a lighter blue than her bodice with red cloth poking through exemplifying the 'slashing' design that was quite fashionable during her time of rule. The long shapeless yellow skirt she wore possessed a white petticoat, visible as the girl danced, occasionally lifting her skirt with the motions, she wore tan pumps decorated with yellow bows and flows right down to her ankles, she wore a brown cape with a red interior. Her hair styled in her signature bob, parted in the middle, topped with her red headband with a bow.

Alice's frown soon vanished, a perverted smirk taking its place that looked out of place on the innocent little girl. The constant massage of the bug in her shoe only spurring her on, she wiggled her toes, teasing the sideways laid tiny redhead, scrunching her toes round her, she giggled as she felt the squirming and struggles grow stronger, how she loved to toy with her pet.

The site of the small size of the dwarves compared to herself and Snow spurred her arousal, she reached into her pinafore and retrieved a small piece of the 'eat me' cake from Wonderland. She just couldn't resist. She took a bite and swiftly swallowed the cake.

The effect was immediate; the familiar pleasurable sensation shot through her as she felt herself grow in size. She closed her eyes as to savour the sensation, noting the whistling and singing had stopped. She opened her eyes, her perverted grin growing as she stared down at the shocked tiny men and princess, stood in her shadow, staring up at her now 50ft size. No longer able to feel the squirming of her bug Alice was spurred on further to have the tiny miners and so called 'fairest in all the land' make up for it. She slid off her Mary Janes sliding them to the side, her arousal growing at the thought of the now miniscule bug trapped within them, relishing the feel of the ground beneath her feet as craters formed beneath her weight.

"Get cleaning bug." Alice instructed, her eyes never leaving her new bugs, smirking at the thought of Jessica licking the insole of her shoes clean, she felt the heat between her legs grow.
Unable to quell her desire any longer she stormed forward, crossing the distance with a single mighty step. Her foot slammed down, she giggled as the bugs fell to the ground from the force of the impact of her foot on the ground. A shiver shot up her spine as she felt something crack and break beneath her toes as they quickly grew damp in one spot. She frowned, wiggling her toes, another pleasurable shiver shot up her spine as the burning became a fire in her loins.

Alice leans to her side, tilting her right foot to the side, her eyes widening at the splash of red coating half of her big and second stocking clad toes, staining her white stockings. A new wave of pleasure rocked her body as she realized she had crushed and killed one of the dwarves with just two of her toes, she loved the feeling of power that filled her being. She truly felt like a Goddess, able to wipe out a life with just her toes, she wiggles her toes enjoying the still wet stain of the dwarf's blood.

"Dopey!" She heard Snow's horrified shriek, Alice's gaze locked on the remaining bugs, a dark smirk setting upon her lips, she giggled as the bugs stumbled back away from her. They were getting ready to run but she was too fast for them, her hand shoots out, claiming two of the dwarves within her iron grip.

"Doc! Sneezy!" She heard the remaining bugs cry, Alice, using her free hand, opens the bodice of her dress and places the two insects between her still developing breasts, she moves to sit upon the ground, her gaze locked on the bugs. None had moved, only staring with horror and worry for their friend and brother.

"Now! The rest of you bugs, clean my stockings; your friend has left quite the mess on my stockings." She loved the cries she heard from the bugs as they stumbled forward. She didn't even need to threaten them as long as she had these two between her breasts, the remaining four dwarves splitting into two groups and heading to either foot, Alice took great pleasure as Snow approached the foot. "Lick them clean."

She felt their tiny tongues get to work, knowing that her stockings were coated with a thin layer of sweat; dust from the ground and of course, one of them with the blood of the dwarf. The dwarves spent most of their efforts on her arches and heels, unable to reach her toes, Snow; however, when Alice felt her tiny tongue brush over her big toe she scrunched them in pleasure, small moans escaping her lips.

Alice leaned forward, her gaze locked on Snow as she felt her arousal grow further as she felt her tiny tongue on her big toe, her arousal growing further as she watched her lips truly become red as blood and as her wrinkled at the coppery salty taste as tears slid down her cheeks.

"How do my dirty stockings taste little bugs?" Alice laughed, her tinies didn't reply, merely to continue to shake and grieve as they continued to lick her soles clean.

Soon, however, simply watching the bugs clean her soles began to grow old. She watched as Snow swallowed the last of the dwarf's blood from the underside of her toes. Alice released a small sigh before her toes darted forward, capturing Snow's head between her big and second toe.

The young princess cried out in both fear and pain as she was slowly lifted off the ground by Alice's toes, the pungent scent of her toes filling Snow's nostrils and overpowering her. She gasped for clean air but was only rewarded by several breaths of Alice's foot stink.

"Snow!" The dwarfs cry, rushing towards her.

"Stop right there little bugs!" Alice snapped, they froze. "Go back to cleaning my soles or I'll squash her head between my toes before squishing your two friends here." She groped her prepubescent, pushing them together lightly for emphasis.
The dwarves fearfully resumed her licking of Alice's feet.

The blonde giantess returned her gaze to the gasping princess.

"How do you like the smell?" Alice mocked; when Snow didn't answer again, this time she proceeded to increase the pressure of her toes against Snow's neck. Snow cried out in pain, struggling to breath in Alice's foot stench. "Tell your Goddess how you like the smell of her stinky toes." She giggled.

"T-T-They...s-s-sme-ll...g-great." Snow choked out, her lungs growing desperate for air. Alice slackened her grip, enjoying the sight of the princess desperately gasping for air, filling her lungs with foot odour.

"Good bug." Alice praised. "Now, I'm going to put you down." Snow opened her mouth to speak only to be silenced by Alice lightly squeezing her neck again.

'Her head's even weaker than a grape...I could squish it between my toes with barely any effort.' Alice internally giggled, the fire between her legs becoming a raging inferno. "And you are going to strip for me, as sexily as you can." She emphasised her point by lightly increasing the pressure of her toes again, tears squeezed out of Snow, dripping onto the stocking clad toes that encased and squeezed her neck.

Snow cried out in pain.

"Understand little bug?"

"Yes!" Snow screamed.

"Yes what?" Alice pushed playfully.

"Yes! Goddess!" Snow choked.

Alice smiled, releasing the princess, watching with an expression that was a mix of amusement and arousal as she fell to the ground, landing on her rear and grunting in pain.

Snow quickly stumbled to her feet, clumsily stepping back from the giantess, nearly tripping over her own feet.

"Get stripping bug."

Snow lowered her head, her tears dripping onto the ground beneath her. She began to sway her hips to none existent music.

Alice's hand slid down her body, hiking up her skirt before driving further, pushing her white panties, already damp to the side. She traced her finger tip over her burning lips, gasping in pleasure.

Snow kicked off her shoes, cringing as her petite bare feet touched down on the forest trail. Her movements became more noticeable as she began to step from side to side. She reached up, taking hold of her headband before throwing to where her discarded shoes lay, she shook her head, her ebony locks flying free of their bonds, her locks falling over her shoulders, both front and back, reaching the top of her breasts and her upper back. Her hands reach behind her as she steps forward, her tears increasing in speed, she bit back a sob as she unbound the bodice of her dress.

She brought her arms back round, crossing them over her chest and slowly pulling it forward, her hips still swaying, the bodice slid from her grip, folding over her front, revealing her petite breasts,
bound by a teal bra. She shivered as she felt a cool breeze caress her bare flesh.

"That's it, strip you slutty bug." Alice laughed, pushing her index finger inside, she gasped, arching her back as her hungry lips bit down on her finger. Her gaze returned to the tiny half naked princess, wiggling her finger inside her, her breath catching with each movement.

Snow slid her yellow skirt down her legs, the sway of her hips aiding the action, revealing the pale slender legs and teal panties. She timidly stepped out of her skirt, her legs shaking as she continued her dance, chewing her lower lip, shivering as she felt her dark hair tickle the tops of her breasts.

Her hands began to explore her body, tears still dripping from her chin as her right hand groped her left breast as her left hand glided down between her legs and clutched her crotch, continuing to sway her hips in a seductive manner. She pulled her breast free of the bra, her fingers circling her nipple.

"So hot." Alice groaned as she slid a second finger into her hungry pussy.

Snow’s finger left her nipple; she pushed her index finger past her ruby lips, seductively sucking on it before taking it back out, her tongue sliding over the finger.

It returned to her breast, her lubricated finger pushing down on her nipple before she proceeded to nip it between her thumb and index finger and beginning to roll it between her fingers.

Alice slid a third finger into her drooling pussy, gasping in pleasure, space becoming miniscule as her hot tight walls pressed down on her fingers, her pussy was so tight.

Snow reached behind her again, unclasping her bra, allowing it to fall to the ground, her petite breasts lightly bouncing in the cool air. She stepped forward, her gaze locking on Alice’s, her tear stained eyes undeterred by the giantess. Her thumbs curled round the waistband of her panties on either side, she bent down; sticking out her rear and presenting it as she slowly pulled her panties down to her knees before releasing them and standing straight once more. She put more sway into her hips, her legs moving slightly with them as they continued to shake. Her panties fell to the ground and she stepped out of them.

She opened her arms to show off her torso, forcing her legs into a slightly wider stance as she sniffed, beginning to run out of tears.

Alice continues to pump her pussy, the erotic display combined with the sensation of the tiny miners licking her giant soles clean while the remaining two tinies struggled between her developing breasts, bringing her closer to orgasm. She was so horny. So close.

Alice dragged her heels back, her feet tilting down till her toes were level with the terrified dwarves.

"Put your heads between my toes bugs." Alice spat, the dwarves hesitantly placed their heads between the stocking clad centre toes. Snow began to move towards the giantess' feet timidly. "Not you Snow." She giggled.

Alice gasped as her fingers increased in speed, her moans growing in frequency and volume, her breath rapid as she arched her back.

"Lick! Bugs! Lick!" Alice moans, the four dwarves started licking the gap between her toes.

Alice cried out in pleasure, her breath catching as her back arched. Her pussy clamped down on her fingers as her body was rocked by a powerful orgasm. Her toes scrunched, clenching down on the dwarves heads, squishing them with little effort.
Snow's horrified scream joined Alice's cries of pleasure.

Alice grinded her toes against one another as she continued to cum, enjoying the gooey sensation of the blood between her toes, the feeling of their skulls shattering between her powerful toes enhancing her orgasm to new heights.

She fell back onto the ground, her body coated in sweat, her breathing heavy, she couldn't remember the last time she came so hard.

She laid there for a moment, basking in the afterglow of that intense orgasm, her pussy still hungry for more. As her breathing slowed she heard the light weeping, she looked up, a small smile graced her lips as she watched Snow, on her knees, her face buried in her hands as she wept.

She reached down, a perverted idea filling her mind. Her soft hand encased the naked princess. Snow screamed as she felt the giant hand capture her and lift her off the ground, tilting her until her legs pointed towards the giantess.

Alice ignored her screams.

"It's time for you to please your goddess again little bug." Alice muttered.

Snow shrieked, louder than her previous scream as her bare feet touched Alice's giant pussy. The blonde slowly began to push Snow past her lips.

"No! Please No!" Snow screamed.

Alice felt the fire between her legs intensify again, the princess' pleas arousing her even further as, a familiar sensation of overwhelming power filling out her gigantic form.

Snow began to kick and thrash as she fought against the hand that guided her and the pussy that had swallowed her legs. The blonde gasped in pleasure as she felt the tiny kicks and miniscule thrashing inside her pussy, her feet slammed down on the headless corpses of the dwarves in pleasure, grinding her feet against the ground, covering her feet in the glorious red paste of blood and bone, pleasurable shivers shooting up her spine as she continued to enjoy the wet sensation beneath her sole.

Alice continued to lower the thrashing bug until her breasts made contact with her lips, moaning in pleasure she slowly began to slide the princess back out until only her dainty, lubricated bare feet were inside her pussy before driving her back in and proceeding to pump her in and out of her pussy.

"Oh God! Oh, oh, oh! You make a great dildo little bug." Alice moaned, her pussy lips eagerly clamping down on the ebony haired dildo every time she was slid inside.

Snow's thrashing against the slick tight walls never slowed, despite her exhaustion, her body caked in her own and Alice's sweat, along with the love juices of the giant cunt threatening to swallow her whole.

Her pussy walls shivered against the shrunken dildo as Alice was struck with another idea, her perverted smirk became a large grin. She slid her in to her chest once again, releasing her hold on the princess, leaving her to thrash in her pussy, much to her pleasure as she reached down to her right foot, taking hold of her ankle, slowly lifting it to her face. Holding the stockinged foot in place her left hand returning to the thrashing dildo and resuming her masturbation session.

She moved her foot closer to her face, admiring the red stains that decorated her sole and toes, mixed with dirt and dust from the ground, the hint of her foot sweat adding to her pleasure as she stared at the remains, mixing with her foot sweat, made even better by knowledge they died smelling and
tasting her feet and that to them, this light scent would have been overwhelming.

The blood stains captivated her gaze, her mind encased in the thick fog of arousal; she couldn't put off her curiosity and desire anymore, she slowly inched closer to the foot. She sniffed at her scent again, the light earthy musk tickling her nostrils.

She slowly extended her tongue, the tip glided over the blood beneath her toes, her eyes bulged, her mouth-watering as she discovered that taste was far from...bad, it was divine, much better raw like a sweet sauce with a slight hint of spice.

Spurred on, Alice began to lap at her toes, licking up the cocktail of dirt, blood and sweat, savouring every drop as she continued to pump her pussy with her dildo, the light aroma of her feet only enhancing her pleasure.

All too soon was her foot clean of blood and dirt, even the taste of her foot sweat was difficult to locate. She switched to her other foot, her tongue wiping away the stains of blood with single powerful licks, she groans as she realises there was none left, oh how she wished she had licked the first dwarf off her big toe than had her dildo do it.

Her eyes fall to her chest, a dark smirk spreading across her face as she spied the final two dwarves; she ran her tongue over her lips in a seductive manner.

"No! Oh no! Please don't! No!" Doc cried as Alice pressed her right hand against her right breast and her left arm against the other before finally pressing them together, a pleasurable shiver shooting down her spine as she felt their bodies squished into familiar red paste of blood and bone. The blonde giantess then proceeded to grind her breasts together, covering them in the paste moaning in pleasure as the delicious sensation continued to shoot through her body.

Her lips clamped down on Snow's body. Her breasts resting atop the moist lips as Alice was shook with another intense orgasm. Snow shrieked in pain as she felt the blonde's tight walls crush her lower body, blood gushes out of her mouth, coating her chin, neck and breasts in her red sauce.

Alice cries out in pleasure, holding Snow in place. The feeling of the girl's body been liquefied by her pussy walls sending her over the edge as her body was shook with a third orgasm, her cum shooting out of her cunt, covering her hand, the remains of her dildo and the ground. She lay there breathing heavily.

She looked down at her pussy, covered in blood as if were her time of the month. She eyed the remains of her dildo, a small smirk spreading across her lips. The blonde proceeded to rub the limp remains of her sex toy over her pussy, rolling her over, caking her in blood and cum until neither skin nor hair was left visible. She lifted the dildo to her face as she lay back down.

She lifted Snow high above her face, blood and cum dripping onto her face, her lips parted. She caught a few fresh drops before dropping the used up bug into her mouth, her lips snapping shut the second she was inside. She groaned at the taste of the shrunken princess, swishing her around her mouth, licking her clean and swallowing the blood and cum that came away, especially enjoying running her tongue of Snow's breasts and sliding the hot wet organ inside her body through the severed section.

She pushed her with her tongue over teeth when no blood or cum remained on the outside, smirking as she began to chew. Her groans filled the air anew as she savoured the taste and felt the heat between her legs start to build again as she turned the remains of the princess into a puddle of blood, bone and saliva. Once no more solid matter remained and she could only taste her own saliva, only then did she swallow, she followed the goo with her fingers along her throat until she could no
longer feel the lump. She then proceeded to lick her fingers clean before reaching down and dipping them into her bloodied pussy wiping up more of that glorious cocktail to lick off her fingers before continuing to repeat the process.

"You were so tasty little dildo." She giggled to herself as she continued to lick her fingers clean.

XXX

I still remember how good she tasted…it makes my mouth water. I can't help but wonder how she would really taste…maybe I'll find out some day. Till tomorrow my journal.

With that final line she places the pen back in its cup and relocks the journal, hiding the key back in the globe and replacing her Dream Journal back in the bottom draw.

She groans as her eyes drop to the squirming bulge of her panties, she could feel the hardness of her nipples as she stood, her cunt yearning for release, she went back to her bed lying down.

She slid her panties off and opened her legs. Had she not been so horny she would have laughed at the site she found, her pet had lost an arm and a leg to the inside of her pussy, barley stopping herself from been sucked in the whole way.

She took hold of Jessica's shoulders and lifted her away from her pussy only to slide her back in feet first, not stopping until her once large boobs touched her lips.

"I think it's time you fed your Goddess' pussy." And with that she slid her in completely along with her fingers, keeping hold of her shoulders, she then proceeded to quickly slide her back out and slam her back in, pumping her pussy with her the way she had done with Snow in her dream.
Okay…congratulations one of you have actually managed to piss me off, I am posting this note because this issue NEEDS to be addressed.

This fic is a request run erotic fic. That means there will be chapters that aren't individual readers cup of tea and there will be chapters that cater to smaller groups. This is why I include the warnings like rape and gore, even death. If you see a warning that will offend you or trigger you then don't read it, just wait for the next one or if you're not seeing any you like request one.

Recently I received a review;

'This makes me really sorry that I voted for the Alice side story. You didn't tell us it would be a pile of disgusting gore.'

Now let's go over this again, this is a request fic, the gore fic and all its details were requested by a reader and one that has provided me with many contributions on multiple fics. Originally I was going to wait for Halloween but it wasn't happening. But more importantly it was a good way to show how much these chapters vary.

Now here are all the warnings I placed at the start of that chapter.

Contains: Giantess, Growth, Underage, Gore, Death, Feet Licking, Verbal Humiliation, Shrunken, Stripping, Insertion, Masturbation, Foot Crush, Boob Crush, Pussy Crush, Vore

I was worried about the darker parts of this chapter so I included numerous warnings, for everything I could think of and yet someone thought to ignore these warnings and leave a review like this and if you think it's not really a flame, how would you feel if someone called a part of your fetish disgusting?

This is the third negative review I have received for this chapter, the first two didn't count as they simply expressed a wish it wouldn't affect their own requests – which it wouldn't. This one, however, is pure spite.

I will not tolerate flames of any kind, be they a spark or an inferno. And I will take action, I have deleted the review as it serves no purpose but to spread spite and yes I can do that if you don't create an account.

Now then, the Alice spinoff;

No it will not be like that chapter. It will start off with Alice been a gentle giantess and things escalating gradually overtime to cover all interests and fetishes and I did hint to the darker stuff in the original poll description. This is a prediction, it will also be request driven, readers will tell me who they want tiny or big and what they want to happen e.g. foot worship or human dildo, however, anything dark or gory will be pushed off for later chapters and will contain warnings.

However, this is if it is ever written.

So far I have 4 yes votes and one positive review for it.

Originally the next chapter would include an A/N mentioning I wanted at least 10 yeses before I started it, after this it has changed, well this and the lack of replies and desire for the fic.
I want a total of 20 yes votes, a new poll is posted. You have until 16th April 2017 when I get back from holiday. I don't care if you multi vote but you won't be able to see the results until it is closed.

Also if I receive more negative reviews due to a chapters content despite warnings…well let's put it this way if I receive too many negative reviews for say an Alice giantess chapter I will stop writing them all together, including the gentle stuff and anything remotely related, if Alice crosses with size the request and or contribution will be rejected.

And if guests continue to flame I will block guest reviews. I will not tolerate flames.
Fun At The Beach

Characters: Melody, Vanessa (Ursula)
Categories: The Little Mermaid, The Little Mermaid II: Return to the Sea
Contains: Foot Fetish, hints of Femslash, Bimboification/Bimbo Transformation, Foot Worship, Enslavement, Tentacles
Written With: Dark Rissing

A young slender, fair skinned girl, 12 years of age, with straight black hair tied back by a green hair tie in a low ponytail, she had pink lips and aquatic blue eyes, possessing the facial structure and nose of her mother. She wore a separate pair of pantalettes and white camisole, the pantalettes covering the bottom half of her stomach, was running along the beach. The searing hot sun bathing her in its rays while the cold water of the sea licked at her heels as her feet slammed along the wet sand beneath the shallow water, splashing the backs of her legs.

Her giggles and the sounds of seagulls filled the salty air of the beach. She rounded a corner of the beach, stumbling as she caught someone out of the corner of her eyes; she paused to regain her balance and turned to look towards what had distracted her.

A slim, small woman with generous voluptuous curves, she bore an uncanny resemblance to Melody's mother when she was in her prime aside from her basic features. She possessed a pale expression, violet eyes, plucked eyebrows matching her dark brown hair in colour and she wore a deep shade of red lipstick. She wore a tight black two piece swimsuit, the top was small and seemed to push her large breasts together while the lower section was small and seemed to ride up her crotch even with her sat on a black and purple towel, with a design of two eels upon it. She was laid back enjoying the sun, one leg bent up while the other was stretched out. Melody's eyes lingered on her pale feet; her soles decorated with sand, as was the gaps between her toes, her toenails shimmered with black nail polish.

The beautiful woman turned her head, looking directly at the smaller girl.

"Oh...hello there dear...I didn't realise there was anyone else here." She greeted with a sweet voice as she lifted her outstretched leg and crossed it over the other, fully displaying her sand covered, pale sole.

The woman smirked as she noticed the girl's gaze linger on her sole.

"Err...h-hi m-my name's Melody...and don't worry...I wasn't expecting to see anyone here either." Melody tore her gaze from the beautiful sole and looked at the woman's face, her cheeks flushed with a light blush.

The woman allowed a warm smile to appear on her lips.

"Nice to meet you Melody...I'm Vanessa." She introduced before stretching out her leg along the top of her knee, wiggling her toes in the sea air, enjoying how the salty summer breeze felt between her toes.

"Yeah when I saw how empty the beach was when I arrived you caught me off guard when you came round." She said, noting how Melody's gaze seemed drawn to her wiggling piggies. 'Hmm I wonder...' She mused.

"It's a shame not more people came here today...the sun shining, the breeze is divine." Vanessa
praised, sitting up on her towel, lowering her legs until her knees pressed against her voluptuous breasts. "And the sand feel nice on the feet, I love the sensation of it between my toes." She said as she stretched out her legs, wiggling her toes as she allowed them to sink into the sand to emphasise her point, Melody swallowing nervously. "And now I'm lucky enough to have some very cute company," flexing her left leg she put her right over it exposing her foot to Melody "It really is a shame isn't it?"

"Y-Yeah a shame." Melody stammered, her face burning with embarrassment as she picked her dry lips. "S-S-So are you h-having a nice day?" She asked, trying to regain her composure, Vanessa smiled warmly.

"Yeah, it's been a glorious day so far." Her smile faded into a pout. "Though my feet are still aching from the walk down, don't suppose you know anywhere close by where I could get a decent massage?" She asked innocently.


"Yeah...I've been here all morning, and while the hot sand feels nice on my feet... I really need a good massage." Vanessa explained, flexing her foot, drawing Melody's gaze once again. "All this sand on it...and how hot it feels...I could probably benefit from something to cool them down but right now I need a massage." She said looking at Melody with a hidden smile, enjoying how the girl seemed drawn to her foot. "So do you know of any place nearby?" She asked, lowering her leg once again, allowing her to look fully on Melody's face.

Melody froze in place as she made eye contact with Vanessa, her mind wondering about someone else having a chance with those beautiful feet. The young girl gulped, she knew that she had only just met the woman before her, but her feet were so beautiful, so perfect, she couldn't help but wanting to touch them and this was a chance she couldn't pass up.

"N...No actually…" She began. "I don't think any place is…open right now." She explained.

"Oh, that is a shame." Vanessa answered, lifting her legs and rubbing her feet over one another, smirking at how the young girl would stare. "I could really use a massage right now."

"W…Well if…if you want…" Melody started nervously, her cheeks tingling with embarrassment. "I..I could…"

"Umm what was that darling?" Vanessa asked, lifting one leg over the other, once more causing her sole to face Melody, the girl's blush deepening.

"Err…I...c-could…give you a foot rub?" Melody finished, starting to sweat a little as she stared at Vanessa's sole.

"You?" Asked Vanessa. "I don't know if I could ask you to do such a thing…we just met after all." She said lowering her foot again and burying her toes in the sand.

"N-No...it's alright." Said Melody, frowning as her chances of getting to touch this woman's beautiful feet seemed to disappear. "I think you are a nice woman…so I wouldn't mind helping you alleviate some of your pain." She continued. 'Alleviate? Wow that's a big word for me.' Melody mused, caught off guard at her sudden advanced vocabulary.

"Umm…" Vanessa eyed up Melody, her gaze roaming over her body. "You do seem like a nice girl…and if you really don't mind." She said, her voice carrying a seductive tone causing Melody's blush to deepen.
"I really d-don't." Melody pushed; her mouth really dry.

"And your hands do look quite soft." Vanessa giggled.

"They are." Melody laughed. "Mom says I give the best foot rubs I assure you, you will enjoy it." She finished with a small wink and a slightly flirtatious smile.

"Oh I think I will." Vanessa smiled. "Ok Melody...I'm convinced." She stated, extending her right leg towards the young girl, presenting her with her foot. "Come here and show me just what you can do with those soft hands." She chuckled.

With small steps Melody moved closer to Vanessa's foot, swallowing a lump in her throat, mentally berating herself for her sudden decision but she couldn't help it. Vanessa's foot seemed so irresistible and she really wanted to feel them.

Finally she stepped directly in front of the older woman and kneeled before her foot. With a warm smile form Vanessa, Melody extended both hands and took hold of her foot.

Melody smiled as she felt the warm foot in her small hands, tracing her fingers over the coarse sand the coated the sole, allowing her slender fingers to dip between the pale toes, blushing as they wiggled and scrunched around her toes and trapped her fingers, eliciting a low shiver from the younger girl, Vanessa giggling.

"Sorry. Guess my little piggies are a touch sensitive." Vanessa laughed as she opened her toes and allowed Melody's fingers to escape her grip.

Already missing the sensation of the toes trapping her fingers in place Melody could only giggle.

"Don't worry it's alright." She then begins to concentrates and takes a firm hold of the foot on the sides, applying pressure with both thumbs on the arches and pushing them both up and down the sole. "Your foot is really hot." Melody observed.

"Why thank you." Said Vanessa as she relaxed at the feeling of Melody's thumbs massaging the instep of her sole. "I think you are beautiful too." She added, sending Melody a smile

Melody blushed bright red like a tomato. "I...I mean...they feel hot...not that they are hot...I mean...they are but...I didn't I..."

"Hahaha relax angel face I'm kidding." Vanessa giggled. "I have been here for a few hours now so I know my feet are hot."

Still blushing Melody continued to move her thumbs over the warm skin, applying more pressure as she moved her thumbs down to the heel of her foot, causing Vanessa to lightly hum in pleasure.

Melody could feel her neck turning red as the beautiful woman moaned beneath her talented thumbs.

"You're really good at this." Vanessa praised.

"Th-Thank you." Melody replied, now blushing from head to toe.

"Oh yeah." Vanessa moaned as Melody's thumbs pressed against the magical spots on her sole. "Really, really good" Vanessa's other leg extend a bit, allowing her foot to rest on Melody's thigh where it began to lightly rub.

Melody felt her entire body start to heat up at the feeling of the movements of Vanessa's hot foot.
"Umm….Miss Vanessa?" She asked, deeply embarrassed. "Umm your other foot…umm…"

"Oh?...Is something wrong my dear?" Vanessa asked with false innocence as she allowed her toes to sink into the fabric of Melody’s pantalettes.

"Umm well…umm…your foot…" Melody said half nervous and half actually exited that the foot was touching her and teasing her, even if indirectly.

"Oh sorry." Vanessa said but not moving her foot "I just felt that my other foot was left out a little and your clothes looked so soft I just couldn't help myself." She said moving her foot, tracing small circles with her toes. "This is actually comfortable…but if you want I could move…"

"No!" Melody replied; her voice a touch louder than it should be. "I mean…no…it's alright…it's just I didn't expect it."

"Very well my dear," Vanessa said, moving her foot a bit higher. "But now can you finish with my right foot?...if you do I promise to give you something extra special." She added with an exited but rather dark sparkle in her eyes that Melody seemed to miss.

Blushing Melody returned to massaging Vanessa’s right foot trying to ignore the sensation of the other foot caressing her thigh over her clothes, even as she felt pleasurable shivers slithering up her spine. With a good deal of willpower the little girl resumed her work applying more pressure through her thumbs as they kneaded circles into the older woman’s sole eliciting another moan from her.

"Oh yeah…now that's what I was talking about." Vanessa sighed, closing her eyes, enjoying the sensations of the preteen's efforts. "Oh, you really have a gift dearie, I hope I can repay you for this.” She groaned as her left foot resumed its movements over the princess’s thigh.

"Umm th-that…umm…won't be necessary." Melody said as she felt the hot foot grind against her pantalettes. "I'm...umm happy to help." She said as Vanessa applied more force on her toes, causing Melody’s skin to feel their heat as if the mature foot was grinding against her sensitive skin.

"Oh but I think it is." Vanessa said with a sly smile as she started moving her foot a bit higher. "After all." Her toes began to move on to Melody’s inner thigh, causing the young princess to jump a little in place, her legs opening on reflex, a small moan escaping from her mouth. "It wouldn't be fair." Her big toe moved dangerously close to the girl’s 'centre' before stopping inches from it. "That I'm the only one enjoying this." and with that her big toe made contact with Melody’s covered cunt.

The princess sat up straight in shock as her breath caught in her throat at the sudden movement and pressure on her intimate area. Soon her body started to tremble as small twinges of pleasure shot up her spine as Vanessa rubbed her toe up and down her covered slit.

"Although it would seem." Vanessa began, Melody closing her eyes as she tried to not show how much she was enjoying the small movements as her hands gripped the older woman's foot with more force, increasing the pressure in her massage. "That actually I'm not the only one enjoying this." Vanessa finished with a smile as, feeling the slight dampness of the soft cloth, enjoying how her toe teased the young princess. "You really like doing this don't you?" She asked, pausing her foot so that her toe was at the centre and allowing her big toe to sink in a little.

"I...umm...I...do..." Melody blushed, her heart pounding within her chest as she admitted it, her hands moved up to the base of the toes massaging them. "But...I...umm...I don't think you...umm..."

"What was that?" Vanessa asked sweetly as she applied more pressure, causing both her big toe and...
the cloth beneath it to sink inside Melody. "I couldn't hear you well." She said as she began to move her toe in small circles, keeping the pressure on the young lips.

"Umm….ah…umm…." Melody moaned, causing the young princess to press her thumbs into Vanessa's sole even more firmly.

"Oh yeah….ah that's good….umm." Vanessa groaned, throwing her head back, flipping her hair as she enjoyed the massage while her toe continued teasing Melody through her clothes, causing the small princess to moan and gasp in pleasure.

Soon a small wet patch began to appear on the princess's underwear, she could feel a pressure slowly build inside of her.

"Ah that's better." Suddenly the toe on her pussy retreated, cutting Melody off from her pleasure. At the same time the foot slipped away from the pre-teens hands much to the dark haired girl's disappointment.

Melody opened her eyes, Vanessa had her right leg once again bent over her other leg, in front of her, the raised foot arching back, flexing it and wiggling her toes.

"Now that was a divine massage my dear." The dark haired woman said as she leaned forward, reaching out she caressed the sole of her elevated foot. "Oh yes my foot feels so good now." she sighed happily, sending a hidden glance towards Melody.

The small princess was trembling as a feeling of disappointed filled her, she been so close to her release, she could feel the nipples of her small breasts hard and poking against her shirt, chafing a little. Her eyes focused on the foot that previously in her now empty, unmoving hands. At the same time she could feel a strong itch in her nether regions and feeling a strong need, calling for Vanessa´s foot to return.

Seeing that the older woman was looking at her Melody try to clear her head and ignore the temptation to smell her hands after massaging Vanessa's beautiful feet, and diving at them.

"Umm thanks….im glad…umm that you liked it." Her hands flex, wanting to have the foot back in them. Then her gaze fell on the other foot. "I think that…maybe…I should do your other now."

Smiling, an evil spark glinting in her eyes, Vanessa opened her mouth and said to Melody,

"Oh not yet angel face." She flexed her leg and sit in a lotus position. "First I have to give you the gift that you earned."

"Oh…but you don't need…." Melody said, inching a little closer. "Really…"

"Oh but I insist." Vanessa said stopping Melody from advancing with her right foot, pressing it firmly against her chest. "It's only fair my dear that I give you something after you gave me such a wonderful massage." She finished her statement by tracing circle over Melody´s right breast with her big toe.

The princess stopped at the feeling, shivering in pleasure she couldn't help but nod.

"Good girl" Vanessa praised. "Now close your eyes and open your mouth…I assure you, you won't regret it and you will like it, I promise."

Thinking she was going to give her a sweet or something Melody did what she asked, closing her eyes and parting her lips, the quicker she got the childish stuff over with the quicker she could
continue with what she really wanted.

"Good girl." Vanessa praised, a dark smirk spreading across her face. "Take your reward." Her foot shot from Melody’s chest towards her open mouth, slamming her toes inside the dark haired girl's mouth.

Melody’s eyes snapped open, gasping in surprise at the sudden intrusion to her mouth, the taste of the sandy foot invading her mouth and the toes excitedly scrunching, trying to play with her wet tongue.

"Hahaha well what do you think angel face?" Vanessa laughed as she wiggled her toes, making sure to explore the entire cavern that was the princess's mouth. "You like this, don't you?" she trapped Melody’s tongue between her big and second toes.

Melody try to move her head back but only managed to allow Vanessa to pull her tongue out of her mouth with her toes, playfully tugging at her tongue. "Here have a full taste of my beautiful foot." The princess was forced back and the foot slid back inside her waiting mouth. "Just surrender my dear…. let the pleasure and your desire for my feet takeover."

Melody groaned the gritty taste of the sand under and between Vanessa's toes, combined with a vinegary, near fishy taste of the feet themselves was delectable; she closed her eyes and clamped her lips around the plump toes, forcefully sucking them.

Vanessa moaned at the pleasurable sucking of her toes, her own pussy growing wet as she admired how the girl worshipped her toes. She pulled her foot back, her toes escaping Melody's mouth with a resounding 'pop' as the girl fought to keep the toes in her mouth.

"But…" Melody began.

"Lie down." Vanessa instructed as she slid back, placing both feet on the sandy floor.

Melody leant forward onto all fours and crawled forward to Vanessa's feet, rolling onto her rear and lying down. "Why?" The young girl asked as her head touched down on the floor.

"You want more of this don't you?" Vanessa teased as she lifted her sandy foot over Melody, wiggling her toes and causing grains of sand to fall from between and beneath her toes onto the young girls face.

Melody felt her mouth go dry as she looked up at the beautiful sole, nodding speechlessly. Vanessa giggled.

"I thought so." She dark haired woman stepped onto Melody's stomach, eliciting a small gasp from the young girl before extending her foot and placing it on Melody's face, her large feet covering most of the middle of her face, her heel touching down on her chin and her toes scrunching on the girl's dark locks.

"You're face feels good under my foot." She laughed; Melody went bright red, her loins burning for attention.

"Err…th-thank you." She stammered, slightly muffled by Vanessa's foot flesh, she pursed her lips and started kissing Vanessa's sole.

"Hehehe…yeah like that" Vanessa giggled at the feeling of the soft lips on her sole. She moaned as Melody passed her tongue over it. "Hehehe little fish really know how to do this…have you done it before?" she asked causing Melody to blush even more. "Well in any case…I think I should do
something too." Her other foot start moving in circles over the small girl’s abdomen. "Now let's see if I can do something better." she moved her foot and began to wiggle it to introduce it under the waistband of Melody’s pantalets.

The little princess actually stopped at feeling the intrusion.

"Ah ah ah little one." Vanessa scolded rubbing her foot over Melody’s face. "No one told you to stop." After a moment she added, "But now that you have…how about help me get rid of these." She said, lifting her foot causing the pantalets to rise before they snapped back against Melody. "Come on don't be shy." She continued, using her big toe to play with the princess' lips. "I promise it will be worth it."

Doubting it a little, Melody slid her fingers round her waistband of her underwear and arching her back carefully as to not cause Vanessa to fall, she began to slip them off, flexing her legs to take them and leave them just at her side.

"Good girl…now here's your reward." Vanessa said bringing her foot down to her pussy stroking it with her toes, loving how the girl shuddered beneath her at the slightest touch.

Melody let out small moans as Vanessa's big toe caressed her pussy directly. The tingling feeling returned with new force as her wet labia was parted by the toe and dare to enter a bit into her. In response, she started to suck at the foot on her face with force, leaving the clean skin in her wake.

"You like that don't you?" Vanessa giggled, glancing back at her other foot as her toe retreated from the pussy before proceeding to grind against the young cunt with increasing force.

Melody cried out in a mixture of pain and pleasure, her cries muffled by Vanessa's sole, her eyes closing as she felt a familiar pressure building up inside her.

"Hahaha that's right keep moaning…let yourself loose." Vanessa laughed with an almost maniacal grin to her face. "Feel my big, hot, stinky feet on your little cunt and face, enjoy their feeling, their taste and their scent." She continued, adding even more force to her foot. Melody gasped and moaned into the hot sole, slashing her tongue against the sole above her face. "Come on little fish… show me how much you like it."

Melody felt the pressure grow to the maximum as her toes curl in pleasure, her mind clouded by arousal, Vanessa's words only adding to her euphoria, until she couldn't hold it back any longer and in a muffled scream, she released the dam, her pussy erupting with her hot, wet sticky cum.

Smiling Vanessa moved from Melody, wiping her now cum covered sole clean on Melody's stomach, allowing her dark grin to fully erupt upon her decoder her face as the remaining drops of the princess' cum was imprinted onto the sand of the beach.

Melody blinked, breathing heavily as sense returned to her mind, she went beat red as she felt the sea breeze caress her exposed pussy. She quickly grabbed her pantalets and slid them back on her form, eliciting a small burst of giggles from Vanessa, she looked at her shyly.

"So I guess you really like my feet huh?" She laughed, Melody's blush deepened.

"Y-Yeah."

"Hehehe well here is a little secret…" Vanessa began, leaning in close to Melody and caressing her face. "I like the fact that you like my feet." She continued with a smile. "I think I'm lucky that someone as cute as you likes my feet so much." her hand untied Melody’s hair tie leaving the black hair cascading behind the little girl. "Yeah so cute." She said moving her bangs behind her ear,
caressing her cheek. "And you know what?...I would really like to do this again, how about you?"

"I...umm..." Melody blushed at the attention of Vanessa, her blush deepening at her comments. "I... umm... I would like that too." She admitted with a small voice. "But my parents..." Vanessa placed her index finger on the girl's lips, silencing Melody.

"Hush my dear don't worry I have it covered." Almost like magic Vanessa pulled out a small, golden, scroll from behind her. "With this we don't have anything to worry about."

"What's that?" Melody asked with confused tone and expression, her eyes glowing with curiosity.

"A simple work contract, this way your parents will think you have a...part-time job." Vanessa said. "That way we can have all the fun we want, without any problem."

"A contract?" Melody asked curiously.

"Yes, basically you get my feet whenever you want and I get my feet pampered whenever I want." Vanessa stated as she unrolled the scroll, it was covered in tiny text.

"That's a lot of words for something so simple." The dark haired girl stated.

"It's only legal mumbo jumbo; you know contracts can never be worded simply." Vanessa answered, extending her right leg, placing her foot right under Melody's nose, eliciting a startled gasp followed by a deep, audible sniff from the girl who shivered in pleasure.

"Do we have a deal?" Vanessa asked wiggling her toes and stretching her arm towards the girl, placing her foot on the floor. Melody swallowed as Vanessa conjured a quill, she took it and scribbled her name; this woman did seem nice after all.

The moment her name was scribbled onto the paper the quill vanished in a burst of golden light and the scroll rolled back up and started to dissolve in a similar fashion, maniacal laughter filled the air. Melody looked up to see Vanessa laughing her head off.

"Hahahaha it's true what they say...like mother like daughter, hahahahaha!" She kept laughing. To the confusion, and growing feelings of dread, of Melody, the wind started to blow with intense force.

"What...What's going on?" Melody asked, fear filling her voice and more when the contract dissolved into a glowing golden mist and started to encircle and surround her trapping the princess with a small tornado of transparent, dark golden mist.

"Oh nothing just a small clause I added to that contract." Vanessa said with a crazy look in her eye and a dark, cunning expression on her face as her voice changed in tone. "So that your brat of a mother or bastard father can't come and mess things for me again and neither can your accursed grandfather."

Melody couldn't say anything else as soon she felt a small pain throughout her body.

she felt an intense pressure on her chest, she looked down, wincing as her top started to grow as her chest started to grow, her shirt shrinking into a thin, tight, white bra that clung to her growing chest until it was like she had a pair of honeydew melons on her chest. Her new magnificent breasts bouncing as she arched her back, gasping as her eyes squeezed shut, feeling the familiar heat between her legs.

Her waist began to shrink as her buttocks expanded and grew, becoming more curved while her pantalets began to shrink and warp round her new ass until it was a small thong, the back vanishing...
in her plump ass while the front clung to her throbbing pussy so tightly that her pussy was visible a long with the growing wetness of it. Her now longer; childish legs on display as they too continued to change with the magic of the contract and soon they became a pair of long, slender, soft legs while still retaining a childish quality to them.

At the same time Vanessa's body seemed to expand as her maniacal laughter continued and suddenly long black tentacles burst from her slender legs, her skin turning a light lavender shade, a she hair shortening and turning white and her stomach growing and becoming covered in black slimy flesh growing from the tentacles. Soon where the beautiful woman once stood there was now a creature, half woman half octopus laughing maniacal.

She was a light lavender-skinned, white haired cecaelia and from the waist down she had six black octopus-like tentacles with violet suckers. Her eyes a darker shade of the rest of her slimy skin, a grey shade and a mole on the right side of her mouth, she wore aqua eye shadow, deep red lipstick and red nails along with purple earrings and a yellow shell necklace.

"Hahahaha oh how I have waited this moment!" Laughed the creature.

"Va-Vanessa?" Melody asked timidly as she tried to stand but soon found herself stumbling as the magic continued to warp her, as well as the new weight making it more of a challenge for her to retain her balance.

"You my call me Ursula." She answered. "Hehehe or Mistress Ursula if you rather my new little slave." She move towards the terrified girl, still transforming, her lips becoming fuller and a deeper shade of pink. "Although I think I will be using my human appearance, Vanessa with you again, I must admit that I enjoyed our fun today and it would be incredible to feel that talented tongue of yours on my pussy." Ursula smirked, eyeing her new slave's new breasts that would bounce with each breath Melody took; she licked her lips in a sexual manner as she eyed them hungrily.

Melody looked up at the large creature that was Ursula, her owner. What? Her eyes widened at the sudden thought. She didn't own her…but the contra…contra…paper thingy.

The girls head began to feel light as if filling with bubbles desperate to escape her head but unable to, like pockets of air in the ocean, bubbles unable to reach the surface. Her nipples began to harden, her pussy burning with desire. Her gaze falling onto her owners tentacles that were once her divine feet and while she did miss having them, those tentacles…a sultry smirk appeared upon her lips.

Ursula chuckled; she could see the contract had fully taken effect, now Melody was her personal slave both in mind and body, the bimbo clause had done wonders. "I should have done this to my mother when I had the chance, maybe follow it with a false marriage and I could enslave her bratty sisters one by one until I became the Queen of the Ocean with the royal princesses and my supposed wives serving me and my every whim…but still now I have you." She smirked, launching her tentacles at her new bimbo, two striking her shoulders, causing her to slam back into the sand, pinning her in place while another two began slither over her tits, groping them, squeezing them, her suckers attaching themselves to the globs of flesh. Melody's left breast even popped out of her new tiny bra, bouncing, she thrust her chest a touch against her Mistress' tentacles.

Melody groaned and thrust her hips as she felt the tentacles grope her breasts, squeezing them so harshly, her high pitched and cries filling the beach air as Ursula's remaining tentacles moved between Melody's legs, the tentacle on Melody's right shoulder snapping back and curling round her left ankle and lifting it into the air, eliciting a startled gasp from the girl as her tentacles continued to slither closer to the girl's ass and pussy.

"Oh I am going to have fun with you little slave." Mistress Ursula chuckled, licking her fat lips
hunggrily.
A young, fair skinned with long, thick red hair reaching down to her waist with big, deep aqua blue eyes. She wore a dress with light blue, long sleeves, a dark blue bodice and a blue shirt and black heels. Ariel was currently strolling down the hallway, planning to enjoy a leisurely stroll through the forest behind the mansion when something caught her eyes, a door, open ajar.

She craned her neck as she got closer to the door; the door possessed a carving of an apple in its upper centre, with a single bite out of it. Her eyes bulged when she caught sight of two golden pumps discarded by the bed, one tipped over. Ariel swallowed, she recognised them as Snow's favourites. She stepped past the door, she felt a low tingling sensation and she paused. She chewed her lower lip nervously, glancing back to the partially open door. She glanced down either end of the corridor… there was no one in sight. She craned her neck to peer into the room from where she stood, holding her breath and listening, nothing. She heard nothing and saw nothing, the room was empty.

Her hands curled into fists at her side. No one was around. Who would know? When would she get a chance like this again? These were Snow's favourite! Shoes. She could only imagine how strong the scent would be…would it really hurt?

Ariel turned on her heel and pranced to the door, keeping her steps light, her heart pounding in her chest. She paused at the door, heart hammering. She lightly knocks on the door, the force causing it to slowly slide open. Knocking just in case, a small part of her mind still prodding her mind with 'what ifs' and the chance that she couldn't see her through the opening.

She waited at moment. Nothing. She poked her head through the now slightly larger opening. She peered round the room; there was a large four poster bed with white curtains, the bedding white, decorated by a pink floral print. A light blue carpet lines the floor, her walls white with the same pattern as her bedding, a white dresser against the far wall beside a matching wardrobe, a full body mirror upon the wall with a golden frame.

Ariel slowly pushed the door back to its partially shut state, identical to the way she had found it before turning her gaze to the discarded shoes, she swallowed, her mouth feeling rather dry as her heart threatened to leap from her chest. She stepped lightly, jumping on her toes as she stepped over to the shoes by the bed, dropping down in a crouched position; she picked up the left shoe. She swallowed before lifting it and forcing the opening against her face, inhaling deeply. Her breath hitched in her throat, the scent of Snow's shoe was a mixture of salt and vanilla. Arousal flooded her mind as she inhaled even deeper, her lungs filling with the glorious scent. She shifted her position, wincing slightly as she altered her position to let her legs stretch out, opening slightly as she leaned back against the bed. This was far too good for a quick sniff.

'Maybe I should come back tonight.' Ariel mused as she groaned into the show, her spare hand moving to caress her left breast.
'Snow! You smell so good.' Ariel pulled her bodice down, allowing her left breast to jump free, bare, she roughly grabs her breast, massaging it as she continues to fill her lungs and nostrils with Snow's glorious scent, nipping her pointed nipple between her thumb and forefinger.

She extends her tongue, dipping it into the pump, wiggling it, enjoying the mild warm, groaning into the shoe again as she dragged it along the insole. She moaned into the opening, savouring the salty vanilla taste that seemed ingrained into the shoe. Her hand fell from her breast, lifting up her blue dress she dipped her hand beneath the hem, driving it forward and forcing the hem of her dress to be pushed back.

The backs of her fingers traced over her panties, a small damp patch slowly forming, she slid her purple panties to the side and dipped her middle finger into her shaven pussy. Her snatch sucking her finger in with a familiar squelching sound, Ariel gasped, thrusting her hips forward, sliding in her index finger as she continued to forcefully inhale the vanilla aroma as she dragged her tongue along the insole.

Her hip movements became more rapid, thrusting against her fingers repeatedly, her sopping pussy swallowing up a third finger, her fingers flicking inside her.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Ariel threw her head, squeezing her eyes shut as she arched her back, she so close, so close.

The door opens. The princess with skin as white as snow; lips as red as blood, and hair as black as ink with rosy cheeks, attire consisting of a simple court dress, consisting of a dark blue bodice with a high white collar; her short puffy sleeves are a lighter blue than her bodice with red cloth poking through exemplifying the 'slashing' design. Wearing long shapeless yellow skirt with dark blue pumps decorated with red bows and golden swirls on the heel. Her hair styled in her signature bob, parted in the middle, topped with her red headband with a bow. The owner of the room stepped into the room.

"Ariel?" Snow's startled voice joined Ariel's moans as she took one more, deep, inhaling of the scent of Snow's shoe.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! AAAAAAAA!" The redhead shuddered, exhaling heavily into the shoe, her legs shaking as she came, hard, her fingers forced out by her cum as it pooled inside her dress, staining it with her cum.

Ariel's eyes opened, half closed as she basked in the afterglow, Snow's shoe still firmly pressed against her face. Her eyes widened, her heart skipping a beat as the flush of her cheeks vanished as she paled, as she realised she wasn't alone anymore.

"A-Ariel?" Snow stuttered, blushing furiously.

"S-Sn-Snow…I-I can…explain." Ariel stammered, still holding the shoe fairly close to her face.

"W-What are you doing…with my shoes?"

Ariel blushed, dropping the shoe. The pump rolled down her torso, landing between her legs, atop the upper layer of her dress. She slowly retracted her hand from her pussy, now soaked in her juices; she rested it atop her dress.

"I-I was…smelling them." Her head dropped, a feeling of shame settling on her shoulders and heart.

"How could I be so stupid…I should have known I'd get caught…idiot!" She internally cursed.
"W-why were you…?" Snow began, her voice shaking a little as she struggled to make sense of the scene she had walked in on.

Ariel mumbled something quickly, cutting the other princess off, tears slowly sliding down her cheeks as she lifted up her knees, resting her arms over them and burying her face in them.

"What?" Snow's voice was soft, Ariel frowned. She lifted her head slightly, her bangs, arms and knees working together to hide her expression and tears.

"I have…a foot…fetish." Ariel gasped out, her voice shaking with emotion as she buried her face again, waiting for the disgusted onslaught of insults.

"A what?"

"A foot fetish." Ariel repeated, lightly lifting her head again but keeping her expression hidden.

"What's a foot fetish?" Ariel turned bright red, her southern lips tingling as her stomach lurched at the thought of explaining her fetish.

Ariel peeked up from her knees, one single blue, tearful eye shining through her bangs.

"Are you kidding?"

"No."

"But…it's like…the-the third most common kink." Ariel argued, Snow merely shrugged her shoulders, closing the door behind her as she headed to the bed, plunking down atop it; her legs inches from Ariel.

"So…what's a foot fetish?" Snow pushed, lightly bouncing on her bed as she leaned forward, placing a comforting hand on Ariel's shoulder.

"Well…I-I like feet…in a se-xual way." She stopped, her heart pounding in her chest.

"Sexual?"

"Yeah 'sniff' they turn me on."

Snow frowned, turning to look at her own feet, still clad in her blue pumps.

"What about them turns you on?" She lightly flexed her foot as she asked the question, tilting her head to the side curiously.

"Err…the-smell…taste…the look…everything really." Ariel admitted, lightly sniffing at the end, wiping her eyes when her vision started to blur.

"Oh?" She flexed her foot again, not realising Ariel now couldn't help but stare at it through her bangs.

"And…you…do you like mine?" Snow bushed.

"…Err…yeah." Ariel didn't know where to look, whether to bury her face, to look away from Snow, to look at her or whether to look at her foot…she opted for staring at her foot through her bangs.

"They smell nice." Now she really was beat red.

"Really?" Snow frowned, angling her foot again.
"Yeah…" Her voice was barely a whisper.

'Does she think that I'd think bad of her about it?...after catching…' She blushed and left the thought unfinished.

"You know I don't think bad of you…it's okay that you like my feet." Snow admitted, still blushing, she heard another sniff from Ariel, her heart ached. "I mean it Ariel."

Ariel seemed to only curl up into more of a ball like shape.

'She doesn't believe me…maybe she thinks I'm just been nice…and lying…maybe if I…'

"W-would y-you li-like to…" Her voice died off as she extended her foot to Ariel.

"Y-you m-mean…?"

"Yes," Snow whispered.

Ariel couldn't stop the smile the spread across her face, her lips tingling with excitement as she pushed off from the bed and crawled round, allowing Snow to briefly see the wet patch on her dress, over her ass, between her legs. But Snow was more focused on her puffy red eyes and how wet her cheeks were.

The redhead kneeled at Snow's feet. Slowly taking hold of her left foot; carefully cradling it, supporting the heel as she traces her thumb along the underside of the shoe.

"A-Are you sure?" Ariel stammered.

"Yes." Snow said softly, her cheeks glowing, Ariel chews her lower lip, applying a slight pressure on the heel of the shoe; it starts to slide. Her heart is pounding in her chest.

"Really?"

"Just take off my shoe Ariel." Snow giggled, flexing her left foot, causing the back of the shoe to slide free of her heel. Ariel blushes, sliding the shoe off Snow's barefoot, a light vanilla scent surrounding it, Ariel eyed the shoe hungrily.

"C-Can I…smell it?" Ariel asked. Snow's became a deep shade of red.

"Err…y-yeah." Snow stuttered; Ariel swallowed.

"You sure?" She nervously chewed her lower lip; Snow simply nodded her head, wearing a small smile as she tried to ignore the heat of her face, only serving to intensify it more.

Ariel slowly lifted the shoe to her face, pressing the opening of the pump against her face. She inhaled deeply, her chest extending as her lungs filled with the light scent of Snow's vanilla scent. She stretched out her tongue and let it graze the heel of the pump, noting the hint of her salty vanilla taste. Ariel had to admit she was a little disappointed that the taste wasn't stronger and that even her scent, though freshly off her dainty feet was faint.

The redheaded removed the pump from her face and carefully placed it on the floor. Snow extended her right foot, Ariel grinned, taking hold of the shoed foot, tracing her thumb over the heel as her blush brightened, she slid it from her foot. Snow wiggled her dainty toes as her foot was freed from their confines; Ariel felt the tingling in her nether regions sharply increase. She lifted the shoe to her face and just as before she inhaled the faint vanilla scent and allowed her tongue to graze the heel of
the shoe, still the taste was weak.

Her aqua blue gaze turned to the princess' now bare feet. She swallowed as she placed the pump down with its twin. Snow extended her right foot to the mermaid turned human.

Ariel carefully took hold of the small foot, noting how soft it was, with very little perspiration, she lifted it to her face and pressed nose into the sole, lightly sniffing, her eyes closing as she sought to savour her scent. A smile graced her lips when she noted the familiar salty vanilla scent, though still weaker than her golden pumps, she dragged her nose along the sole. Snow giggled, scrunching her toes as she felt the redhead's nose inadvertently tickle her petite sole.

Ariel poked the tip of her nose against the tiny scrunched toes, breathing them in. Her eyes opened, looking up at Snow, who was watching with a blushing, curious yet eager expression upon her innocent face.

"Could… c-could you… sp-spread y-your t-toes?" She asked nervously, her lips dry.

"Err… s-sure." Snow spread her toes, Ariel eagerly slid her nose between the second and third toe, audibly inhaling her scent deeply, her eyes closing as they had done before. A small moan escaped her lips as she found a stronger scent of vanilla and nose. Snow's blush spread down her neck, inadvertently wiggling her toes much to the redhead's pleasure.

Snow felt a shiver creep up her spine as she felt Ariel inhaling, air sliding between her toes forcefully. She wiggled her toes again, wiggling them every time Ariel inhaled. The redhead's eyes opened again, nervously glancing from Snow's left foot to her face as she continued to fill her lungs and nostrils with the scent of vanilla.

"Hmm?" Snow pushed, clamping her toes on Ariel's nose, briefly pinching and squeezing it before releasing it, the redhead's inhaling merely slowing due to the weak pinching of Snow's diddy toes.

"C-Could you…"

"Yes?"

"Rest your other foot on me?" Asked the sheepish redhead, Snow wrinkled her eyebrows in confusion but with a light nod she obliged, lifting her left foot.

"Where do you want me to rest it?" She asked, her throat starting to feel rather dry.

"Erm…my… head?" Ariel proposed, not wishing to push her luck with her more intimate areas…yet.

Snow's smile grew as she extended it, resting her sole atop the redhead's forehead. Ariel could feel the light perspiration, not much, very little in face, but it was there and she loved it. She felt the fire between her legs become an inferno, she groaned into Snow's sole, much to the princess' delight.

"Y-You like b-being m-my footrest that much?" Snow attempted to giggle, though her nervous stumbling over her words made it quite the interesting statement to hear.

Ariel's blush spread, she squeezed her legs together, Snow's comment threatening to send her over the edge.

"Y-Yes." The redhead answered nervously, she hesitated a moment. "S-Snow?"

"Yes?"
"W-What w-would you say, if I…asked you t-to use me as…your footstool wh-when we're alone?"

Ariel was now beat red from head to toe, her heart threatening to leap from her chest, she could hear it pounding in her ears. She maintained eye contact with the younger princess.

Snow's eyes bulged. Ariel's heart skipped a beat. Snow hesitated before allowing her lips to part.

"D-Depends w-where w-we are."

Ariel felt hope rise in her heart.

"If I-I came back here…would y-you use me as y-your footstool?" Snow was now squirming in place.

"Ye-es I guess." Snow answered, feeling a light twinge down below at the redhead's words.

"Oh thank you!" Ariel cried before wrapping her lips round Snow's toes in excitement, her tongue sliding between the big and second toes, she groaned on the diminutive digits, savouring the salty vanilla taste.

"Oh! God!" Snow gasped, arching her back, eyes widening as pleasure thundered through her, Ariel's tongue felt divine, sliding, prodding and wrapping around her sensitive toes. The light heat she felt igniting into a powerful blaze threatening to consume her. She pushed her foot further into Ariel's mouth, the warmth of her mouth, her hot, slippery tongue…it was beyond anything she'd felt before.

Ariel began to lightly suck on Snow's toes, eliciting more pleasurable moans, her pale toes scrunching in pleasure, both inside and out of the redhead's mouth. She flicked out her tongue, briefly dragging it along the upper centre of Snow's sole.

"Oh God!" Snow gasped.

"Would you like this to be a regular thing?" Ariel asked cockily as she slipped the toes from her mouth, proceeding to drag her tongue from Snow's heel up to her toes, flicking her tongue over the tips of each toe when she reached them.

"Oh Yes!" Snow cried, throwing her head back in pleasure, shoving her toes back into Ariel's mouth, eliciting a startled gasp from the former mermaid as she returned to her pleasurable sucking.

'Ooh my, this feels so good!' Snow internally moaned, a hand falling between her legs, atop her skirt, her eyes fell on Ariel's feet, and the black heels that clothed them. 'I wonder.'

"Ariel?" The redhead looked up at her, still sucking on her toes, running her tongue over and under them, giving a light hum in response, Snow shivered at the pleasurable vibrations she felt from the moan. "Can I have your shoe?"

Ariel squeaked, Snow's toes curled, the redhead eagerly slipped off her right heel, never stopping her sucking of Snow's yummy toes. She handed it to Snow who hesitantly took it.

She sceptically eyed the leathery shoe, noting the visible toe prints as she angled the high heeled shoe, a light scent wafting up from the insole. She closed her eyes and leaned in until the tip of her nose touched down on the damp insole of the shoe, she cringed at the wet 'terrain' her nose probed. She lightly sniffed; her eyes snapped open wide; watering as a strong pungent scent filled her nostrils, she winced before swallowing and extending her tongue…maybe it would taste better? She snapped her head back the second her tongue graced the insole of the shoe's heel, coughing as she fought to get the acidic scent out of her nose, dragging her tongue over the back of her hand in a
poor attempt to rid her tongue of the taste.

"Lord Ariel! Your feet stink! And that taste!" Snow coughed, Ariel's blush returned with a vengeance, she averted her gaze, her sucking slowing slightly. If she was honest, she liked how... potent her shoes and feet were. Throughout many a lonely night had she slipped off her pumps and heels and lost herself in her own scent, taste and pleasure.

Snow deposited the heel with her own pumps.

"I don't know how you like that smell...or that retched taste..." Ariel felt her stomach starting to turn again. "But I have to admit...it feels incredible having you at my feet." Snow continued, growing shy at the end as she realised just what she was saying.

Ariel smiled, the feeling of dread leaving her stomach. While she was disappointed that Snow didn't like feet too she was more than thrilled that she liked having her at her feet. And besides, Ariel did prefer worshipping feet to having her own worshipped.

"So...you still...want to...make this a regular thing?"

"Y-Yes." A warm smile spread across Snow's lip. Ariel grinned, leaning in and placing a chaste kiss on Snow's sole; now thoroughly soaked with her saliva.

"Good, because your feet..." She presses her face into the wet foot, inhaling deeply "Are the best I've ever smelled and tasted." She inhales her vanilla scent again, her tongue flicking out and tracing small circles on Snow's arch. "The fairest feet of all." Ariel giggled, Snow nervously laughed, beginning to lightly feel her left breast through her bodice, a low groan eliciting from her lips as her eyes closed to bask in the pleasure once again.

XXX

Meanwhile, within the darkness that was the villainess mansion a lone figure stood in a single, dark room.

The room's walls were lined with mirrors of different shapes and sizes, a four-poster queen-sized bed in the centre with dark purple curtains. The floor was stone tiled, a mahogany dresser rested against a far wall, a hand mirror resting atop it while another stood attached. Even the dark oak wardrobe beside it possessed mirrored doors. In the centre of the main wall, surrounded by many mirrors rested a rather special, ancient mirror. Surrounded by a grand ringed frame with a golden pattern lining it, purple tinted reflecting glass within in it, smoke clouding view as a single face stared back at the two figures.

A beautiful woman with a serene expressionless face, a slender figure, her skin pale, her eyes a dark vivid green, scarlet lips and thin, refined eyebrows. Her attire consisting of a purple gown with long sleeves and a red rope belt ties around her thin waist. She wears a black balaclava that covers her ears, neck and hair, leaving her face exposed with a long black cloak, lined with red inside and the bottom lined with white fur, a high white collar attached to her cloak, a golden pendant connected to the collar, black leather, spiked heeled boots upon her feet and to complete her ensemble, a golden crown atop her head with five spikes on the front and a jewel on the tip of the centre and tallest spike.

Grimhilde was glaring the magic mirror, currently depicting the former mermaid pressing her face against Snow's tiny foot.

"How ironic, a princess desiring nothing more than to be a foot slave." Grimhilde muttered with an
unamused expression.

"So…could we…make this a regular thing?"

Grimhilde wrinkled her nose in disgust, flexing her fingers in anger.

"Y-Yes."

"If anyone's feet should be worshipped it should be mine." Grimhilde spat, the green of her eyes briefly illuminating.

"Good, because your feet… are the best I've ever smelled and tasted."

Her hands balled into fists at her sides.

"The fairest feet of all."

"What!" Grimhilde shrieked, the sound of lightning echoing throughout the villainess mansion "How dare she! My! Feet are the fairest of them all." She yelled at the mirror, gritting her teeth in anger, a cocktail of jealousy and rage clouding her mind. "Every inch of me is superior to that brat, my complexion is flawless, my legs are longer, more slender, my waist thinner, breasts bigger, even my feet are more divine than every inch of her! And I know how to use every perfect inch!"

The sound of thunder echoed throughout the villainess mansion.

"It's time I showed these brats who possesses the true pair of fairest feet of them all!" Grimhilde declared, her authoritative voice echoing throughout the room, she combusted in an explosion of thick black smoke.

XXX

Ariel leaned, taking Snow's big toe back in her mouth and proceeding to bob her head, circling the digit with her tongue.

"Oh God! Ariel…" Snow groaned, closing her eyes and starting to lean back.

sssshblamm

Ariel's head whipped round, swiftly removing her lips from Snow's toes on instinct. Snow's eyes snapped open. They both froze, their breath catching in their throats, their hearts skipping a beat as they took in the site of the Evil Queen, stood by the door, the smoke of her spell fading, as she slowly locked the door before turning her heated glare upon the princesses.

Grimhilde's glare landed on Snow's foot, glistening with Ariel's saliva, still been held by the redhead.

"Mother!" Snow gasped, jumping back from her, inadvertently tearing her foot away from Ariel.

"Snow, fish girl." Grimhilde greeted, her tone controlled yet filled with rage. "How dare you!" Her gaze locked on the former mermaid as she pointed at her "You! How dare you!"


"I heard your blasphemous comment, how dare you believe that brat's feet to be more beautiful than mine, mine are by far the fairest in the land." She stepped forward aggressively, her spiked, black boot stomping on the carpeted floor, both princesses flinch.
She waves her hand in Snow's direction, forcing her gown to lift, folding back to fully reveal her
pale, slender legs and feet, one coated in Ariel's saliva, eliciting a startled shriek from the younger
princess, only to be silenced by Grimhilde's piercing glare.

"Look at them? They are nothing, sickly pale and tiny, my divine feet are glorious, far superior to
hers as is every inch of my body!" Grimhilde spat as she took another step forward. "And the scent,
is perfect, the sweetest smell you shall ever encounter, a smell befitting a queen! You should be
admiring my feet, begging to lick the dirt beneath my boot; in fact that's what you should be doing
right now!"

Grimhilde took another step, slamming her right booted foot inches from Ariel's bare foot, barley
missing her.

Ariel stares up at her, frozen. Her oceanic eyes shaking as her heart pounded in her chest, fear
coursing through her veins as Grimhilde's eyes locked on her own.

"Get. To. It." She pronounced every syllable with controlled rage through gritted teeth. "NOW!" Her
hands balled into fists as her rage grew even further as she watched the mermaid continue to defy
her, lifting her right hand up high, Ariel's eyes widened in fear. "Do it or Snow will pay the price for
your insolence." A ball of fire appeared in her hand, lifting it back, as if angling the shot to face
Snow.

Ariel nodded her head rapidly, eyes widening further with fear. She shot forward, landing on her
hands and knees, her whole form shaking as she lowered her head and began to bestow chaste kisses
over the top of the Evil Queen's boot. The fireball dissipated and Grimhilde's hand fell back to her
side.

"Good, this is your true place in life fish girl, worshipping the boots of your betters since you
avoided the fate of sushi." Ariel shivered at Grimhilde's commanding, authoritarian voice, her heart
threatening to jump from her chest as she continued to kiss the polished boot.

Grimhilde turned her gaze back to Snow. She was still sitting atop her bed, her legs and feet still
exposed. Her eyes locked on the display before her, frozen in fear.

"That means you too brat!" Grimhilde spat as she lifted her hand again, Snow flinched. "And for
your failure to obey me adequately you will be punished." She waved her hand over Snow. Her
petite form was encased in a bright dark green light, obscuring her from sight. The light vanished just
as quickly as it had encased her.

The once regally clothed girl was now only attired in a dirty brown loin cloth, reaching round her
waist, a flap covering her young pussy while leaving her pale ass completely exposed and black
collar around her neck with the inscription 'slave' upon it, her raven hair wild, now no longer
restrained by her ribbon.

"Much better; now for your punishment, get on the floor." Snow's eyes widened as she leapt to the
floor as if compelled, wincing as her knees and palms slammed onto the floor.

"That new outfit is more than just a fashion statement princess, now you shall be compelled to obey
me, like you should have from the start." Ariel eyed Snow fearfully as she watched her kneel beside
her as she continued to kiss the Evil Queen's boot. "Now lie down in front of the bed, you don't
deserve to kiss my boot."

Snow shuffled back to the bed and lay down on her back as she was commanded. A dark smile
spread across Grimhilde's face, she stepped forward, left foot first and placed it just below Snow's
breasts, relishing in the pained gasp and hiss she received as she began to apply pressure, her sole and sharped heel slowly digging into her soft flesh.

Then followed her right foot, ensuring she knocked the former mermaid's chin with the toe of her boot before raising it over Snow's stomach, bracing herself against the border of the four-poster bed as she slowly enjoyed every second her full weight was on one foot atop of her new slave, oh how she loved that pained expression and sound of her pathetic whimpers.

She slowly lowered her right foot onto snow, ensuring her spiked heel rested barley an inch above her pussy digging both into the cloth and the flesh beneath it.

A pleasurable jolt shot through the Evil Queen, she looked down at the princess' pained expression. She lifted her left foot, enjoying how her right heel slowly sunk deeper into the girl through her 'clothing'.

"Maybe I should install you in my bedroom floor." Grimhilde proposed as slowly placed her booted foot atop Snow's right breast and began to slowly apply pressure to it. "So soft and comfy and I do love those sounds you make." She pushed her foot down; bending her leg to ensure more weight was pressed onto it as the pressure close to Snow's cunt was quickly released.

"P-Please…" Snow gasped.

"And these breasts, so small and squishy…they feel so comfy under my foot…so small, yet another reason why my beauty surpasses yours." She roughly groped her own breast. "Mine are much bigger than yours, more perfectly shaped and mature, far superior to those blobs of fat on your chest." She spat, saliva firing with her final word, and landing in Snow's face upon her cheek.

She grinded the pale boob beneath her boot, ensuring to capture the nipple beneath the toe, relishing in the pain she saw, she felt a growing fire between her legs. Oh it felt so good to put the brat in her place.

She pushed herself back up, straightening her leg before proceeding to lift her foot from Snow's southern region, slowly gliding it along her body, tracing the toe of her boot along the tender pale flesh, loving how she shivered beneath her touch, applying extra pressure as it glided over the breast uncovered by her boot.

She paused over her neck, the toe of her boot pressing into it and her new collar. Snow gasped for air. Grimhilde shivered, her cunt twitching, the pleasurable sensation of literally walking all over the girl deemed more beautiful than she was pure ecstasy.

She moved her foot further up, lifting it above Snow's face.

"Kiss it."

Snow tried desperately to resist, her mind internally begging her not to, her heart pounding within her chest. She felt her lips begin to pucker and her head begin to rise. She pressed her lips against the dirty sole of Grimhilde's boot. She didn't stop.

The Evil Queen's dark smirk grew as she watched the pale princess proceed to place multiple kisses upon the sole of her boot.

"This is your true place in life. Beneath my boot, barley worthy of been the ground I walk upon." She presses the toe of her boot against Snow's lips, grinding them. "Isn't that right Snow?"

Snow nodded, her reply muffled by the queen's boot.
"Good. You will do well to remember that." Grimhilde spun on her heel, twisting it into Snow's boob, eliciting a muffled, pained shriek into her boot, another jolt of pleasure shot up her spine.

Grimhilde's boot left Snow's face and landed upon her exposed stomach, eliciting another pained hiss as she turned to sit atop the bed, a small sigh escaping her lips as she shifted the weight off her feet, resting them atop Snow's body, using her as her regal footstool.

She turned her gaze to the former mermaid who was looking on at her, her eyes filled with fear.

"Strip girl!" Ariel flinched at the queen's commanding tone.

"Wha-What?" Ariel stuttered, caught off-guard by the commanding, her heart almost jumping from her chest.

"You heard me." Spat Grimhilde, her anger rising again. "Off with those clothes."

Ariel hesitated; however, her hesitation was short lived as the queen began to increase the pressure upon Snow's lower stomach, receiving a pained grunt from her footstool.

The redhead quickly and awkwardly rose back to her feet, her head bowed. The queen eased the pressure as she watched on at the girl's fast and panicked movements.

She kicked off her remaining shoe, her eyes closing as her bare foot touched the floor. She reached behind her back and began to untie her bodice, refusing to look at Grimhilde as she proceeded to remove her clothing.

"A lowly foot slave like you does not deserve such nice clothes." Grimhilde stated as Ariel placed the now folded up dress on the floor before reaching behind her back and proceeding to unclip her purple bra, sliding it off her torso, dangling it above her clothes and dropping it atop the growing pile, next her panties, matching the shade of her bra with a wet stain over her crotch.

"Such a slut, look how wet you are over this brat's disgusting feet!" Grimhilde spat, stomping her right booted foot atop Snow's breast, relishing in the pleasurable jolt she received as the girl cried out in pain once again, a bruise readily forming beneath the sole of her boot.

Ariel didn't reply and began to lightly shake her hips from side to side as she bent over; sliding her panties down her slender legs, stepping out of them when they reached the floor. She straightened up, exposing her pussy with light red fuzz though mostly shaved. She lifted her panties with her toes and deposited them in the pile of clothes, shivering as her big and second toe rubbed against the damp patch.

Grimhilde raised her hand, her palm facing the pile of clothing. Her smirk grew as a ball of flame erupted from her mature palm, colliding with the pile and combusting. Within second where once Ariel's clothes lay was now a pile of ash atop the now singed carpet.

"Now, kneel." The queen snapped, pointing to the floor at her feet.

Ariel timidly stepped forward, her legs shaking as she crossed the small distance, her lower lip quivering as she took a knee. She felt her knees lightly rub against Snow's side, she could make out slight imprints of the queen's boots now that she was closer and could see the slight bruising of her breast.

"Good, now lick my boots." Her smirk grew as Ariel looked up timidly. "Clean them foot slave." She lifted the boot off of Snow's stomach, lightly pressing the other deeper into her breast.
Ariel hated the low twinge she felt in her still hot pussy. She bowed her head, leaning in, she extended her tongue and began to drag it over the sole of the boot, a thin layer of dust and tiny spots of dirt coating her tongue as she took it back into her mouth. The warmth between her legs increasing as the submissive nature of her actions set in her mind, the realisation that she was licking her foes boots, as if she was truly her foot slave.

"Faster foot girl."

Ariel hastened her licks, the burning of her loins increasing. Grimhilde pressed her boot into Ariel's face, forcing the former mermaid to lean back. Ariel shivered as she felt a drop of a warm liquid slid down her inner thigh.

"Why does this feel so hot? Why did it have to be her? Couldn't have been Snow or Melody...hell even Tiana! Why'd it have to be the infamous Evil Queen!" Ariel internally moaned as she ran her tongue over the top of the toe section of the queen's boot and circling round sole of the toe of her boot.

"Come on, smile little foot girl, aren't you enjoying licking my boots? You seemed to enjoy kissing them earlier." Grimhilde mocked, applying more pressure against Ariel's face, she angled her foot as to press her spiked heel against the former mermaid's mouth, pushing past her lips with ease and reaching to the back of her mouth. Ariel gagged when she felt the point her the back of her throat, arching forward as she struggled to escape the heel and not throw up.

A dark chuckle escaped the Evil Queen's lips, rotating her ankle, enjoying how Ariel would gag and choke on her spiked heel before eventually removing it from her mouth and placing it atop Snow's cloth covered cunt. She lifted her right foot from Snow's breast and pushed it into Ariel's face, the sole pressing into her shoe.

Ariel pulled back, revealing a faint dirt imprint of her boot, eliciting another chuckle from the queen.

"Get cleaning little foot licker." Ariel didn't hesitate this time and set about dragging her tongue over the sole of Grimhilde's boot, trying desperately to ignore the wet feeling between her legs that was spreading as her sopping pussy continued to leak.

Grimhilde directed her gaze to her other foot, still resting atop her footstool's lowly cunt. She began to increase the pressure, pressing the toe section of her boot into Snow's 'clothing,' grinding it. Snow's breath hitched in her throat, her hands balling into fists at her sides, unable to move as she felt her mother's boot grind her pussy.

"P-Please…" Snow gasped out, her voice a shaky whisper. A sharp jolt of pleasure shot up her spine as the pressure increased as Grimhilde lifted her heel, pushing the toe section down against her 'clothed' pussy.

"What is it footstool?" The queen spat, applying more pressure to the brat's pussy.

"P-Please." Snow stuttered.

"Please what?" The queen asked in a sickly sweet tone, increasing the pressure further, pain began to mix with the pleasure.

"D-Don't." She begged.

"I don't understand…please don't stop, please continue? Please make it harder?" Grimhilde mused allowed with a dark smirk.
"N-N." Snow stuttered.

"Shh-Shh, don't worry, I'll make it harder." She mocked in a false nurturing tone, twisting her foot, pressing the heel into the cloth concealing her pussy and providing her modesty.

The heat between the queen's legs increased as Snow's yelp reached her ears; she applied more pressure, eliciting hisses and whimpers from the pale princess.

"Doesn't that feel good little slave." Grimhilde mocked. "You should thank me for the honour of been my footstool and allowing you the pleasure of my royal heel on your pussy." She applied more pressure, the point of the heel, now surrounded by the cloth round Snow's waist, an inch sliding into her cunt.

"Th-Thank you." Snow gasped, tears welling in her eyes as she mentally screamed at her inability to control her own actions.

"Good footstool." Grimhilde chuckled, twisting her heel into Snow's pussy, slowly inserting her sharp heel into Snow's cunt until it reached three inches in.

She turned her gaze back to the former mermaid, now sucking on her pointed heel, her boots shining with her saliva.

"I think my boots are clean enough now foot girl, remove my boots…and tell you what, since you did such a good job cleaning my royal boots I'll let you smell them."

Ariel gulped.

"Th-Thank you." Ariel slowly set about removing the boot still in her face. When the foot was free Ariel felt a wave of heat and an acidic scent fill the air as the now bare foot returned to Snow's breast.

Grimhilde shivered as she felt Snow's nipple between her big and second sweaty toes, she rubbed them against the nipple, enjoying the feeling of the nipple rolling between her toes, lubricating it with her toe sweat and toe jam.

Snow grimaced as she felt the large sweaty sole settle upon her breast, internally cringing as her toes began to toy with her nipple, pleasure mixing in with her feelings of discomfort.

Ariel slowly turned the opening of the boot to her face. She swallowed again as she lowered her face to the opening, her nose and mouth vanishing from sight as she buried her face into the opening.

She inhaled.

Ariel's eyes bulged as the acidic vinegary, cheesy stench, mixed with the pungent scent of hot leather filled her nostrils. She felt her vaginal walls clench on her, her arousal growing further as she moved the hot boot from her face and placed it upon the floor, a slight outline from the boot's opening upon Ariel's face.

"How do they smell my little foot girl?" Grimhilde laughed as she moved her other foot from Snow's pussy, much to the pale princess' relief, extending it towards the redhead.

"The-They sm-smell great." Ariel stammered, yearning for the vanilla scent of Snow's feet.

"This is the scent of the true fairest feet in all the land." Grimhilde gloated as Ariel proceeded to slide the boot off of her hot, sweaty bare foot.
She wiggled her toes in the cool air as they were freed from their confines, stretching it out further before proceeding to slam it atop Ariel's head, rubbing her foot sweat and grime into her red locks before pushing her head down, forcing Ariel's face into the opening of her boot, Ariel gasped into the boot, her juices flowing from her cunt more freely as she was forced to inhale the stench of the queen's boot, shivers shooting down her spine as she felt the Evil Queen rub her sweaty sole into her hair, staining it with her stench. Ensuring her foot slave would smell of her feet.

"That's it, take in my glorious scent. Enjoy it. A gift for been such a good foot slave." Grimhilde laughed, the burning between her legs growing, she could physically feel her panties soaking with her juices.

Ariel filled her lungs with the queen's scent. Her mind filling with nothing but the scent of the queen's stinky feet. She inhaled several deep, audible sniffs before Grimhilde released her hold on the former mermaid, allowing her to pull back from the boot, inhaling deeply, gilling her lungs with clean air but unable to rid her nostrils of the stench that now loitered, her arousal growing to new heights at the realisation of how the Evil Queen had dominated her senses.

"Now, it's time for you to lick my beautiful feet clean." Grimhilde instructed; her smirk growing as she stretched her right foot back towards the redhead.

Ariel's posture stiffened, her gaze focusing solely on the queen's foot, noting the droplets of sweat upon the reddened parts of her sole, a light darkening of dust and dirt over it. If she looked closer she would surely see a collection of royal grime and toe jam between those large toes.

"What are you waiting for foot girl? Lick my foot!" Grimhilde instructed; the thought of the former mermaid been stunned into silence by the beauty of her feet beyond arousing.

Ariel flinched at her commanding tone. She leaned in, unable to help but note the cheesy, vinegary scent, far stronger than the boots; she felt her eyes water and her vision blurring. She felt her nose press into the instep of Grimhilde's foot, shivering at the feeling of the hot, moist foot, the queen's toes wiggling as she made initial contact.

Timidly her lips parted and her slender tongue slowly pushed out past them, shaking as it neared the sweaty flesh. She dragged her tongue over the foot, shivering at the strong acidic, salty cheesy taste it possessed, her mouth-watering as she proceeded to lick Grimhilde's sole.

Grimhilde smirked when she felt Ariel's nose press into her foot, her toes giddily wiggling. Her eyes widened when she felt the redhead's wet tongue slide over her sweaty sole, electricity shot up her leg, she gasped in pleasure, her legs parting as she felt the wet organ continue to lick her hot sole.

Her breath hitched in her throat as she felt Ariel drag her tongue from the base of her heel, along her large foot to the tip of her big toe. The burning between her legs spreading throughout her body, her fingers fidgeted at her sides, her teeth clenching as her eyes squeezed shut, low moans and gasps escaping her.

The hungry desire filling her mind. Her dark green eyes snapped open, illuminating with dark power, she snaps her fingers. Her royal attire vanished in a violent burst of smoke that whipped round her body, concealing her from view briefly before vanishing into the air.

Grimhilde was left attired in her regal cloak, her golden crown atop her head, a black corset binding her torso and pushing up her large breasts, and lacy black panties, stained with her own arousal.

She felt her hands slide over her thigh, tracing the smooth flawless flesh as it slid down, she shivered as her fingers traced her burning pussy.
She slid her fingers inside of her pussy, her hips lightly thrusting as she gasped in pleasure, pressing her foot into Ariel's face, the resulting grunt of surprise and pain shooting new waves of pleasure through Grimhilde, she thrust her hips again, moaning in pleasure as she proceeded to pump her hungry snatch.

Ariel shivered, her eyes scrunching as she felt the Evil Queen's sweaty, meaty sole slam into her face, forcing her to lean back. Her southern lips shivering as she watched and felt the domineering woman masturbate to her licks.

"I didn't tell you stop foot girl!" Grimhilde spat, retracting her foot only to slam it back against Ariel's face, she released a small cry of pain before returning to her previous position and began to feverishly lick the queen's sole, forcefully dragging her slender tongue over the queen's arches, sliding it under her toes before proceeding to lightly graze a trail from the base of her toes to the bottom of her heel with her teeth.

Grimhilde cried out, thrusting her hips into the air as her snatch swallowed up three of her fingers, electricity shooting through her.

"Oh yes! Good girl!" Grimhilde moaned as her cunt began to shake and bite down on her fingers.

Ariel shivered as her teeth collected and gathered all of the dirt, grime and sweat from Grimhilde's sole into her mouth, swallowing it down. She felt her juices slide down her legs.

Snow grunted in pain as she felt Grimhilde apply more pressure to her breast through her foot, imprinting sweaty markings of her foot onto the creamy, soft flesh. Grimhilde gasped as she heard Snow's disgruntled grunt of pain.

The Dark Queen's emerald eyes fell upon the redhead lapping at her royal foot; scrunching her toes atop of Snow's breast she bit her lower lip as her cunt shook around her fingers.

Her right foot snapped up, the top of her foot slapping against her foot slave's left cheek. Ariel gasped on Grimhilde's arch, earning another moan from her queen.

"The other one foot girl." Grimhilde gasped out, breathe hitching in her throat.

Ariel nodded, slowly releasing her hold on Grimhilde's foot, allowing it to fall, landing on Snow's lower stomach, Grimhilde felt another jolts of pleasure as she felt Snow shudder beneath her saliva soaked toes.

Ariel slowly moved Grimhilde's foot, shivering as she felt the queen's sweaty big toe glide over her cheek, moving towards her lips, the foot twisting gracefully and causing the smaller digits to follow the big toe's trail.

Slowly she extended her tongue, it glided over the base of the toes, collecting copious amounts of sweat and toe jam, her tongue assaulted by the acidic taste. Yet the space between her legs continued to grow damp as her cheeks flushed with arousal as the queen continued to dominate her, almost creaming herself when she felt the queen's large toes wiggle within the confines of her hot, moist mouth.

Grimhilde moaned, her thighs inching closer as she felt another jolt of pleasure shoot through her as her toes found their way into her foot slave's mouth, her hot breath coating them. She arched her back as she felt the girl's hot, wet tongue wash over her toes.

Lifting her hips, Grimhilde felt her 'cleaned' foot slide down to Snow's cloth clad crotch, loving how Snow moaned, her breath catching in her throat as she felt her stepmother's foot push down against
her covered pussy.

Grimhilde gasped, lifting her hips higher, arching her back as pleasure filled her mind, her heel lifting above the loincloth, her toes pressing into her footstool's cunt, digging inside her, loving how she felt the pussy quiver against her wet foot.

The queen felt her body shake, her breath hitching as her lips clamped down hard on her fingers. Orgasm erupting within her body, she felt her cum flood from her lips, soaking her fingers and pouring atop Snow's bed sheets.

She fell atop the bed, chest heaving, her regal skin glistening with sweat. Tiredly her eyes fell upon the redhead still sucking her toes as they scrunched atop her tongue.

"Foot girl…clean my pussy…and be sure to thank me for this honour." Grimhilde sighed as she laid her head back.

"Y-Yes my queen, th-thank you." Ariel stammered as she released the queen's still sweaty foot, it landed atop Snow's neck. The footstool gulped when she felt her stepmother's foot rest upon her neck with a light pressure.

Ariel moved between Grimhilde's legs, the scent of her sex clouding her mind and near banishing the stench of her feet, though still it lingered within her nose and even lightly mixed with the scent.

Timidly she extended her tongue.

The queen closed her eyes in pleasure as the former mermaid moved her mouth closer to her folds, the small tongue soon began to work away, licking her wet labia, capturing every drop of divine wetness it found.

"Ummm not bad foot girl…continue…" Ariel flinch a bit at the queen's tone, but she began to place more efforts into her tongue's movements as she noticed Grimhilde's foot over Snow's neck. Her mouth closed over the queen's pussy. "Oh…ahh…" The queen moaned as Ariel sucked her clit, her tender, soft lips tickling over the hot, wet flesh as her tongue slithered inside her, cleaning the interior of her hungry pussy with her licks.

The queen continued to groan in pleasure, easing the pressure on neck of the dark haired princess, who let out a small gasp of relief but her peace was short lived as the foot of the queen travelled back down to her breasts, settling atop the left boob.

Ariel became more daring as the taste of the queen's pussy combined with the lingering taste of Grimhilde's feet began to cloud her mind, her movements becoming faster and more erratic.

"Ugh!" The queen groaned, she hated to admit it, even to herself but the former mermaid was beyond exquisite in the actions of her tongue. "Agh…you're enjoying this aren't you…ahhh…yes…like that…umm be a good slave for your queen!" The foot of the queen pressed down in pleasure, her toes splaying out as she squashed Snow's breast making the girl flinch as the queen's toes sank into her boob flesh, her toes surrounding her nipple.

Feeling a pleasant, comfortable cushion beneath her sole, the queen turns her gaze down to snow, her ecstasy growing as she saw the girl her flinch in pain while also make reminding her of why she was here in the first place.

Suddenly her hand roughly gripped the back of Ariel's head and pulled her away from her pussy by the hair before causing her to fall onto the floor. Snow felt the foot leave her chest, only for it to be brought back down with great force causing her to release a sharp, silence gasp of pain.
"Don't think that I have forgotten about you." The Queen said suddenly, her tone controlled but also menacing as she moved her foot in circles over Snow's breast. "Only because your whore of a friend..." She sent a look at Ariel that made the former mermaid recoil. "Managed to be useful and briefly take my mind off of you, that doesn't mean that you have been freed of your punishment." she rose to her feet, standing tall, making sure that her foot pressed firmly into her breast, her left foot brushing Snow's loincloth aside revealing the princess's pussy to her. Smirking wickedly she raised her foot, increasing the pressure on Snow's breast, eliciting more pain gasps before she brought it down, hard, slamming it atop snow's cunt.

"Hahaha...feel that you stupid child!" She laughed, grinding her heel against snow's opening. "This is how a royal foot feels." She increased pressure even further. "Why anyone would think that yours are fairer... why anyone would think that anything about you; or yours is fairer than me is beyond me!" She spat, moving her foot so that her mature toes were over her entrance.

"I mean look at you, your breasts are a joke I have seen children with bigger boobs." She laughed, moving her toes, gliding her toes over Snow's entrance, teasing her. "Your ass is tiny and childlike, you don't have a waist like mine; my hips are far superior for birthing superior children, your face always housing that pathetic expression upon it and this..." She stops and introduced her big toe to Snow's pussy, sliding it into her wet pussy making the girl flinch beneath her feet.

"Hahaha you are still tight? After all this time you are still this tight? ...Your prince must have become bored with you before you even reached the honeymoon...you couldn't satisfy him could you, you CHILD! ...He probably decided to look to others to satisfy his needs." She laughed even more. "Maybe he went to look to the real princesses for some fun...shame he didn't come to me...I would have given him what he wants, one night with me and nothing else would ever be able to satisfy him...you...are pathetic, you could never satisfy him!" She spat, roughly grinding the inside of Snow's pussy with her big toe.

Snow could feel tears forming in her eyes, her vision starting to blur, she tried to reassure herself that the words of the queen were false, that her prince did love her and wasn't sleeping around behind her back, no matter how their bodies compared to hers.

Ariel was worry, seeing her friend like this, knowing that the words of the queen were really hurting her, damaging her spirit but she didn't dare to act knowing that the villainess could cast a spell that could damage herself or worse Snow far beyond what her words were doing.

The queen smiled, the tears of her stepdaughter only adding to the pleasure she felt as she stood upon the poor child, completely at her mercy. Oh, how she enjoyed making that brat suffer like this, this was how it should have been from the start, it was such a divine sensation she felt as though she could orgasm from it alone. She felt a low pressure but ignored it for now.

"Foot girl." She called, her voice controlled and somehow even more terrifying, she turned to the redhead who flinched under her gaze. "Come and show this brat how one should treat a true queen, how I deserve to be treated." The queen slid her toe out of Snow's cunt and stepped fully onto her small stomach and turned her back on the redhead who had timidly crawled close to her.

"Kiss my ass." Ariel flinched, she looked at the rear in question, it was almost perfectly rounded and smooth, a little bigger than her head even, she hesitantly looked up. The queen's cold glare was focused on her, Ariel flinched, swallowing, she leaned in, eyes closing, she puckered her lips and began to kiss the queen's ass cheeks repeatedly, shivering every time her lips touched Grimhilde's ass flesh.

"You call those kisses?" The queen sneered. "Put some effort into it, this ass it royalty!" The anger within her voice was enough motivation for Ariel practically bury her face into the queen's ass.
"Better, keep that up and I might not have to punish you even further." She then turned to address Snow. "See? This is how you know you are the fairest of them all." She took a step forwards, pressing her foot into Snow’s right breast, enjoying how it squished beneath her.

Behind her Ariel struggled to keep her face buried in the Queen's ass, shuffling after her on her knee, trying to ensure that she wouldn't be separated from the villainess's ass.

"When people will give anything to kiss your perfect, divine ass...not when they say nice things to some plain Jane of a girl, simply to make her feel better." She spat, taking another step and placing her foot directly on Snow's face, half of her pale skin vanishing beneath her hot, mature foot.

Ariel once again shuffled after her, not noticing her knee nudge Snow’s pussy. "This is where you deserve to be, where you belong, where you have always belonged since the day you were gone." She increased the pressure as she bent over to see the pained expression on Snow's face better. Behind her Ariel was surprised to find her face suddenly between the queen’s ass cheeks, her scent filling her nose, her nose crinkling as she continued to kiss Grimhilde's ass at the putrid stench. "You may wear nice clothes...but at the end of the day you are and will always be just my maid, a slave...barley worth the attention of my feet, because unlike you I have the means to attract men, I have what it takes to be desirable, I have what it takes to be the fairest of them all, I am the true queen, the fairest of them all."

All too soon did that familiar low pressure return to her stronger than before. Almost unconsciously the queen felt the need to cross her legs grow. She rested her hand over her stomach, a dark smirk spreading across her lips, Ariel still bestowing her regal ass with kisses.

"In fact I think I know true your place in life." Grimhilde said to Snow as she stepped up to her shoulders, enjoying the ecstasy she felt from the pained gasps she received from the brat, reaching down between her legs, preparing her aim.

"Wait what are you...ahhhhhhh!" Ariel tried to object only to be silenced through being thrown away by a burst of magic.

"Be silent foot girl!" Roared the queen. "I'm just showing this little brat her true destiny, the true purpose of her life." Snow's eyes widened as she slowly began to realize just what the queen was planning. "As my personal, royal toilet." And with that final word a hot, golden stream erupted from between the queen's legs, crashing down onto Snow's face as the evil queen burst into fits of laughter.

Ariel could only look on in horror as the queen pissed all over Snow, who couldn't do anything aside from close her eyes tightly in disgust, tears bursting out from them. The queen was none too pleased to see her toilet close her eyes, she wanted her to watch as she covered her in her royal piss.

"Open your eyes you brat!" She spat, briefly pausing her flow, she was going to milk this for all it was worth. "In fact I want you to open your mouth too." Snow couldn't do anything as the spell on her forced her to obey, her eyes tore open and her lips parted; her mouth opening wide. "I want you to take every drop of my piss into your whorish mouth; I want you to drink it all up, do not waste a drop of your golden treat and when you're done you will thank me for the honour of drinking my piss."

The eyes of Snow shone with fear and disgust, further adding to the queen's ecstasy as she released her flow once again, it splattered on the brat's nose, covering her face before she corrected her aim and shot the flow straight into the brat's mouth. The princess only could release cries of hopelessness and disgust, gargling the piss, the bitter sour taste filling her young mouth. she felt the hot liquid gulp down her throat in chunks, tainting the insides of her throat with the vile taste.
After several minutes the queen's golden flow finally came to a stop. Closing her mouth Snow allowed the last of the horrid liquid to slide down her throat, releasing a small burp, only adding to her quickly growing humiliation.

"Now is there something you wish to say to me you ungrateful little brat?" She spat, using her magic she summoned Snow's red cloak from its perch.

"T…Thank….Thank you my queen." Snow whimpered with a broken voice. "F…For…letting me…dr-drink your…piss."

"My oh my I didn't know you liked to drink my piss darling." The queen mocked with a false sickly sweet tone as she used the cloak to clean her pussy. "Maybe I should give you a lovely, special treat? …Foot girl!" Ariel's head whipped round, her heart filling with dread at the queen's call for her.

"Y…Yes my queen?" She asked timidly.

"I think that Snow did such a wonderful job as my toilet, and she did seem to enjoy enough to actually thank me so why don't you give her a try and treat your friend?" She suggested, throwing the dirty cloak away carelessly.

"Excuse me?" She gasped incredulously.

"You heard me." Said the queen with a deathly calm tone. "I want you to use this little brat as a toilet…fill her mouth with your piss."

"N…No I won't do that!" She refused, her voice filled with anger, standing up to her full height, still shorter than the queen, even more so with her stood atop her friend with her mature, vinegary, stinky feet.

"Snow is my friend and I won't do something so degenerate and cruel as that to her."

"You will do as I have ordered you to, and you will piss in your friends mouth and she will thank you for it." The queen began, the room seeming to grow colder. "Or you will suffer."

"I don't care!" Ariel yelled back reviving some of her old courage. "If you think you can hurt me, go ahead I won't be a coward anymore, I will not serve you….do your worst!" Suddenly Ariel felt magic take hold of her body and force her to her knees before the queen who proceeded to take hold of her hair and harshly pull at it.

"My worst?" She chuckled, pulling harsher as the red locks. "Foolish brat you have no idea just what I am capable of."

"I don't care…there is nothing you can make me to force me to hurt my friend any more than you already have!"

The queen smirked cruelly, a dark thought already forming within her mind, she stepped onto Snow's stomach.

"Hmmm perhaps you are right." She said easing her hold but not still not releasing her. "Maybe I can't hurt you, at least not enough to force you to continue the brat's torment, that's obvious as is the fact you won't be a good slave especially not if you refuse to follow my orders…but I think there is another dark haired brat, quite close to you that would make a good replacement." Ariel’s eyes widened in fear, her heart skipping a beat and filling with pure unadulterated fear.

"Melody…" Ariel gasped.
"Oh yes…Melody." The queen mocked. "Maybe I should pay her a small visit while I'm here, maybe we could come back with me to the mansion?" Ariel felt as though she was about to have a heart attack. "I'm certain we would have so much fun together oh all the things we could do." The queen adopted a pensive expression.

"Maybe I could strip her down in public until that cute little butt is bare, maybe even make her clean my feet in front of others, oh I'm sure some will get jealous, so I think I may be forced to share." Her smirk grew into predatory grin as Ariel's eyes filled further with her absolute terror.

"Although I have seen how she acts some punishment will definitely be in order, maybe some spanking? I'm sure Tremaine would be more than willing to perform that, then again I'm sure Ursula and Morgana would absolutely love to some alone time with her...maybe hug her with those tentacles, can you imagine how she will feel having those slimy, sticky tentacles, covered in suckers, all over her fair skin, sucking at her and slithering into any hole that they found?" The queen asked as Ariel was forced to imagine, aided further by an unspoken spell, images of Melody's cries for help as the tentacles raped her from every angle.

"Hmmm, or maybe we could take her to the boys..." The dark smirk grew even further. "Yeah, that would be nice, I know there is a good number of guys that would love to spend some time alone with her." She bent over and began to whisper into Ariel's ear. "It would be nice to hear her screams of terror as they tear her clothes from her, their hands touching, groping and feeling every inch of her skin...the tears she will shed as her innocence is taken from her in every possible way." Tears already leaking out of Ariel's eyes and sliding down her cheeks.

"Or even perhaps I should take her myself; virgin blood is a powerful ingredient for many potions and I could use a good toiled in my room, a personal would be much more fitting for someone as important as I than the numerous shared ones."

The redhead was trembling as tears dripped from her chin onto the floor.

"No...please...not Melody...not my daughter...not my little girl!" Ariel cried.

"Then you better start following orders foot girl." The queen replied with a threatening tone. "Now...why don't you use my new toilet? Ariel nodded, silently, only looking at the floor with her tearstained eyes, her vision blurring, as she blinked even more tears fell like rain on the carpet, Grimhilde's dark smirk grew back into a predatory grin, making Ariel suffer who then make Snow suffer even more was almost orgasmic in itself.

Ariel walked downcast towards Snow, and much to the delight of the queen she spread her legs, her hand falling between her legs, preparing her aim as she positioned herself directly over the dark-haired princess's face. Snow couldn't help but send a pleading look to her friend, silently asking for her to not do it. The redhead could only look away and close her eyes tightly so she wouldn't have to see just what she was about to do to her friend.

"I...I'm sorry Snow." Ariel said with a broken voice as she prepared herself mentally. "B...But please...I have no choice...I can't risk Melody...please...f...forgive me."

Ariel began to tease her hole with her finger, hopping to leak something onto Snow's face and end it quickly but it was quickly becoming more and more apparent that even with her fear of the queen and her promises, she just couldn't do it; no matter how much pressure she placed on her bladder she couldn't pee. The queen saw this and quickly began to grow impatient with the girl.

"Well foot girl?" She pressed. "What's the hold up? Why are you taking so long? Are you dry?"
"N…No I'm trying." She answered, moving her fingers even faster and rougher than before.

"At this rate we will be here all day." The queen said with a tone of irritation and annoyance. The queen thought for a moment. "Perhaps I should lend you a hand?" The queen mused as she gracefully lifted her hand, a dark purple aura surrounding as her eyes illuminated with an unholy dark green aura.

The former mermaid gasped as she suddenly she felt an intense pressure in her abdomen growing at an alarming rate, her bladder ready to burst any second.

"Eehhhh…ahhh!" Ariel cried as suddenly a boiling torrent of golden liquid burst from between her legs, and crashing down with great fury onto her friend.

Snow cried as the hot liquid cascaded over her, but still the spell over her forced her to keep her mouth open and receive each and every drop of the apparently never ending waterfall, gulping the boiling bitter liquid down her tender throat.

"I...I'm sorry, I'm sorry." Ariel cried. "I can't…I can't stop!" She wailed, trying to stop or at least slow the flow of the burning liquid with her hand, causing it to bath snow's face, her hair and the carpet beneath and around her.

The queen laughed at the sight of the redhead trying desperately to reduce the stream while only worsening Snow's torment while the brat herself allowed her tears to fall, sliding from her eyes and mixing with the hot yellow liquid splashing down on her face.

"Hahaha…oh this is too much." The queen chuckled with a joyful expression upon her face, enjoying the display of one of the princesses pissing all over her friend and fellow princess while covering her own hands and legs in her piss. The queen looked around the room.

"Perhaps I should make the both of you piss over every inch of this room to ensure you never forget what happened here?" She mused, turning her gaze onto Snow. "What do you think? Having to sleep in a bed or wear a dress that reeked of your and your friend's piss, and all because I forced you to." She laughed; eyes fell on a portrait of Snow and her prince.

"Now won't that be something fun to explain to your darling." She mocked. "But of course considering he never comes here…" She waved her hand in the direction of the painting; it burst into flames almost simultaneously. "It does become quite redundant, but I wonder why that is? Hmm why don't we explore the possible reasons why?" She laughed and with another wave of her hand the golden stream slowed to a stop. Ariel sighing a breath of relief at this "Both of you get to your feet. Now!"

Both princesses shot up to their feet and stood in front of the queen, both frozen in place, both wearing an expression of utter defeat on their faces…Ariel looked down not waiting to meet the queen’s or snow’s gazes, Snow herself, her face soaked with piss and tears, her hair drenched and matting desperate for her torture to end and dreading the next thing her step mother had in mind.

"Umm yeah, I can see why your prince won't come to see you, I mean look at this." In a one fast, rough motion her hand snapped out and took hold of Ariel’s right breast, harshly squeezing it while the other harshly grabbed Snow’s left breast. "Even compared to her, what do you have to offer?" She roughly gropes Ariel’s breast while pinching Snow’s nipple between her fingers as her hand easily closed around her small breast.

"This is why she has a brat of her own and you are still all alone, this is what really make men crazy for women like me." In another rapid motion the queen grabbed Ariel’s arm and throw her on the
floor, eliciting a pained cry from the former mermaid. "Ass in the air foot girl" She ordered. Ariel trembled, positioning herself on all fours and sticking her ass into the air, her head and chest lowering to the floor.

"Look at those two soft, plump cheeks." Grimhilde said, caressing the smooth, mature cheeks, lightly squeezing them and even giving it a playful spank causing the redhead to shudder, but the queen ignored the former mermaid's reaction and turned back to Snow.

"While you..." She reached behind the brat, harshly groping her pale ass of Snow white. "This is so sad that it's not even funny." She said, continuing to harshly squeeze her. "So small and plain...no wonder the prince never comes to visit you, and even if he did he'd probably leave unsatisfied." Releasing her she guided Snow towards Ariel.

"I wouldn't be surprised if he visits some of your peers or any of my colleagues; even Gaston would give him a better time than you. I wonder if my foot girl is one of the girls he calls on when he needs...satisfaction?" With a small push the queen forced Snow stand over her friend. "I bet she is...she is quite good with that tongue of hers...maybe she practiced with more than just her husband and random broads feet?" Ariel wanted to protest that the queen was telling her nothing but lies, however, she was silenced as Grimhilde smacks her ass as a warning, her mature cheeks turning a light shade of pink in the shape of the queen's hand. "She probably teases and tempts him with this lovely ass of her, such a bad friend don't you think? You let her play with your feet and she fucks your beloved, maybe a punishment is in order?" Her dark smirk was growing, she could see her words moulding Snow's mind, changing her perceptive, the child was so easy to manipulate.

"And I think I have the perfect punishment in mind." Continued the queen, moving her hand from Ariel’s ass to Snow’s making sure to trace her fingers over Snow's pussy, enjoying how the girl shivered beneath her touch. "Now listen my slave...as punishment I want you to pee on her." She whispered, pushing Snow's loincloth aside. Snow flexed her legs, opening them, allowing the queen to slide the loincloth over one of her legs and fully reveal her pussy. Snow readied herself and it looked as though the redhead was going to receive a special golden shower courtesy of Snow, seconds passed and nothing came. Wondering what was wrong the queen looked directly at Snow and notice that the brat had her eyes closed, struggling to pee.

"oh come on." Grimhilde groaned, realizing just what was wrong. "You're dry too?" She asked with incredulous tone, Snow flinched at her stepmother's tone. "You really are useless you know that." She spat, waving her hand in Snow's direction, summoning her magic. Snow gasped as she suddenly felt a growing pressure within her bladder.

She soon felt as though her bladder was about to burst, Snow readied herself for what was about to come, but surprisingly the voice of the queen sounded before even the first few drops of her piss could escape her pussy.

"Not yet." Grimhilde stated, enjoying the expression of desperation and pain upon the princess’s face as she was forced to hold back the burning flow. "I think some time without releasing will be good for you...after all you should be ready to obey your betters when instructed." She explained, allowing herself time to admire Snow White’s pained expression to the full extent, she spied something out of the corner of her eye, her dark smirk returning.

'If you think this is bad then just you wait you brat.' Grimhilde mused.

"You know Slave." Grimhilde began with a soft voice, moving behind Snow. "There is a reason why men prefer bigger asses on girls." She summoned one of Snow’s discarded yellow pumps to her
hand, glaring at it as she rotated her wrist, looking the pump over.

"Because they think that the bigger it is..." She spread Snow’s ass cheek, revealing her tiny, puckering anus. "The more they can fit inside." She moved the heel of the pump close to her tiny hole. "Like this." And with a single sharp push the whole heel of the pump slammed inside of Snow’s anus, eliciting a high pitched cry of pain from the brat.

Snow screamed for as long as her lungs would allow, her eyes widened and filling with fresh tears. Both the pain of the heel been inserted into her ass and the still building pressure on her bladder, nearing its bursting point working together to bestow her with an all new level of hell and suffering.

"What's the manner?" the queen said moving the heel in and out "you really need to go?" she mocks as snow grinded her teeth together holding the pain "ok then slave...now pee"

That instant Snow white’s bladder release its contents on a mighty golden shower.

On the floor Ariel let out a small gasp as the liquid fall on the back of the head, wetting her hair and making it press against her neck and upper back

Ariel let out a small cry as the warm liquid cascaded over her head. Snow also feeling her tears sliding from her eyes both from the humiliation of peeing all over her friend as well as the pain that filled her being as the queen continued to remove the heel of the shoe before slamming it back into her small, tender ass.

The evil laughter of the queen filling the air as she continued to enjoy the display at seeing the two princesses been and the degrading nature was the divine icing on the cake.

"Hahaha...oh what a glorious sight don't you think?" The queen taunted as she continued to roughly rape Snow's ass without mercy, pounding the shoe in and out of Snow’s puckering hole, feeling a sensation that is a mixture of arousal and pride as she took notice of a thin, small stream of blood trickling out and over the heel of the shoe. "Come on slave keep going, don't stop until the stench of your lowly piss is permanently imprinted on her."

The hot stream continues falling, thundering down, soon the carpet beneath Ariel start grows damp as a puddle of urine starts to form as Snow continues peeing, under the influence of the queen’s spell. Her ass feeling like it was on fire, burning more and more with pain with each thrust of the heel as her stepmother kept slamming her shoe inside her tiny anus, forcing it to widen against her will. Ariel immobile as the pungent stench of the piss infused with the carpet beneath her head and alongside her hair until a big wet patch was formed under her.

Finally the stream slowed to a stop, the last few drops falling onto the redhead's chest over and Snow stumbled before falling to the floor, crashing down into the small puddle of her piss.

"Hahaha two princesses bathing in each other piss." Cackled the queen as she stepped toward Snow's fallen form. "Such a perfect image." She raised the shoe, glancing down at the blood coated heel. "At least this ridiculous thing was useful for something." She spat, her grip loosening on the shoe and allowing it to fall, hitting Snow square in the face.

She opened her mouth to continue her monologue only to fall silent as she took another step forward, feeling the carpet squelch beneath her bare mature feet, her gaze fell the floor, her expression hardening as disgust settled onto her face as she felt the piss soaked carpet between her toes before a dark smirk split across her face, she stepped forward with her other foot, allowing for both her feet to marinate in the cocktail of piss, cum and sweat.
Looking down she smirked at her drenched feet, even grinding her feet into the soiled carpet. "Why would you look at that, you bitches got my feet all dirty, and now I need someone to clean them for me." She glanced at the open closet, filled with royal gowns and the odd piece of informal attire. "It is tempting to just clean them with your clothes and force you smell the disgusting stench of your two lowly piss and my royal nectar every time you dress yourself but..." her gaze moved back to the abused princesses.  

"I think it will be far more enjoyable if you clean them yourselves...it will even reaffirm your places beneath me." Grimhilde moved back towards the bed, sitting down. "Come here slaves."  

Each girl obeyed, lifting themselves to their knees before crawling towards their Queen, unable to refuse the command, their mouths moving closer to the mature feet of the queen, drenched in their piss and her majesty's royal foot sweat that had survived their earlier cleaning.  

"Wait." They froze. "First my slaves you will have to tell me who's feet are fairer, mine or this brat." Her foot lashed out, striking Snow's face, earning a startled, pained cry, the young girl pulling back, eyes closed and teeth grit, her left eye already starting to swell.  

Flinching at the sight of her friend once again been abused by her stepmother and wincing in pain, Ariel crawled to the queen’s right foot and took it carefully between her hands.  

"Yours are the fairest in all the land my queen." Ariel answered before bestowing small kisses upon the soaked foot. "Their feel, their scent, their taste...their beauty." Ariel allowed her tongue to pass over the foot before slowly taking hold of her ankle and craning it back, lifting the foot to ensure the sole face her before burying her face in it. "It is superior to everyone else's, they are divine my queen." She began rapidly licking the sole from the heel to the base of the before puckering her lips and slurping up the salty cocktail forcefully and gulping down the liquid. "You have the fairest feet of all." She finished, leaving a trail of kisses from the heel back up the tip of Grimhilde's big toe and taking the large digit into her mouth.  

"Hahaha and never forget it." The queen laughed as she leaned back, pressing her toe deeper into the redhead's mouth, forcing Ariel's to lean back, gasping on her toe. "I'm the one with the fairest feet in all the land; I am the fairest of them all." She turned, looking to her stepdaughter. "Not this little brat." With a flick of her wrist, Snow’s other shoe flying into her hand before leaning forward and forcing it against the princess' face. "You are nothing but a commoner who should be grateful to be close to my divine feet."  

Snow could only nod as her nose was forced into her shoe, her salty vanilla scent teasing her nostrils, like the scent of a rose in comparison to her stepmother's rancid feet.  

"You are right my queen!" Cried Ariel, once again calling the queen's attention, she leaned back, muttering a small enchantment to keep the pump forced against the owner's face, forcing her to endure the stench of her own feet. "We are grateful for this honour, for you to allow us so close to such perfection." She took the other toes into her mouth, suckling on them hungrily like a new born does its mother's teat. Briefly taking them from her lips, "These are divine...you are divine...we only exist to serve you and your glorious feet." She gasped almost euphorically, only be silenced as the queen slammed her toes back inside Ariel's waiting mouth, scrunching her toes on the hot, wet, slender tongue, forcing her tongue to slide and flail between her large toes.  

"That is true foot girl but do not forget that whorish mouth of yours is for cleaning my divine feet, not talking." The queen sneered, briefly forgetting about Snow and beginning to enjoy the treatment of her regal feet. She turned to face Snow once again, smirking down at the girl, the shoe still firmly held in place by her spell. "Now it's time you made yourself useful you brat, fulfil your purpose." She sneered, allowing her spell to fade, the pump falling from Snow's face.
Snow White began to crawl forward, her vision blurred by tears, repressing her cries as the stinging of her eye continued to grow; she could practically feel it darkening from the trauma. Once she was in range the queen stuck out with her foot, her sole slamming into Snow's face with immense force, loving the pained gasp she received.

"Your little friend here has already proven that she makes a great foot slave." said the queen, groaning at the sensation of Ariel sucking her toes, her tongue flicking out and slurping at the top of the mature sole. "Why not prove yourself worthy of cleaning my sweaty, piss soaked feet...clean them brat!"

Slowly opening her mouth Snow allowed her tongue to timidly stretch out and begin to lick at the mature sole let on the sole and swallowing the piss and sweat that decorated the royal wrinkles. Her tongue passed over the skin sending shivers of disgusts throughout her body as the vile combination of the vinegary sweat mixed with acidic taste of piss and the faint, admittedly sweet salty hint of cum.

"Hmm even in cleaning your filth from my feet you are inferior." Said Grimhilde with a tone of disgust, although couldn't help but smirk at the sight and sensations of little the brat licking her own, her friend's and even her piss off her foot. "Or maybe you actually want me to punish you?...Who would guess that the little princess was a little masochistic." She mocked. "Then again your place is beneath the dirt on my feet so it is perfectly fitting...though I think you would be much better as the dirt on my feet...who knows maybe next time I'll make you my toe jam and have your foot slut of a friend lick you up and swallow you and thank me." Grimhilde laughed, finding the thought beyond pleasurable. "Now open your mouth brat and show me that pathetic tongue of yours."

Snow opened her mouth, timidly extending her tongue once again. The Queen then proceeded to slam her toes into Snow's mouth, curling her toes and capturing the young teen's tongue between her toes.

"Hahaha so tell me do you like the taste of your own putrid piss? Does foot girl's piss help, no doubt mine does." She laughed. "Go ahead move that pathetic tongue of yours, enjoy your taste and clean my divine foot." Snow fought to free her tongue from between her stepmother's old toes before clumsily dragging it over and between the large toes, gagging at the taste, her eyes watering. The Queen let her toes drum against the inside of her stepdaughter's mouth, making sure Snow licked each of her beautiful toes and cleaned the gaps between them. "Not all that tasty? Well that is your own fault; your lowly piss sours the taste of the urine of true royalty." She spat, forcing her foot deeper into the girl's mouth, causing Snow to start choking on the large appendage, arching over as she tried not to throw up as the queen continued to drive forward, enjoying the show. "That's right slave girl, my foot is far more important that oxygen for such a lowly insect like you." She laughed. "I don't think even my perfect foot can cover the stench of your rancid piss, you better clean it thoroughly slave." The Queen finally withdrew her foot, her now saliva covered foot, Snow coughing and falling onto her hands, trying to catch her breath.

"Hmm a mediocre, amateurish job but my toes do appear to be clean." Grimhilde then began rub her wet toes against Snow`s face until they were dry, enjoying the discomfort, fear and disgust on the brat's face. "Hm you know what? I have some good news for you, you little brat, you may suck as a princess, be a horrid slave and worse a foot cleaner...but you do have a promising potential career as a towel...and your hair would be perfect in drying those deeper cracks." She smirked, chuckling at the thought of using Snow's hair to dry the inner folds of her pussy and her ass, it was all it was good for anyway, she kicked up her foot suddenly, striking the girl's chin, eliciting a pained cry from Snow before slamming her sole against her lips, smirking as she felt her tongue resume licking her filthy sole clean, enjoying how the girl would whimper and cry beneath her foot.

Ariel sent a worried glance towards her friend, fear etched into her own face as she worried for the...
abused girl as she continued to clean the soiled foot of her stepmother but soon the foot she was cleaning was torn from her.

"Hmm this is much better." Grimhilde admired before pressing her foot against Ariel’s right breast, grinding her foot against it, earning herself a startled gasp, followed by a low groan. "You really are a great foot slave foot girl, maybe I should keep you, you can be my personal foot pet and clean my royal feet anytime I want." She smirked at the involuntary shudder that Ariel gave in response, her smirk widening as she felt the pointed nipple beneath her big sole, that little harlot didn't want to enjoy this but it was all too clear to Grimhilde that she was loving every second. As her breast was squished beneath the mature foot Ariel felt her hands curl into fists at her side as she chewed her lower lip, fighting back her moans of pleasure. "Not bad." Grimhilde thought aloud as she continued molest the former mermaid's boob. "Firm and soft, with a perky bounce almost reminds me of Maleficent’s…Hmm maybe I'll pay her a visit." She muttered, unheard by her slaves as they continued to be occupied by her feet.

Her smirk growing into a smile as she pushed herself off the bed, her foot finally leaving the redhead's breast, leaving it covered in saliva. Snow cried in pain as the Queen allowed her foot to remain on the girl's mouth and press down on her with her full weight before granting her towel mercy and stepping off of her.

"Well this has indeed been an amusing way to spend the morning but there is something far more pleasurable for me to attend." She then looked at the princesses. "Why don't you thank me for allowing you the pleasure and honour of serving me and my feet and kiss my beautiful feet farewell before I leave little slaves." Snow trembled as she moved back to all fours before crawling forward, her whole body shaking like a leaf as she approached Grimhilde's right foot, Ariel took lowered herself to all fours and crawled forward like the bitch she was, each princess bowing their heads and bestowing their queen's feet with a chaste kiss. "Don't you two ever forget who is the fairest in all the land and never forget your place beneath my feet you putrid filth." And with that final word she raised her arms into the air and was engulfed by an explosion of smoke and bursts of dark magic.

ssshblamm

Once the Queen was gone, Snow felt her stepmother's curse leave her, restoring her freewill, she fell to the floor exhausted as she finally allowed her tears to fall, gasping, choking on her breath as she began to cry; curling up in a ball on the floor.

Seeing the state of her friend Ariel quickly moved to her side, pulling the crying girl into her lap and wrapping her arms around her in a rather tight hug, holding the girl close to her chest. She didn't care about the stench of the now dry piss that coated their bodies.

"Shh, shh…it's all right she's gone now…you're safe." Ariel whispered into Snow's ear in an effort to calm her down, although she herself could feel her own tears trying to escape after enduring the torture of the Evil Queen and been forced to watch her friend suffer the same way. "Oh Snow I'm sorry…I'm so sorry…this is all my fault…if I hadn't come into your room to smell your shoes and said what I said this would never have happened...if I wasn't so weak you wouldn't have had to suffer like that." Ariel felt her tears start to fall.

"No…don't say that…" Snow cried into Ariel’s neck. "You are not weak, you had a daughter to protect I probably would have done the same…and you couldn't have known she was watching us, neither of us could have." She pulled back a little to look into Ariel's the eyes. "I'm the one who is weak, I knew she still fell jealousy towards me but I never try to face her…this only was her doing what she does best…showing how I'm still a scared little girl...maybe if I could face her she wouldn't do this." She tried to move her hand to dry her eyes but found she wasn't able to due how Ariel held
Ariel grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at her.

"First don't apologise, second you are not weak and third...well...to be honest I lied earlier..." Ariel said softly, leaning in she whispered into Snow's ear. "Your feet are the fairest...you are the fairest for me...they are so beautiful and smell so good...they are perfect..." Both princesses blushed deeply, only for their blushes to spread as each girl felt their pointed nipples poking the other. Ariel leaned, pulling Snow's face closer before pushing her lips against Snow's, her hands finding her lower back and pulling her closer as she proceeded to kiss Snow passionately, her tongue slipping into Snow's mouth, surprising the younger girl who soon began to return the kiss and allowing her tongue to dance with Ariel's, feeling her cunt growing wet as the redhead's tongue dominated hers, each girl pulling each other closer, grinding their breasts together, Snow wrapped her legs around Ariel's waist pulling herself closer.

Ariel broke the kiss, each girl gasping for breath.

"You are so beautiful." Ariel breathed, Snow shot forward and captured Ariel's lips once again, neither hesitating, both ignoring that lingering tastes of their torment as they lost one another to the throws of passion. Ariel falling on her back and Snow positioning herself atop of her, while their tongues resumed their dance within Snow's mouth.

A/N Sorry for the wait, I started this back in March and is now September so hope was worth the wait.

Okay, I'm considering writing actual erotica and selling it on amazon, if I did would anyone here buy my material going on what I've written on here? I may start a poll if you want to stay anonymous but would rather find out sooner rather than later when I can make another poll.

Alice has won and has been published when I get time, the first chapter will be a reposting of the first giantess Alice request, this one won't be 100% request run but I will be asking for them still, tell me who you want to join Alice and what you want them to do. I will accept requests involving characters been crushed and such but they won't be written until later on when Alice reaches such a point, I will continue to include warnings in each chapter.

I am also consider doing a large publication period – basically more fics like Whore House and Anime Tarts, I plan to make one for each of these categories;

Anime Non Crossover Requests (Or just alter Anime Tarts since it seems to be none crossovers at the moment and republish Anime Tarts for only crossover requests).

Cartoons Non Crossover Requests

Cartoon Crossover Requests - Multiverse

Animated Features Crossover Requests - Multiverse

Animated Feature None Crossover Requests

Live Action Movie Non Crossover Requests

Live Action Movie Crossover Requests – Multiverse
Crossovers ones will require a universe similar to this one, while the, none crossovers will be able to work in the universe of the requested shows.

Updates will be scarce of course, they will all accept contributions and requests, I have some ideas for a couple of them – meaning there will be chapters of my own ideas and not just requests but I will aim to fill out all requests at some point. (Also if anyone wants to lends me a hand and accept requests or write their own stuff to post it will be a major help, either pm me on or use the email I provided earlier in this fic).

Also Batman The Animated Series has been added to the cartoon list. And the Live Action Movie ones will include Harry Potter, just don't flood me lol.

You can also request me to watch something to add the category to allowed requests.
Judge Claud Frollo was enjoying a warm sunny day outside. He looked around him admiring the little plaza he was in. It wasn't big as the mall some streets down, but it wasn't supposed to be. This was a place to take a small break and have a moment of peace. All on it, from the small stores and restaurants to the cute little fountain in the center give a calm sense to whoever came to it.

"Here is your tea and biscuits mister Frollo."

The old man turned to see the dark skinned woman acting as a waitress in the small coffee shop in where he was sitting.

"My most sincere thanks your highness." He said giving a nod towards her.

Tiana smiled at the gesture. "You know, you don't have to do that while we are here."

"On the contrary." The judge replied. "Someone of your station and beauty must always be treated as the royalty they so clearly are." The dark skinned princess just giggled at his comment and left him to drink his coffee with a smile on his face.

Frollo followed her with his eyes, a smile upon his lips. This was a reason why he liked coming here. Been mark as a villain has the unfortunate result that a lot of people evading you and some businesses tended to attend you in bad manners or simply refuse to serve you, despite been heroes and princesses' they certainly knew how to hold a grudge, of course there were exceptions and Frollo was one.

Unlike some of the non-magical villains, like Cruella or even Gaston, his calm nature and polite manner, too calm and polite a certain gipsy will say, make some people, like Tiana, forget that he is a villain and treat him as a simple, and occasionally cranky, old man. And in this case that acted quite well in his favor.

Taking a sip from his cup he raises a book he had purchased from one of the stores. If anyone looked at him, it would simply look like he was reading a none descriptive tome, but if one looked closer they will see that his eyes weren't on the book but on something or more precisely someone some meters in front of him and the main reason he liked this place.

Esmeralda.

The dark beauty usually liked to dance there, so the old judge used the fact that he was allowed in the establishment to observe her as she danced without causing suspicion. But this time she wasn't alone, or dancing. Apparently the gipsy has decided to start a small dance class for some of the younger members of their society and right now she was observing some of the styles some of them have brought to show.

"Thanks Lilo that was a fantastic example of hula dancing." Esmerelda said with a smile as the little
Hawaiian girl returned to the crowd of other kids in her class. "Now who's next..." She starts scanning the small group she now had, which included Lilo, Wendy Darling, Penny, Princess Melody, Princess Sofia, Haley Long, Rapunzel and… "Shanti... why don't you show us your style?"

Frollo turned his look to take another sip of his coffee. When he returned his gaze to the group his eyed widened in surprise at what he was seeing.

It was a small slender girl close to her teen years, a tiny red spot on her forehead dressed on a white belly choli exposing her midriff, a purple ankle-length skirt and gold hoop earrings, her bare feet exposed and even highlighted by her skirt. Her dark skin gave her an exotic look, while her long dark hair, tied in a single braid, and young face gives her an innocence look, her eyes a deep brown, her eyebrows matching her hair as did her long luxurious lashes, seeming to not belong to a girl of her age and pink lips. She walked with her hands clasped together in front of her in a cute manner and a small smile upon her face that took Frollo's breath away.

"Ok Shanti, ready?" Esmeralda asked with a warm smile. The smaller girl nodded nervously "Ok then...Genie if you could?"

The muscular, pointy eared, hooked nosed genie with a curly black beard and thick black eyebrows, his dark hair bound in a ponytail, a gold bead holding it in place, gold cuffs on his wrists though only for show and one earring, dark blue pants with a red waistband and red Arab-style shoes, blue dude who was transformed in a blue version of Maui, saluted Esmeralda

"Certainly lady boss." In an explosion of smoke and magic sparks he duplicates himself in various clones each with a different instrument and dressed in traditional Indian clothes. One of them, dressed as a snake charmer, start playing his flute causing a big black cobra to emerge from a basket...and jump at him. "It's biting my face, its biting my face."

Everyone just ignores the incident and concentrate on Shanti who take a position and wait. Soon the "Genie band" started playing and Shanti began to dance.

Frollo couldn't take his eyes off of her. The delicate movements of her arms and legs moving at the rhythm of the music, sometimes she'd opens her eyes, sending an almost seducing look to the ones watching her. As the music increased in its intensity she added some jumps and twirls causing her skirt to rise a little showing her legs and even a glimpse of her thighs, but that was tame compared to her hip movements. Those movements hypnotized the judge, causing him to desire her, to want her close, desire once again taking hold of his heart.

Finally, the music stopped and soon the applause followed.

"That was beautiful." Said Esmeralda. "Certainly you have a lot of talent Shanti." The small girl blushed at the praise as she move back to the rest of the girls. "Well you all show some real talent. So now let me show you some of my own."

While the gipsy prepared her own dance, the eyes of Frollo had follow the little Indian girl back to her place among her friends. The little smiles and giggles she made caused his heart to jump and make him lose sight of the exotic dance that Esmeralda was doing.

"Your check." A male voice broke him out of his stupor; he turned to see the semi-annoyed expression of prince Naveen.

"Ehem...yes of course." With some nervousness he extracts some coins from his robe pocket and placed them on the table. "There you go."
"Thanks, now if you can move I need to get this table clean."

A bit angry about been dismissed in such a manner, the judge took his things and started walking away.

The prince followed him with the eyes until someone slapped him in the back of the head.

"Ouch." He turns to see the angry face of his wife. "What?!"

"Did you really have to be like that with him? I know he is a villain but he doesn't act like one."

"Honey!" he exclaimed. "I know you think that, but there is something about him that doesn't feel right...I think he was looking at Esmeralda with a weird expression."

"And how do you know he was looking at her?"

"Come on Tiana no one, especially him, would not be looking at her."

"That include you?" She asked, raising an eyebrow, making him nervous

"Errr well, maybe…I mean sometimes…I mean." the look intensified until he sighs in defeat.

"Cleaning duty?"

"Cleaning duty." She confirms handing him the tools and guides him to the restrooms.

Meanwhile Frollo give a last look behind his shoulder. Esmeralda was doing what she does best, showing her beauty and talent in her dancing. Although this time his eyes move from her to where Shanti was observing. A new fire ignites inside him and like last time only a dark-skinned beauty will calm it.…..A new fire ignites inside him and like last time only a dark-skinned beauty will calm it

The next few weeks Frollo entered a bit of routine. Every day he arrived at the plaza to see Esmeralda’s dancing lessons making sure to stay to see Shanti dance then stay some minutes admiring the Indian girl from a distance and leave. Sometimes he'd walk around acting like he was just looking at the displays of the stores to not awake suspicions on Naveen or other who didn't like him, although that sometimes lead to some accidents, like one hot day where Shanti and some of her dancing friends decide to refresh on the fountain after the lesson so they hike their skirts, some taking off their socks or stockings, and proceeding to splash a bit not caring if they were exposing their legs and if someone looked really carefully they would see a flash of their underwear. This flash of skin was enough to get the judge really distracted that he didn't realize he puts his hand inside a case full of spiders until they creep over him causing him to jump in surprise and trip causing other cases to fall cover him in bugs, later a certain Meerkat and wild boar charge him for all the escaping bugs of their store. But for Frollo it wasn't of any importance. What really matter for him was try to find a moment to talk with Shanti and maybe get something more.

Thunder sounded in the distance as lighting flashes through the sky. Raindrops fall over the land without a rest. Frollo looked to the sky from bellow his umbrella. This day certainly was a bad one, not only he missed today dance lesson because some of his "fellow" villains wanted his expertly on laws to settle a discussion, something about Maleficent almost blowing up the ceiling of villainess mansion on an attack of rage and the rest wanting her out to make reparations and no one wanted her to room with them, almost five hours lost revising contracts, papers and have to cover away from magic explosions, until Maleficent was force to move back to her old castle until the reparations were done, but now the sky was literally falling over him.

A lighting crack and thunder was heard. Yeah he was sure this was her doing for not letting her intimidate him, and now he missed the only thing that he really likes to see and must walk home over
puddle filled streets…just his luck.

Looking the way ahead he notices an old trolley stop.

'Well maybe I will able to take a break under it until the rain calm down.' He thought, walking towards it, but as he gets close he notices that someone was already there.

When he finally arrives, he was surprised to see that the person in question was Shanti. The girl was sit on the floor hugging her legs. Her body seems to be trembling as small sobs could be hear coming from her. The old mal didn't know what to think but hearing her sobs he decided first find what has happen.

"Oh…excuse me?" he tries first getting close. Hearing his voice surprised the girl who turn to see him with some tears still in her eyes "Are you ok?"

"Oh!...Umm yeah…yeah I'm fine." She said standing up with hurry and cleaning the tears of her eyes. "Sorry I was just waiting for the storm to clear and felt asleep hehehe." She laughed nervously dusting off her skirt. Frollo could see that she was lying, also now that she was standing she notice that both her top and skirt seems to be a bit wet. Although her nervous attitude and the way she played with her skirt was cute in his eyes causing him feel a rise of temperature. "But I can assure you that everything is fine." in that moment a gust of cold wind, blow causing Shanti to jump and yell of surprise when her wet clothes and skin feel the chilly wind. Hugging herself she looked up to Frollo with a look of shame.

"Good grief child you are not ok." Said the judge stepping closer to the shivering girl grabbing her arm and pulling her close and hugging her, pressing her further against his body. "What are you really doing out here without an umbrella or even dressed properly for such infernal rain?"

Shanti was a bit surprised by the sudden move but her cold body thanked the warm feeling the robe was giving and the small rubbing of the hand on her arm was really calm and comfortable.

"I'm sorry, I didn't think we were going to have a storm today, I just wanted to be alone after….after…” Her body started shaking again but this time her sadness was the cause more so than the cold, icy wind.

"There, there…don't cry my child." Frollo said giving the girl small pats on her arm. "Now is not the moment for tell that story…not with this rain soaking us." Looking at the way ahead of them the old judge took a decision. "Let me tell you, my home is close by…there you can get dry and warm while you wait for the rain to stop and can tell me what bothers you."

Shanti look at him surprised by the suggestion and move a bit away from him.

"I…I don't know…please don't misunderstand me it's just…” Thunder roared above them startling Shanti who jumped in fear and hug Frollo with force.

"No time to discuss my child…this rain won't stop soon and I will dammed if I leave a pretty lady like yourself in the rain." He said with conviction causing her to look at him with awe. "Now come before you catch a cold or something far worse." With his arm over her shoulder he starts guiding her out of the trolley stop and into the rain. The wind blow against them and her bare feet where dampening in the wet street, but she feel a bit more comfy with his warm robe sleeve over her.

"Thank you sir." She said after walking a few feet.

"Frollo my dear." He said giving her a smile.
"Thank you mister Frollo." She repeated. "I'm Shanti."

"Oh I know that." He answered, causing her to be surprised. "You take dancing lessons just in front of my favorite resting spot and café...I have to say you are really talent in the art and your dance is quite beautiful." The surprise turn into embarrassment as a blush formed upon her face.

The two continue walking until they come across a great wall with a black iron gate blocking the path. Pushing the gate open with a screech Frollo guide Shanti inside the property. Beyond the entrance a group of dying trees grow on the sides of the road opening to a clear space. A small stream flow under a rock bridge illuminated by a pair of lanterns been hold by a vicious looking gargoyles at both ends, a path seems to go up towards a dark looming building surrounded by the forest. As they walk Shanti notice some statues at the side of the road although because the poor light she couldn't see well of who or what they were...if she could she would have notice they were of some very infamous characters that she would run of...above then she could hear the cawing of ravens flying towards the building. As they get close she notice the gothic Victorian styled mansion, gargoyles and other stone creatures perch in the bastions and towers, and she could swear that some of them weren't of stone, a pair of side stairs guiding to the entrance, black looking trees growing in the front as there was some plants in the stone pots in the top. They climb the cold stone until the door, a pair of torches, surprisingly not blown off by the rain and wind, hanged from the cracked columns. Been protected by the ceiling Frollo close his umbrella and extract an old looking key from his pocket and insert it on a lion shaped key hold, opening the door for the small girl to enter.

Inside was a bit better that the outside, she already feel a warmer ambient so her shudders diminish. It was still dark but Shanti could see some furniture and armors distribute around the receiver, under her feet she could feel a cozy carpet that extended to a great stair that lead to the upper levels of the mansion.

"Come dear." She heard the voice of Frollo. "Let take you to the fire to dry those clothes and warm those feet of yours."

Looking down she see that small puddles where been form from the water dripping from her. Blushing at this she follow the Judge towards a big door on one side.

Opening the door Shanti was received by a warm air. A great fireplace was blazing with a great fire that manage to illuminate the majority of the room. As she walked in she see a good number of different sitting places, from sofas to simple chairs to even thrones on one side alongside a good number of bookcases filled to the top in different books. On the other side she could see a pool table with the entire wall cover by antlers, and what it looked like a small bar.

"Well is seems that we are in luck." She heard Frollo say. "There is no one here." The Judge took off his hat and threw it onto a chair close the fire. "Get close to the fire my dear you will get warmer more quickly."

Shanti walked until she was directly in front of the fire. The warm sensation was nice and she could feel her clothes beginning to dry, but now that the cold of the outside was leaving her, she couldn't help but cast a suspicious look around her.

"This is a nice place you have mister Frollo." She said looking around.

"I suppose." he said pushing a comfy looking sofa. "I have to admit the roommates are literally a nightmare to live with but I don't have control over that." As he spoke Shanti looked round, seeing many pictures above the fireplace. "And of course I could live without hearing maniacal laughs every night, or the sound of explosions from above my room." As he puts the sofa close to the fireplace Shanti inspected a picture. "And the manners of some of them I know they are beasts but
please would it kill them to not splat around." Her eyes widen as she saw the image of Shere khan glaring back at her with hungry eyes. Looking around he saw other pictures with other villains and bad guys, backing up she saw that over the fireplace where a big picture of Hades giving thumbs up with his signature smirk.

"This...this." She tried to speak, her voice filled with fear, Frollo looked at her. "This is the villain mansion."

"Yes unfortunately it is my dear." He answers calmly.

"But, but...that means you are a villain!" She gasped, both in fear and sadness.

For the first time since she knew him, Frollo gained an expression of annoyance upon his face.

"A villain?" He scoffed. "That's how some people like to mark me and its quite absurd." He dusted off the sofa with his hand. "I made a mistake, one simple error that anyone could have made and suddenly I'm the bad guy." He then turns to see her. "I can assure you that I'm not more bad guy that you. Ask anyone around and they will tell you that I don't do anything bad around here, in fact I'm the one the majority of the local population come to for legal advice." He then gets close to Shanti. "And let's not forget...a villain would have leave you in the rain instead of helping you...I am a Judge, a man of Justice, not of evil." Thunder boomed as if proving his point.

Shanti though about it for a moment, yeah she was in villain territory and the person in front of her supposedly was one but he also had helped and comforted her and brought her here to warm up when he could have just left her alone to freeze outside in the rain and even now it didn't look like he was planning to do anything bad to her.

Finally she bowed her head in shame. "I'm sorry I shouldn't have judged you like that after you showed me kindness." He smiled, reaching out he lightly ruffled her hair with a small smile upon his aged face.

"It's no problem I get it all the time." He turned and stood in front of the fire place. "But because of that, now you must a question of time." Shanti looked up, an expression of curiosity upon her face. "Why where you alone in the rain, so close to the villain territory?...and I want the truth." Frollo's tone was stern and his eyes hard despite his small, warm smile, Shanti looked down sadness etched into her face.

"It...it was something that happened today in class..." She played with her hands, nervously chewing her lower lip. "It was nothing really and...I may have overreacted but..." She lightly kicks up some dust from the floor, swinging her legs. "God, this is embarrassing."

"Don't worry I won't judge you child." said Frollo encouragingly.

Shanti took a deep breath and proceeded to tell her tale;

Flashback

"Today is the day...today I will show what I'm made of...today is the day I will impress her!" Shanti thought excitedly. And how could she not be when her personal favorite heroine was going to be watching you dance. The Indian girl admired Esmeralda big time not only was she funny and talented in dancing, but also was a strong, courageous and independent girl. No matter what others think or do, Esmeralda always made her voice heard and she always has quite the leash on that solider husband of hers as he always end up doing what she wants, something she wishes could do with Mowgli, so when she first heard that she was opening a dancing class she was one of the first to
sign and show her appreciation for the gypsy woman by doing something they both loved…dancing. And now after a month of practicing the day had finally arrived…Esmeralda was going to see their progress in a free style dance demonstration and she was going to nail it.

"Ok so who wants to be first?" Asked the gypsy beauty.

"I'm ready Miss Esmeralda." Jumped an eager Shanti before anyone else could. Esmeralda giggled at the small Indian girl's energy, causing Shanti small girl to blush embarrassingly.

"Very well Shanti, show us what you got." She encouraged, inviting her up.

Shanti walked up to the front of everyone and looked around. Esmeralda's lessons had brought in quite an audience to them as the days passed and that day the small plaza had a good number of onlookers, people and non-people, looking on at the dancing girls. Although this was perfect for Shanti, now she will show everyone how good of a teacher Esmeralda was. With a confident smile on her face she prepared herself and when the music started she launched herself into her dance.

"So what's happening?" asked Mowgli as he stared at the crowd.

"Well apparently they are just watching some of the girls dancing." Answered Peter as he hovered beside the Indian boy, his legs crossed. "In fact I saw Shanti there about to do that."

The face of the wild boy darker a bit "Really... that's the big deal? Bah." He crossed his arms. "Why people like to see girls dancing?"

"Don't like dancing?" Asked the flying boy; confused by his friend attitude.

"I like dancing, the problem is Shanti..." Answered Mowgli. "Since she joined these...lessons, she has been a pain in the head, every day she is dragging me to see her dance and always is asking my opinion." He buffed with annoyance. "And every day it's the same story, I tell her she do it good and force me to watch her for hours because she said that good is not enough. And if I said something bad she yelled at me saying I don't know anything." He raised his arms in frustration. "And when I try to get her to come with me and do fun stuff she gets angry and throws things at me for interrupting her practice...it's just a nightmare."

The boy-who-never-grew up looked at his friends and began to think, that didn't sound like fun at all and he didn't think it was fair for her to take all the fun and then don't do anything with Mowgli afterwards and now the boy was sad because of it...Something must be done.

Looking around his eyes fell on Timon and Pumba´s bug farm and idea came to his mind.

"Say, dot you wanna get even?" Both boys smiled as they shared a sly look.

Shanti was smiling pumping energy and passion into every move she made. Her dance pick up in speed, even when she was getting closer to the fountain. All eyes were on her so no one, especially Shanti, noticed Peter Pan above them, holding Mowgli, who held an emerald beetle in his hand. The bug was moving his spiky legs trying to hold at something, while the boys were waiting for an opportunity. Finally when Shanti got close enough to the fountain Mowgli release the bug and with great precision it felt behind Shanti’s neck and inside her top.

The effect was immediately. Feeling the bug in her back make her scream interrupting her dance as she move desperately trying to catch whatever it was inside her shirt. But in do it so she stumbled into the fountain falling inside with a splash.

She resurfaced coughing water and a frog in her head that procede to croak and jump away...the
laughs then start. Getting her hair out of her eyes Shanti looked around to see everyone having fun either snickering, the more civilized ones, or laughing big time at her, mainly the villains and some of the other people.

"whoa what a splashing performance!" She heard the voice of Hades laugh, causing some of the other villains to try their own comments.

"What was that call…the crazy chicken?" Pete continued, getting more laughs

“she is even worse that you Smeet” laugh Hook alongside his right hand

Esmeralda ran to the fountain preoccupied by her student.

"Shanti are you alright?"

Embarrassed the young girl tried to stand up, her legs shaking.

"Y…Yeah I'm fine…I…" She felt her hand grab something…pulling out she saw the beetle in her hand. "Ahhhhhhhhhh!" On a reflex she tossed it away it causing it to hit Esmeralda in the face, alongside a splash of water.

"Ahh!” She screams palming the bug away while Shanti looked on in horror what she had done. Before Esmeralda could say anything she heard another pair of laughs coming from above. Looking up she saw Peter Pan and Mowgli in the air and she didn't need to think much to know they were responsible.

"Hahahahaha!" laughed Mowgli. "You were right, that really was funny."

"Ha…told ya, now how about. OUCH!"A black flat hit Peter in the face almost causing him to let go of his friend. Looking down both saw Esmeralda taking off her other flat while looking at them with fire in her eyes.

"We fly for our lives?" Asked Mowgli. Not answering the elfin eared boy shot off away from the teacher and the crowd.

“COME BACK HERE YOU TWO!” Roared Esmeralda going after them, with the crown quickly dispersed at her anger.

Behind her Shanti was standing in the water with her hair, matted, over her face. In a slow movement she got out of the fountain and run away with tears on her eyes not caring for the other girls calling her name or the black clouds that were forming in the sky.

End of flashback

"It wasn't long after that the storm started to brew and it started to rain." Said Shanti. "At that point I didn't care much for it, I find the stop and decide to camp there…”

"I see." Said Frollo. "That really sounds like a bad experience my dear."

"Yeah I guess so…” She sighed, looking down. "Now that I think about it I may have overreacted a bit…I mean it was only a bug, and Mowgli is always showing me things worse than that, I shouldn't have get so scare, or throw it like that…gods what will Esmeralda think of me now?...I wanted to show her my dancing and now…”

Frollo turned to look at her. The light of the fire shined over her highlighting her exotic skin and dark
hair. Her top, thanks to its previous wet state, clung to her small chest revealing a little of her younger breasts. His eyes fell to her legs hide behind her purple skirt; a memory of those legs showing during her dancing came to his mind….oh how he wishes for see that spectacle again.

"Well I don't think you exaggerated." He said. "Those rascals deserve a good punishment after what they did."

"A good punishment?" She parroted.

"Yes without a doubt." He answered with conviction. "How they dare do such a thing, and to such beautiful girl as yourself is a mystery but they shouldn't have done it."

"Beautiful?" She asked, an expression of shock with the tint of a blush appearing upon her cheek. "Well...I…I'm not really…"

"And also they ruined what would have been a spectacle worthy of been presented in a royal court." He continued. The blush on Shanti’s face growing, the heat taking up the entirety of her face, she shuffled nervously.

"It wasn't really that good." She tried to say. "I have only been practicing for a bit yeah but don't think is that good."

"On the contrary." The Judge began. "I lament not being able to be there as I'm sure it was something glorious to see." He gained a focused expression, turning to fully face her. "Perhaps you could…? No wait…forget it…" He suddenly said. "After what happened today that is the last thing you would want to do."

"What?" She asked curiously. "What is it?"

"Well…" He began, acting as if unsure of himself. "I was wondering if you could repeat your performance for me."

"You…you want to see me dance?" She asked, blushing from head to toe now.

"Yes, as I said I have seen you dance before and I know you have talent and I really would be honored if you showed me your dance." He said "But after what happened today I would more than understand if you don't wish too…"

"No wait…I will do it" she suddenly said and blush again when he turn to see her "I mean…you helped me today, and to be honest I would really like if for someone to give me their opinion on it."

The judge smiled at her. "Then I will give you my most sincere opinion...although I'm sure it will be beautiful." And with that he turns towards his chair and seated himself. "Please. When you are ready."

Taking a deep breath, and getting her blush finally under control, Shanti slid into her starting stance, one arm in front and one over her head with a leg extended with her toes touching the floor. Imagine the music sounding she begin moving her hips and then slowly turning around moving her wrists in circles, follow by a small jump to the front rocking both hips and arms left and right, a small swirl to back off, then rises both arms to the air and slowing bring them down while continue moving her hips, then another jump to the right and she take a hold of her skirt twirling back to her original position.

Frollo observed totally taken in by the dance, the fire behind Shanti shining on her form exotic flesh, some drops of water where launched from her head and spark like little starts adding more magic to
the performance, with each step she gained confidence as a smile returned to her face as she closed her eyes enjoying the moment. The old judge begin to feel a bit hot, he gulped hard each time a smile was directly at him, his eyes followed the movements of the girl’s hips and each time the skirt floated he inhaled hard thinking that he would see more than just her beautiful legs, but calm down when the purple cloth returned to place. As she danced, Frollo realize that she was starting to get close to where he was seated, his fingers twitch wanting to hold her petite figure, his mouth begin to get dry as he admire her skin shining thanks to the water and sweat it was on her.

Shanti gave another jump…a flash of lighting illuminate the sky and a great thunder making the whole house tremble.

Opening her eyes in surprise and fear, Shanti loses her footing at landing causing her to wobble and start falling on her back. Seeing this Frollo stand up and open his arms catching the small girl sending both back to his chair.

Opening her eyes Shanti realize that she wasn't on the floor. Instead she was sitting over Frollo´s lap, her head just below his nose, while one hand was on her stomach and the other over her right leg.

Time seems to stop for Frollo. His nose pick up a sweet essence coming from the dark hair just a few inches below it, his left hand tingle at the feeling of the soft and firm skin of her belly just as he could feel the soft material of her skirt and the leg under it with his right hand. Her body felt warm and nice against him.

Shanti also seemed to notice the position she was in.

"I...I'm sorry mister Frollo!" She yelped and tried to get up before she embarrassed herself further. But when she try to stand up, she felt the hand of the old judge applying force in her stomach keeping her in place. She turned to see him in confusion. "Mister Frollo?" But the judge remain silence until he lowers his head burying his nose in her hair, exactly over her braid, and inhaling deeply.

His muscles tense as the smell of rain, flowers and even some tropical fruits invade his sense with a sweet aroma. The softness of her hair only help in adding a pleasant sensation on the skin of his nose as he tried to bury it even deeper on the black locks while he began take small sniff at it, inhaling her scent.

Shanti gasp at feeling the nose of the Judge tickling the crook of her neck and surprise when he start taking sniff at her. "Mi...Mister Frollo?" she said trying to call his attention "Wha...what are you…?"

"That was a beautiful performance my child." the judge interrupt her. He was so close that the air of his words tickle the back of her neck. "Just like you." He then continued moving his nose over her hair and neck sending small shocks through her body.

"M...Me?" She ask while a blush appear in her face.

"Yes you." Frollo said taking a new breath at her hair. "Those two hooligans deserve the worst punishment possible for upsetting something as talented, precious and beautiful as you."

"I...I'm not...ummmm....im not as beautiful as you said." Shanti managed to say, her blush intensifying. "I...could I...ahhhhh!"

Shanti let out a yell when Frollo give her a small peck in her neck. It was a risky move on his part, but he could hold anymore. Slowly he start to intercalant between small pecks to her skin and quick sniff at her hair. At the same time the hand on her leg start moving giving her a small massage over
her skirt and sending more weird sensations through her body.

Shanti began to squirm under the treatment. She knew that Frollo was getting really personal with her and that was because sometimes Mowgli liked to get close to her and smell her. But that never make her feel like now. Small shocks travel through her body every time the judge caress her neck with his nose and his lips make contact with her skin causing that a tingle sensation to start to appear on her neither region. Her own skirt was now a tool against her as the soft material combine with the movement over her leg intensified the feeling as the hand move slowly towards her own lap.

"Oh but you are." Said Frollo between kisses. His left hand then start moving in circles caressing her abdomen. "Every inch of you is beautiful." He buried his face into the back of her head, inhaling her glorious scent "...your hair..." He let his nose slide down to her neck, "Your scent..." He let his eyes admire her dark skin. Drops of sweat glistening upon her sensitive flesh. "Your skin." He kissed her deeply, causing the small girl to shudder "...It drives me insane...makes me lose control." He moaned, letting his tongue slip out, dragging it along her neck causing her to release small moans and mews as the cool and wet appendage roamed her hot skin, slurping up every drop of sweat out and granting Frollo a sample of her taste. He dragged his tongue up and down her neck from the nape to where her neck met her head, causing her breath to quicken before proceeding to go all the way up to her ear.

"My sweet and beautiful girl..." He groaned directly into her sensitive neck, sending shudders throughout her body. "You make a fire burn in me." He starts to lick her earlobe giving her ear a quick peck. "Allow me to show you just how much I think of you, how much I desire to be with you my beautiful dancing flower, how much I desire to make you mine." Shanti released a louder moan as the hand on her lap pressed its fingers against her core. The purple clothe sinking alongside the bony appendage until both caress above her underwear.

"Ummm...wha...what...umm...what...ahhh... do you want?" The small girl gasped between pants as the weird sensation between her legs continued to rise as Frollo traced small circles over her core. Hearing her question the judge stopped. His hand lay complete open over her thigh.

"What I want," He started, opening and closing his hand. "This is what I want," Inch. By. Inch. The purple fabric began to rise, revealing Shanti´s tanned, slender legs. "I want to see more." The girl looked nervous as her skirt was been gathered in her lap until her legs were naked, revealing the fringes of white clothing beneath all the purple, that she could identify as her own underwear. "I want to touch more." His hand rested on her naked skin, pressing his palm against it, feeling its softness and moving his fingers all over it. "So much more, I want." The hand on her belly beginning to move again, but this time it slid up, disappearing inside her shirt and continue to move, caressing her skin until it stopped just below her undeveloped breast. "But the most important thing..." The hand climbed the last step and rested itself over her left breast. "I want you Shanti..." The girl let out a startled gasp as the hand closed over her flesh, a nipple becoming trapped between Frollo's fingers.

Shanti knew that things had got really far. The way he was touching her was not something a normal adult would do. But if she was honest she didn't care. In fact, she was somehow happy, she didn't feel she was as beautiful as other girls, especially Esmeralda, but here it was Frollo, the small time she had met him, he not only helped her but also comfort her when she was down and he believe she was not only beautiful but also admired her and thought she was talented. That alone caused butterflies in her stomach, but the way he spoke to her and touched her made her feel...good, really good, and she would like to know where this could go.

Frollo felt Shanti relax and rest against him. Smiling he took that as sign to continue.

The judge start moving his hand in circles massaging the small mount and causing her to pant as she
squirm at his touch. His fingers closing round her small tiny nipple, giving it a light tug as he began
to slightly ball his hand.

"Ahhhh…ummmmmmm…" She cried but Frollo released her nipple, it snapping back into place,
eticing another cry from the Indian girl before he moved and grabbed it again and start rolling it
between his aged fingers. "Ah…ummm…mi…mister Frollooahhhhhhhhh!

At the same time his other hand moved up, caressing the soft skin of the inside of her legs, until it
reached her inner thighs.

"So soft." Frollo moaned into her ear. "Your skin is not only beautiful but it feels so nice at my
touch." The hand under her top moving to molest her other breast, while the hand on her thigh
sliding up, resting over her gathered skirt in her lap. "I wonder if it will be also soft here." One of his
long bony fingers moving down and tracing a line along the center of her panties.

"Ahhhhh mister Frollo!

"Try to be more quiet my dear." He said calmly as a second finger followed tracing over her panty
covered pussy. "You don't want anyone to hear us after all."

"Um…um…I…ummmm." Lifting her hand to her mouth, biting into it as it curled into a small fist to
silence her moans before she was heard by any of the other villains.

"Umm well I think that it's soft as the rest." He said playfully as he continued, sometimes tracing
circles over her entrance with his index finger, or just poking it. Each movement sending pleasurable
jolts throughout Shanti’s undeveloped body, causing her to moan loudly into her fist, her toes curling
as she lightly lifted her hips, craving more of the pleasurable sensations. The old judge nipped at her
ear teasingly, allowing his tongue to slide inside. At the same time his hand beneath her top played
with her right nipple, enjoying the sensation of it hardening at his touch.

Frollo guided his tongue over her neck, the girl shuddering beneath the warm, wet appendage,
reaching back up to her ear and back, but soon he found the taste lacking, so he moved down,
meeting with her top again. Closing his mouth over her covered shoulder he started to suck. The taste
was better, but the white material was in his way.

"Uh?" Shanti looked curious when Frollo stopped his movements, wearing an expression of
disappointment, when his hands abandoned their positions. She was going to ask if something
happened when both hands grabbed the hem of her top.

"Lift your arms please." He instructed. Shyly she did what he asked and soon he removed her top
from her body. Taking the white cloth with his right hand he brought it to his face and inhaled
deeply, savoring her scent. "Delicious…but I think I prefer the taste from the source." He let the
cloth fall to the floor beside his seat.

Shanti felt her cheeks flush with embarrassment as her chest was uncovered. Even with the fire just
some steps in front of them, her harden nipples fell a bit of cool air touching the sensitive flesh and
sending shivers through her body. Frollo´s hands took hold of her breasts. Pressing his nose to her
shoulder, the judge roamed all over it inhaling her essence.

"Now that's better." He groaned with a smile before sliding his tongue over her shoulder as he
massaged her breasts. Shanti continuing to moan as the judge sucked on her skin with desire, trying
to taste every inch of the girl. His fingers trapping her nipples again as he continuously rubbed them
and pulling at them. His treatment causing her to wiggle in his lap, her small ass pressing against him
giving him a small massage that soon waking up another part of his body as she grinded against him
with her small ass.

"Mi…mister..ahhh….mister…ummm….Frollo…ahhh!"

"What is it my sweet girl?" He asked, giving her nipple another tug.

"Ummm….ummmm…there is….there is….ahhh…something…poking me." She gasped between moans, her voice becoming higher in pitch.

Frollo paused his actions; he'd been so immersed in his passion that he didn't even notice his own erection.

"Ohh that…well my sweet exotic flower to answer that, you will need to help me to take off my robe." He said with a smile.

"What?...Ummm why?" She asked shyly, unsure of helping a grown man disrobe, but then Frollo gave her nipples another twist, eliciting another moan.

"You like it, when I do this right?" He asked, giving another twist.

"Ye…ahhhhh…yes!" She answered.

"Well now it's you turn to help me to feel good." He said; releasing her breasts and moving her out of his lap, she kneeled before him. "And for that I need you to move aside my robe." He rubbed her cheek to reassure the shy Indian girl. "Don't worry this is quite normal". Shanti looked nervou at the dark buttons over his robe but she nod. After all it felt good when he touched her, so it was fair she return the favor. "Now you don't need to unbutton all the buttons, just undo the ones on the lower part."

Following his instructions Shanti slowly, with some difficulty, started unbuttoning the lower part of Frollo's robe. The old judge watched with great interest as his own nerves make him trembled. The view of the small girl unbuttoning his was beyond exiting in his mind.

Finally Shanti finished with the buttons, reveling Frollo's grey, old looking trousers, with a notable large bulge in them.

"Now pull down my trousers please." He said, lightly trembling with anticipation. With slight hesitation Shanti slowly took hold of the waistband and began to pull the pants down, causing Frollo's erected member to spring out from its confines, catching her chin as it rose, lightly bouncing in front of her face, at eye level.

"This is….a boy part?" She asked, eyeing the erection.

"Yes my innocent child that's my man part, and I will need your help to make it feel good." He answered. "Now my dear I want you to take hold of it…not too hard, just close your hand around it."

Carefully, Shanti closed her hand around it causing the judge to grunt at the feeling of her soft, small hand around his cock. Frollo moaning as Shanti's soft hand curled around his member. His cock palpitates as the delicate palm surround it.

"Ohhh good my child, now move your hand up and down along the length."

With slight caution Shanti started to move - her hand, feeling the hot, pulsating flesh in her hand growing harder. She stared at it with wonder in her eyes.
"Ummm that's good...you are doing a good job my sweetie...ummmm...a bit faster now if you will." He groaned.

The small girl continued her stroking at the sounds of pleasure from the judge, like the ones she'd been making not so long ago. Blushing, she couldn't help but feel a bit exited at touching a man's boy area, her mother had said she wasn't allowed to look at or touch it and now she was touching it, she giggled a little, squirming in place as she worked on his member, her pussy twitching with desire.

As for Frollo, he gripped the arms of his sit as the pleasure of Shanti's had job was becoming too much for him. He could feel a growing pleasure in his cock making him know that he was about to reach his limit...and he wasn't in a hurry to get there yet.

"STOP!" He yelled, grabbing her wrist.

Shanti look at him with preoccupation. Had she made something wrong?...Did she hurt him on any way?...Gods she must have, she probably had got too exited again and made a mistake.

"Mi...Mister Frollo I'm sorry I didn't mean to hurt you, I..."

Frollo raised his other hand to silence her. He took a few deep breaths, trying to calm his emotions as the pressure in his member decrease, his heart pounding in his chest.

"Don't worry my child you didn't hurt me." He said with a small reassuring smile. "In fact I can tell you that I was enjoying your treatment, it's just that I think it's time to change and try something else."

Shanti breathed, relieved that she hadn't screwed things up. "Sure mister Frollo what do you want to do?"

"Now I want you to do the same as you just did." He let go of her wrist and put his hand on her cheek rubbing it gently. "But instead of using your hand, I want you to use your mouth." He said caressing her lips with his thumb.

"My mouth?" She asked innocently. Frollo took advantage of the moment, to put a finger inside her mouth and move it in and out for a bit.

"Yes my dear, just like this, I want you to suck it." He caressed her tongue with his index finger. "Nice and slow, play with it with your tongue." He finally slid his finger out, he glanced down at it, admiring the saliva covered digit before inserting it inside his own mouth. "Hmmm…tasty."

Blushing at his actions Shanti looked at the stiff member. She wasn't sure if she would like it inside her mouth, or if she would be able to get all inside, but Frollo seemed rather happy with the idea and really eager for her to try. So she will do her best and give him what he wanted.

Inching closer to it and slowly taking hold of it once again, Shanti brought her mouth to the tip, her lips brushing it, the member flinching and pulsating at the light contact, she blushed, lightly licking her lips before slowly taking his cock into her mouth, eyes widening at the size as her mouth quickly filled as it brushed against the back of her throat.

A salty and fairly bitter flavor invaded her mouth, causing her to close her eyes. She tried to bring herself to go further but couldn't because of it. She began to lightly such at the appendage and lightly moved her head back and forth, shivering as she felt her lips trace over his cock.

"Ah aha…Shanti…ah." Even with her limited movements Frollo couldn't help but enjoy the feeling. The wet appendage tickle his flesh as he could feel the warm of her interior making him desire more.
"Try...ah...try to use...ah only your tongue...ah." Stopping her movements for a bit and nodding Shanti moved her tongue coiling it and licking at his cock.

The taste of it almost makes her recoil, but the fact that Frollo seemed to be enjoying it makes her endured. Finally Shanti felt his hand on her cheek signaling her to let go which she did, sliding her lips off his cock, coughing.

"Ah...ah...good girl." Praise the old judge, rubbing her cheek. "Uggg...now try to...ummm...try to get further this time."

"Further?" She asked looking at his cock with insecurity. "I...Mister Frollo I don't know if I...?" She began before Frollo interrupted her by inserting his finger into her mouth again.

"I know it seems much, but I know you can do it." He encouraged her before pulling his finger out and lightly patting her head. "You have managed so much today that I'm sure this will be easy for you."

Shanti doubted it. This could be challenging for her. Taking a deep breath she tried to calm herself. Closing her eyes she once again gave the tip a hesitant lick, wincing at the familiar bitter salty taste, feeling the tip pulsating against her lips and the tip of her tongue before she proceeded to take the tip of his cock into her mouth. Slowly she began to slide the cock further into her mouth. Unfortunately her efforts were in vain as the taste caused her to choke a bit releasing the member again, perhaps slowly wasn't the best method. Once again she prepared to try again, taking a deep breath Shanti try one last time covering half the length much faster this time before stopping.

"Ahh...Shanti...ahhhhh." Her hot and wet mouth surrounding his cock as she clumsily tried to pull his cock into her mouth with her slender tongue. Only this time the old judge was not going to wait. Grabbing the back of her head Frollo pushed her into his crotch, his cock bursting into her mouth, the tip slamming against the back of her throat. The girl’s eyes snapping open and bulging in surprise at the intrusion as she choked on the member but found herself unable to pull away as he held her in place before he started to roughly pull her head back and slam her face back into his crotch, getting faster and faster.

"Ahh yess oh god this...so good ah ah ah ah!" Frollo cried, enjoying the sensation of the wet, hot mouth wrapped round his hard cock. Shanti tried to scream, but her cries were swallowed up, muffled by Frollo's hard, long cock in her mouth. Salivating as she inadvertently tried to swallow, sucking on his cock, the sense of euphoria growing with the movements. It wasn't long until he felt his cock growin, hardening further, the familiar pressure of before to returning, though this time he wasn't planning to stop.

"Ah...good child...ah...I'm going to...ah...ah...I can't hold it any longer...ahhh!" Shanti's eyes bulged, threatening to pop from their sockets as she felt the hot, wet, sticky explosion inside her mouth, a hot, thick liquid filling her mouth, spurting from between her lips over the judge's cock; some forcing its way down her throat. The moment Frollo release her head, she turn and puke in the floor coughing, choking as she tried to take in some air.

"Aagggggh...*cough cough cough*...ah ah *cough cough.*" Finally she managed to catch her breath she felt a strong hand on her shoulder, she glanced back to see Frollo looking down at her with concern. And before she could say anything he trapped her in a firm hug, caressing her ebony hair.

"I'm sorry my girl...I'm very, very sorry." He said on a sad tone. "I should have stopped but it just felt too good, I couldn't...oh how embarrassing." He covered his eyes with his hand.
Shanti felt a pang of empathy for the man at seeing him in such a state.

"It's...*cough*...it's not your fault mister Frollo," She replied. "I didn't do a good job...*cough*...I should have tried better."

"Oh my sweet, exotic flower, you did a great job." He assured her. "The reason this happened was because you did excellently, but I got too excited and accidentally hurt you."

"You didn't hurt me." She cried, blushing once again. "I...ummm was only surprised and wasn't ready...and I...ummm." Her hand rested on her skirt above her crotch. "I actually...ummm...kinda...enjoy it...ummm...a little."

"A little is not enough." He said. "You should enjoy it as much as I do."

"Let me try again then!" She yelled. "I'm sure this time I will do it right and will enjoy it!"

"No my child that is enough of that." Before she could protest he continued. "Instead we will do something else, something that we both will enjoy at the same time." Giving her a quick peck on the forehead he stood back up and went to sit back in his chair. "Now I want you to sit in my lap again, this time looking at me, legs spread please." Shanti did as he told crawling a bit on the sit she manage to put both legs at the sides of Frollo´s and began to sit. "Wait." She stopped, looking at him confusedly. Frollo took a hold of her skirt and moved it so that it also covered his member. "Ok now I want you to lower yourself."

Shanti slowly lowered herself until she felt the tip Frollo´s hard cock poking the front of her underwear. Feeling a little weird about it, she began to squirm in place, causing the tip to rub and grind against her panty covered pussy until it came to her sealed entrance.

"Ummm...mister Frollo?" The stiff member pushed against the fabric of her panties, trying to push its way inside, causing her panties to start to sink inside her. "Ahhh..Mister Frollo...ummm...it's trying to...ummm push in..."

Feeling the issue Frollo moved Shanti away from his cock and lifted her skirt.

"Hahahaha...silly me." He chuckled dryly. "I forgot about these...stand a moment will you?" Stumbling, Shanti stood from Frollo's lap, the judge using his hand to support her back. "Hold this if you please." He instructed, grabbing the hem of her skirt and handing it to her, revealing her white panties. "Cute color, quite fitting." He admired before hooking his thumbs through the waistline of the underwear and slowly pulsing them down, admiring the damp stain on the crotch of the panties, on either side. Frollo's gaze soon moved to the small pink slit. Lifting his hand he traced the crevice with his slick index finger. He was rewarded with pink wet flesh, hot at his touch.

"Ahh!" She gasped in surprise as Frollo continued to trace his finger over her pussy, feeling her wet flesh tremble beneath his delicate touch, enticing pleasurable her to moans.

"Hmm perfect" Frollo said. He retracted from her pussy and grabbing her panties and finishing in pulling them down her legs. "Lift your right leg please." She did as asked and Frollo gave that side priority, slipping it down her leg, past her ankle over her right foot and letting it hang on her left ankle. "There...now." Giving her back a light pat with his hand, he set her once again over his member. "Try again my child."

Shanti hesitantly began lower herself once again but this time without the cover of her underwear she felt the tip of Frollo´s cock teasing her pussy, both shuddering in pleasure.

"Mister Frollo are you sure I should do this?" She asked timidly, squirming in place, unsure if to
"Ummm I'm sure my dear." He groaned, eyeing her like a hungry wolf. "Please continue."

With a bit of doubt Shanti try to go lower feeling his shaft poking at her pussy as she moved a little in place, trying to find a more comfortable position. Then her lips began part as the tip found her entrance and began to push its way inside.

"Ahh….Mister Frollo!...It's trying to push in…" She cried, squirming in discomfort at the intrusion.

"Ahggg Shanti..ummm you must…umm continue." He grunted in pleasure, gasping as she continued to unintentionally tease his cock. "Ahhhh…please…"

The small girl wiggled in place, moving her hips trying to get comfortable with his member. Her movements only aiding in sending waves of pleasure through the old judge as his shifted from side to slide, forcing the cock to slowly worm its way inside of her.

"Ahhh..ahhhh….I c-ca not..Ugggg…I don't think I can...ahhhh!" She cried, feeling her walls opening, trying to adjust for something like him for the first time in her life.

"Yes you can..uhggg…you will!" He gasped, grabbing her waist and beginning to slowly lower her onto his hard cock.

"Ahhhh…Mister Frollo…ah…wait…please...ahhhh…it's to…ah…ahhh!" She cried, gripping her skirt in her small fists. Inch by inch his cock forced its way inside her. Frollo moaning in glory as he felt the hot, wet, virgin flesh around his hard cock.

"Try to…uggg… support it." He said as he continued moving. "This will take…ummm… a moment." Shanti release another cry. "You are doing great." He grunted, soon feeling his member stop its ascent. "Ok my child… ummm…just… a bit…more." Thrusting his hips lightly as he thrust his cock into the Indian girl's cunt, breaking past her barrier and impaling her down to his base.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHH UMMMMM!" Shanti screamed in pain as her virginity was shattered, taken, Frollo launched forward, capturing the girl's lips with his own, silencing her screams with a kiss. Shanti gasped with surprise into the kiss, her eyes bulging as tears streamed down her face, her fists opening and the hem of her skirt falling from her grip, covering their laps.

Shanti tried to move but Frollo put his hand behind her head and kept her in place. The kiss was rough, his mouth over hers. His tongue shot inside hers, roaming round, raping her tongue with his own as spit was forcibly exchanged between the two.

Soon Frollo felt that he had waited enough and started thrusting his hips, each thrust harder than the last.

"UMMMMMMMM!" Shanti let out a muffled cry as Frollo move in and out inside her, her insides burning as her flesh was smashed against by his and she could feel his member filling her pussy, she felt like it was about to tear her apart. Yet she couldn't scream as her mouth was occupied with his violent lips. "Um…um…umm." The Indian girl began to notice, the pain, while still very much present was starting to dampen in her mind as her mind started to go blank as her cries soon stopped been of pain.

Frollo for his part, was in heaven. The tight, hot, sopping channel close around his cock, squeezing it with its slick fleshy walls, he could feel her already wet pussy growing wetter with each thrust he made. His mouth tasting hers as he felt her cries dissolving into moans.
Releasing her mouth he gave her a good look. Her eyes were starting to glaze over, losing focus; she was breathing hard, her small chest heaving from both the kiss and the pounding he was giving her pussy.

"Shanti…ah ah…you are so perfect…ah ah…so perfect!"

"Ah…ah…ah…Mister…mister Frollo…please…ah…ah…it…ah…ah…hurts…ah…ah…ah!" She cried, though her pain had almost completely faded into pleasure.

"It…ummm…it will pass…ah…ah…" He lowered his hand onto her back, gathering her skirt from behind. "Oh my sweet child…ah…ah…it will pass." He gripped her small buttocks, lightly squeezing her small cheeks. "Ah ah…just enjoy it…ah ah!" His eyes fell onto her small breasts, bouncing with the rhythm of his thrusts. "Ah…ah…just enjoy it!" His mouth attached to her breast, capturing her hard nipple between his lips and starting to suck at it.

"Ahhhhhh!" She cried as a jolt of pleasure shot through her. "Mister Frollo…ah…ah that…ah…ah yes…ah…yes…ah…it feel…ah…ah…ah good!"

Frollo sucked at her breast, his tongue playing with the tip of her nipple before his teeth gently nipped at it, eliciting another chorus of cries and moans from the girl. He switched to the other breast, his movements increasing in speed as Shanti felt his member getting harder; filling her completely as liquid began to drizzle out from her pussy around his cock. But also she could feel a pressure growing inside of her.

"Ah…ah…ah…mister Frollo…ah…ah…ah…I feel something…ah…ah…ah…is coming…ah…ah OUT!" She cried as Frollo put more force to his thrusts.

"I feel it…too…ah…ah…ah…ah…Shanti please…ah…ah…RECEIVE ME!" He hollered, giving one last, hard final thrust. "AHHHHHHHH!

"Ahhhhhhhh!" Shanti cried, feeling his hot, thick juices fill her inside. Seconds after, she felt her own release, spilling out over his cock, forming a dark stain over her skirt.

Frollo fell back in his chair as Shanti felt down onto his chest. Both breathing heavy; sweat coating their bodies; glistening in the light of the roaring fire. They felt his member slowly pull out of her pussy as liquid splattered out into both of their laps.

Frollo’s hand slipped from her buttocks to her leg, tracing its way down the length of her exotic leg until his fingers curled round the panties that were still hanging from her left ankle, he liberated them. Helping her to stand back up, he snuck his hand under her skirt and rubbed her pussy and his cock with the panties.

She moaned again as her sensitive pussy burned with pleasure and desire from been rubbed by her own soiled panties. Her noise causing Frollo look over her figure; her torso, her small breasts were coated in a thin layer of sweat, her face exhibiting a deep blush, some hairs were out of place despite her brand, giving her a messy look. Getting his face closer, he let his tongue roam from her belly to her breasts, giving her nipple a flick with tongue before leading another trail down her stomach.

"Mi…mister…Frollo?" She looked at him and he gave her a quick kiss on her lips.

"I won't let you go now." He said, giving her another kiss on her young lips. "I love you...I desire you." Another kiss, a deep one. "You are so beautiful." He gave her another kiss and this time they stayed in that position, his tongue sliding back into her mouth, raping her tongue as before, dominating her as they made out.
"You are mine now, my dancing exotic flower." He said, his hand drawing her panties out from beneath her skirt. He looked down at the dirty panties, stained with semen and blood now and the girl's own cum, now decorating the formerly white material. "Yes all mine." He said, letting the panties fall atop her shirt on the floor, return his full attention to his flower before claiming another kiss.
"All day….all freaking day." Tiana groaned as she stumbled into her room, wincing with every step she took, closing the door behind her and leaning back against it. "I don't know how…but it was like a never ending dinner rush from start to finish," She sighed as she reached behind her, closing her eyes, untying the strings of her apron and allowing the stained attire to fall to the floor. "I'm just glad this day is finally over." She sighed, wincing at the memory of standing over the stove all day, cooking the majority of the dishes, slicing and dicing vegetables, preparing soups, tenderizing and cooking meats. "My feet are killing me." She gasped, lifting her right foot from the floor and rotating her ankle to ease the pressure.

Tiana opened her eyes, taking note that she wasn't the only occupant of her room.

"Hey Tiana…hard day?" Greeted the siren like voice of Ariel, the former mermaid was dressed in her pink nightgown with white frills, kneeling beside her bed.

"The worst yet." Tiana answered, stepping forward with a tired smile appearing upon her face. "Although now I see that it might be about to get better." She added as she turned and sat atop her bed, groaning as she took the weight off her feet.

"Your feet hurt?" The redhead asked in a concerned tone as she shuffled closer to the dark skinned princess, taking hold of her left foot carefully, cradling it in her delicate hands.

"That and more." Her friend answered, sighing with relief as Ariel removed the shoe and the cool air of her bedroom caressed her stocking clad, sweaty foot, wiggling her toes as she felt her friend's soft fingers caress her hot heel, the redhead shivering as she felt the hot, damp foot. "Today was one of my hardest days yet."

Ariel nodded understandingly as she brought the warm black flat close to her face, pressing the opening to her face and inhaling deeply. Immediately been hit by the familiar strong, vinegary scent; burning her nostrils, causing her to grind her legs together, moaning into the shoe, her cheeks becoming flushed with arousal.

"Yeah I can…I can tell…" Ariel gasped between breaths, her blush deepening. She reluctantly removed the flat from her face and placed it on the floor and proceeded to remove the other one before pressing the warm shoe against her face and sniffing it forcefully. "Really….busy….hard…umm…day." Ariel moaned.

Tiana couldn't help but chuckle at her friend's antics, lightly shaking her head, she had caught her smelling her shoes a few nights ago and this was quickly becoming a common event for the two, and neither complained, Ariel got feet and Tiana got some much deserved pampering.

"Don't get your panties wet yet." Tiana chucked, moving her left foot closer to Ariel’s face, wiggling her sweaty toes at the redhead. "You still haven't started."

Ariel smiled and lowered the shoe, carefully placing it beside the other before taking a hold of the
tired nylon clad foot in her hands, shivering as she felt the hot, moist foot in her hands, oh how she wanted to shove her face into those sweaty soles.

"Your feet are really hot today…" Ariel groaned, tracing her thumbs over the soles before starting to knead and massage the foot. "You must have been on them quite a lot today."

"Umm yeah….all day, order after order after order…umm yes…like that Ariel…" She moaned as the redhead’s magical fingers worked her sole expertly. "I swear it was like they decided to give out free samples or something…"

Ariel sighed, moving closer to her friend's foot, applying more pressure into her thumbs, eliciting positive groans of affirmation from her, spurring her on.

"You poor thing." Ariel sighed as she finally allowed herself to slide her nose over the toes and took a deep sniff, breathing out through her nose, loving how Tiana wiggled her toes, she loved feeling Ariel's breath between her toes, like her own private summer breeze. "Let me help you cool off." She gasped, continuing to inhale the delightfully acidic scent before taking the sweat drenched toes into her mouth, sucking at the sweat soaked fabric and running her tongue along the underside of the toes, gulping down copious amounts of foot sweat.

"Ah Ariel." Tiana moaned, gasping sharply, the redhead's fingers worked continued to work on her sole as her tongue slid round the sweaty digits, poking at the gaps, as if trying to slide through the nylons.

Ariel continued to suck happily, her own neither regions growing slick and wet at the taste, the scent and even the knowledge of what she was doing and the feel of the foot.

"Oh yes…that's nice…" Tiana gasped, falling onto her back on the bed, her other leg rising in pleasure. This only spurred the redhead on, releasing the toes from her hot, wet mouth she began to slide her tongue over the salty sole, slurping up the sweat and grime, licking it like a sweet lollipop before dragging her tongue back up to the toes and taking the swollen digits back into her mouth, gasping around them in her euphoria as she forcefully sucked them, shivering as a fabric clad toenail scratched the top of her mouth, prompting her to slide her tongue over the top of her mouth and then over the nail that nipped her, circling it playfully with her tongue.

Ariel then nipped the fabric of the stockings between her teeth and lightly pulled at it only to be stopped as Tiana’s other foot suddenly landed on her face, lightly grinding itself against her face, staining it with the hot sweat and grime of the foot, prompting more pleasurable shivers from the former mermaid.

"Ah ah ah Ariel not this time." Said Tiana as she sat back up, wiggling her index finger at the girl while continuing to rub her foot against Ariel’s face, it was rather comfy actually. "These are my last and only pair that aren’t full of holes thanks to you and I would like to keep them that way." She giggled.

Ariel sent her an impish smile and slowly curled her fingers round Tiana's ankle and moved the foot away from her face, resting it on her shoulder, before rubbing her hands along Tiana's legs, reaching inside Tiana’s skirt where she took hold of the hem of the clothing and began pull it down, peeling the stoking back, over Tiana's leg, her ankle and finally her foot, falling onto her rump as the clothing came free, her gaze moving to the now naked wiggling toes, pressing the warm, damp fabric against her face she inhaled deeply, trembling at the scent.

"Umm your last pair you say?...Well these will need a good clean after we finish then." Ariel said with a playful wink to her friend before placing the clothing in its assigned shoe and inching back
over to her friend and taking hold of the naked foot. "But first let's get this beauty nice clean." Ariel said, Tiana giggled she could hear her friend's arousal in her breath as the redhead pressed her face into the warm, moist sole and audibly sniffed forcefully, her lips parting and allowing her tongue to dart out and glide over sweaty sole, caressing and sliding her tongue between each and every wrinkle it found along the divine sole, she was in heaven.

Tiana allowed a moan to escape her lips as Ariel worked her sole, the hot wet tongue of the former mermaid felt so good on her hot, burning sole, her toes moved and curled in synchrony with her pleasure.
Ariel slid her tongue up until it found the space between Tiana's big and second toes and moving between them with expertise, enjoying the acidic taste of a day's worth of sweat and grime. The taste sending shocks throughout Ariel's body and the redhead could feel her own panties growing wet.

"I must ummm say Ariel...I have been ummm waiting all day...oh yes like that....for this." Tiana smiled. "All day standing there...ummm is worth it to have this …umm waiting for me…ahhh."

The redhead's mouth opened, taking Tiana's plump, sweaty toes inside, sucking and sliding her tongue over the toes, groaning at tastes, savouring them, the salty, acidic flavour as she thoroughly cleaned her friend's hot toes. Forcibly sucking and slurping up the sweat that saturated them and gulping it down until they were clean and pruney.

Finally Ariel released the toes from her mouth, a small trail of saliva still connecting her lips to the toes.

"Hmm nice and clean." Tiana praised as she flexed her foot, snapping the strands of saliva before wiggling her toes as she admired them. "Thanks Ariel." She turned her gaze onto her redheaded friend with a warm smile.

Ariel was breathing hard, her cheeks flushed with arousal, as her fingers twitching as she tried harder to restrain herself from reaching down towards her now sopping pussy and drenched panties.

"Hehehe stay with me Ariel...you still have the other one to clean." The dark skinned girl grinned, lifting her other still stockinged foot towards the face of her friend, wiggling her toes and wafting her vinegary scent towards Ariel's petite nostrils, eliciting a small moan at the scent. "Although if you are going to cum, please put something under you, I don't want to step in another sticky puddle...last time I spent an entire day at work, my foot covered in your cum."

Ariel blushed, trying not to smile as she recalled how good Tiana's feet tasted that day having saturated in that glorious scent and her cum too; they were delicious. Blushing at the reminder Ariel continued to lightly sniff at the delectable scent of the still stockinged foot.

"Ah ah ah." Said Tiana, lowering and withdrawing her foot, much to Ariel's dismay. "First finish the other before starting on the next one...and no dripping on my floor please." Glancing towards Ariel's crotch with a sly smirk for emphasis.

Looking at her friend with mocking anger Ariel grabbed the stocking in the floor and slid it under her nightie and beneath her panty covered pussy. "There, that'll fix it." She said, briefly crossing her arms before returning to the bare foot and wrapping her lips around the still salty heel, sucking it, grazing her teeth over it, eliciting pleasurable shivers from Tiana, her eyes glowing with a lustful hunger, her tongue tracing circles over the heel before sucking up the remaining sweat and saliva, the heel becoming wrinkly like the toes, her lips leaving the heel and her tongue leading a trail up to the centre of dark sole, Tiana shivering as her toes curled.

"Ariel!" Tiana cried as she was taken by surprise. As Ariel began to forcibly suck on the moist sole,
slurping up all the sweat, grime and saliva, swallowing it down as Tiana trembled above her, breasts heaving, eyes closed tightly as her cheeks burned, her own pussy joining Ariel's in pulsing with desire as she fought the urge to pull her foot back from the former mermaid.

Ariel was making sure to not let an ounce of grime or droplet of sweat escape her, her tongue worked as a sponge, drenching the sensitive skin of the sole, slurping up and gulping down the delectable cocktail until the foot was completely clean and pruned up. Ariel quickly descended back down to the heel, sneakily drawing circles with her tongue again before pressing her lips against the heel to suck again.

"I think that one's c-c-clean Ar-Ariel." Tiana stammered, slowly pulling her bare, wrinkly, foot back.

"Hey I was enjoying that." Ariel moaned with a mock pout. "But still…" She eyed the still clothed left foot.

"Go ahead." Encouraged Tiana; lifting her foot, brushing Ariel's chin with her toes before pulling her foot back and hovering it in front of the former mermaid's face, wiggling her toes. "Just try not to rush thing…as my husband always says, enjoy the moment." She finished with a playful wink.

Ariel grinned, leaning in she bestowed Tiana's big toe with a kiss before taking hold the moist foot and slender leg and starting to peel the stoking back and off the foot, pressing it against her face, inhaling deeply, moaning into the silky fabric before breathing out heavily and sliding it under her pussy before snatching the other stocking and placing it with its sister to ensure she didn't leave another puddle, no matter how good it made Tiana's foot taste.

She leaned in, placing her nose against the bottom of the toes, lightly sniffing, trembling at the scent as she tried to fit her nose between them, briefly been rewarded by having her nose squeezed between the big and second toe, followed by Tiana scrunching her toes against Ariel's face, the erotic squelching sounds and sensations sending pleasure throughout Ariel's body. She pulled back and gave each toe a shy kiss before dragging her nose down the moist sole, inhaling the scent deeply, down to the ankle before returning to the centre of the sole and inhaling deeply, her chest expanding as her lungs filled with the scent of Tiana's stinky, sweaty foot.

"There you see? No need to rush." said Tiana moving slowly her free foot towards Ariel thigh. "Just enjoy the moment." She finished softly with an almost nurturing smile upon her face.

Taking the advice, Ariel slowly, rather timidly extended her tongue and started to slowly lick the sole, dragging her tongue from the base of her heel, slowly up, to the tip of her toes, eliciting small moans and giggles from Tiana. She slid her tongue between Tiana's moist toes, groaning as the salty, vinegar taste and slick feeling while eliciting small moans from Tiana as she twisted her tongue in the small space, collecting all the grime, sweat and toe jam she could find there, before moving onto the next gap.

Ariel decided that this taste was much too precious to not be savoured and made to last, pulling back she proceeded to kiss her way back down to the centre of the sole where she pressed her lips against the drenched sole, forcefully sucking and slurping up the sweat, drinking it down, before descending towards the heel.

"Oh yeah that's sooo good." Tiana moaned as her other foot come to rest on Ariel's leg while she pressed the other more firmly against Ariel's red face. She smiled warmly at the redhead as she drew circles on the redhead's leg with her big toe, adding the former mermaid's pleasure.

Ariel moaned as her tongue danced over the heel, cleaning it thoroughly, sending Tiana's tired foot into a state of utter bliss, finally with a last lick the heel was clean and even possessed a clean sheen
from the saliva.

The mermaid licked her lips, savouring the last remanences of the grime and sweat from the heel, before leaning in close and bestowing a chaste peck on the newly cleaned heel. Tiana giggled at both the feeling and the site of her friend kissing her heel after so thoroughly cleaning it. Ariel moved her tongue from the hardened flesh of the heel to the delicate sole. Ariel repeated her attempts on the sole, treating it like one big popsicle; much to the Tiana's amusement who simply relaxed and enjoyed the sensations of Ariel taking care of her foot while her other foot managed to move aside the cloth of the pink nightgown, revealing the pale skin of her beautiful legs, as well as a glimpse of her soaked panties. Ariel shuddered and pressed her face against the sole, pressing her lips firmly against the surface and sucking, slurping up the acidic sweat, moaning at the taste and into the moist sole.

Finally the last of the grime disappeared into Ariel's mouth and down her throat and the former mermaid bestowed another light kiss on Tiana's foot, this time on her beautiful sole.

"Hehehe I still don't get why you do that." Giggled Tiana; not that she didn't love how it felt.

"Guess you could say it's like a thank you…every time I go close to the end I thank you for the experience, and I like kissing them." Ariel said with a light blush.

"Oh, but still there is something you can do after the end." Said Tiana with a mischievous smirk upon her face and with a single rapid movement, her foot slid from Ariel's leg and dived beneath the nightly, her big toe slamming into the hot wet centre of Ariel's soaked panties, with just enough force to cause the panties to dip inside her pussy, causing the girl cry out in pleasure, throwing her head back and slightly inching her hips against the toe. "I knew you were wet but I didn't think you were this wet." Giggled the dark haired girl as she proceeded to maintain pressure and trace circles over the covered pussy.

"T...Tiana...ahhh...wait that will...ah...ummm ahhh." Ariel moaned, her pleasure spiking and reaching her limits.

"That will what?" Ask Tiana with false innocence, trying and failing to hold back her laughter. "I think you better concentrate...my toes are still all dirty and stinky." She teased, loving how the girl squirmed at her words and movements, her other foot shot forwards, pushing her toes into Ariel’s mouth as she moaned, drumming her toes against the redhead's tongue, muffling her moans and cries as she continued to tease her.

Tiana’s toes continued to drum against the inside of Ariel’s mouth, filling the redhead's mouth with her acidic vinegary flavour, while the toe against her pussy increased its pressure and continued to sink in a little deeper into the redhead's pink panty clad pussy as it drew its circles, sending bursts of pleasure through her body. The formed mermaid moaned, releasing muffled cries, her pussy throbbing as she pushed out her breast, her heart pounding in her chest as she felt herself approaching her limit

"That's it Ariel, let's see if you can finish cleaning my stinky toes before you dirty my other toes." Tiana teased, moving her other toes as to force the pink, drenched and rather sticky cloth aside to allow her big toe direct access to the drooling, throbbing cunt of the redhead.

Ariel cried out in pleasure, taking more of Tiana's foot into her mouth as her tongue slid into the gaps of the toes and the tip of her tongue dipping into any wrinkle she found, savouring their divine vinegary taste as it filled her mouth as she started to suck on them rather forcefully.

"Ah that's good Ariel...just a bit more...ummm…" Tiana moaned, enjoying the euphoric sensation of
Ariel sucking on her foot, as her big toe began to sink inside the wet folds of the redhead's hungry pussy.

This proved to be too much for the former mermaid.

As she released one last muffled cry of pleasure, swallowing some of the sweat in her mouth while some mixed with her saliva slithered down her chin, drooling down onto her nightie, claiming one last harsh suck on Tiana's toes, she released the foot, crying out as her pussy exploded in ecstasy, cum erupting from her pussy and soaking Tiana's toes as well as forming a white, hot, gooey puddle on the stockings.

Tiana lifted her foot, admiring Ariel’s work as her friend recovered from her orgasm, breathing heavily.

"Well I have to say my feet feel worlds better Ariel…and you manage to get them clean before you…released." She finished with a smile. Her eyes fell onto her other foot, still resting beneath the nightie, her toes covered in Ariel's sticky cum. "Although we still may have to work on not making a mess." She giggled, lifting her foot, wiggling her toes in front of Ariel's face, strings of cum connecting her toes, most of her toenails while, eliciting a guilty smile from Ariel, Tiana extended her foot and proceeded to wipe her toes clean of the cum on the red hair of her friend causing the former mermaid to tremble with pleasure, she loved when Tiana wiped her foot sweat on her hair and her doing it with her cum was even hotter.

"Ah ah...that was…ugh incredible." Ariel breathed with a big smile on her face with a somewhat dazed expression. "You could have warmed me"

"Where's the fun in that?" Winked Tiana before releasing a large yawn and tiredly rubbing her eyes tiredly.

"I think this day was a bit too much for you?" Ariel sighed, taking in the state of her friend. "Why don't you get some sleep and I can…I can take care of your shoes in my room."

"Anything to be alone with my shoes." Tiana smirked, causing Ariel's to blush to spread and darken. The dark skinned princess stood from her bed and stretched her arms over her head and lifting herself onto her toes, groaning tiredly. "Oh that's better…I'm definitely done for the day…and night." She unbuttoned the top of her uniform dress and proceeded to slowly pull the work attire of head before allowing it to fall to the floor, leaving her in her yellow-brown, lacy panties, and her perky breasts bound by a matching lacy bra, giving Ariel a playful wink and a small smile.

"Go ahead, take my stinky work shoes and my stockings and…give them a good clean." She winked again before stepping towards her private bathroom, her work schedule granting her that certain privilege. "But make sure you bring them back before morning, I don't want to walk all the way to your room to look for them…again, especially when I'm in a hurry to get to work…just leave them and my stockings outside my door." And with that she opened the door to her bathroom, briefly pausing to reach back and unclip her bra before tossing it back to where her other clothes lay, her breasts bouncing slightly before she proceeded to enter the bathroom, giving Ariel one last wink before closing the door behind her.

Grinning cheekily Ariel stood up, stumbling a little, and collecting the still sweaty stockings from the floor, now covered in her cum, she glanced down at the floor, her grin widening.

"See no stain this time!" Ariel called only to be answered by the door opening, and Tiana’s panties been thrown at her, hitting her in the face before falling to the floor, the door closed again. Giggling Ariel collected the shoes, squirming in place as she eyed the shoes, noting the damp insoles with a
very visible imprint of Tiana's sole, the toe section almost completely worn away. Her grin widening Ariel turned and began to make her way out of the room as she heard the shower start to run.
Cinderella was stood in her room, brushing out her hair, her gaze captivated by the mirror of her dresser, attired as a vampire for the ball that evening.

Meanwhile just adjacent to the mansion, that housed the princesses, was yet another mansion, one homed only to the villainesses of their worlds. Unlike the princesses' mansion this place lacked all semblance and joy and happiness, the garden was unkempt and filled with rubble and broken statues, the building itself covered in cobwebs with an eternal storm brewing over it giving it a gothic feel to it.

Within this horrific mansion, on the top floor, within her room stood Maleficent; the dark sorceress eternally attired in her dark cloak, hiding her feminine physique, demonic horns atop her head with eerie green flesh with her dark sceptre in hand paced her…room. Her room was unlike that of her fellow villains consisted mostly of a dungeon with numerous torturing devices; her queen sized four-poster bed in the centre of it all, with an empty aquarium and habitat resting against the west wall atop an old wooden shelf.

Her gaze was captivated by the glowing orb of her sceptre, her emerald magic swirling within it, generating images of the ball taking place across the road. It irritated her how happy the princesses were, despite all their attempts, all their schemes and dark deeds they had emerged almost unscathed. Maleficent chewed her lower lip.

"Perhaps it's time I reminded these princesses just why we are to be feared?" She mused to herself, waving her hand over the orb half-heartedly, it briefly glowed with a dark aura, dimming and vanishing as quickly as it appeared, Maleficent smirked.

The ballroom of the princess mansion soon filled with screams, Rapunzel, the fair skinned girl wore a dirndl (1) with a longer skirt with a purple theme and pink accent, consisting of a lavender corset top laced with a pink ribbon, the skirt decorated with swirling and floral designs, in pink, dark purple and white, with w white petticoat beneath her sleeves at the top are puffed and striped with pink and lavender. She pinned herself against the door, her hand sneaking down to the handle.

Her gaze was locked on the display before her, heart pounding within her chest. The costumed girls screamed in pain as their physical forms slowly altered, the sound of bones twisting and cracking soon joining the screams. Rapunzel watched as Belle’s screams turned into howls as became the werewolf she dressed as, she watched as Jasmine disappeared into a cloud of smoke into a glass bottle atop the nearby table, blanketeted in white linen.
She pulled the handle down, the door gave way behind her and she soon found herself crashing onto the floor. Feral eyes locked on her, the blonde gasped, stumbling to her feet she slammed the door shut, glancing to the suits of armour on either side of the door, taking the sword from the left before using it to lock the door shut.

"Nyah."

Rapunzel froze; her entire form stiffening.

"Nyah, Nyah."

She slowly turned, she pinned herself back against the door, gasping. As before her, sat on all fours was Elsa, her once ice cat ears were now real, furry and...twitchy, her light blue tail curling and waving behind her, patches of blue fur on her cheeks, backs of her hands, tops of her feet and over her intimate areas, peaking out past her dress, her once blunt finger nails now rather sharp claws, her eyes now slit and feral.

The Catgirl crawled over. Rapunzel pressed herself against the door, closing her eyes and tilting her head back. The blonde flinched when she felt a something furry curl around her leg and a light tug on her hair. Her eyes opened.

The feline queen's tail was curled around her leg and she was pawing at her hair with childish interest, seeming rather fond of playing with it.

A small smile braced Rapunzel's lips. She hesitantly extended her hand and lightly petted Elsa's head, the furry ears pushed back as she leaned into the hand, purring.

"Aw you're so adorable." Rapunzel squeaked.

Meanwhile down the corridor the sound of heavy footsteps echoed through the hall, as Pocahontas, clothed in her tribal attire, her mother's necklace around her neck. She ran down the hall, her strides wide and forceful as she called upon the spirits of the wind. She had to get away.

A strong grip encased her wrist and with a forceful yank she lost her footing, falling to her knees, wincing at the impact. Her wrist was twisted upwards; she arched her back, gasping her pain. Her gaze was filled with the form of her attacker, her once blonde hair now home to dark streaks, once plastic fangs now bone, plastic contacts glowing with a feral hunger.

"Cin..." her voice died as she felt a sensation akin to two needles piercing the tender flesh of her neck, she felt herself grow weaker as her blood began to leave her body. Pleasure began to pulsate from the bite, growing more intense for every drop that left her; the screams of the native soon became moans as she found herself leaning into her attacker.

Cinderella groaned into Pocahontas' neck, she felt her pulse start to slow and pulled away, arching her back as she swallowed the last of the blood in her mouth, the blood coating her lips shimmering. She turned her gaze to her victim; she lay limp in her arms.

The vampiress brought her wrist to her mouth, wincing as she pierced the thin flesh with her fangs, blood pooled out, she pressed the wound to Pocahontas' lips, she smirked when she felt the native gulp down her blood as it poured into her mouth.

Cinderella's smirk only grew as she felt Pocahontas' gulps become more forceful. When she snatched her wrist back the native actually whimpered. The vampiress captured her victim's gaze with her own, her eyes lightly illuminating with her unholy power.
"Now sleep my child, sleep now and when you awake you shall join me." She chuckled, Pocahontas' eyes grew heavy and she soon found herself falling to the floor, her world going dark as the blood consumed set about to its work.

Cinderella's smirk never faltered.

Meanwhile, Elsa was currently laid on her back, paws bent upwards; purring as Rapunzel lightly teased the fur on her stomach and scratched her behind her feline ears, occasionally twitching from the ministrations.

"Aw you're so adorable." Rapunzel cooed.

"Nyah." The blonde giggled, glad that if anyone had gotten out of the ballroom it had been this little kitten, she didn't know what she would have done if Belle or any of the others dressed as actual monsters had gotten out. Elsa pushed her furry head into a pool of Elsa's hair, surrounding herself in the delightful scent. Rapunzel went rigid, thoughts racing behind her verdant eyes.

Her gaze slowly turned to land on her golden locks.

"Could it be possible…" she murmured.

"Nyah?" The blonde's gaze returned the Neko, now sat on her hide legs with her head tilted to one side, the Rapunzel's golden locks running over the top of her head, like a wig, with her fluffy blue ears pointing out, twitching.

A small smile graced Rapunzel's lips. "Well, it's worth a shot."

"Flower gleam and glow, 
Let your powers shine."

A familiar warmth flooded Rapunzel's being, the hair atop her head starting to glow, travelling along and down the river of hair.

"Make the clock reverse, 
Bring back what once was mine."

Elsa shivered as the hair atop her head started to glow, her innocent gaze captivated by enchanted hair.

"Heal what has been hurt, 
Change the Fates design."

Elsa groaned, arching her back, releasing a small cry of pain as the healing magic began to seep in.

"Change the Fates design, 
Save what has been lost, 
Bring back…ahh"

The song stopped, the sound of Rapunzel's high pitched scream filled the air. Elsa leapt back, standing on her hind legs, subconsciously taking on an aggressive stance, her icy eyes briefly reverting to their slit nature as Rapunzel dived to the floor, her palm pressed against her cheek, a hot liquid seeping out and staining her unmarred flesh.

The blonde slowly turned her fearful gaze to her attacker. Her whole body shaking, innocent green eyes met psychotic red. The blonde pushed herself back, dragging herself on the floor, Cinderella's
gaze briefly lingered on the blonde before turning to face her more threatening prey.

"Cinderella, what nyah are you nyah doing?" Elsa spat, her feline ears lightly twitching, her eyes becoming slit as she struggled to remain in control, the spell once again rearing its head, she need Rapunzel to finish her song, but while Cinderella was here that wasn't going to be an easy task.

"Hunting." The vampiress smirked, vanishing from sight just as the wall where she once stood was covered in a thick layer of ice. "Now is that anyway to treat an old friend?"

Elsa stiffened as she heard the mocking whisper in her feline ears. She slowly turned to see Cinderella over her shoulder, less than an inch away from her. Her heart skipped a beat. Cinderella pressed her face into Elsa's neck, strongly inhaling her scent.

"Oh Elsa, you smell so good." Cinderella groaned.

Elsa span round, her clawed paw shooting up, she slashed where the vampiress stood. She was gone.

"Too slow dear." Cinderella giggled into Elsa's other ear.

The platinum maned Neko struck out again and again only to swipe and claw at thin air as Cinderella danced around her, giggling, mocking; playing with her. She spared a glance for Rapunzel, she was too close, if she had fled Elsa could freeze the hall way then it would be impossible for the vampiress to dodge her. Why was the blonde still sprawled on the floor? Why hadn't she run? She could handle herself, she had ice powers; Rapunzel can't defend herself. Why didn't she run?

Rapunzel's gaze was locked on the duo. She couldn't move. She couldn't tear her gaze away from the Vampire and the Neko as they battled one another. That is until she felt a slight tug, her gaze turned to the source. Cinderella had stood on her hair, the blonde soon noted her hair was sprawled over most of the corridor. The blonde's eyes widened, inspiration striking her.

Her lips parted, her voice a tiny whisper, she began to sing.

"Flower gleam and glow,  
Let your powers shine."

The hair atop her scalp began to glow, the golden glow quickly spreading.

"Make the clock reverse,  
Bring back what once was mine."

The glow became more rapid. The light caught the gaze of the vampiress, Cinderella froze, barley crying out as the Neko tore open her flesh, her claws finally catching her cheek. A low growl echoed in the vampiress' throat.

"Heal what has been hurt,  
Change the Fates desi…"

The whispered song vanished into a strangled gurgle as Cinderella appeared behind the blonde and sank her fangs into her slender neck, forcefully sucking her blood, glowing locks pooling beneath her. The cuts on her cheek closed but whether it was from the blood she drank or the hair of her victim was anyone's guess.

"Design,  
Save what has been lost,  
Bring back…"
Her voice grew harsher, coarser as she felt herself grow weaker, her voice died and with it so did the light of her hair.

Elsa leapt at Cinderella only to be slammed into by a heavy object. The Neko soon found herself pinned under a powerful force, her gaze turned to the source. Her eyes widened as her own icy gaze met another set of bloodlust fuelled crimson. Pocahontas straddled her, pinning her arms to the floor, palms facing upwards.

"Cinderella nyah, got you too nyah!" She gasped out, the native merely smirked, showing off her pearlescent fangs.

Elsa glanced back to Rapunzel; the blonde was now releasing small groans and leaning into the vampiress, her once youthful complexion, glowing with health now so pale and weak, so fragile. She needed to get out of here. She turned her gaze back to Pocahontas, smirking, revealing her own fangs as she released a powerful blast of her winter powers into Pocahontas' face.

The chief's daughter flew back, landing on her back with a loud thud, eyelids frozen shut, hissing in pain. Elsa leapt to her feet, spinning on her heel with feline grace, she took off running down the hall. Her speed, it was unlike anything she'd felt before, her movements were fluid, graceful and calculated as well as being faster than she'd ever been before.

Cinderella's scarlet glare locked on the direction the Neko had fled, glancing back to Pocahontas, the native struggling to raise herself to all fours, looking round in all directions frantically, blinded by the ice.

'Don't let her get away! Bring her back to me!' Cinderella screamed mentally.

Pocahontas froze. All forms of panic ceasing. She focused on her hearing, scanning the environment around her. She heard everything, the accelerated thumping of Rapunzel's heart as she was subjected to the pleasure of her mistress draining her blood; she heard the blood of the blonde pool in her mistress' mouth as it flowed down her throat. She heard the growling and battling of the creatures within the hall. Then she heard it. The heavy foot falls of the snowy Neko. She locked on her. Her eyes snapped open, shattering the ice, her irises glowing with scarlet fury, she flitted down the hall.

Everything around her became a blur and all too soon did she happen upon the fleeing Neko, the feline's ears barely even twitched as Pocahontas decked her legs out from under her before slamming her into the ground, driving her down hard by slamming her palm against her head. The Neko was out before she even hit the ground, a profound bruise forming on the front and back of her head, a small shallow cut opening as the effects of concussion set in.

Pocahontas eyed the small cut on the side of Elsa's temple hungrily but she dared not taste her mistress' prey, no matter how her throat burned with the thirst. She gathered up the Neko in her arms and flitted back in the direction of her mistress.

Cinderella released Rapunzel's neck, licking the traces of blood from her lips, relishing in the divine taste of magic infused blood. She brought her wrist to her mouth, she tore into it with feral animosity before forcing the wound to Rapunzel's lips; the hot liquid quickly filled the blonde's mouth.

She felt so weak, so tired, so thirsty Rapunzel couldn't help but gulp down the substance that pooled within her mouth, the bitter metallic taste filled her mind but she couldn't stop, she wanted to stop but she couldn't, she drank it down hungrily. Even whining when the source was taken away only to be overcome by fatigue. Her eyelids grew heavy, a voice echoed throughout her mind.

"Sleep my child."
Who's voice it was, was unknown to the blonde. All she knew was that it was so soothing, so soft, she found herself lost in the voice, feeling eager to obey it.

"When you awake you shall join us."

She succumbed to the darkness and lost herself to the world of dreams. Her mind filled with images of night, blood, screams and her mistress. Her mistress was her world now and would always be.

Cinderella laid Rapunzel on the ground like a mother would lay her child in their crib. She glanced up when she sensed the arrival of Pocahontas; the tribal vampiress cradled an unconscious Neko Elsa against her breast. She spied the small cut.

"You have done well my child, to resist feeding."

"Thank you my lady." Pocahontas' replied with a bow of her head, dropping to one knee as she extended her arms, offering the unconscious Neko to her mistress.

Cinderella gathered Elsa up in her arms, ensuring her head tilted back, exposing the pale flesh of her neck, small blue hairs blanketed it but Cinderella could still see it and the fur would be a poor defence against her fangs.

"Welcome to the family kitty." Cinderella giggled as she buried her fangs into Elsa's neck, the Neko cried out in her slumber but didn't wake, though soon low moans and groans escaped the Neko's lips as she buried herself into Cinderella, even going so far as to grind her breasts against the vampiress, her pointed nipples very apparent.

She glanced towards Rapunzel, the blonde laid peacefully on the ground, deep in the realm of slumber, groaning every so often.

"Pick her up Pocahontas, it's time we retire to my room...and we can proceed with the ritual." Cinderella instructed softly, the native vampiress nodded, stooping low she carefully took hold of Rapunzel's waist. She began to rotate the unconscious girl in her arms, the enchanted locks of the princess slowly binding round her waist until she was entirely encased in her own hair.

Pocahontas rose to her feet, cradling Rapunzel against chest before proceeding to follow her mistress as they made their way back to her room.

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The room itself war dark, cerulean blackout curtains preventing even the slightest glint of moonlight from entering the room, not that, that deterred the demons that occupied it. The quartet of vampires could clearly see every detail of the room, from the four-poster bed with sky blue curtains, to the coarse sapphire carpet, the white dresser and large mirror beside a matching wardrobe.

Cinderella stood before her victims, carrying herself with regal posture. The trio stood opposite her, lined up aside one another, Pocahontas on the left and Elsa on the right with Rapunzel in the middle, each one with their eyes closed and heads bowed.

"Are you ready to give of yourself to me?" Cinderella asked, her gaze landing on her first victim, her fingers tapping against the side of a golden goblet she'd liberated from the kitchen, half filled with red wine.

"I am my lady." Pocahontas answered without hesitation.

"Then give of yourself." Cinderella thrust the goblet towards the native, Pocahontas carefully took
the goblet and hovered her wrist over it, extending her clawed index finger; she began to trace it over the tender flesh, a crimson line quickly following in its wake.

"I give of myself, my blood, my life, my very essence." The blood dribbled into the wine, eagerly mixing with the scarlet substance. The goblet was returned to Cinderella, Pocahontas lifted her wrist to her lips, her tongue slithered out and traced over the cute, cleaning the wasted blood as the cut quickly closed back up. A low groan echoed throughout Pocahontas' throat as she swallowed the few drops of blood she had rescued.

Cinderella turned to face Rapunzel, once green eyes met Cinderella's. "Are you ready to give of yourself to me?"

"I am ready." Rapunzel required, hesitating but a moment and once again the goblet was extended towards the vampire in question.

"Then give of yourself child."

The blonde took hold of the goblet hesitantly, she brought the pointed nail of her index finger to her wrist, pausing and swallowing, she began to drag her claw down her wrist, tearing through the flesh with ease, briefly wincing at the pain before quickly holding the wound over the cup, her gaze captivated by the blood dripping from her wrist.

"I…I give of myself…my bl…blood, my life and essence."

Once again Cinderella reclaimed the goblet, allowing Rapunzel to lightly suck on her wrist to ease the pain at first but all too soon did she find herself drawn to the sweet taste of the warm liquid leaking out of her, the wound swiftly closing, much to Rapunzel's disappointment.

Cinderella turned to Face Elsa. The Neko's ears perked when the gaze of her mistress landed on her, the Neko's eyes snapped open, her pupils briefly slitting before reverting back to their natural circular form.

"And are you ready to give of yourself to me?" the goblet was handed to Elsa.

"I am ready." Elsa's tone was strict, controlled as she held the gaze of the one to sire her.

"Then give of yourself."

Elsa nodded; she held the goblet against her chest, extending her furry, clawed index finger to her wrist before slicing her wrist without hesitation nor a wince of discomfort, she hovered it over the goblet allowing her blood to join with the others.

"I give of myself, my blood, my life and essence to you."

Cinderella once again retrieved the goblet, her mouth salivating at the scent of blood mixed with wine. Elsa lightly sucked on her stained claw before running her feline tongue over the marred fur and cut, cleaning herself as her body swiftly healed.

Cinderella brought her own wrist to her mouth, her fangs piercing the flesh and tearing the flesh away before covering it over the goblet, her blood pouring into the goblet, her smirk revealing her blood-lined fangs, her blood smeared round her lips.

"As you have given of yourself to me I too give of myself to you." Once enough was spilled she retracted her wrist, and held out the goblet "Just as you have given unto me, I give unto you my blood, my life and essence."
Pocahontas retook the goblet in her grasp; she raised it to her lips and lightly sipped at it. She savoured the rich mixture of wine and blood, resisting the urge to moan as the blood slid down her throat with ease. She passed the goblet to Rapunzel who too took a swig of the mixture, a touch more than Pocahontas, childishly gulping her portion rather than savouring it. When Elsa received the goblet she savoured every drop as it passed her lips and when her turn was done she handed it back to Cinderella who drained the last of its contents before placing it on her dresser, lips still stained with the mixture.

"And thus we are one, bound eternally by blood in unholy matrimony." Cinderella leaned in, bestowing each of her 'victims' a kiss upon their lips.

Rapunzel licked her lips after Cinderella pulled away and moved onto Elsa, the blonde swallowed, her lips tingling from the light sensation from Cinderella's lips. The simmering burn in her throat growing, the taste of blood and wine still fresh on Cinderella's lips. A low heat building within her loins, she flexed her fingers at her side, her instincts screaming.

"Rapunzel?" the blonde glanced up, meeting Cinderella's gaze, the vampiress' tone was so soft, it sent chills through her spine, "What's wrong?"

"Thirsty." Her throat grew harsher, Cinderella's expression softened further.

"Then let us go sate your thirst." A small smirk spread across Cinderella's face, her irises illuminating with a bloody sheen.

XXX

Within the mansion filled with villainesses. In dim room, a few candles the only source of light, the curtains drawn, two single beds, the one on the left with lime green silk sheets while the other coated with purple silk sheets, a small set of draws separating them. Two oak wardrobes stood on either side of the window with a single dresser against the north facing wall, where four lit candles rested.

Drizella, the fair skinned girl competed with her sister for the single mirror atop the dresser, admiring her beauty, how her black eyes contrasted with her shoulder-length dark brown locks, bound by a sky blue ribbon. She wore a ball gown of chartreuse and light green short-sleeved dress with matching yellow flats. Anastasia fought back for the mirror, she was fair skinned with long red hair, tied in several ringlets and has a golden hairclip, with black eyes like her sister, her own ball gown made up of different shades of pink and magenta with short sleeves with matching purple flats.

"I'm telling you now Anastasia, if Hades turns up, he's mine." Drizella stated as she brushed her hands over her dress.

"Fine, but Hans is mine." Anastasia huffed, their glaring gazes met, with one final 'humph' they turned and headed towards the door.

XXX

Outside, in the shadows cast by the night four sets of scarlet eyes glowed. The four vampiresses clung to the walls of an alley, waiting for their meal ticket to happen along. They didn't have long to wait as Anastasia and Drizella began to strut passed the alley, heading to their own Halloween Ball.

A single arm shot out of the darkness, ensnaring Anastasia's wrist before yanking her into the shadows, her startled scream filling the air only to be silenced when Cinderella's bloody irises shifted to a golden hue. The redhead was drawn in by the gaze, silently wavering as she found herself being put under the influence of her attacker.
"Anastasia?" came the worried call of Drizella, a few paces back from the alley.

"I'm fine Drizella, come give me a hand." Anastasia answered, her tone akin to one lost with the fairies, in a daze of their own. Her sister huffed and strutted over to the alley.

"Honestly, I don't know why I put up with you." She sneered. No sooner had she stepped into the shadows were her wrists snatched behind her, held in an iron grip before a being of immense strength forced her to her knees.

"How fitting, to have you kneeling before me after everything you put me through." Cinderella sneered as she stepped into the dim light from beyond the alley, Drizella's eyes widened as she looked up at her stepsister.

"Cinderella? What…?" she fell silent when she was met the golden hue that placed Anastasia into her daze.

"Two down, one to go, Drizella may I please enter your lovely home…and in return I'll ensure your last moments are spent in ecstasy before you move to being tonight's meal."

"You may enter my home mistress." Drizella answered in a daze, Cinderella's smirk grew, becoming almost psychotic.

"You heard her girls, let us go and retrieve the final dish."

Pocahontas released Drizella, stepping aside as she allowed Cinderella to lead the way to the villainess abode, her stepsisters following behind her, followed by the new-born vampires.

XXX

On the top floor of the mansion, at the end of the hall, a fat cat carved into the upper centre of an oak door stood guard. Within the room was a single four poster, queen-sized bed, a dark mahogany dresser rested against the wall with a wardrobe at its side. Within the bed lay Lady Tremaine herself, attired in a dark maroon nightie, waiting for slumber to slowly take her.

A polite knock echoed throughout the room.

"Enter." She called; her tone one of mild annoyance. The door opened and Cinderella stepped, there was a flicker of movement behind her but she didn't catch it.

"Cinderella? What are you…"

"Silence." Lady Tremaine was shocked, the authority her stepdaughter's voice carried silencing her. The older woman watched the blonde as she strolled about the room, each movement deliberate and predatory, the hunger within her eyes made Lady Tremaine uneasy.

"For half of my life you treated me like a slave, you took every possible chance you had to make me miserable and when the tiniest chance of happiness came you tried to destroy, denying me my chance to go to the ball, tearing my mother's dress and then shattering the glass slipper." Cinderella continued to circle the room, doubling back on herself when she met the wall.

Lady Tremaine offered no reply.

"Well, tonight I'm going to ensure you regret every second of what you did to me." Cinderella hissed, she snapped her fingers and the door opened again and this time Anastasia entered, followed by Drizella, then Pocahontas, Rapunzel and Elsa.
"What do you mean?"

Cinderella turned to face her stepsisters before nodding towards their mother. They each nodded and started making their way towards the older woman.

"Girls? What are you doing?" neither answered, simply approaching her from either side of the bed. They each took hold of their mother's arms and began to drag her over her quilt and towards the end of her bed, deaf to her protests.

Cinderella waved her hand towards the door, it slammed shut. She approached the grey haired woman; her eyes glowing with blood lust as she felt her fangs press against her lower lip, oh was she going to enjoy this.

Lady Tremaine audibly gasped when she caught sight of the pearlescent fangs. Cinderella stepped forward, lifting her foot and resting it on the edge of her stepmother's bed before leaning in, making eye contact.

"Now stepmother, I'm going to play with you until you beg me for your death." The smirk atop her face sent shivers of fear coursing through the elder woman "Now bow to me."

Lady Tremaine did nothing. She merely continued to stare into her stepdaughter's gaze. Her heart hammered within her chest. "Bow." Her tone was controlled and firm, but even Lady Tremaine could hear the clear threat. Still the woman failed to move, she cried out as an intense pressure was placed on her arms as her own daughters forced her head to bow, swiftly followed by her entire upper body.

Her gaze was torn from the blonde before her and filled with the site of Cinderella's black high-heeled shoe.

"Years of my life, lost because of you and those things you dare call daughters!" Spat Cinderella, venom filling her tone. "All those years I had to suffer…I still remember one of the first times you decided to make me the maid of my own household." She continued. "I was exhausted after having spent the day cleaning the entirety of the living room and I was having troubles with a mess that your satanic cat had made for me and you said something to me…" She paused, gaining a pensive expression. "How did it go again? ..Ah yes, that I had to scrub even harder unless I wanted to be on the receiving end of your cane." And without a second thought Cinderella lifted her right foot and proceeded stomp hard upon her stepmother's right hand.

Lady Tremaine's high pitched pained scream filled the room, soon joined by the cruel laughter of the Vampiress as she forced the sharp heel of her shoe to dig deeper into the back of her stepmother's hand, even proceeding to twist and grind her heel, blood soon starting to ooze out from beneath the heel, pooling around it hard and slow on the back of her hand and coating the heel in a scarlet sheen.

"Oh yes I screamed like that too…" She continued as if thinking back on the event as she spoke, making sure to twist her heel as she continued press even harsher into the back of her stepmother’s hand. "After all I was still such a small child, I screamed as much as my lungs would allow, only for you to punish me for screaming." Blood spurted from the wound. "But you didn't stop not until I basically begged you and asked for forgiveness for something I couldn't help." Another sharp twist and Tremaine could feel the heel tearing through her skin, the bones of her hand beginning to break beneath the pressure. "Now do you think that was fair?" She asked the screaming woman with another twist of her heel, making sure to impale the hand and nail it to the floor with her heel as her heel tore through the appendage and her bloody sharp heel slammed into the floor, her stepmother's blood coating her shoe.
The screams of the woman intensified in a way that it would be a surprise if the entire mansion didn't hear them, though practically everyone was already out of the mansion at their own parties so the mansion was more or less empty. For Cinderella the pained, terrified screams were music to her ears, she smiled, groaning slightly as she savoured the sounds of the screams as she proceeded to pull back her foot, as if scraping the blood from it, tearing through the hand before erupting between Tremaine's second and middle finger, relishing in the screams as blood erupted from the hand, rapidly pooling on the floor to a point that Cinderella found herself stood in a shallow pool of tainted blood as it continued to gush from the hand.

"Oh no." Suddenly sounded the mockingly, distressed voice of Cinderella. "What a disaster.

Tremaine looked up through tear stained eyes, her breath catching in her throat as she struggled to silence her pained screams, to see Cinderella looking down at her shoes with an expression of mock horror. "My shoes got all bloody…and they were brand new…such a disaster." She turned her gaze on Tremaine. "Don't you think?" She asked in a sickly sweet tone, flashing her fangs to emphasis her statement.

Tremaine trembled as her mind struggled to process the sudden dark attitude of her stepdaughter; she looked in horror as the pain numbed her near split hand, her skin tissue where shredded by her stepdaughter's heel, allowing the thick, hot red liquid flood out. In her shock she move her hand to her and try to sit, only to be stopped as Cinderella's left foot suddenly crashed atop over her head sending her to the floor again, landing on her back with a pained cry, feeling a harsh bruise forming atop her forehead.

"And where you think you are going?" The blonde vampiress asked as she proceeded to press her foot over her stepmother's head, relishing at the pained expression. "I don't remember giving you permission to rise." She taunted, licking at her fangs in a sickly yet erotic fashion as she eyed her prey.

Tremaine was in shock as an intense pain shoot through her head, she could feel her own forehead practically open itself at impact with the floor as the blood stream from the wound to her check and from there it drop to the floor. The pressure on her head was nearing in crushing her skull like an egg as the pointed heel slowly began to dig itself into her flesh as the other one had the back of her hand.

"Oh now look what you've gone and done." She managed to hear the vampiress over the growing pain. "Now both of my shoes are dirty with your tainted blood." The stepmother practically choking herself with a scream of pain while trying to inhale sharply as she could feel the heel burrowing itself into her head. "You know this would usually be the part where you order me to clean the mess that was clearly not my fault, that you made." She began to increase the pressure upon Tremaine's head, the older woman was sure she was going to die right there, beneath her stepdaughter's bloody shoe.

"But I'm not...and lucky for you, I know how to show mercy." And with that Cinderella moved her heel from the head of her stepmother, stepping back, smirking as Tremaine gasped a breath of relief. "Tsk tsk stepmother, just look at this disaster." Tremaine managed to raise her head, showing her agonized expression and her open and bleeding wound atop her forehead and to her horror Cinderella wasn't looking at her now bloody face, or the puddle of blood forming around her hand or even acknowledging the fact she was about to die.....no she was now looking at her other shoe and its blood covered heel with a mockingly sad expression.

"This won't do at all..." Tutted Cinderella. "I need this pair cleaned for tonight, and since this is your blood maybe you should be the one clean them of your filthy mess." She looked thoughtful for a moment. "Yeah...after all, this really is your fault, your filthy blood, your disaster, you clean it!

Now if there was something Tremaine had it was pride, and even in her weak state she still
considered herself the mistress of the household, so it was no surprise when her fear was subsided by pride and she almost looked at her stepdaughter with defiance….almost the very second she turned to look at her, she gasped sharply, a silent pained cry escaping her lips as Cinderella's foot struck her stomach with immense force, she could nearly hear her ribs cracked beneath the blow.

"I think you will understand the importance of obedience, after all, you made sure to burn it into my mind from the very instant my father died!" Spat Cinderella delivering a second kick to her stepmother's left shoulder, relishing in the sound of the bones cracking beneath her kicks. "It is crucial to obey your betters, to know your lowly place." She finished with a final kick to Tremaine's side, relishing sickening crunch she heard. Tremaine cried out, her sounds disgruntled as she gasped back tears and wails of pain, her body burning with fresh agony, every breath a fresh agonizing hell. "Now I'm not going to repeat myself now…clean…my…shoes." Cinderella finished with a demonic tone, her eyes shining with a bloody hue.

Seeing those demonic eyes made Tremaine tremble as her fear coursed through her veins, mixing with her pain expression, it was like staring into the eyes of a tiger ready to pounce and devour her…every instinct within her screaming at her to obey her stepdaughter so not to wind up on the menu. With a heavy heart and withstanding her own pain, Tremaine managed to pull herself, dragging her broken form to the feet of her stepdaughter, who simple smirked down at her with a superior smirk.

"See it wasn't that difficult" She gloated, presenting the bloody shoe to her stepmother arrogantly. "Now clean it." Her voice controlled, level and even more terrifying than it had been before.

Unable to believe just what she was about to do Lady Tremaine extended her tongue, craning her neck to ease her task, timidly she gave the bloody shot a hesitant lick at the sole…and immediately felt herself start to convulse as the rancid metallic taste mixed with the dust and the mood, as if the taste of death itself was filling her mouth, it took all her will not to add her own vomit to the putrid flavours, dry heaving as she retracted her tongue and forced herself to swallow down the blood.

"What? Not as delicious as you hoped?" Mocked Cinderella. "Too bad…it's your mess, so you get to clean it up." She finished, lifting her shoed foot and moving it closer to Tremaine's aged lips.

Seeing no way out of her situation Tremaine resumed her licking of the sole, each lick only enhancing her suffering as she tried to still her stomach and keep it from emptying its contents at the horrid taste that assaulted the tongue.

"That's right...keep cleaning with that lowly tongue of yours, I want them to shine." Cinderella ordered. Finally the stepmother reached the heel and extended her tongue to start licking up her blood.

"Ah ah ah…I think that area will need far more than a simple licking, after all it was deep inside you, hell it went through you." She smirked before making a single rapid movement and shoved her pointed heel inside Tremaine's mouth, chipping her front teeth in the process, much to the blonde's amusement.

Tremaine´s eyes widened as she felt herself choke on Cinderella's heel, coughing and gagging violently as she felt the heel stab at her throat. This didn't concern Cinderella in the slightest who simply enjoyed the concept of her heel scratching her stepmother’s throat and how her tongue would violently thrash and lick the pointed heel.

"Oh? What's wrong?" She asked with mock concern. "I hope my heel doesn't cut your throat…it would be a shame to ruin all your work so far…although that was something that you and your daughters enjoyed to do, wasn't it? Eagerly ruin all my hard work." She said, jerking the heel, slicing
the top of Lady Tremaine's mouth, eliciting more violent coughs, blood spluttering from her mouth and decorating the shoe once again in her blood. "But it seems that you managed to ruin it anyway." She sneered, wiping the blood off her shoe, using Tremaine's body like a doormat before proceeding to admire her clean shoe.

Tremaine on her part continued to cough up and splutter blood from her aged lips, spitting small, stained, chunks of her broken teeth.

"Well since you have by some miracle managed to get this one clean, why don't you move onto the other?" Cinderella said as she presented her other shoed foot to her stepmother, still wearing her superior glare. The only answer she got was a low pained groan as the old lady continued to cough up blood, the crimson liquid splattering on her shoe. "Oh come on...don't do that, you're only making more work for yourself if you keep dirtying my heels with your lowly blood." She mocked with a tone of false sweetness, lightly rotating her heel to taunt her stepmother. "Come on. Try to use that pathetic tongue of yours properly."

Tremaine tried to slide her tongue out but the very thought of tasting her own blood combined with the dirt and dust that her stepdaughter had stepped in again made her stomach churn and it didn't help that her mouth was still slowly filling with her thick blood, prompting to burst into another fit of coughs, covering the sole of Cinderella's shoe in a fresh layer of blood.

The vampiress was not amused.

"Now look what have you done!" Cinderella spat. "I gave you one simple job, to clean my shoe after you sullied it with your disgusting blood and you go and make things even worse." She hissed, baring her fangs and her eyes burning a bloody shade. "Since you are incapable of such a simple task..." She turned to her stepsisters. "Girls."

"Yes mistress." Answered Drizella as she straightened her posture.

"What is your command my queen?" Asked Anastasia as she stood beside her fellow slave.

"Hold her down."

Neither girl wasted a second in obeying their mistress and hurried over to their mother and proceeded to forcefully grip her shoulders, not even flinching at the pained cry as they proceeded to push her back and slam her onto the floor on her back, firmly holding them in place. The old woman sent the duo pleading looks but they continued to ignore her and eagerly looked back to their stepsister, awaiting her next command.

"Now it's time I use you for what you're good for, a doormat." Cinderella smirked as she stepped onto Tremaine's lower stomach, relishing in the cry of pain she elicited from the woman.

She smirked as she felt her spiked heels sinking into the tender flesh of her stepmother's stomach through the fabric of her dress before proceeding to drag her dirty shoe over Tremaine's dress, giggling as she felt her pointed heel scratching her stepmother's chest and stomach through her clothes, no doubt leaving lovely red lines beneath the extravagant clothing while staining it with the blood of her doormat.

Tremaine cried out as Cinderella suddenly stepped forward, her foot practically impaling her left breast through the night attire as she stamped down, decorating her heel in blood once again as Tremaine burst into another fit of cries while Cinderella leaned back onto her other foot on Tremaine's stomach, breaking a few ribs as she did so while proceeding to wipe her bloodied heel over her stepmother's clothes, cleaning it once again, loving how her doormat gasped for breath,
trying to swallow down her pain as tears slid down her wrinkled cheeks.

"Oh what's the matter?" Mocked Cinderella as she scraped her foot over her stepmother’s chest. She smirked as she saw blood starting to ooze through the nightgown from Tremaine's breasts beneath the fabric, staining it. "You do realize I'm doing you a favour, I'm helping you clean my shoe after you dirtied it with your filth riddled blood."

The vampiress make sure to twist her ankle over the breast, a sickening crunch reaching Tremaine’s ears, eliciting another cry of pain though this one was minor, pitiful in comparison to her previous screams.

"Ugh you really are loud." Complained the princess. "I never made a sound when you made me work...well a song or two but nothing this annoying." She finally removed her foot from the chest of her stepmother and stood with unnatural poise, atop the aged woman's stomach, loving how the woman's chest heaved with her harsh, deep breaths, pained tears sliding down her wrinkled cheeks.

"Now, stepmother I think it's time you learned how to stop making them stupid screams...such a horrid sound...so I am going to hurt you and you are to thank me, if you scream...I'll start separating your fingers from those old hands with the heel of my shoe." Cinderella explained, taking a step forward and firmly pressing her right foot between Tremaine's breasts, forcing them apart, loving how the woman gritted her teeth in pain but silenced her screams. "And you are to thank me, like a good slave, after all I am taking the time to train you in how to be a good slave and a better doormat." She continued. "Understand?"

"Yes m-mistress...th-thank you mistress." Tremaine gasped.

"Good." Cinderella replied with a dark smirk, a cold shudder passed through her doormat and Cinderella proceeded to step over Tremaine's body, stepping onto her right, arm, applying enough pressure that Tremaine felt a warm trickle of blood slide down her arm as a shallow cut started to form beneath her nightie.

"Thank you mistress." Tremaine breathed out.

Cinderella stamped back onto Tremaine's lower stomach, her doormat jerking.

"THANK YOU! Mistress!" Tremaine scream, prompting a giggle from her stepdaughter.

"Close one there doormat." Cinderella chuckled as she twisted in place and proceeded to walk up the woman's body, ensuring cause the maximum pain by slowing applying more force wit each second of her slow steps while pressing the toe of one shoe to the heel of the other until the toe of her right foot pressed down on the old neck of her new doormat.

"Th-Th-ack- you mistress." Tremaine gasped, her voice becoming raspy and strained as she felt her windpipe closing as her stepdaughter applied more pressure.

"Your welcome slave." Cinderella chuckled. "You know it would be easy for me...so easy...a little more pressure...and you would die under my shoes, where you belong, I could choke you..." She increased the pressure, her stepmother struggled to gasp for air, her eyes bulging as her daughters continued to hold her arms down and she started to thrash yet Cinderella's balance was unaffected. "I could apply more pressure and squash your neck, pop it like a grape...while that would get my shoes all nasty and dirty again I could always use you once last time, wipe your blood off on your dress as your blood continues to flow out, your last use before I command your daughters to throw you in the trash while the other scrubs your blood off the floor." Cinderella taunted, Tremaine's eyes were turning red now and her face blue.
"P-P-Please…" Tremaine gasped out, barley audible, her lungs ready to burst.

Cinderella stepped back, smirking as her stepmother violently coughed and inhaled deeply repeatedly, her chest deflating and inflating as she filled her lungs with much needed air.

"Oh? Tired already?" She mocked. "I used to clean the whole house every day, from top to bottom and I never complained…guess I have no choice but to continue your training , it will be good for you after all." She finished with a devilish smirk, flashing her fangs with sadistic glee as she stepped off of the old woman. "Drizella!, Anastasia!…hold her up!"

The two stepsister didn't even blink and instantly grabbed an arm of their mother each and proceeded to force the abused woman to her feet. Tremaine groaning and wincing in pain as she was forced to stand. She tried to beg her daughters to stop but was silenced when Cinderella grabbed her face, squashing her cheeks in her firm grip.

"You always like to brag about how perfect you and your daughters are." She began. "And in a sense you are right…you are perfect…perfect toys, perfect slaves...perfect bitches and you make a perfect doormat, almost as if you were bred for it." She finished. "Now let's see what perfection looks like." Her hand snapped out, her strong fingers curling round the neckline of Tremaine's dress, her claws digging into the fabric as she proceeded to tear and shred the material.

Tremaine inhaled sharply as her sagging breasts bounced freely, no longer restrained by her nightgown.

"Hahaha and this is perfection?" Cinderella mocked, eying the mature breasts now marked by the early abuse the elder woman suffer, shallow red cuts, dark purple bruises covering them, there was even a bruised trail leading from her abdomen to her breasts, the left arm already had a nasty greenish purple coloration thanks to the broken bone under it as well as a small cut that was already scabbing, Cinderella spied similar greenish purple shades over Tremaine's chest and stomach.

"What no snarky come back?" Laughed Cinderella. "No trying to put me down, in my place?" She mocked a dangerous smile, placing emphasis on last two words. "Because you know I'm right and you are nothing." Her hands snapped out, roughly grabbing and groping Tremaine's breasts.

Tremaine's aged, cracking lips parted, a startled, pained scream erupting from her as Cinderella's sharp claw-like nails pierced the tender flesh of her breasts, causing small trails of blood to slide from her breasts like raw pieces of meat.

"Hahaha...why are crying?...It's just a few small cuts." Cinderella teased, applying more force, licking her fangs as her claws sunk deeper into the meat. "Isn't that what you told me when I got cut while cleaning up the broken dishes or mirrors your daughters broke?...What was the other thing you told me?...oh yes…" She released the right breast and moved her finger over to the base of her stepmother's neck, loving how the woman flinched beneath the pointed nail. "That if I wanted to cry you will give me something to actually cry about?" She slowly began to apply pressure, her claw beginning to slowly sink into the thin, sensitive flesh of her mother's neck, before slowly dragging her finger down, slowly opening a shallow cut, enjoying the repressed grunt of pain from her stepmother as she grit her teeth, blood slowly oozing out of her neck and coating Cinderella's index finger.

She continued to slowly move her finger, lengthening the shallow cut she was forming until she reached the valley between her breasts, the river of blood flowing into the scarlet outline around the breasts and dripping down her body, the blood glimmering in the dim light of the room. "Now that's more of a reason to cry don't you think?" Cinderella asked, admiring her handiwork. "But maybe I should make some small adjustments to the other side too." She raised her clawed, bloodied index
finger once again and began to trace another crimson river from the base of Tremaine's neck down to
the breast, an identical river of blood forming and mixing with the other before joining the slow
waterfall of blood that fell from the aged breasts, reminding Cinderella of the meat she tenderized
back when she was the slave of her stepfamily.

The pain was finally too much for Tremaine to hold and her legs buckled beneath her as she
screamed. She would have fallen and hit the floor if it wasn't for her daughters holding her up.

"Oh? What's wrong?" Asked Cinderella with false concern. "Did you hurt your leg or something?"
She reached down, her hand vanishing beneath nightgown, noting how her tears had barley reached
the elder woman's naval, before she started to lift the clothing by the hem, gripping it in her bloodied
unforgiving fist, smirking as Tremaine was visibly shaking.

"Well we better take a look at it shouldn't we? We wouldn't want you getting hurt now would we?"
Cinderella smirked and with one savage, rapid movement the fabric was torn away, revealing
Tremaine's greying, naked legs and a pair of old grey underwear Cinderella had often heard been
called 'granny panties' by her fellow princesses. "Hahaha and I thought you couldn't look anymore
pathetic…but that's not important here…" She gave her legs a closer look, inspecting them for
injuries. "Nothing seems wrong but it's better to be sure…" She placed her hand atop her right leg.
"Umm no nothing wrong yet…" She looked to her stepmother expectantly. "Well? Do you feel
this?" Her hand tensed, forcing her claws to dip into the old skin, opening five new bloody gashes.

Once again Tremaine couldn't hold back her scream, her eyes bulging with agony; she was swiftly
silenced as a vicious slap struck her cheek.

"Perhaps I need I to remind you that I don't like hearing your screams…that I only want to hear you
express your gratitude for finding a use for you, showing you what you were born to do." Her irises
flashed with a bloody hue. "Maybe I do need to remind you." She continued slowly, her tone calm,
she slowly brought her hand to her stepmother's stomach. "Remember little slave, I want to hear you
to thank me for training you, like a good bitch." She slowly pressed the tip of the nail of her index
finger into the elder woman's stomach until she broke the skin and blood began to ooze out and she
began to drag her claw five inches before delivering a last painful twist before pulling her hand back.

Tremaine grit her teeth, hissing in pain, her hands balling into fists.

"Not what I wanted to hear." Said Cinderella in a sing song voice before making another incision on
her stepmother's stomach on the opposite side; the cut much swifter this time and an inch deeper, the
blood flowing quicker.

Tremaine grit her teeth, hissing in pain, her hands balling into fists.

"Still not what I want to hear." Cinderella sung again, she slashed at Tremaine's stomach again, this
time lining her fingers so all five claws cut into her in a single line, much deeper this time and blood
pouring from the cut and down her leg, moving her hand back she dipped the claw of her index
finger back inside, twisting it, forcing the cut to widen, her gaze fixated on her prey, drinking in the
expression of pure unadulterated agony.

"Ahh..please…" Cried Tremaine, fresh tears flowing and dripping from her chin.

"Nope, still not hearing it" Cinderella said, her hand retreating before she made another swift strike
with her five claws in line, going through the previous to form an 'X' shape, going a couple inches
deeper to a point she felt the bone of the old woman's ribs as she dragged her claws through the soft
skin.
"I…I'm sorry…than…thank you!" She started to scream. "Thank you…thank you!…THANK YOU!" She wailed, her vision blurring to a point that her sadistic stepdaughter was a watery blur.

"There we go, now that wasn't too difficult was it?" Mocked the blonde as she leaned in and proceeded to extend her tongue and lick the woman's cheek, licking up her salty tears and humming at the taste as she drank them down.

"Hmm…" Cinderella moaned at taste of fear and pain saturated in those tears finding herself enjoying the delectable flavour. "You know what stepmother?" She began with a mocking tone. "I would prefer that there wasn't any bad blood between us..." She slid her hand over her prey's leg, loving her she trembled beneath her delicate touch, enjoying how the signatures of her claws felt, still wet with blood, her hand soon reaching the panties, where Tremaine gasped as she felt the fingers passing over her slit. "After all at the end we are a family...of sorts." The fingers molested the entrance before continue on their journey upwards, gliding over the torn up stomach. "Oh sure you treated me like a slave, abused me in every possible way, and made me feel like trash every day of my life." Her hand passed over the breasts until it come to rest at the base of the neck. "But we are family in the end. " Cinderella's hand close around the neck with a cast iron grip. "And family shouldn't have bad blood between them." Tremaine gasped as the blonde vampiress began increase the pressure, a dark look appearing in her eye as she licked at her fangs again. "So lest see that YOU don't have any bad blood." Cinderella's claws pierce the neck until blood began to flow freely over her hand. Tremaine screamed in pain, her eyes closing tightly as her stepdaughter dragging her claws through the sensitive skin of the neck, leaving open cuts, blood trailing down her neck and joining the waterfall of blood on her torso.

Cinderella retracted her claws and leaned in until her pale lips pressed against the bloody cuts, allowing her tongue to slither out and glide over the cuts, closing her eyes as she savoured the taste of her stepmother's blood, gulping down the hot liquid, her lips stained with the blood.

"Hmm hahaha...well good news little slave...no bad blood here hahaha." Cinderella cackles as she proceeded to lick and suck the blood that flooded out of her stepmother, relishing in the sensation of the hot blood against her cold lips as she pressed them against her prey's neck, feeling the woman's pulse pounding beneath her dead lips, only adding to the ecstasy of the moment, Cinderella felt her own cunt throbbing with desire. She then glanced to her stepsisters. "Release her...I don't need you anymore..." The sisters released their hold of their mother but instead of falling to her knees or crashing down on the floor Tremaine felt herself held up by an unseen force, curtesy of Cinderella's and some of her new abilities.

Cinderella looked towards her waiting brides, each looking on with lustful stares and hungry eyes. "Have at them girls, except you my pet, you are mine." Smirked the blonde as she locked eyes with her little furry wife.

"Yes mistress." Chorused the stepsister as they began to walk towards their mistress' brides.

"Elsa come here pet." Cinderella called the ice Neko.

"Nya yes my queen." She answered, her ears perking and tail curling rather cutely.

"Pocahontas, Rapunzel...you can use those two bitches...they are my gifts to you, considering them marital gifts." Smirked the blonde vampiress.

"Oh thank you my queen." Replied Pocahontas as she stepped towards Drizella and grabbed her chin firmly between her thumb and forefinger. "I have some business with you...remember me? The savage that shouldn't be allow in the house?" Drizella didn't answer as Pocahontas forcibly kissed, biting the girl's lower lip and drawing blood as her fangs punctured the tender flesh, coating both
their lips in a layer of hot, fresh blood. Her tongue invaded the mouth of the dark-haired sister hungrily, dominating the opposing moist tongue. Pocahontas raised her left hand, launching it towards the bodice of the gown and roughly tearing it away, revealing Drizella’s bare breasts, bouncing freely. Immediately the native princess grasped one firmly, groping it, causing a small cry from the controlled girl.

"Hehehe feel that?” She smirked, pinching the nipple forcefully between her fingers, already feeling the breast bruising beneath her palm. "Now this savage is going use your body as she pleases and you're gonna love every second of it." Her other hand seized the front of the skirt and tore it away, revealing a pair of light lime green coloured, frilly panties, she immediately slammed her hand against the clothed cunt and started to roughly finger it.

"Really Pocahontas?” Sounded Rapunzel in disbelief. The tribal vampiress glanced towards her fellow bride looking her with disapproval. "That gown was actually pretty and looked expensive. Did you really need to tear it?"

Pocahontas simple looked at her fellow bride with an uncaring expression before reaching her hand behind Drizella and tearing the rest of the skirt away from the attire and roughly groping her ass before violently kissing the hypnotised girl once again.

"Honestly there are better ways to do this…” Rapunzel sighed as she turned to face Anastasia. "Now how about we keep this one intact?” She asked as she caressed the redhead's cheek delicately with the back of her hand. "Strip for me would you dear."

"Yes ma'am.” Answered Anastasia with a calm tone as set about obeying the command, reaching behind her back and starting to untie the ties of her skirt, allowing the expensive material to fall to the floor round her feet, before she proceeded to untie her bodice which soon joined the rest of the ensemble on the floor leaving the girl naked aside from her magenta, frilly panties.

"There…see there's no need to rip anything." Rapunzel said happily only for the sound of further ripping to reach her ears, turning on her heel she found that Pocahontas had cut Drizella´s panties away with her claws, leaving a scratch on the girl's thigh and was now she was introducing middle finger to the sopping pussy. Rapunzel rolled her eyes. "Now put your hands over your head.”

Anastasia followed the order. "Perfect." A grin appearing upon the blonde's face as she grabbed a handful of her own hair and proceeded to whip it towards the redhead, wrapping it round her wrists and tying her hands together. One a quick movement later and she had managed to hook her hair on the chandelier on the ceiling and began pull at her hair, lifting the girl from the floor and into the air…soon more threads follow one tied her left leg, forcing it to stretch away from the other, while another reached under her crotch, two more tied above and below her breasts.

Rapunzel smiled as she pulled at her hair, causing it ride up and press against Anastasia’s pussy, forcing it's way between her lips eliciting a startled, yet eager moan from the girl.

"Hmm ok then how about this.” Rapunzel pull at another collection of her locks and the redhead’s breasts where pressed firmly together between its ties, causing a small gasp of pleasure to escape her lips. "Hmm ok if separate doesn't work, then maybe together.” And she pulled again at her hair, grinding her golden locks against the pussy and smashing the breasts together at the same time… soon the breathing of the sister became heavier and small drops of sweat coating her body as she cried out in pleasure as she began to squirm against the golden rope between her legs. "Hahaha that's better." Rapunzel, giggled, feeling a swell of pride as she felt her hair beneath the redhead's pussy quickly growing wet.

Tremaine looked on this with an expression horror upon her face as she soon found herself suspended in the air, laid back against the ceiling, her blood dripping freely, down towards the duo
of monsters beneath her.

"Isn't that cute." Cinderella giggled her kitten licked at her throbbing pussy. "Hmmm now your daughters will be living as the bitches they are, the filthy slaves they were always meant to be, as you meet your deserved as a nice shower for me." She smirked as she leaned back, opening her mouth and stretching out her surprisingly long tongue to capture the flowing blood, groaning as it splattered down on her tongue, as she pushed the back of the Neko's head, burying her face into her pussy, groaning, her legs closing around her head as she began to moan in pleasure, her eyes closing as blood dribbled all over her face and the pet between her legs.

Fresh tears began to flow again from the elder woman as she watched her precious daughters been reduced to filthy whores, the sex toys of her lowly maid and her hussies.

"Come my pet." Cinderella moaned as she pulled Elsa to her feet. "You enjoy this too."

Elsa eagerly opened her mouth and drank from the blood shower, her ears twitching happily as blood dripped into them, soaking into her fur.

"She tastes delicious my queen." The Neko giggled, her giggles soon dissolving into a pleasurable shiver as her queen trace her icy fingers over her rather sensitive tail.

"Hmm but I think I can be better." Elsa smirked as she captured more of her slave's blood in her mouth before capturing Elsa's beautiful lips, sharing the hot liquid with her, their tongue playing in the blood, Cinderella's hand ensnaring Elsa's right breast, roughly squeezing it and mashing it against the groaning kitty, smirking into the kiss as she rubbed her thumb over the pointed nipple, eliciting a groan of pleasure before Cinderella allowed her frozen kitten to swallow it down. "Now what do you think?

"That was divine Nya." Breathed the Neko before both girls launched into another passionate kiss again, grinding their chests together, as Cinderella roughly groped Elsa's ass and the Neko lightly fingered and teased her queen's glorious pussy, slick with her saliva and her queen's hot cum.

As they explored and played with one another's bodies, the blood quickly began to cover their heads, sliding down their faces and down their bodies. The delicious scent only spurring on their carnal lusts as Elsa jumped up, wrapping her pale, creamy, slender legs around the waist of her queen, allowing their pussies to grind against each other's as her hands massage her beautiful breasts while Cinderella forceful kneaded Elsa's ass, her claws creating shallow cuts as she held her up by her ass, the sharp pain of the cuts only spurring the Neko on, their kisses becoming deeper, more passionate.

Soon Tremaine found her vision dimming, her peripheral vision vanishing to darkness, her breath and her heart slowing with each moment that past, her eyes filling with sadness as she watched, broken, as her daughters were violated by the brides of her lowly stepdaughter. Her head falling as her eyes closed, the last thing she ever saw was Elsa and Cinderella, coated in her blood engaged in passionate love beneath her.

A/N I hope you all enjoyed this chapter :)

Now starting from the 1st November (2017) I am starting an event/contest, so what do you say we all get into the Christmas Spirit, from the 1st November until the 24th December you can send me a chapter for any of my anthologies on here featuring a Christmas theme, the winner of this contest will see their work chapter posted on Christmas Day, and runner ups will be posted approaching the day with their placements.

If you want you can have yourself written as anonymous if you don't want your name on the chapter.
I will determine which chapter is the winner of the contest by the use of a simple criteria.

Grammar

Creativity

Fetishes (Rarity in each anthology)

Christmas Theme

Characters (In character)

Detail/Description

And please note I will fix any grammar errors I locate in each submission before publication.

(1) A traditional German dress.
Announcement

Vote closed: You can find the winner in my new 'fic' 'Smut Polls' along with the newest polls - currently Belle

Merry Christmas

I don't know if I'll get chance to write a special this time and since no submissions were made there is no material to post.

However, I have decided to launch polls for each Disney character to determine a 'default fetish' to use for the character whenever the request or chapter doesn't assign that character a fetish. Each poll will be up for one week before the next girl gets posted, I'll record results on my profile as they appear.

I am going to leave this author note on this site so any readers who are unable to vote in the poll on fanfiction can vote on here instead - not when each poll ends I stop taking votes for that count - the first girl end 05/01/2018 - every one will get one week, this time I will paste in the options to select from but with every other girl you'll have to check out the selection provided to see what I put or just write what you want on here and hope it wins.

Once again Merry Christmas to all.

Also you are allowed 3 choices each due to the number of options.

Tiana

Suck Cock

Queening

Domination (Giver)
Vore Others (Shrunken)

Psychrophilia (Being cold and watching others who are cold)

Giantess Others

Vore Others (Normal)

Collaring

Fire Play

Scat Play

Garbage (Bagging)

Golden Shower (Receiver)

Wax Play

Switch

Bondage (Receiver)

Harem

Vored (Normal) - to be eaten

Necrophilia

Furry

Babygirl

Futanari (Other)
Humiliation (Giver)

Pygophilia (Arousel to buttocks)

Vored (Shrunk) - to be eaten

Drinking Cum

Sadism (Causing pain)

Garbage (Bagged)

Trample

Masochism (Experiencing pain)

Ice Play

Voyeurism

Shrunk Self

Enema

Foot Fetish

Spanking (Giver)

Vanilla

Slave/Master

Food Play

Humiliation (Receiver)
Incest

Sensory Deprivation

Master/slave

Lick Pussy

Collared

Swinging

Spitting

Shrinking Others

Anal (Giver)

Frotteurism (Touching a stranger surreptitiously in a crowded place)

Exhibitionism

Breath Play

Pteronphilia (Being tickled by feathers)

Golden Shower (Giver)

Pet Play

Age Play

Mommy

Futanari (Her)
Sensation Play

Titillagnia (Tickling other people)

Blood Choking

Rough Sex

Anal (Receiver)

Rape Play (Raped)

Knismolagnia (Been tickled)

TPE (Total Power Exchange) receiver

Domination (Receiver)

CBT (Cock and Ball Torture)

Spanking (Receiver)

TPE (Total Power Exchange) Giver

Bondage (Giver)

Giantess Self
'How did I get roped into this?' Flynn mentally cursed as he stared at the woman stood on the opposing side of the table; her skin was flawless, smooth, a shade of very pale ivory, possessing a curvaceous figure, the tall, slender woman had large grey eyes, her eyelids decorated with brown eye shadow, her cheeks dusted with blush, her curly black, thick hair falling past her shoulders, her nails painted a sultry crimson. She wore diamond-shaped golden earrings and a flattering, renaissance-era crimson dress, sleeves racing her elbows, and had a faintly dappled pattern with a gold trim, a matching sash with buckle round her waist and reached down to her feet which were contained within her brown open toed heels.

Mother Gothel placed her plate down on the table and claimed her seat, glancing up to see her guest still standing and staring at her, clearly not trusting her, then again she had tried to kill him once upon a time.

The man was of average height and build, possessing a fair skin tone, short dark brown hair, a scruffy goatee and light brown eyes. He wearing a turquoise vest with a white long-sleeved shirt underneath; coupled with dark cream pants and brown buck-top boots with a belt of similar colour scheme around his waist, connecting to a miniature satchel.

Now that she was finally able to get a proper look at him without the risk of losing Rapunzel and her life with her, she had to admit he was a rather fetching young lad, and she wouldn't mind a…private moment with him or two.

"Do sit down Mr. Rider; I can assure you it isn't poison." Gothel chuckled as waved towards his meal of chicken and vegetables.

Flynn cautiously took his seat before reaching across the table and proceeding to switch her plate with hers.

"Forgive me if I don't believe you." Flynn said as he leaned back in his chair, still not touching his food.

"But of course, it is only to be expected." Gothel replied as started eating her meal, Flynn slowly following suit, making sure to taste everything he picked up thoroughly before he swallowed it.

"Why did you invite me to dinner?"

"Because if I invited Rapunzel she wouldn't trust me enough to come, I am hoping that during this dinner I will be able to convince you to convince my daughter into giving me a second chance." Gothel answered honestly.

"She isn't your daughter and she'd die before she'd trust you again."

"She might as well be my daughter, I raised her for 18 years, clothed her, fed her, nursed every fever, I did everything for her."
"Because you kidnapped her."

Gothel sighed, she wasn't going to win this, if she kept going he would only leave.

"Look…I love Rapunzel like a daughter and would like to have a chance to reconnect with her…"

"How could she ever trust you?"

"I have no motive to lie, the magic of my housemates is incredible; my neighbour is the God of the bloody Underworld, my youth is guaranteed, there is no reason I would want to do anything bad to her…just give me this dinner please?"

Flynn's voice caught in his throat, the vulnerable look in the woman's eyes catching him off-guard.

"Fine. "How do I get into these things?'

'Come on think Gothel…how am I gonna get him on my side…nothing I say will change his mind and even if I give him a pleasant dinner he still won't believe me…come on think…what would Ursula say…' Gothel had to grit her teeth to bite back her smirk. 'of course.'

Beneath the table she slid her left foot back and proceeded to press the tip of her shoe against the back of her right heel before slowly pushing the back down, with a satisfying 'pop' she felt her heel slip free of her shoe. She wiggled her naked toes, taking a calming breath as she slipped off her other shoe.

"You okay?" Flynn asked, unnerved by how quiet the villainess was being, Gothel flushed with embarrassment.

"Oh…I'm fine, how's your food?" She asked.

"Err it's…f-…" His voice in his throat as he felt something brush against the inside of his leg. "Fine." Flynn blushed, leaning back in his chair and looking down, he swallowed as he saw Gothel's ivory foot slowly sliding up his legs.

Gothel smirked as she watched Flynn's cheeks become a bright shade of pink and a shiver shot up his spine. She slowly dragged her barefoot up his leg, stopping at his inner thigh, pushing her foot back and forth, stopping her toes from touching his private area by barley an inch, teasing him.

"Wh-Wh-What are y-you d-doing?" The former thief stammered.

"Nothing, just making sure my son-in-law has a pleasant dinner." She replied with a sultry smirk.

"You're no-" Flynn gasped as he felt Gothel's foot stretch forward again, tracing a line from the base of his bulge to the top with the tip of her big toe, his hands balling into fists as he struggled to bite back a groan.

"Don't you like it?" Gothel asked with a fake pained tone.

"Sto-…" She moved forward again, pressing the sole of her foot against his bulge, his cock pulsating violently beneath his pants and her sole.

Gothel giggled as she watched his eyes bulge as her second foot slowly slid up the inside of his other leg, stopping to massage his inner thigh as the toes on her other foot drummed against his crotch, just above where the tip of his concealed cock reached.

Flynn groaned, sinking back into his chair, his body tense.
"Just relax." Gothel whispered, applying a little more pressure to his bulge, savouring his grunts of pleasure.

"Plea..." She applied more pressure, pressing his erection against himself as if trying to squash it flat, he moaned.

"Just relax and enjoy the feeling of my toes." She whispered, continuing to massage his inner thigh and squash his erection.

He felt his head nod as he felt himself melt into his chair.

"You know it would feel even nicer if you let your little friend out." She licked her lips in a sultry fashion, he shivered, his cock straining harder against his pants and her sole.

"B-But..."

"I promise I won't tell Rapunzel." She increased the pressure, he groaned. "Undo your pants."

Finally his resistance failed and he reached down, Gothel pulled back her foot, pulling his pants down slowly, moaning as the fabric teased his erection until it bounced from its confines, standing tall beneath the table, naked.

Gothel reached forward once again and pressed her bare foot against his cock, pushing it back against his stomach.

"Ahhh!" Flynn, moaned, his breaths becoming more erratic as he felt her warm sole against him, the skin on skin contact driving him crazy. He threw his head back, his eyes closing as Gothel began to massage his cock with her foot, kneading it with toes, smirking as it grew harder and harder beneath her toes, it was so empowering.

'I am so doing this again.' She thought to herself as her other foot slid forward and she started to tease his balls with the tips of her toes, dragging her red toenails over them, teasing them, the former thief devolving into a state of constant moaning and gasping as he started to thrust his hips, fucking the underside of the table as he aimed for her feet.

Gothel chuckled.

"Stop fucking the table, let my toes pleasure you, relax and maybe next time I'll let you fuck my toes, or maybe my pussy if you're a really good boy." She winked; he stopped his thrusting and gripped the arms of his chair firmly as she returned to stimulating him with her beautiful toes.

She parted her toes and pushed her foot into him, forcing his cock between her big and second toe, her guest moaning in pleasure as he felt his cock squeezed by her warm toes while her other toes started to press into his balls, he jumped in his seat, prompting Gothel to squeeze him harder between her toes.

She started to drag her toes up and down his cock, his breaths becoming faster, his moaning becoming more audible as he pressed himself further back into his chair.

She released his balls and pulled back her toes, releasing his cock, smirking at his moan of disappointment before she pushed her feet forward again, seizing his pulsating cock between her big feet.

"Ah ah!" He gasped as he felt her start to squeeze his cock between her feet before she started to drag her feet up and down, pulling and tugging at his cock.
"Ah ah! Ah ah!"

"Do my feet feel nice?" Gothel teased as she started to pump him faster and harder.

He nodded as he continued to moan.

"Do you think you could put a good word in for me with Rapunzel." She squeezed his cock, pressing her toes over his tip as she continued to pump him.

He nodded again.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!"

Flynn's eyes rolled into the back of his head as Gothel harshly squeezed his cock, he could feel it throbbing between, starting to spark, precum pouring from his cock as it got harder and harder, he could feel his limit approaching.

"That's it, be a good boy and cum all over my feet, cum on me." Gothel moaned, egging him on, feeling her ankles start to cramp as she pumped him faster and faster.

"Ahhhhhh!" His cock erupted, hot white cum spewing from, splashing off the underside of the table, covering Gothel's soles, splattering over the tops of her feet, gluing her toes together. Her pumping slowed but she increased the pressure, squishing it between her soles as she milked every last drop from his cock.

His limp dick vanishing between her feet as he laid back in his chair, panting, coated in a thin layer of sweat.

Gothel pulled her cum covered feet back and slid them back into her shoes, loving the feeling of his creamy cum beneath her soles, all hot and sticky, and the fact it was his cum in her shoes made it all the sweeter, she needed more of this, this power, this sensation.

She slid her seat back and vanished under the table, crawling under the table, her hand landing in a small puddle of cum that had escaped her feet. She rose to her knees and took his limp cock in her hand, massaging it with her thumb and fingers, looking up at him from between his legs, smirking as his eyes opened, landing on her, bulging as they filled with lust.

"Ready for dessert?" She teased, not waiting for an answer as she took his hardening cock into her mouth and started to suck, slurping up his cum and swallowing it down as her tongue lapped at his cock, curling round its growing length.

"Ohhhh! Aahhhh!" Flynn groaned, lifting his hips, trying to push himself deeper into Gothel's hot, wet mouth, her groans spurring him on as his cock returned to its full length and he began to fuck her face.

'This turned out better than expected.' Flynn mentally moaned to himself.

A/N Sorry for the wait; hope you like the chapter. Please review.

Don't forget to place your votes on Tiana – next up is Belle, let me know if you want any particular options available.

Also you can vote in the form of reviews if you rather or don't have an account.
Sisterly Bonding

Title: Sisterly Bonding
Main Characters: Elsa, Anna, Esmerelda
Categories: Frozen, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Princess and the Frog
Contains: Incest, Symbiote Transformation, Elsanna, Absorption, Threesome, Rape, Sex in Public, Transformation, Lesbian, Melting, Masturbation, Tentacles
Cameos: Facilier
Started: 16/02/2018
Finished: 16/02/2018
Series Tester

Elsa hesitated as she stared at the pale wooden door, cracked in several places, her form concealed beneath a dirty brown hooded cloak she had borrowed from Jasmine's wardrobe while she was out, her face was oddly paler than normal, she pressed her teeth into her lower lip, summoning the courage, she took hold of the handle and pushed her way into the small shop.

It was dark, the musty scent of dust polluting the air, the small shop had three aisles; each filled with dark trinkets varying from voodoo dolls, to growling, physically growing, tomes, shrunken heads and miniature sceptres waiting to be resized.

At the other end of the shop was a small wooden desk, a door behind it leading to a private room. Hesitantly she began to make her way down the middle aisle, ignoring the shrunken heads snoring away, dangling from their pegs, yes stitched shut; a disturbing site indeed.

Her steps almost echoed in the near silence of the shop. She stopped at the desk, it was coated in a thin layer of dust and random boxes and dark coloured wands; Elsa shivered at the dark feel the enchanted tools pulsated.

"Hello. Oh? Another royal dares to step into my shop." Laughed a voice, Elsa flinched, her eyes flicking to door where she saw the familiar man leaning against it; she didn't hear or see it open or close.

He was a tall, skinny, moustached man, dressed in black and red clothing, a black top hat with a purple feather in it and skull and crossbones on it, with dark purple eyes, a thin moustache; a dark gap in his front teeth. His bony fingers curled round the purple globe atop his black cane.

Elsa averted her gaze with shame, she heard him approach her on the other side of the desk, the base of his cane pounding against the floor as he strutted over.

"Afternoon doctor." Elsa greeted, still not looking at him and refusing to utter his name through her lips.

"Hmm so why has the Queen of Arendelle herself decided to grace a lowly witchdoctor with her royal presence?" He mocked.

"I…want something." She finally allowed herself to look at him, hating the hungry look in his dark purple eyes, he was toying with her.

"Obviously, but what do you want?"

She hesitated.
"I want…to…to be with Anna…my sister." She admitted, her cheeks lighting with an insecure blush.

"Oh? You want to be with your little sister?" It sounded so disgusting when he said it.

She nodded.

"And why do you need my help to…munch her rug?" She visibly shivered at that, why did she do this? She should have gone to Hades.

"I'm her sister." Elsa answered, her voice shaking.

"And?"

"And? And what? It's…not natural…it's wrong." But why did it feel so right? Why did she want Anna to crawl into her bed and spoon her to sleep? Why did the thought of sharing a slow dance with her set her womanhood a blaze with desire? Why? Why did it feel so right?

Facilier chuckled darkly; oh this was going to be fun.

"So what do you want? Do you want me to make the feelings vanish? Or to remove the blood that's stopping you? So you can fuck her brains out." She hated how crass he was. An image of Anna's cheeks flushed, moaning as she kissed and teased her nipples, flashed before her mind, she felt her own womanhood quiver, that familiar 'itch' returning.

She banished the image, though not without regret. Pondering her options, at first she wanted to get rid of her…sinful feelings of lust for her sister…but if they were no longer sisters…she could court her, they could be together.

"What do you mean…remove the blood?" She recalled how Merida's case had gone, hence why she didn't visit the more pleasant senile witch over this bastard.

He chuckled again; she didn't like the gleam in his eyes.

"Simple, I make it so you are no longer related by blood, your memories will remain as they are, all that will change is, there would be no…prudish…or shrewd values holding you two back."

"Would I still be human?"

"Could you be with your sister if you weren't?"

A smile graced Elsa's lips.

"So my…feelings…would be accepted by all?" She asked, hope seeping into her voice.

"No one will be able to separate you two; the spell will ensure you will be together for the rest of your lives."

Elsa's heart both soared and skipped a beat.

"Anna won't be…forced into it…will she?"

Facilier hesitated, seeming to be debating how to best form his response.

"That will be your choice my queen, my spell will only affect your body, the blood that binds you, it won't touch her." He answered.
That seemed good enough to Elsa.

"What do you want in return?" Now to barter the payment.

"Hmm the price will be the chance to offer someone who...the next in your line...bond to."

"What do you mean?"

"It will become clear after the spell; I just want the opportunity to offer the next of your line...a suitor, only to offer I assure you." There was that gleam again.

"If I am with Anna...how will I...have a child?"

"In time the spell will allow it, think of it as an extra gift." He winked, Elsa blushed, the thought of Anna's baby, growing in her womb, the product of their love. She suddenly felt very light, her heart filling with hope and joy...how could she turn this down.

She gulped.

"You have a deal." She extended her hand to the witchdoctor, he grinned and quickly seized her hand, harshly squeezing it as he shook it; Elsa winced.

He slammed the base of his cane against the floor. The orb atop it began to glow brightly, bathing the room in its dark purple glow; Elsa squinted, struggling to see.

The Shadowman began to chant.

"*Mes amis une nouvelle affaire est frappée, prenez cette reine et lui donner la capacité d'être un avec sa sœur, pour libérer son désir. Et en retour, le rejet de leurs désirs interdits amènera le chaos dans cette ville!*" (1)

The orb turned dark as if filled with ink.

"Yes." Facilier almost moaned as black tendrils erupted from the orb of his cane.

"Aiieee!" Elsa cried as the tendrils curled round her wrists and ankles, lifting her into the air, spreading her eagle.

"What's happening?" Elsa screamed. "What is this?"

Facilier didn't answer, merely watching on as the transformation took place.

The tendrils began to bleed, smooth liquid ebony pouring out onto her snowy flesh, first her hands and her feet were consumes, she felt her shoes dissolving in the liquid until they vanished and the liquid clung to her soles and toes like a second skin.

It the liquid began to travel up her arms, swiftly covering skin. She could feel her covered arms starting to weaken, becoming gooey beneath the new skin; it reached her shoulders and began to spread over the cloak, eating it away, eager to reach her flesh.

The liquid on her feet quickly climbed her legs, by the time it reached her thighs her toes felt more like jelly than toes when she tried to move them. Her breathing was becoming rapid and chaotic, her heart pounding, panic thundering through her veins, she tried to pull against the binds but her covered limbs barley responded to commands, feeling less and less solid by the second.

The liquid on her thighs began to spread out, reaching out over the slit of her ice dress and spreading
out over the rest of the bottom half of the dress, breaking the enchanted ice up slightly slower than it was the cloak, while the ebony on her legs travelled up and slid over and into her pussy.

Pleasure erupted throughout her being, enticing Elsa to try and thrust her gooey hips forward as she felt her already teased, sensitive clit begin to melt. Her breath becoming more ragged, her cheeks becoming flushed with arousal.

The words; 'So hot! So hot!' repeating, screaming in her mind as she struggled to pay attention to the fast spreading goo, her vision blurring as her legs and arms began to melt, pooling on the floor below her until only her torso and head remained, yet still she could feel her melting clit, the sensation fast spreading over her body as if each piece of her melted became an extension of her gooey clit, bursting with pleasure, with arousal, with the need for pleasure.

She lost her waist to the gooey pleasure, all panic vanishing as the inky substance had eaten away her cloak and the entirety of her dress, leaving her chest covered in a black gooey second skin, her hard nipples on clear display and slowly melting, as the substance slowly climbed up her neck, seeming to take it leisurely time now that it's 'victim' was no longer struggling or resisting in any fashion.

Her breasts began to shrink as the black flesh slowly slide off her tits and dripped into the gooey pile on the floor, screaming with pleasure.

Panting, her tongue slid out of her mouth, her face entirely red now, the goo began to slowly creep onto her cheeks.

"M-More…" Elsa moaned as the goo crept towards her mouth.

Her shoulders melted and fell to the floor, her once generous breasts melting away to a gooey flat base before even that too fell to the floor.

Her head began to fall until a tendril seized her by her blonde locks, tangling her as her neck leaked more ebony goo as it began to reach into her head, to break down the rest of her and claim her mind. Tendrils erupted from the goo slowly spreading over her face, going into both of her ears, through her nostril, a rather thick one going into her mouth, leading her to gag and before starting to suck and lick at the tendril as if it were a long hard cock, her taste buds breaking down and erupting with pleasure with every lick, before she could even begin to taste the substance. Four spiny tendrils slithered towards her eyes, her pupils dilated as pleasure claimed more and more of her mind. They dipped into the corners and began to slither into her head.

Her moans and audible breaths were silenced when her mouth and chin melted away; next went her cheeks, then her ears, then her eyes and finally the rest of her head dropped to the floor a melted ball of goo, splattering into the trembling puddle.

Facilier stared at the shifting puddle, his hand deep in his pants, light massaging his hard cock. Why hadn't he made this deal before now?

The puddle shivered, a burst of pale blue and light purple spreading over it, finalising the transformation.

Facilier smirked.

With his spare hand he grasped a handful of pink powder from a small wooden bowl on his desk and blew it at the puddle. The powder erupted into an explosion pink of smoke.

When the smoke faded the goo was gone and all was left was a clean patch on the dusty wooden
"Arousing and cleans before it goes...I must make more deals like that." He laughed, though mentally noting that the creature he had turned the ice queen into was still a venture that required a watchful eye before... 'mass production.'

XXX

The world around Elsa was consumed by pink smoke and vanished into a blur, she barely noticed, all she knew was her body burned with desire and hungered for pleasure. She felt starved, like she was on the brink of the greatest orgasm of her life but unable to find release.

She felt the ground beneath become prickly, yet soft. The once dusty wood flooring replaced with freshly cut grass.

She needed to cum.

Agitated she shifted in place, aggressively grinding her new form against the grass, still not registering her final form, every particle of her body as sensitive as her clit had been.

That when she felt it.

Where? She pulled herself from her grinding, looking round. She was in a park, it was huge in comparison to her side, but now wasn't the time to ponder that.

Where was she?

Where was her host?

She could feel her, her perfect host, she was near. Focusing on the instinctual pull she began to slither along the grassy plain of the park, groaning as she dragged her sensitive body over cut grass, twigs and stones, even the odd insect – the beetle and the worm felt especially pleasurable as she consumed their wriggling forms.

She was close.

She stopped. Staring upwards she almost screamed in frustration as she spied the sleeping form of her future host atop a tree's branch.

There she was. Anna. The one she loved, the one she would be with, the one she become one with.

Elsa moved with surprising speed, almost flowing over the ground like water. She slid over the thick branches and began to pull herself up the trunk, trembling every time she came over a short twig or broken piece of bark stick out, if her host wasn't so close she would hump and grind this tree until she finally obtained her perfect orgasm.

Finally she reached the branch; she stared at her beloved for a moment, taking her in.

Her fair skin made her look so innocence as she slept soundly, her chest slowly rising and falling, her rosy cheeks redder than normal from summer's loving kisses and dusted with her cute tiny freckles, her thin lips adorably pursed. Her strawberry-blonde hair braided into two pigtails dangling off the branch, swaying in the light breeze, her bangs clung to her forehead through the light perspiration of the summer warmth. She wore a pink one-piece bathing suit, a touch too small for her, pushing her basketball sized breasts together, her cleavage showing the signs of turning red from too much sun and coated in a thin layer of sweat, the sweet scent of her perspiration mixing with that of her sun
cream. One of her arms sprawled over her torso, pressing lightly against her boob, her hand falling between her legs, while the other hung off of the branch. One of her now browning legs stretched across the branch while the other was bent, the limb beyond her knee hanging off her branch.

Elsa remembered how Anna loved the hot sunny days, after been raised somewhere so called – the castle often colder than outside thanks to her own out of control powers. She would often strip off and wear next to nothing to feel the full extent of the sun's rays. Something Elsa both appreciated and cursed as she often found herself having to make her dress colder than normal as her pussy burned with desire – not that it helped too much. Still she remembered fondly how adorable, if arousing, how her little sister acted.

Elsa began to inch forward, slowly reaching out; pale blue and light purple tentacles stretching out from her form out of instinct, towards Anna's sleeping form.

"Now we shall be one my beloved."

XXX

Within Anna's dream she and Elsa were playing in a large swimming pool in the back garden of the shared mansion, laughing as they splashed the cold water at one another, feeling oddly nice in the burning heat of summer.

"Haha you're gonna have to do better than that Anna." Elsa laughed after Anna dragged her arm along the surface of the water, hitting her sister with a makeshift wave.

Elsa's hair was unbound and fell over her shoulders, now clinging to her shoulders, forehead and the tops of her breasts, granting her an almost angelic beauty as the sun's light created a sheen on the water that now coated her pale skin, sparkling like snow in winter. Elsa crossed her arms under her chest, inadvertently drawing Anna's attention almost hypnotically to her breasts, bouncing as she laughed, clad by the thin light blue bra of her two piece swimsuit, the slick fabric thin enough she could just make out her nipples, while pushing her honeydew melons together, water droplets sliding down and vanishing into the canyon that was her cleavage.

"Cold water doesn't bother me." Elsa suddenly leapt forward, diving at her.

"Arrgh!" Anna gasped as her sister's palms slammed into her shoulders and pushed her back.

SPLASH

They both fully submerged into the water. Anna catching a quick glimpse of Elsa's lower half, the pale blue panty riding up a little, the outline of her pussy clearly visible and within reach.

Their descent slowed Anna stared up at Elsa, her hands were still on her shoulders, her hair curling and wriggling in the water like it was alive, her beauty reaching new levels as the rays of the sun shone around her, almost like an ascending angel as she floated above her in the water.

The walls of the pool seemed to vanish and they were both suddenly in the ocean together, slowly descending in the deep blue:

Elsa's hands began to move, one sliding round to the back of her neck, cradling it. Her cheeks burned with arousal and a hint of embarrassment. Elsa's other hand reached round to the middle of her upper back, lightly kicking her legs almost majestically.

Her right leg began to bend; sliding gracefully between Anna's forcing her to awkwardly spread her legs. Her blush deepening as she felt Elsa's knee graze her swimsuit clad crotch.
Anna shivered at the light touch, lightly lifting her hips, pressing her clothed pussy against her sister's knee, her heart pounding in her chest. Did she feel how wet she was getting? Would there be a stain even though they're in the water?

Elsa began to pull her closer, Anna squeaked as she felt her sister's boobs press against her own, feeling them almost trying squish each other. She had to feel her nipples poking her?

Anna squeaked again, this time air bubbles escaping her lips. Why hadn't there been any before? Shouldn't she need to breathe soon?

Elsa's face moved in, stopping an inch away from her own, it began to turn, her eyes closing. ‘Never mind.’

Elsa pressed her lips against Anna's. She felt her sister's tongue slide over her lips as if begging permission to enter. Anna let her in, moaning as Elsa's tongue began to dominate her mouth. They moaned into each other's mouths as they continued to sink.

Anna allowed her eyes to close, focusing on the kiss and the warmth of her sister's body in the cold water. She felt the warmth begin to spread. It felt so good, like Elsa was kissing every inch of her as once, as if her warmth was surrounding her, filling her. She had never felt such ecstasy, such paradise.

She felt their hearts become one.

She felt her body begin to burn, the heat between her legs suddenly erupted. She had never felt so horny in her life, her breath began ragged. She needed more, so much, wanted to taste her sister, for her sister to taste her. She needed release…she…she needed…

XXX

Anna's eyes snapped open, her breathe even more ragged than it had in her dream, every inch of her body sticky with sweat. Her face flushed red, her bosom rapidly rising and falling as fighting to burst out her swimsuit.

Hey eyes bulged.

"Oh! Oh!" She moaned as she felt the suit begin to vibrate atop her nipples and crotch, she pulled legs up, sitting upright and forcing her legs together, the vibrating only intensified.

She arched her back, gripping the branch she sat on firmly as a large jolt of pleasure shot through her body, trembling as her pussy exploded in ecstasy. She looked down at her crotch; she could see a large wet patch forming only bite back a startled scream as the bottom of her swimsuit suddenly began to shake.

"Ahh!" Anna gasped her voice higher than normal as the she felt something akin to sucking sensation on her pussy, the stain vanished and the sucking stopped. She allowed herself to relax a moment, still gasping for breath, her pussy still tingling.

Her suit was still vibrating…no…it felt more grinding against her nipples.

'What's happening?!' Anna mentally gasped.

"Ahh!" She moaned as she felt the her suit started to squeeze her breasts together, it began to vibrate over her pussy again…no…it felt more like the fabric was starting to dip into her pussy, rubbing
against her lips, starting to dip, to tease her clit. She couldn't resist anymore, Anna began to grope her right breast, forcefully squeezing it with the swimsuit, rubbing her thumb over her pointed nipples beneath her suit, her other diving between her legs, using her middle and index fingers to push the suit into her pussy, it stretched more than it should, moulding round her fingers, almost trying to pull them into her pussy.

Elsa felt so close to her perfect orgasm she could almost taste it, she was in heaven, she and Anna were bonding, she was wrapped around her body, she wise riding up her ass, rubbing against her breasts, pumping her pussy, she was inside her beloved's pussy. This was what love felt like. She needed more.

"More." Anna moaned, now vigorously fingering her pussy, slamming her fingers into her sopping cunt, her knuckled pounding against the thin slick fabric lining her entrance, it was like there was nothing in the way of her fingers and yet it was like the fabric was vibrating over her fingers, her fingers were vibrating inside her pussy. This was beyond anything she'd ever felt before.

"We need more!" Anna groaned, not hearing the distortion of her voice, how it sounded like two mixed together, like hers and Elsa's.

She closed her eyes and threw herself back to lean against the tree and fully stretch, she missed. "Aiiee!" Anna screamed, startled as she felt herself fall from the tree, her limbs acted on their own, turning mid-air, she landed in a crouched position, her knuckles touching down on the ground.

She suddenly felt like every inch of her skin was on fire like it had in her dream. "So...So...hot!" Anna moaned, groping her breast again, she needed release.

Her eyes opened and it was suddenly like she could see everything, everything looked so sharp. Had she been able to see herself she would see that she was no longer wearing her swimsuit but a skin tight – tight enough that her pointed nipples and engorged clit were visible – pale blue and light purple spandex suit, the colours swirling over her body, her fingers now knifelike claws, white oval eyes and a fang filled mouth, her tongue at least four times as long and twice as thick. Her lust filled gaze landed on the sleeping form of Esmerelda.

The raven woman was laid on a dark purple towel sleeping soundly, her eyes hidden beneath a pair of purple framed sunglasses, her chest bound by a rather small purple bra, most of her breast flesh visible and thin enough that even her oft nipples beneath the fabric were almost visible, and a matching thong just managing to cover crotch, the edges of her shave pussy barely visible.

Anna began to creep forward, a lustrous grin upon her face. She needed release, need to cum. She jumped forward, landed atop Esmerelda straddling her waist.

"Aiieee!" Esmerelda screamed only to be silenced as tentacle grew out of Anna's shoulder and gagged the terrified woman, she reached for the gag only to have her arms pinned back against the towel by another pair of tendrils, she began to kick violently, and other pair and her ankles were pinned.

"So Hot!" Anna groaned with her new voice, her tongue slithering out, dragging its tip from the base of Esmerelda's to her jawline eliciting shivers, mixed of disgust on pleasure, her breathing was getting fast now.

Anna stood from Esmerelda and used her tentacles to lift the now struggling woman from the
ground, positioning upright.

Esmerelda stared at the monster than held her above the ground, it began to spreads its legs, showing her a clear outline of its pussy, the outline began to blur, the 'skin' over the crotch began to bulge and shake until three new distinctly phallic looking tendrils erupted from its crotch, they curled and wriggled in the air before the left one angle downwards.

"MMMPPH!" Her muffled screams in vain as she felt her legs forced apart by the two tendrils round her ankles, the angled tendril shot forward and slammed into her clothed pussy.

"MMMMPHH'D!" Esmerelda screamed as she felt the tendril trying to burrow its way in, forcing her thong into her cunt until finally the elastic snapped, Esmerelda arching forward, her eyes widening and filling with tears as the tendril forced its way into her cunt, taking the front of ruined thong with it, the back half fallen to the ground behind her.

Anna moaned as she felt the hot walls Esmerelda's pussy squeezing her new tendril, not stopping until the tendril was visibly pushing against the inside of her stomach, the shape visible as it began to retract before slamming forward again.

Esmerelda continued to scream with pain into the gagging tendril, thrashing about, desperate to break the monster's grasp or manage to scream for help. But her struggles were to no avail.

The tendril on the right lurched forward, curling round her captives form before pounding straight into her ass, forcing her tones cheeks part before slamming into her tiny puckering anus.

"MMMMPH!" She screamed; her vision now blurring as her pained tears flowed like a never ending waterfall, it was like someone was trying to force a 3 metre long thermos into her ass.

The tendril continued driving forward, forcing the tiny sphincter to open.

"MMMMPH!" Her lips parted beneath the tendril, screaming with all her lungs while trying to stop herself from choking as the pain intensified.

Anna was in heaven, to feel Esmerelda's now moist pussy walls squeezing her tendril while her tight little asshole did the same to the other; she was burning up, so close to finally achieving orgasm, she needed more.

Continuing to act on instinct the middle tendril shot forward, the one gagging Esmerelda retreating.

"ALLIIIIIEEEghpmph!" Once again the young gypsy woman found herself silenced by a tentacle, this one, however, dived straight into her mouth and slammed into the back of her throat; she gagged forcefully struggling to breathe.

Anna was in ecstasy, she so close to release, her mouth was so hot, so wet…and her screams, the vibrations were driving her crazy, she was so close she need more. She pounced fore, pulling Esmerelda so close that their breasts smashed into one another.

"We need more!" She moaned.

Then she felt it.

Her cells fast at work inside Esmerelda, spreading herself, it was like they transforming parts of Esmerelda's body into an extension of her throbbing clit and could feel herself grinding against. She was so close now, so close.
Esmerelda's struggles stilled, her screams turning into moans as she felt her sense starting to dull, the pain shrinking along with her strength, been replaced by a sense of ecstasy and yearning, she began to suck on the tendril in her mouth while clenching her ass muscles round the second tendril, while trying to lightly thrust her hips against the one in her cunt but she felt as though her muscles were turning to jelly and it felt gooood.

She felt her pussy finally give way, cumming hard onto the tendril inside her, she felt it slurping up her cum from every crevice, she came again and again and each time she felt herself grow weaker and more aroused.

"Who are you?" Esmerelda thought to herself as she leaned into the creatures hold as it wrapped its arms around her, pulling her even closer, she felt herself sinking into its skin. But still she allowed it to hug her closer, her head falling onto its shoulder and starting to sink into it, its skin like a mix of deep water and quicksand, pulling her in and was ready to take the plunge.

We...are...Elsanna!" She moaned as Esmerelda's body melted into her own and vanished, Elsanna felt to her knees, her tendrils violently twitching until finally erupting and spewing her semen all over the grass, milking themselves using the grass until they were empty.

Finally they had achieved it.

They fell forward, face first into one of the many pools of cum, staining one side of her face and splashing onto her lips. Anna didn't noticed her suit retract, reforming her bathing suit just as she hadn't noticed its appearance, she licked her lips, groaning at the sweet taste as she drifted off to sleep, no longer looking like the girl that had decided to take a nap in a tree in the park this summer day.

Her skin tone had darkened two shades giving her an almost exotic look; her breasts had swelled to the size of her big sisters, her ass cheeks becoming firmer and slightly plumper and her legs had stretched to allow her an additional few inches in height.

She fell into a deep sleep, possessing a new feeling of life, the ecstasy of being three beings in one body, to be one with her sister and Esmerelda. The perfect orgasm. Her dreams quickly filled with more perfect orgasms, she wanted more; she needed more. Her hungry pussy drooling as she snoozed on, her suit drinking her 'spills' and teasing her nearly hairless pussy – possessing small tuffs of strawberry blonde, blonde and black hairs – encouraging dreams of more perfect orgasms.

A/N Hope you all enjoyed the chapter, I rather enjoyed writing the transformation scene and hope you all enjoyed reading it. Feel free to request more like this lol and let me know if you would like to see a series based on this chapter.

Also I'm thinking of doing chapters based on the poll result, my co-authors and I have started on a Tiana chapter already, I don't know if we'll do every poll but we will try so don't forget to vote, this week is Luna Lovegood.

(1) Used google translate, original English is - My friends a new deal is struck, take this queen and give her the ability to be one with her sister, to unleash her lust. And in return the spawn of their forbidden desires shall bring chaos on this town!
Wendy Moira Angel Darling stood by the counter in the kitchen of the shared 'house,' her light brown hair reaching just down to her shoulder and brushed back behind her ears, attired in a fluffy light blue robe, a hint of her blue nightie peeking out on the edge of her cleavage beneath the 'v' of her robe. Her pink lips forming a small smile as she placed a light blue bowl on the counter, placing a teaspoon beside it before fishing the ice cream scoop from the utensils draw and turning to the large freezer and lifting the golden lid open, her deep blue eyes searching over the contents before final landing on a familiar tub, licking her lips softly she bent over and reached into the freezer, shivering at the cold air, her eyes closing as she felt her nipples harden beneath her robe as her torso entered the freezer, her slender hand closing round the tub.

Moaning slightly as she stood back up to her full height, her robe and the nightie beneath it caressing her pointed nipples as they fell back into place, she bit her lower lip to silence more moans as she closed the freezer. Sometimes it was a touch tiresome that her nipples were overly sensitive, though the benefits definitely more than made up for it.

She placed the tub of cookie dough ice cream on the counter, lifting the lid and placing it aside and moving to grab the ice-cream scooper, her mouth already watering, her sweet tooth tingling with anticipation.

Ding-a-Ling

Wendy paused, spying a small orb of golden light fly into the room. She recognised the familiar orb instantly as the little blonde fairy, Tinkerbell. Her expression fell into a frown. Ever since Peter had come into her nursery that night the blonde fairy had been a real nuisance, and she still hadn't apologized for the attempts on her life and her daughter's, she bit her tongue her mind conjuring images of giving the pixie a taste of her own medicine, a few drops of water and she'd be falling to her death like she had tried to do to her and Jane and not that she'd admit it but she had, had a few dreams involving having the rather malicious fairy squirming beneath her foot, always waking up before she knew whether or not she would add that last bit of pressure or not.

She returned her gaze to the tub of ice cream and began to lift scooper, hesitating as she was suddenly struck with a small idea, her smirk grew and she began to watch the fairy out of the corner of her eye, as it neared her as she did her usual rounds of looking for 'lost things' – that she never returned to their rightful owners.

Once she was close enough Wendy feigned a scratch and struck the fairy with the scoop, groaning as she 'stretched' her arm, feigning that she hadn't heard the sudden bell-like 'jingling.'

Ding-a-Ling

Wendy continued to feign ignorance as she scooped up her first scoop of ice cream.
Tinkerbell flew into the kitchen, paling slightly as she took note of Wendy's giant form; she had been avoiding her since her arrival at the shared mansion due to their history. She averted her gaze, trying to focus on the floor below – not daring to dive closer until the older woman left the kitchen, she might 'accidentally' kick her if she did.

"There must be something in here." She muttered to herself, pressing her index finger to her lips in thought as she continued to stare down at the floor, leaving a small trail of fairy dust behind her, brushing down her leaf dress with her other hand, a little self-conscious at the hem of her 'dress' barley reached her thighs now, not that Peter had noticed, but she was sure someone else would if they got close enough, she would need to get a new one soon, it was looking a little frayed now too – then again it was only a leaf.

"Ahh!" Tinkerbell cried as she felt something hard strike her back. She began to fall, her eyes squeezing shut. She slammed into some kind of container, her back forced to arch as her legs reaching up along the wall, flashing her bare ass at whoever was above her as her skirt fell back over her waist, her chest and cheek pressed into the bottom of the container. She could feel the large bruise forming on her back, and her right cheek starting to swell against the 'floor' from the sudden attack.

Wendy smirked, allowing herself to stare at downed fairy while the fairy couldn't see her. Wendy took the scooper and slowly began to dig into the smooth surface of the cookie dough ice cream, slowly gathering a large scoop, big enough that it threatened to roll straight off the scooper as she slowly lifted it from the tub.

Slowly she moved it through the air until it hovered directly over the centre of the bowl, sensually licking her lips as she watched the fairy struggling to push itself up from the floor, her miniscule form trembling as she began to bend her legs to gain her balance.

Before the pixie even had chance to start climbing back to her legs Wendy twisted her wrist and faced the scoop downward, having to bite her tongue to stop herself from releasing a burst of laughter as the large scoop of ice cream plopped off the utensil and fell directly onto the fairy's back, right atop her wings.

SPLAT

Wendy stifled a snort as the fairy splayed out on the base of the bowl, spread eagle with a giant creamy scoop on her back.

XXX

"Ahh…” Tinkerbell hissed as she began to crawl forward and bend her legs until they were resting on the ‘floor’ and slowly began to push herself up.

SPLAT

"Aaahhhh!” Tinkerbell cried, her eyes bulging as she was slammed back onto the ground as something cold, heavy and the size of a large boulder in comparison to her struck her back, a spurt of blood erupting from her mouth and smearing some of the 'boulder' that had broken off when it landed.
Ever so slowly and painfully Tinkerbell began to crane her neck, paling as she saw the giant scoop of ice cream pinning her, she could already feel her wings freezing and slick with very thick cream from the giant treat.

She craned her neck more. She swallowed dryly, her heart becoming more erratic as she watched Wendy going to scoop up another boulder of ice cream, not looking at the bowl. Had she not seen her?

"W-Wendy!" Tinkerbell tried to shout, her voice cracking as a new surge of pain shot through her as she tried to push herself up on instinct to try to be heard and seen – only to be painfully reminded of her current situation.

Wendy didn't look her way, only taking hold of the tub with her free hand to aid her in gaining another large scoop.

"Wendy!" Tinkerbell yelled again, a little louder, her cheeks burning red.

Still nothing.

The ice cream scoop moved over the bowl, Wendy placing the lid back on the tub as she absentmindedly turning the scooper over and allowed a larger scoop of cookie dough ice cream to fall into the bowl.

"NOOOO! AIIIIIIEEEEREEEEE-!" Tinkerbell was silenced as the next scoop landed atop the first, another spurt of blood erupting from Tink's mouth and staining her chin. She began to choke and gag as she tried to inhale, the icy air combined with the added weight making it near impossible to take in the air she needed.

Relief flooded the fairy's body as the second bolder slowly slid off the first, landing next it with a sudden 'PLOP.' Her relief, however, was short lived as she found herself biting back another yell of pain as the fallen scoop pinned her left arm from her shoulder down.

XXX

Wendy's smile was strained as she moved to gather the second scoop of ice cream, the tiny panicked 'bells' coming from her bowl music to her ears. She actually felt disappointed that she couldn't watch this scoop fall on the pixie. She forced herself to look at the lidless tub of ice cream and started putting the lid back in place as she dropped the large scoop into the bowl, there was a long sharp ring of the 'tiny bell' before being silenced after a familiar 'splat' followed by a 'plop.'

With light fast steps she returned the tub to the freezer, actually briefly groping her breast as the cold teased her nipples as it mixed with the excitement of having the fairy that had tried to kill her and her daughter, she might even have to stop herself at just scaring the fairy.

She reclaimed the ice cream scoop and swiftly licked the end clean, savouring the delectable sweet taste, her mouth-watering. She tossed the spoon into the sink before taking hold of the teaspoon she placed beside the bowl and stuck it into the first scoop in the centre of the bowl without looking, trying to ignore the weak ringing she heard. She reached into the cupboard beneath the counter and fished out a brown plastic bottle with a purple label with brightly coloured writing, she flipped open the cap and turned it over the bowl and with a light squeezing chocolate sauce began to pour from the opening, falling over the scoops of ice cream like magma or lava from some chocolatey volcano. Wendy pretended to not notice the struggling fairy, even as some of the chocolatey lava ran onto her, mixing with her blonde hair and gliding over her cheeks.
Licking her lips sensually once again she lifted the bowl and made her way through the closer door and into the living room, sparing a glance to the arm chair by the fireless fireplace where she had sat the night before.

"So Ariel found my slippers." Wendy giggled, glancing at the now slipperless carpet. Personally she found the redhead's fetish adorable, as long as she cleaned the footwear when she was done of course, she and some of the other adults had discussed setting up a box for her so they didn't end up running round because shoes were missing – again. They just needed to have a word with the slippery redhead and they'll be able to fill the box with shoes they'd 'lend' to her – Meg had made a lude comment that Ariel could clean hers when she's wearing them which had led to the suggestion of including shoes that needed a clean.

Wendy sat herself in the large purple armchair, moaning to herself as she relaxed in the large chair. She looked down her bowl of ice cream, smiling as she pretended to not notice the squirming fairy as she began to spoon up small amounts of her ice cream and eat it, deliberately making over the top sounds of delight at each small mouthful.

There was that little bell again.

Ding-a-Ling

This time Wendy allowed herself to look directly into the small fairy's desperate face, chuckling slightly as she made out the features of relief and joy setting into her golden face – stained with crimson and chocolate.

She couldn't help it, Wendy burst out into a fit of laughter and not just any laugh but a full belly laugh, her entire giant form trembling with it at the pitiful sight and it was made all the better as the joy and relief drained from Tinkerbell's face and was replaced with fear and panic. Her struggles grew still and slowly so did Wendy's laughter.

*Wendy?* Tinkerbell said slowly as she watched the giantess scoop up a larger bit of the 'boulder' and took it to her lips, moaning at the taste.

Wendy's smile grew, she loved that tiny ringing now, she could feel her lower lips tingling at the fact she had the fairy at her mercy like she had in her dreams. But still she needed more, she wanted the tiny bitch to feel the same fear she and her daughter had felt.

"You know you shouldn't play in ice cream…Tink…you'll catch your death, especially wearing so little." Wendy voiced with false concern, enjoying how the tiny girl seemed to flinch when she uttered the abbreviation of her name, her smile showing the fairy how she licked her teeth in a rather predatory fashion as she made out the girl's now blue lips. Wendy's smile grew into a predatory grin as a new idea began to entice her mind.

"Here I'll warm you up." Wendy said calmly as she used the back of her spoon to push the main scoop off the tiny girl before reaching down and plucking her by her wings, enjoying the sharp ringing she heard as the blonde girl visibly and audibly screaming, while taking in the large bruise forming on her now blue back and feeling another pleasant twinge as she registered just how wet and cold the pixie's wings were. She was sure if she just applied a little more pressure on her thumb and index finger the wings would start to splinter and finally shatter – the image sent a very pleasant shiver down her spine.

Slowly Wendy began to move the fairy towards her mouth, parting her teeth and allowing her tongue to extend towards the dangling fair like a thick, moist red carpet.
*No! No! NOOOO!* Tinkerbell screamed, struggling against Wendy's hold.

The tongue slid back in to Wendy's mouth.

"Now, now... Tink... you wouldn't want to damage your wings by thrashing around too much... or for me to drop you." A false smile of concern was plastered on her face. "I don't think you can fly while your wings are like this and a fall from this height would be quite painful for you." Her 'concerned' smile grew. "Or worse if you fell into my mouth the shock might cause me to accidentally swallow you." Wendy barely suppressed her moan as a rather powerful jolt shot down her spine and her legs actually inched closer.

Tinkerbell ceased her struggling.

"Good girl." Wendy praised with a patronising tone and smile.

Her tongue slid back out and Tinkerbell flinched. Slowly Wendy began to inch her captive towards her waiting mouth, she didn't care if she tasted horrible and left a bad taste in her mouth for a month, the sheer terror in the fairy's tiny face and her trembling was absolutely delicious and more than worth the need for mouth wash.

Though Wendy did hesitate before lowering Tinkerbell until her tiny bare feet touched down on her tongue, smirking at the fairy suddenly going tense when she touched down on her giant, hot tongue, her cookie dough scented, icy breath washing over the girl, causing her shivering to grow, crossing both arms over her tiny chest and bending her legs slightly.

Then it hit her. Wendy's eyes widened, her pupils dilating as her taste buds registered the small hint of flavour, her mouth filling with saliva as a taste that was a mixture of sugar and honey filled her mouth, without even thinking her tongue curled up, sluggishly hooking round the blonde's tiny legs and pulled her in with help from her hand until she was buried waste down into Wendy's mouth and the flavour suddenly intensified.

She was delicious!

*Aiiiiiiiiiiieee!* Tinkerbell screamed as she felt her legs submerged into the very hot, humid and wet environment that was Wendy's mouth, her once icy breath suddenly like a furnace.

Wendy groaned round the fairy's legs, her tongue slowly sliding over her legs, the side of her tongue dipping between the fairy's thighs and prompting her tiny legs to start violently kicking at her tongue. Wendy's moans intensified as felt Tinkerbell's tiny feet massaging her tongue while blessing it with her flavour.

'Oh god! If I knew she...knew it tasted like...this...oh god I would have done this years ago...sooo good!' Wendy internally groaned.

The tip of her tongue found its way between Tinkerbell's legs and slammed into her pussy.

*Ahh!* Tink gasped, her hands balling at her sides as the giant tongue forcefully lapped at and slammed into her cunt, clumsily bruising her inner thighs as it did so.

"Sooo good." Wendy moaned round Tinkerbell's legs – the blonde suddenly jolting as the vibrations of her voice cumulated on her cunt, her cheeks flushing with confusing arousal.

SLURP

*Aiiiiiiiiiiiiieee!* Tinkerbell screamed as she was suddenly pulled in deeper into Wendy's mouth until
her small breasts were pressed against her giant lips.

Wendy frowned. Her tongue stopped.

"Bleh!" She spat the now dripping fairy back into the bowl of half melted ice cream with a small 'splash' and she began wiping her tongue with her mouth and spitting into her sleeve. How could she have been so stupid?

She plucked the fairy from her bowl again – this time tangling her by her chocolatey hair – enjoying the expression of pain and discomfort as she limply squirmed and kick, no longer daring to the thrash while Wendy was holding her.

She swiftly extended her large fingers towards the dark green, bitter tasting, dress she wore and tore it away with little effort and extreme ease, maliciously grinding it between her fingers until it was a leaf powder and she allowed it to fall from her finger and wiped them off on her robe.

"Now shall we resume getting you warm dear?" Tinkerbell really didn't like the hungry look in Wendy's eyes.

This time Wendy moved Tinkerbell straight to her lips rather than slowly onto her tongue, and sucked her in head first until only her fat ass and kicking legs remained out – the fairy couldn't help but be reminded of the time she was stuck in the draw in the Darling's Nursery. That is until her eyes widened with horror as the giant tongue began to lift from the floor of the mouth, the tip deliberately catching her cheek and removing half the layer of chocolate sauce on it. Wendy moaned at her taste and allowed her tongue to press itself against her now naked tits as she began to suck on the naked fairy. Her obvious fear making this all the sweeter, but this was no longer about the fear and if there was any doubt in that it vanished when Tinkerbell slipped when one of her punches slid along the tongue and her face pressed into the tongue and a new favour spread throughout Wendy's mouth as the nearly dried blood touched down on her tongue and a strong taste of really sweet raspberry jam – mixed with chocolate sauce was mixed in with Tinkerbell's natural flavour.

At that moment all self-control vanished.

Gasping Wendy roughly pulled Tinkerbell from her lips and roughly submerged her into the melted ice cream, grinding her against the base before shoving her back into her mouth feet first until her breasts slammed into her lips.

SLURP

Tinkerbell vanished into Wendy's mouth, her tongue briefly appearing to wipe the ice cream left on her lips before she began to suck on the struggling fairy, slamming her into the sides, the top and the bottom of her mouth with her tongue, the odd crunch and squirt of jam adding both pleasure and taste to her captive.

Wendy's eyes closed as she leaned back into her chair, tossing her about and forcefully sucking on her flailing, beaten body.

After several minutes the struggling stopped and the taste had started to fade, aside from the occasional burst of sweet raspberry when the tiny creature caught on Wendy's teeth or was struck overly hard.

Tinkerbell could barely bring herself to even lift her head as she felt herself been slowly pulled to the back of Wendy's throat, only able to see because of her own dimming glow, feeling overly exhausted, her body slick and glinting with saliva from her own glow, her hair drenched and clinging
to her head and face.

Her heart lurched in her chest as she felt her legs start to fall down Wendy's throat.

GULP

Tinkerbell gasped as she was suddenly pulled back, her body from her neck down sliding into Wendy's throat and briefly catching a glimpse of the world outside Wendy's mouth as her lips briefly parted to release a pleasant sigh.

GULP

Tinkerbell fully fell into Wendy's throat, she didn't fight it and simply allowed herself to slide downwards, resigning herself to her fate and finding some small comfort and enjoyment in the tight hot space of Wendy's throat, its walls pressing around her body firmly, it reminded her of a very tight, wet and rather slimy hug if she was honest.

XXX

GULP

Wendy groaned to herself, tracing the large lump in her throat until it vanished beneath her chest, her own legs feeling wet and sticky from the orgasm the tiny creature had granted her.

"Thanks for the sweet treat." Wendy laughed to herself, absentmindedly patting her tummy before lifting her bowl of melted ice cream and chocolate sauce to her lips and drinking it down, waste not as her mother had always told her – and what she always told Jane and Danny.

KREEEN

Wendy glanced up, her heart suddenly jerking; she pulled her robe closed as the door to the hallway opened and a familiar redheaded girl attired in a pink nightie stepped into the living room with red cheeks and a certain pair of pale blue carpet slippers in her hand.

"Morning Ariel." Wendy greeted, the redheaded teen flinched, biting her lower lip nervously as she looked down at what she was holding and back to Wendy.

"I-I f-found th-these…" She began shakily, dropping them as she found herself unable to hold them, tears brewed in her eyes as her mind started conjuring improbable reactions of disgust and hatred, unsure how to lie her way out of this situation, she knew she should have snuck back last night to return them but…she was just so tired.

"Shh it's okay." Wendy said softly as she gracefully stood from her chair and crossed the room, pulling Ariel into a motherly embrace; the girl flinched at the contact. With a sad smile Wendy leaned in and kissed her forehead.

"You don't have to worry little princess." She continued in the same soft motherly tone, stroking Ariel's hair three times as she held her close, trying to calm her. "We know about your…interest in our shoes…and socks and slippers…" She stopped herself before she could go on and list all the lost articles of clothing and footwear that mysteriously turned up where they had been taken from.

"Y-You do? W-We?" Ariel was shaking like a leaf in Wendy's embrace.

"Shh…no one objects Ariel, but we need to have a small chat…to make things easier on us all." She began to lead Ariel from the room, forgetting about the bowl that now sat in her chair, though
Cinderella would be sure to remind her repeatedly later.

"I'll call a house meeting." Wendy continued in an even softer tone, Tinkerbell already forgotten except for a rather pleasant feeling in her tummy.

A/N Hope you all enjoyed the chapter and don't forget to vote – this week is Tinkerbell's default fetish and the poll closes 23rd March 2018.

Please review.
A good chunk of people liked to think that villains and villainesses are all the same and liked to live the same. Most thought that they lived in dungeon like rooms, full of torture devises and skeletons lying around and dark thrones where they sit all day thinking dark thoughts. And in some cases, reality is not as different at those ideas. However, if someone were to visit either of the mansions they would discover that there is a lot of variety in rooms.

There were those that actually looked like something out of a horror movie, like Maleficent’s, Jafar's, or Oogie Boogie’s, others preferred a more 'civilized look' with furniture, paintings and expensive looking decorations, like Radcliffe, Han, Cruella or Lady Tremaine, some had some sort of 'theme' to them, like Gaston’s room, full of trophies and hunter weapons or Ursula's 'Under the Sea' room an included pool, others didn't even know how their rooms looked, like Hook who liked to sleep on his ship or Shan-Yu who preferred to camp with the Huns in the wildness, and those who people didn't even know if they had a room, like Scar, Kaa, or any of the other villainous members of the animal kingdom.

But every room had something that screamed 'bad guy' to anyone who visited them… except one in 'Villain Mansion.'

The room was richly furnished with a small table, chairs and couches of different sizes. Book shelves cover a good part of the wall and a big fireplace. Also, it was quite big with two extra doors that lead one to the bathroom and another to the bedroom. But something different about this room was the presence of paintings and pictures representing angles and saints alongside a large crucifix over the fireplace. In other words, nothing that should be in a 'villain's' room.

However, if someone were to enter that moment through the bedroom door, that person would notice two weird things that could reveal the evil nature of its inhabitant. The first one would be the clothes laying in the floor; this won't be weird if it where only man clothes laying around. Apart from the dark robe and shoes and a grey shirt, there was also the presence of a purple skirt and a white female top close to the bed, alongside what looked like some white panties. Following them to the bed, the person would notice the second weird thing been the shape of two bodies and the sound of flesh against flesh.

"Ah…ah…ah…ah…" Shanti moaned in pleasure in her four-legged position as the bigger figure pounded her from behind. Her screams of delight filling the room with each thrust "Ah….ummm… ahhhh…ah…yessss!" She cried, sometimes Frollo would increase his pace suddenly just to lower it again.

"Ah Shanti…ummm Shanti!" He cried, stopping for a moment and lowering his head. The small girl felt the face of the judge lean in close to the crook of her neck, inhaling her aroma. "My beautiful, exotic flower your smell and feel as divine as always."
"Ummm…mister…aahhh!" She was interrupted when Frollo suddenly flipped her over onto her back and hovered over her with desire burning in his eyes. "Ummm…please Mister Frollo…don't… don't look at me like that." She said, flushing with embarrassment, a moan burst from her lips as he began to tease her pussy with his member. "Ahhh...please...ahh...please..."

"Please what my flower?" He asked, although he also was also restraining his desire to plunder the small girl right away. "I thought that after this time you would have learned to ask for what you want."

"Ummm…ahhh…please…please…" She looked up at him, pleading him with her eyes; he wanted her to say it. "Please fuck me with your cock….let me…let me feel the divine sensation of you inside of me again."

The old man smiled.

"Good girl." And in one final thrust he was fully inside of her.

"Ahhhhhhhhh...ah...ah...ah...yes...yes...ah...ah mister Frollo...ahhh!" She cried as he thrust in and out of her. It didn't matter if he hurt her or if she felt pain the first few times…now she enjoyed the feeling of him inside of her and she loved it with all she had.

"Ahhh…Shanti…ahhh…so…so…good." Frollo moaned as he felt the hot, wet and tight flesh squeezing his cock and sending waves of pleasures throughout his body. "Ahhh Shanti!" He cried, grabbing one of her bouncing breasts and clutching it with force and increasing the speed of his thrusting.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" She moaned, feeling a bit of pain at his actions but couldn't help but feel joy at the same time. But soon she felt a familiar pressure building inside of her, her sweet release approaching. "Ah...ah...ah...ah...ah mister Frollo...ah ah...I don't...ah...ah I can't...ah...ah...I'm going to...ah...ah!"

"Ah Shanti...ah...ah...I'm also at...ah...my limit...ah ah!" He moaned; so close to his release. Hearing this Shanti tried to close her legs around him to keep him in place.

"Please...ah...ah...inside...ah...ah...give it to me...inside...ah...ah." She begged.

"Ah...ah...ask...ah...ah...and you shall...ah...ah...receive...AHHHHHHHH!"

"AHHHHHHHH!"

Both of them cried out they reached their climaxes in unison, filling Shanti's pussy with cum and semen until it started to overflow onto the bed, gushing out round his cock.

Finally, Frollo pulled himself out of her and fell onto the bed gasping for air as the fatigue and exhaustion overcame them. The old judge managing to catch glimpses of the little girl that laid at his side. Noticing how her dark skin seemed to glow beneath a thin layer of sweat, the small, firm breasts rising at her heavy breaths, his hand couldn't help but close over her hot, wet pussy.

"My beautiful girl…my beautiful dancing flower." He praised, Shanti turned to look at him and gave him a peck on the lips.

"My fair Judge…" She sighed with a smile as her eyes started to close as she allowed sleep to claim her.
Frollo watched her sleep before moving carefully and standing up from the bed. Carefully he lifted the covers and moved them up to cover the child.

Moving around he started to collect his clothes. He needed a shower and will need to get some rest if he wanted to be alert to help Shanti out of the mansion before some of the more 'noisy' and less savory inhabitants take note of her presence.

"Hmmm." The old judge paused a moment to gather his thoughts. "Three weeks…who would have thought this would continue for three weeks, three long pleasurable weeks."

Three weeks since their first encounter, almost every day for the last three weeks she had managed to sneak from her friends or from Esmeralda's watchful eye after her lessons and seek him, and almost all those encounters ended with him sneaking her inside the mansion to his private quarters, where she would show him her dances in private, which would be rewarded by beautiful words and passionate kisses that would lead to their clothes been taken off and a night of passion between the two.

Frollo turned and started collecting Shanti’s discarded clothes…he would need to clean them too. After all it won't do to allow her to walk back home in dirty clothes. Exanimating the skirt in his hand he couldn't help but sniff at it…although it would be a shame to lose the heavenly scent they possessed. As he removed the garment from his face, he noticed something sticking out from one of the hidden pockets. Curious he took it and discovered it to be a picture.

Within the picture were Wendy Darling, Penny, Princess Melody, Princess Sofia, Haley Long, Rapunzel and Shanti who seemed to be in the middle of a tickle fight.

On one side Rapunzel was over her belly grabbing one of Sofia’s legs, one of her purple slippers was missing and the foot seems to be under attack from the blonde princess. The youngest princess was also down in the floor; her rise leg caused her gown to fall down showing her creamy legs and a glimpse of her violet underwear. The reason for the little one to be in the floor was obvious as Shanti apparently was able to get Sofia’s right arm out of her dress and was tickling her armpit, not noticing that the bodice of the gown was going down giving a small peak of the princess's chest.

But the brunette wasn't alone in the fight. Behind Rapunzel, and trapped under her legs, Wendy darling have one foot on her grasp but seems to be also trying to hold the laughs, as down in her own feet, Haley long was able to take off one of her slippers and was busy attacking it, although the movement had hiked Wendy’s skirt showing her legs and inner tights, with a small flash of her blue panties. At the same time a draconic purple tail was coming out of the girl and was coiled around Penny’s left ankle, lifting the girl and tickling her stocked left foot with its tip, while her blue skirt fall over her head and shows her bloomers and under belly.

Melody and Alice were on the other side of the picture. The dark-haired princess had one of her dress sleeves down, showing the white camisole beneath it, while holding one of the blonde’s shoes from the strap with her mouth as she was pulling one of her white stocking off. Alice seems to be trying to get away, but that only caused her skirt to be raised, giving a clear picture of her bloomers.

He didn't see Lilo on it, so she must have been the one who took it. But that didn't matter, what it matters for Frollo was the show of flesh and underwear he was watching. The innocent faces of the girls in the picture caused the old judge to sweet and almost wishing to have been present there as his heart accelerates and his mind fill with images each girl in and how they may look with different state of clothes…or without clothes at all.

The villain glanced back at the sleeping form of Shanti. He was quite happy of what they have right now and wouldn't change been with his 'dancing flower' for nothing. But looking at the picture, the
flashes of purple, blue and white…the clean and pure looking flesh and the faces full of innocence, he couldn't help but feel his inner fire rise again.

Frollo sniffed the purple skirt in his hand again. She hasn't said anything, but he knows that Shanti was getting more tired lately for their activities. Perhaps it was time to bring some... 'help.'

XXX

The morning sun broke through the horizon signaling the start of a new day as some of the inhabitants of the Disney world awaken and start their daily routines. Inside the villain mansion, Frollo, already dressed for the day, handed Shanti her recently cleaned clothes, one of the very few things he 'liked' or rather was able to tolerate about magic, for her to use. And was watching closely as she slid on her white panties; seeming to not care about the old man seeing her nude body.

"Uhggg." Shanti flinched as her panties came into contact with her still sensitive pussy. Sore from the previous night's activities.

"Are you ok?" Asked the villains with concern.

"Umm yeah." She replied, taking her skirt and slipping it on. "It's nothing...just a morning sore." She replied with a forced smile.

Frollo simply returned her smile. "I thought that we wouldn't hide things from each other." He said stepping closer to her.

"Sorry." She said, taking her top, her head bowing. "But it's not...exactly a lie." She slipped her head inside. "It's nothing really...I will be fine and ready for my class soon enough." She finished, pulling her top and dusting off her skirt.

Frollo stepped closer from read round her from behind and placed his hands over her breasts, pressing his nose into her hair, inhaling her scent deeply.

"I was a bit rough with you last night." He said as he lightly massaged her breasts over her top, causing her to bit back a pleasurable moan as she leaned into him. "Perhaps you should stay the day and rest."

Shanti smiled, turning round she faced him.

"You would like that, wouldn't you?" She teased, flashing him a warm smile as he cupped her rear and using one arm lifted her.

"Very much." He said kissing her lips which soon evolved into a passionate make out session. Soon his other hand sneaked down groping her buttocks causing her to moan into the kiss, but when he slid a finger between her legs, she let out a gasp of pain causing the moment to dissolve.

"Ouch." She complained as she was returned to the floor. "Sorry." She said, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment and a hint of arousal.

"It's me who should be apologizing to you." Frollo said with frustration and regret. "I should have known, not to be so rough with you."

"Hey it's not like...ummm I was trying to...ummm...stop you." She said with embarrassment in her voice. "I actually wanted...ummm to...ummmm."

"More?" He asked with a sly smile, causing her face to grow redder.
"Shut it." She said, shyly turning her back to him and walking to a dressing table close by where she seated herself and started combing her ebony hair.

"Still I would suggest that you go home and rest instead of going to Esmeralda's class." He said as he noticed her slight flinch as he sat down "You can't hide the fact that you are hurt."

Shanti sighed. "I know but I can't miss the class either." She started tying her hair back into her braid. "Today we will be trying to come up with some ideas to collect money for the Summer Festival."

"The Summer Festival?" He asked…the Summer Festival was one of the biggest parties they had. From the central park all the way through main street to the edge of the dark forests, the place was filled with music, games, food, fun of all types…practically everyone got involved in some way…even the villains didn't try to do anything to stop the party and even participate in it.

"Yeah…Esmeralda wanted to have us perform at the central theater, a great show where each one of us will show our own styles and end with a group performance." That was not exactly a surprise. Every year performers, magicians, singers and dancers always impress the audience with their display, in both the street and inside the establishments, like 'The House of Mouse' or the 'Grand Theater'.

"That will certainly be the perfect day to display your talents and bring more people to Esmeralda's dance class." He said, his expression forming one of concern. "So what's the problem?"

"In one word…Pete." she said and a cold tone, her lips pressed into a tight line on her face.

Pete…that fat cat was a pain in the back to practically everyone. Greedy, selfish, abusive, cocky, ignorant, demanding, fascist, hypocritical, shameless, sinful, dishonest, power-hungry, gluttonous, unreliable, rude…were just a few of ways to describe him…on a good day…by a hero. Even between villains his name was a synonymous of troubles, and not always in a 'good' way. But if there was something every villain was in agreement with, no matter what they thought of him, bone head or not, and that was that he was one cunning bastard. If not in what other way could the fat cat become the owner of practically every establishment on Main Street?

"Yeah Esmeralda had that same expression when she met with him." Shanti stated as she looked up at the old judge. "Turns out he is also owner of the theater and is asking for quite the sum of money to allow us to perform there." Finishing with her braid she took her earrings and put them in. "That bigheaded fatso…on top, he wants an advance on the payment to even let us practice there." Satisfied with her appearance she stood from the chair, wincing again as she fixed her skirt. "So now we need to think on a way to raise the money or we can forget about even setting foot in there." She then stepped back to the bed and pulled out a small bag from under the large bed.

As she was making sure she had collected all of her things, Frollo began to think. Discreetly he pulled out the picture out of his pocket. It seemed that the gypsy was in serious need of help if she was going against Pete on this. Knowing him he would be planning to raise his price until he managed to get every single penny from her. And even then, he was more that certain that the cat would find a way to trick her out of even more cash. Her and all her sweet, innocent, pure girls, that were counting on her…maybe it was time for him to do something for not only Shanti but also her friends and take a more active role.

"Ok I'm ready." Shanti announced, now fully dressed and ready for the day.

Frollo smiled, admiring her undeveloped figure.

"Ok my sweet but I think we have time for something first." He said with a sly smile
Shanti blushed. "B-But…I just get dressed." She weakly objected.

"Hahahaha…not that my sweet." He chuckled, his flower's blush deepening a little. "I just need to talk with you about something."

"Oh? What things?"

"Not much…" He lifted the picture from his pocket and showed her the photograph. "I just want you to tell me about your friends."

XXX

The next day Shanti was walking around the plaza, not looking to buy something but searching for someone. She finally caught site of who she was looking for.

"Sofia!" She yelled as she ran up to the young princess who turned towards her yells, a warm smile blossoming on her face.

"Oh? Hi Shanti." The princess greeted.

The small princess was dressed in her traditional gown of a lilac bodice trimmed in two lines of pearls down the front and along the neckline and wings on the skirt, a pearl-hemmed and studded lilac petalled skirt with a row of great lace drops and trumpets each arranged like a four-leaf clover, and a yellowish petticoat with a lilac band; a swirly tiara inset with pink sapphires, white pearls, and a turquoise diamond; violet slippers with bows and mid heels, and her purple amulet in her neck. She also had a basket full of muffins.

"Hey Sofia…how's the sale going?" She asked. Yesterday a lot of ideas were thrown around to try and raise some money for the theater. Sofia for example decided to try a hand at selling backing goods to raise the money, was accepted by a good majority, although Shanti and Lilo have their reserves about it, so each girl decided to bake cakes and muffins and try to sell them.

"Not as well as I had hoped." The princess admitted sadly. "I've only been able to sell a few of these and all of them were back at the mansion."

"I don't want to sound negative or condescending, but I'm not all that surprised really." Shanti admitted, receiving a confused look from the smaller girl. "You are good Sofia but considering that there are others with a bit more…experience with selling goods." She said, pointing to a side of the street where Tiana was serving cakes to some clients in her café. "And Tiana is not the only one." Her finger moved to point to the sky where some birds flew carrying packages by the strong that bound them in their little beaks. "Snow White's pies are quite a success in the mansion and I know that she has no shortage of orders…even from villains." She though back to one afternoon she had spent with Frollo where they both shared one. "So it's not for nothing but I don't think this will work as you want or expected it to."

Sofia gained a downcast expression as she processed what her friend was telling her.

"Hey don't be sad." Shanti said. "At least you had an idea…I couldn't think of anything yesterday, so you are already doing better than me and it wasn't a bad idea…just not the best for this area." She finished with a shy smile.

"Hehehe thanks." Sofia replied with a small smile at her friend's antics to cheer her up.
"Unfortunately at this rate I don't think we'll be able to reach the amount that we need. Maybe we should have gone with Lilo’s idea..."

Shanti released a small nervous laugh.

"Yeah… although doing magic shows in the street does sound like fun…I don't think asking Dr. Facilier to teach us some tricks would have been a good idea." She pointed out, internally wondering how the little Hawaiian girl could admire the voodoo doctor.

"Even so we still need a way to raise some money and help Esmeralda." Argued the princess, trying to think on something else she could do.

"That's why was looking for you." Shanti said, regaining Sofia’s full attention. "I think I have a solution but I will need your help."

"Really?" Asked the brunette happily. "What do you need?...I will help you in anything you need."

"Come on then." Shanti said; grabbing the princess's arm. "We have to move now."

Sofia lightly lifted up her gown with her other hand and both girls start running.

A short time later both girls came to a stop in front of a large wall.

"Ok we are here." Shanti huffed with a smile and a somewhat flushed expression.

"A wall?" Asked Sofia, confused, she started looking round, trying to see if she was missing something.

"Yes...well not exactly." Shanti answered, looking round too. "I'm sure it's here somewhere." She tapped the wall with her knuckles. "Uff where is it?" she lightly kicked the wall, her toes curling as they were shook with a mild sting. "Oh, oh, oh...bad idea." she said, caressing her foot and running her thumb over her toes.

"Eh Shanti...what are you doing? Are you okay?" Asked Sofia with a tone of concern.

"I'm fine...I'm just trying to open the passage." She answered. "I can never find it and I really don't want to have to ask him for help again." She sighed, her head bowing. "But I guess I will need to or we'll be here all day and I don't want to go through that gate alone at night." She turned and stepped towards some bushes, picking up a stick, her gaze moving over to the bushes. "Now, where are you? …ah there." And without a moment's hesitation she brought the stick down, hard, on one of the bushes.

"OUCH!" Sofia gasped, stumbled back, startled by the sudden yelp. "HEY!...what's the big idea! ...Can't a guy take his nap in peace?" From within the bushes a slender weasel with brown fur, dark brown nose and red eyes dressed in a white sleeveless shirt, blue shorts with a red vertical stripe inside a white one; stood, with an expression of annoyance from be awoken so abruptly and rudely.

"Oh please, if it was a NICE guy I might actually feel a little bad." Shanti replied, throwing the stick away "But since it's only you I don't really care."

"Oh, it's you." Grunted the weasel; recognizing the young Indian girl. "What do you want now?"

"You know what I want Weselton...open the passage." Shanti ordered.

"First of all, its Weaselton… not Weselton!" He snapped angrily. "Secondly why should I open it for
you?...I shouldn't have had open it for you the first times." He looked behind her and took notice of Sofia who gave him a small shy wave. "And now you want me to open it for a princess!? What do you think this is? A hotel where you can bring your sassy friends and play enchanted ponies all day?"

"No, I think is a place where certain weasel will have to answer to Mister Frollo why I and the princess HE is waiting didn't arrive during the time he specified." Shanti replied, placing her hands on her hips and glaring at the weasel. "Good luck trying to find a spot to sell your trash after he is through with you."

The weasel opened his mouth to throw back a retort and close it again, pausing several moments, Frollo was one of the many villains you didn't want to get on the bad side of. Finally, his face contorted with irritation and he huffed in resignation.

"Arrrrgh...ok FINE!...You win!" He spat before climbing up the wall with what was either incredible stealth or greatly honed skill, and proceeded to rapidly start pushing bricks in an erratic order, impossible for the girls to follow. "Can't believe this...how do you even get connections with one of the big guys...I don't know how but let me tell you it's irritating." He then jumped and pushed one last brick. Almost instantly the whole wall started to shift until a stone archway formed, creating an entrance into the small forest that met them. "There you go...happy now?"

"Now that I don't have to look at you?...Yeah I am." She said, walking towards the entrance, the weasel stepping out of her way.

"Whoa, whoa whoa...not so fast jungle girl." Exclaimed the Weasel suddenly. "I also know 'the rules' so pay up."

Both stared at each other for a moment.

"Sofia...basket please." She said with unnatural ease and confidence, the little princess, still confused by the whole ordeal, handed the basket to the older girl who simply thanked her and held them out to the weasel. Who, put his hand inside and retrieved one of the baked treats.

"Muffins!?" He yelled in disbelief. "You expect me to let you-you...good guys pass for bloody muffins!?!"

"Take it or leave it weasel." Shanti replied. "You know that either way we will pass." The creature just growled at them and put the whole muffin into his mouth and stepped back towards his bush. "That's what I though...come on Sofia we don't want to be late." And with a smile Sofia stepped passed the weasel.

"Said it before, I'll say it again." The weasel spoke. "You deserve a room in that place."

"I will take that as a compliment." Shanti said walking through the archway, Sofia following her close behind.

"Thank you, Mr. Weasel," Sofia kindly called back.

"Yeah, yeah whatever." He ruddily answered. "Just follow the lights; do not stray from the road or you will risk falling into one of Gaston’s or Clayton’s traps...on second thoughts feel free to stray from the path."

"Gaston!?" Sofia asked at hearing the name of the infamous hunter.

"... And if anyone asks I was never here." He finished, giving Sofia a push, causing the young
princess to stumble, barley escaping from a fall.

"For all I care…" Shanti begin, catching Sofia, "You were never here WESELTON," She turned her back on him and started walking down the road, ignoring his growls at her.

Sofia gathered her skirt and started following after Shanti once again when she heard;

"Oh and enjoy your stay at Villain Mansion… your highness." Sofia turns her head in surprise only managing to catch a dark glint in the animal's eye and a sinister smile before the wall closed once again and hid him from view.

"Shanti wait!" She cried, running behind her friend. "What he said…?

"Who? Him…oh don't let him get under your skin." Shanti replied "Believe me he is just a pest he is way more bark than bite."

"But are we really going to the villain Mansion?" She asked.

"Oh that…yeah we are going there." Shanti answered calmly.

"But…but…WHY?! We aren't supposed to ever go there…or even anywhere close to it."

"Oh, I know that but you really don't need to fear." Shanti said. "I actually know someone there and he and I are…really good friends." She continued, hoping the little princess didn't catch the tint of rouge to her cheeks.

"You do?" Sofia's fear replaced with curiosity. "I thought all villains…hated us?"

"The majority do." The Indian girl answered. "But you would be surprised, a good number of them just try live normal lives." She smiled. "Mr. Judge Frollo is one of those and he has offered to help us."

"Really?" Sofia asked, much calmer now.

"Yeah, well not exactly…" Shanti began, shame creeping in. "That's why I'm bringing you…I need your help to convince him."

"I don't know if I can do anything to help you," commented Sofia.

"I think you will be of help." Shanti replied. "Mr. Frollo is quite the fan of our dancing group, so having you here should help me to convince him to help us with Pete."

"You think so?"

"Of course, he even said he would like to meet you…and I think the words angelic and pure were used when he talks about you." She finished with a smile.

Sofia blushed heavily at the comment but lifted her head with a smile. "Ok if you think I can help I will do my best and I'll do anything it takes."

"I'm sure you will." Smiled Shanti

"So how do we reach the mansion?" Asked the princess as she looked around the dark looking forest.

"Ohhhh? We don't have much further to go." Shanti said
"Oh? How do you know?"

"I have been here before." Answered the Indian girl. "And according to our guide we are close."

"Guide?" Looking up ahead Sofia noticed a small blue will-o-wisp floating ahead of them. The small flame started flying in circles around a rock wall.

"Okay we are here." Shanti started searching inside her skirt pockets and pulled out a small black key. Walking to the rock she inserts the key into the hole as it appeared. Soon the rock began to glow before fading from existence, a torch-illuminated tunnel remaining in its place.

"Whoa." Sofia's expression was one of awe.

"Yeah, surprised me the first time I saw it too." Shanti said, pocketing the key. "We can't exactly walk through the front door, so Mr. Frollo showed me this secret entrance.

Within the cavern there was a network of tunnels and secret passages that led to different locations within the Villain Mansion, though Shanti wouldn't be surprised if one led to the Villainess Mansion too.

"How do you even know how to navigate this place?" Sofia asked, her voice slipping into a hush whisper as she continued to look around.

"It took me a while but now I've been through here enough times that I could find Mr. Frollo's room blindfolded from here." Shanti replied, her voice brimming with pride as she glanced back at her friend. "You ready?"

"I am." She replied with confidence, the tunnel closed behind them, blocking out the light of the outside world, leaving them in the dark except for the burning torches on the walls.

After several minutes of travelling and navigating the caverns and many corridors of the mansion, a grandfather clock slide to one side revealing a small passage from which Shanti and Sofia emerged. The older of the two looked round; once she was sure the coast was clear she stepped out from the passage.

"Ok the coast clear…let's go." Sofia quickly followed after her friend, the clock sliding back into place behind her and concealing the passage from site.

Following her friend closely, Sofia allowed herself to take in her surroundings. The dark hallway’s walls was a bloody red mixed with black, suits of armors standing like iron guardians along the wall Sofia hastened her pace as they passed them, she wouldn't be too surprised if they weren't just for decoration. Some paintings hung on the walls, some depicting monstrous and demonic figures, others showing dark places like cemeteries and the dark forest. Lifting her gaze, the princess paled a little at the site of the cobwebbed covered ceiling, tiny red dots decorating them and occasionally shifting in place.

From time to time they would pass a dark door where Shanti would briefly pause and hold her breathe to listen, ready at a minute to grab her friend and hide. These stops gave Sofia a moment appreciate the carvings on each of the doors, they varied from;

A giant cobra, its dark coils curled round a black lamp.

A hawk with its wings extended, carrying a sword with crooked blade with jagged edges in its talons.
A feathered hat with an amulet beneath it.

They finally came to a stope outside a door with an intricate carving of a cathedral with flames surrounding it.

"Ok this is the one…are you ready?" Shanti asked Sofia. The little princess took a deep breath before slowly nodding her head, trembling a little.

Smiling the Indian girl lifted her first and knocked at the door. The sound of movement filled the air, the handle dipped before the mahogany door opened and revealed the corrupt judge.

"Ah, Shanti welcome back." He said with a smile and a bow of his head as he took the teen into a hug, which was affectionately returned. "I was wondering if you would come by today or not."

"It's good to be back." She said restraining her impulse to kiss him. "And I brought a friend this time." She said, waving over to Sofia, the judge's gaze moving to the timid princess.

"Ah your highness nice to meet you." He said kneeling and taking her hand, pressing his lips against the back. "When Shanti told me that she was bringing a visitor I didn't expect her to bring such a beautiful princess."

Sofia giggle.

"It's nice…to meet you Mr. Frollo." She greeted, lifting her skirt and giving a curtsy, revealing her purple slippers and a bit of her legs to the Judge, who had to press his lips together to stop a perverted smirk at the sight of the girl's creamy skin.

"But please do come in…come in…best not risk anyone seeing you." He said opening the door fully and allowing them to enter, following close after them, though not before glancing over his shoulder to be safe and closing the door behind him, locking it.

XXX

Sofia and Frollo were sat opposite each other at a small table, eating cookies and drinking tea with Shanti standing next to the judge.

"I must admit Mr. Frollo I'm both surprised and to be honest a little relieved." Sofia admitted.

"Oh, and why it's that my dear?" He asked, feigning ignorance.

"Well…I had actually heard you name mentioned before…" She said nervously. "Esmeralda actually said it sometimes to the adults and I…kind of…overhead."

"Hmm I take it when does it is in a rather vulgar sense?" He replied calmly.

"Err…yeah." Sofia said, her cheeks glowing with shame. "Although Tiana always speaks pleasantly of you and says you're quite the gentlemen these days."

"Princess Tiana is more open-minded than a good number of her peers." Said the Judge. "As now I'm simply trying to live my life in the present and not repeat the mistakes of my past…and I think the results speak for themselves." He allows a smile to grace his face. "I have an important position in society…live in relative peace if you don't count my neighbors, can actually walk around more freely that before and of course the most important thing," He allowed his hand to take hold of Shanti's. "I'm friends with a beautiful young girl who is an excellent judge of character." Shanti blushed at his comment, averting her eyes. "Perhaps even two beautiful girls, princess." He continued, turning his
Sofia looked away, deliberately slowly sipping her tea slowly to hide her blush behind her cup. "You can call me just Sofia." She said. "And I'm glad that Tiana was right about you."

The judge just smiled, enjoying how innocent the young princess was.

"Now while this conversation is both engaging and entertaining, I think it is time we move to the more important and pressing issue that I sense is on your mind Sofia." The Judge said adopting a serious face and authoritative tone.

Sofia also adopted a somewhat more mature, regal even, tone. "You are right...you see Mr. Frollo Shanti and I need your help for..."

"Helping Esmeralda to raise enough money to give you girls a chance to perform at the grand theater during the summer festival." Interrupted Frollo. "Shanti has already informed me of that part of your situation."

"Oh...well...yeah...that's good..." She was blushing again. "You see Pete, the landowner, set the price too high and we don't know how to raise the funds we need to pay him." Frollo nodded, signaling for her to continue. "We have been trying bake sales but they don't seem to be working too well." She said with a crestfallen expression. "But we need to raise the money soon...this means a lot to Esmeralda and she has been nothing but kind and helpful to us...so this is something we have to do for her." She looked directly at the Judge. "So please Mr. Frollo we really need your help and we would greatly appreciate it."

The judge remained silent, only moving his hand to his shin as he thought to himself;

"She seems really desperate to help that gypsy, such passion to help others, such devotion to do whatever it takes...so innocent, so kind...ohhh I must have her!"

Frollo rose to his feet and started walking, appearing as though he was in deep thought before coming to a stop in front of the two girls.

"Ok I shall help you." He finally said.

"REALLY?!" Sofia gasped, a large bright smile splitting across her face.

"Yes, Shanti is a close friend of mine and I know how important this is for her, so of course I shall help." He said giving the Indian girl a small smile. "Plus this may be a good way to show...Esmeralda that I don't mean any harm to her."

"Oh thank you! THANK YOU! Mr Frollo...I'm sure she will appreciate this too!" Sofia cried, standing up before being embraced by a joyous hug from her friend.

"Don't thank me yet." Said Frollo with a small smirk. "I can't give you money but I think I can...convince Pete to lower the price for you."

"Really?" asked Shanti. "You think that fat cat would do that for you?"

"Oh, my dear child he may be cunning, but this old man has some tricks under his sleeve and I'm sure I can get him to comply." He finished with a smile causing the girls to giggle.

"However," He began; cutting off their miniature celebration. "I'm sorry to said that this won't come freely." He raised a hand to silence their inevitable questions. "Please understand Sofia...I have a
position of influence that I must take great care of, I can't be doing favors like this for free." He stepped closer to them. "Can you imagen yourself using your position as a princess to give your friend free stuff all the time?...Do you think that would be right?"

Sofia thought for a moment…that sounds like something her parents had told her once; that she may have power as a princess but she shouldn't abuse it or she will be a bad one.

"You are right..." She said in a small voice. "But...how..."

"I can't do this for free, but if we made a contract where you offer me something in return for this favor, then it will be a normal exchange of goods and services...and it appear as you or I are abusing our positions."

"Umm that sounds reasonable..." Sofia said hesitantly, thinking it over. "So what can I do for you?"

Frollo just smiled and slipped one of his long arms round the smaller girl's shoulder. "You see Sofia, Shanti and I are not merely close friends we are also...as you may say...bedmates."

"Bedmates?" Sofia frowned, unsure of his meaning.

"It's something adults like me and some teens like Shanti can do." He summarized vaguely. "Unfortunately she has been getting tired for our activities, even if she doesn't admit it." The said girl gave him a mocked hurt glare. "Being my only bedmate has taken its toll on her." He turned his gaze back to Sofia. "But if she had another girl to join with her...like you, she would then find the experience much more and she won't be as exhausted with you helping...share the...burden as it were, surely you have noticed your friend has been less energetic and more tired of late."

Sofia thought about it. If she were honest she had to admit that sometimes Shanti had looked tired of late, once she looked as though she was going to fall asleep in the middle of the class and lately she had been walking oddly, like she was hurt or something but she never said anything.

"And that's because you two are bedmates?" Sofia asked, a crimson Shanti who nodded shyly. "And if I become one too and accept...what is it I'd have to do?"

Frollo's smile grew.

"Well basically you would become Shanti's bed-sister and your body would belong to us." Sofia's eyes widened. "Don't worry nothing bad would come of it, but we will be free to use your body in any way we want." He finalized, allowing his eyes to roam up and down the princess in front of him, his pupils dilating with desire.

The little princess stepped back, a fearful expression upon her face at the way the old judge was looking at her.

"I...I...well...I don't..." Sofia stammered, her voice dying in her throat.

"Don't worry child." Frollo begun, "you can think on it as long as you like...and you can speak with Shanti if you have any doubts." He pointed to the Indian girl before moving around the two and walking towards the door. "I will leave you two alone to talk about it...call for me when you have reached a decision." And with that the girls found themselves alone in the Judge's room.

Shanti turned to Sofia. The little princess was playing with her hands, the fearful expression still on her face.

"Are you ok?" Asked Shanti in a soft voice.
"I well…no…well don't know..." Sofia stuttered

"Breath Sofia." Shanti placed a hand on the shorter girl's shoulder. "Calm down and then we can talk."

Sofia inhaled deeply, trying to settle her erupting emotions. "Thanks..." she breathed. "It's just the deal..."

"Yeah..." Shanti looked uncomfortable for a moment. "I thought so...but truth be told I knew he would try something like this." Sofia looked at her. "Don't misunderstand things...he and I really have a lot of fun together." A small smile appeared on her face. "I think he is just being protective of me..." She spared a glance towards the door Frollo ad left through. "He thinks he is... tiring me out and wants to give me some rest by having someone to help...and I have talked to him about you and the rest and he thought you were the best candidate for this."

Sofia looked a little proud at that...before doubt started to set in.

"And this...bedmate thing, what does it involve?" She asked, Shanti's blush deepened.

"Well basically...umm...means that he and I...would..." she took a deep breath "be having sex with you when we want to."

Sofia looked at her with a confused expression, wondering why Shanti was getting redder as she went on.

"Sex?" she repeated...rolling the word over her tongue, tasting it, she was sure at some point she had heard it before. "And you and him have had...sex?"

"Umm yeah?" Shanti's ears glowed scarlet.

"And what do you do during it?" She asked innocently, she wasn't sure her friend could get any redder but get redder she did, now looking like a vibrant tomato.

"Well...we have kissed..." Shanti admitted, feeling a twinge of smugness as the princess blushed. "And the other things...that adults and teens do actually...but don't talk of it because...it's quite private."

"Oh! Ok that makes sense." Sofia said, remembering all the times someone said the times someone said she'd be told when she were older. "But I'm not a teen...so you think that I will be able to have sex?"

Shanti coughed nervously.

"Well Mr Frollo seems to think so or he wouldn't have thought on offering you the deal."

Sofia thought for a moment.

"And what it's like...to have sex?"

Shanti actually smiled.

"Well for me it was...an experience." Her mind filled with the memories of what Frollo had said to her, of each of his loving caresses. "It's something you must experience to understand." She became more serious. "Though I must warn you it can hurt a little the first time..." She said recalled the night Frollo took her virginity. "But after a bit...it's just like...magic." She finished with a warm
smile and a dazed expression upon her face.

Sofia took in Shanti's expression. She looked happy, she wasn't sure about the 'hurting' part but from what her friend was describing it sounded like it was worth a little pain at the start. But she was still unsure.

Seeing her expression Shanti decided to continue.

"Don't think about it like an obligation, it is an experience everyone will experience at some point… you just will have it before your sister." She smiled "and thanks to this Esmeralda may be able to pursue the theater without that fat cat doing anything to stop her."

That actually hit Sofia…the reason why she was in the mansion in the first place. If she accepted her teacher and her friends would be able to perform in front of a great audience…something that the girls were exited since they hear the proposition…and Esmeralda looked like she really wanted this to happen.

In the mind of the princess only one decision could be made.

"Well…" She begun "it would help Esmeralda…and that's the reason we came, to ask for help…and it's the only thing that matters." She looked down at the floor. "Plus as you said…it's something everyone will do at some point." She finished with a smile.

Shanti returned the smile shyly and pulled the princess into a soft hug.

"Don't worry...I will be at your side the whole time." They separated and shared a smile. Shanti turned back to the door. "MR FROLLO!" She called.

The judge opened the door and peaked inside.

"Yes?"

Sofia took a timid step forward.

"I have decided to accept your deal Mr Frollo." She said with strength in her voice, though it did shake a little.

"Excellent" Frollo said with a smile, re-entering the room. "Let's make it official then." From within his robes he extracted a scroll and approached his desk before signaling the girls to join him. "Now this contract will make this all legal, Ursula owed me a favor, Pete won't be able to protest about abuse of power." He took a quill and signed his name at the bottom on one of the dotted lines.

"Basically this says that you will be my and shanti's bedmate from this day until the day…Esmeralda and your friends preform at the grand theater." He passed the quill to Sofia and slid the contract closer to her. "In exchange of it, it will become my obligation to ensure that Pete will lower his price to something more reasonable for Esmeralda to pay."

"For anyone to pay." Shanti added in low voice.

"Ah yes…" He made a slight alteration to the contract. "Ahem…that's the terms for you and me….nothing more and nothing less."

Sofia looked at the quill in hand and took a deep breath before putting her name under Frollo´s. the contract then glows and two golden threads burst from it and join her and his wrist before despairing. Then the contract rolls up itself and jump to Frollo´s hand before vanishing.
"Umm have to give credit to the sea witch." Frollo muttered, "That's actually an intriguing way to create a contract."

"Yeah it was very impressive." Sofia agreed looking at her wrist. Shanti got close and put a hand on her shoulder and giving the brunette a smile.

"Well now that that's taken care of." Frollo kneeled in front of Sofia. "Would this beautiful princess be kind enough to accompany me to my bed?" he asked in a gentle voice.

Sofia took another breath and lifted her head.

"I would be honored Mr Frollo." She said with a small curtsy.

Frollo offered his hand to the princess who took it after a brief period of hesitation. He led her with Shanti just behind them. Opening the same door as before he granted the girls access to his bedroom.

The first thing Sofia notice was a dark wood, king size bed with a Victorian style bedframe. Four posts with draconic carvings at the end, four long purple curtains where tied around each post. Dark purple and black covers and pillows rested on the head of it just under the carvings of an angel and a demon crossing weapons. On both sides, a nightstand of the same dark wood was posted each one with demonic faces on their handles.

Sofia gulped a bit scare of the dark room, but Shanti just skipped her way in and over the bed giving a hard sigh of relief.

"Come on Sofia this is really soft." She said, rolling onto her stomach and looking up at the two, smiling.

Frollo give a gentle push to Sofia.

"Go ahead Sofia…sit on the edge if you will."

The little princess walked slowly. Her previous nerves returning with each and every step she took towards the bed. her small heels actually make and echo for her as she trying to not tremble. Finally, she reaches the bed, under the smiling face of Shanti, and with a small jump she crawled up and sit on the edge with her feet visible and hanging on the air.

"It's really…comfortable." She said trying to erase her fears.

"It really is." Frollo reassured as he closed the door and followed after her. "For more than just sleep." He kneeled in front of her again.

"Umm so…how do…we …?" Her question was interrupted as Frollo placed his hand on her left cheek, taking her by surprise as he caressed it.

"Shush my child." He said softly, running his thumb over her pink lips. "You don't have to worry." His other hand found itself on her other cheek. "I will take care of everything…you just relax and give of yourself to me." His hands slowly moved down her body, feeling her smooth skin as they neared her neck, slid over her shoulders, they descend down her sides, grazing the sides of her chest, his thumbs brushing over her clothed nipples, and over her skirt covered legs. "So soft…you are really special my child."

"Oh…" She shuddered, her cheeks turning pink as she felt his hands pass over her body.

The old judge's smile grew into a lustful smirk as his hands slid further down her body until his
winkled fingers closed round her left ankle and lifted her foot a little. Still smiling Frollo used his left hand and delicately removed her purple slipper. Sofia felt her face become even hotter as Frollo stared at her small bare foot.

"So cute." He chuckled, causing Sofia's to blush deepen in colour. With the same delicate movement he placed his hand under her sole, taking a moment to savor its softness, and raise the little foot further before lowering it onto his face and placing his nose over its instep and taking a deep sniff of her scent. "And so, pure." he moaned as a sweet scent invade his nostrils, like vanilla honey and a trace of salt. He couldn't resist and began to move his nose slide his nose over her foot, sniffing every inch, from the base of her sole to between her toes, to the space between the tip of her toenail and top of her toes.

"Ahh...Mr Frollo...I...I don't think you should..." Sofia tried to object but Shanti stopped her with a chaste kiss on her cheek.

"Hey don't worry." Said the Indian girl sitting just behind the princess. "He actually enjoys smelling me from time to time...it's like his thing." Still smiling she put her hands on the princess' shoulders before sliding them down and over her breasts, lightly squeezing them and giggling at the shy moan. "Plus it's just your foot...later he may look at these" She began to tenderly massage Sofia's breasts over her bodice, eliciting a chorus of her shy, timid moans.

Frollo for his part moved Sofia's foot so his nose between each of her small toes, inhaling deeply as if the scent of her feet were the essence of life itself. "Oh such a sweet scent..." Frollo moaned. "I wonder if it will taste just as delicious." He inched her toes towards his lips.

"Ahh...Mr Frollo!" The little princess cried out as the old judge slipped al her toes into his mouth and started to suck them softly, sliding his tongue beneath the sweet, salty, sensitive digits. Sofia's gasps causing her chest to thrust out and allowing Shanti to cup her more firmly and get a good feel of the still developing breasts.

Frollo allowed his tongue sample the taste between her tiny toes, moaning at her sweet flavor instead, taking note at how different her flavor was to the strong taste of Shanti's exotic soles. He started to lightly nip at the toes, his lustful eyes locking on Shanti, enticing a sheepish, perverted smirk from the Indian girl.

"Enjoying yourself Mr Frollo?" She teased; the villain slipped foot out of his mouth and slowly bestowed a chaste kiss on her sole.

"Indeed I am." He said, slowly rubbing his thumb over the instep of the small sole. "But now I'm curious." His smile grew. "So Shanti may I?" He extended his left hand towards her. The teen just giggled cutely and moved her position so her so her legs fell over the end of the bed, briefly squeezing Sofia a little harder, eliciting another gasp from the younger girl, and extended her right leg towards him, wiggling her toes with a small cheeky smirk upon her face.

Frollo took hold her ankle with his free hand and lifted it his face before leaning forward until the tip of his nose brushed her sole, inhaling softly and deeply. Immediately the intense potent odor of grime and sweat filled his nose, consuming his mind. Frollo recoiled from the initial hit; Shanti always did have particularly stinky feet, he felt his manhood throb beneath his clothing. He leaned forward again, inhaling her scent deeply and dragging his nose up and down her exotic sole, tickling her toes with his nose and smirking at her cute giggles and soft moans as she felt his breath slipping between her warm sweaty toes, wiggling them and parting them as she enjoyed the small breeze.

"Hmm a much stronger scent and more coarse soles." He stated, as if he was sampling a fine wine before his lips parted and he took toes into his mouth, his tongue slipping between her hot toes
briefly before he leaned back, Shanti's toes remerging with a slight 'pop' as his lips closed shut again. "And a stronger taste." He licked his lips sensually.

He moved back to Sofia's foot and took her tiny toes into his mouth, suckling softly before giving them a more forceful suck as Sofia moaned and shivered as he teased her toes. They too remerged with a slight 'pop' now coated in a thin layer of saliva, strands still connecting her toes to his mouth.

"Hmmm yeah like comparing sweet candy to an expensive wine." He gave Shanti's sole another long, slow lick from the base of her heel all the way to her wiggling grimy toes. "A unique taste all their own." He pulled both feet closer to his face, Sofia gasping and curling her toes in apprehension. "But incredible together." He groaned, slipping Shanti's big toe and Sofia's large three toes into his mouth, moaning around them as their flavors mixed in his mouth.

"Oh, oh…yes!" Shanti moaned as Frollo began to nip at her toes, even clipping one of toenails, eliciting another small gasp from the girl.

Frollo smiled round her toes before pulling back and dragging his tongue from her instep to the tip of her toes, earning another moan, Shanti's toes curling. He returned to Sofia's sole, dragging his teeth over her heel.

"Oh my…" Sofia shuddered, her voice shaking as she leaned back into Shanti who gave her small breasts another squeeze. "Oh! Oh!"

Sofia began to squirm, her foot slipping, Frollo extended his tongue, the tip sliding over her bare sole, her squirms intensified, her toes curling as she felt filing her foot slicken with his saliva. Shivers travelling from her toes, up her leg, between her thighs before pooling in her crotch, intensifying as Shanti gave her a harsher squeeze.

Frollo gave each foot a small kiss before lowering them down carefully, his smile growing as he took in Sofia's flushed cheeks and rapidly rising and dropping chest, her toes scrunched tightly.

"You look like you really enjoyed that little princess." He said softly. "Maybe you're ready to…try something more advanced?" He picked up Sofia's shoe and rose to his feet. "Now Shanti, why don't you help Sofia and show her the ropes?"

The Indian girl nodded her head and stood up from the bed, letting go of Sofia's chest and proceeding to help her to stand.

Frollo stepped back and sat himself a chair and lifted the purple slipper to his face and inhaled lightly, enjoying its light scent.

"You'll need to get comfortable for what's coming next" Shanti said with a smile. Sofia sent her a questioning look but before she could ask, the teen surprised her by loosening her skirt allowing it to fall from her hips, down her legs and onto her bedding, revealing her plain white panties.

"Shanti!" Sofia cried. "What are you doing?!

"This?...you don't expect us to have sex with our clothes on do you?"

"Well I…don't…know…yes?" She blushed.

"Only if you want them to get messy, and possibly torn...you better take that gown off."

"My dress?!"
"Yeah...come on Sofia...we're friends and we're both girls there is no reason to be shy." Shanti continued, stepping closer to her.

"I know but..." She sent Frollo a look; who was still smelling her slipper.

"Hey...if you are going to be my bed-sister," she giggled "You will need to get used to seeing me naked and me seeing you in your birthday suit...and more if Mr Frollo is here."

Sofia wrapped her arms around herself, not feeling entirely comfortable with the idea of taking off her dress in front of a grown man. Shanti placed a hand on her shoulder.

"Hey don't worry...I will be here with you the whole time...you don't have to strip in front of him...that's why I'm here...I can do it...for you..." She caressed Sofia's cheek softly. "Just trust me and let me take care of everything, I'm here with you."

Sofia took a deep breath, trying to settle her nerves; she looked at Shanti and nodded before turning her back to her, inadvertently facing Frollo.

Shanti smiled and started working at unlacing the back of the dress all the way to her neck where she unclasped the hidden clip. Dipping her hands inside she opened the back and opened the opening until it fell over her shoulders, allowing Sofia to slip her small arms out; her amulet remaining round neck. Finally, Shanti took hold of the hem of the gown and pulled it up and over Sofia.

The lilac gown fell onto the bed before being pushed off and onto the floor by Shanti's saliva coated barefoot to the floor, leaving Sofia wearing only a single shoe, her tiara, her amulet and her lavender colored, cute ruffled knickers.

"Wow...just look at you..." Shanti gushed, eying the small breasts, made even more alluring by the pale, creamy colour. "You're adorable."

Sofia's cheeks glowed brightly as she found herself trying to cover her breasts but Shanti grabbed her arms. "Now none of that." She pried Sofia's arms away, exposing her small naked breasts. Shanti stepped forward, twisting, causing Sofia's balance to falter, before making one small push and causing Sofia to stumble onto the bed. "Today Mr. Frollo is not the only one who gets to have fun." Shanti smirked.

The Indian girl dropped down besides the half-naked princess.

"Now relax and let me take care of everything."

"But...Shanti...wait just...ahhhhh!" Sofia cried out as Shanti roped her right breast again. "Ummm ah...Shanti...ummm ahhh!" Her face scrunching into a cute expression of badly suppressed pleasure.

Shanti began to massage the small mound, taking her time to squeeze and push it, as if trying to immortalize this moment in her memory.

"You know I'm kinda jealous..." She pinched the tiny nipple before going back to massaging it. "You look like you're going to be an early bloomer." She leaned in close to Sofia's left breast, Sofia shivering as the older girl's hot breath tease her sensitive nipple. "If you are like this at your age you'll have a bigger rack than me when you reach my age." She closed her lips around the nipple.

"Ah!...Ummm...ahh!...That's...ahhh!" Sofia moaned as Shanti's tongue began to trace tiny circles around her areola. "Ahhhh!"

"Hehehe...you are really sensitive." Shanti giggled before starting to suck and pull at the erect nipple.
"And you're certainly messy." Frollo chuckled

Both girls turn their heads. The old judge was standing in front of them, smiling lustfully as he enjoyed the show. "Really do you have to throw your clothes so unceremoniously onto the floor?"

He asked picking up Shanti’s discarded skirt from the floor.

The Indian girl shrugged and grinned sheepishly and returned to sucking Sofia’s nipples. Sofia's blush spread further as she saw how intently Frollo was watching them.

"Please...ahhh!...Nooo…ummm….Mr Frollo...ahh!...Don't…ah!...Look." She begged between moans and gasps of pleasure, the judge ignored her pleas and continued to watch and pick up the gown from the floor.

"And you're teaching your new bed-sister bad habits too." He hung the skirt on his arm and lifted the gown higher, admiring it. "While this is certainly a beautiful gown," he began, glancing at the smaller girl, who was consumed by small, cute gasps and moans as Shanti continued licking, sucking and even nipped her breast, slowly moving towards her neck. He brought the gown to his face and took a small whiff of the soft fabric. "Hmmm...it would be a shame if it were to get dirty because SOMEONE is unable to grasp the importance of following instructions and orders." Shanti sent him a small look before returning to Sofia’s breast. "Hmmm."

Frollo proceeded to caress his face with the gown, enjoying the soft feel and delectable scent. "Yes…such a beautiful gown." He continued to walk around the room, still rubbing the gown into his face.

"Hehehehe." Shanti giggled. "That's not the only beautiful thing she has." Shanti lightly kissed Sofia’s swollen, red nipple. "You have really soft skin." Her gaze moved to Sofia's underwear. "I wonder if you're this soft down there." She giggled, her hand sliding down Sofia's belly, between her legs, her fingers sliding over her panty covered pussy.

"Ah!…Shanti that's my…ahhh!" The Princess cried out as Shanti's fingers lightly caressed her slit over the thin fabric. Sofia closed her legs but that don't stop the teen from playing with her, accidentally holding her arm in place with her legs, as Shanti pushed her finger against the center of Sofia's panties, the fabric slowly sinking into her hungry pussy, a dark wet patch growing over the fabric and even leaking through over Shanti's knuckle.

"Ummm…ah!…Ahh!…That…ahhh!...Ummm…"

"Do you like that?" Shanti smirked as she watched the princess lose herself to her moans, her blush deepening and spreading over her cheeks as Shanti started to make tiny circles. "Don't be embarrassed, it's totally normal for this to feel good."

She pulled her fingers back before starting to rub her wet panties again, pushing the front against her pussy, feeling her tiny wrinkles beneath the wet fabric.

"But I don't think its fair for you to have all fun." Shanti grinned, slipping her other hand under her shirt, groping at her own developing tits, before grabbing Sofia’s hand and placing it on her breasts, smirking as she felt Sofia reflexively squeeze her. "Now I want you to play with my breast, you can squeeze, massage it,…you can even pull my nipple if you." She winked.

The little princess' blush deepened as she did what she was told – aside from pulling Shanti's nipple – she started clumsy but with some help and words of instruction and encouragement she had small moans escaping Shanti's lips as she groped her boob.
"Ummm…that's good…oh…so good…" Shanti moaned, her hand moving up Sofia's underwear until she reached the waistband, hooking it with her index finger and slowly starting to pull it away. "Oh…umm you deserve a reward…" She groaned as she slipped her hand inside Sofia's panties.

"Ahhhhhh!" Sofia cried as she Shanti's finger come into contact with her slit, her hand closing firmly around Shanti's boob, eliciting a sudden moan of pleasure from the Indian girl.

"Ah…yes...ah!...Ah!...Sofia...ahhh!...Just like that!" Shanti cried.

"Ah!...Ah! Shanti...ahhh!...That...ah!...qhhh!...Feels...ahhhhhhhhh!" Shanti's finger rubbed against her clitoris, causing her to squirm and groan as she squeezed her legs tightly round Shanti's arm. "Ah!...Shanti...Shanti...ummmm!" An odd pressure began to build down below inside the princess, her whole body hot to the slightest touch of the Indian girl, her squirming only enhancing the experience.

"You girls are certainly enjoying yourselves." Frollo chuckled. The judge had disrobed, leaving him only wearing his grey trousers and undershirt. Sofia looked at him but before she could say anything, Shanti's made another movement and she devolved into a fit of moans. "Don't worry about your dress Sofia; I leave it laid over a chair to avoid wrinkling the soft fabric." He stepped close to the bed took a knee. "But then I realized, I forgot something." He took hold of Sofia's right ankle and removed her remain slipper, admiring her bare creamy foot briefly. "Now the pair will be complete." Before proceeding to lower his head and lick her small sole.

"Eepppppppp!" Sofia squealed, accidently pinching Shanti's nipple between her fingers.

"Oh!…Yes…Sofia…yessssss!" Shanti screamed inserting her finger into her wet slit.

Sofia felt new sensations hit her like a tsunami as Shanti's fingers caressed her insides, Frollo continuing to play with her foot, the tingling feeling becoming a more intense pressure, concentrating in her…throbbing? Nether regions threating to burst.

"Ah!...Ah!...Shanti...ah!...Ah! Mr...ah! Ah!... Frollo...ahhh!...Ummm...I feel...ahh!..I feel…ahh!...S-Something...ah!...Ah!...It's!...Ah!...It's coming...ah! Ah!...OUT!" she cries as her first orgasm hit home and Shanti felt her fingers squeezed by Sofia's slick cunt as her hot, wet cum erupted from her pussy and around her finger.

Sofia fell back onto the mattress, breathing heavily as she felt her juices flood out from pf her pussy, soaking her underwear as she tried to process what was happening.

Shanti moved behind her and helped her sit back up, still breathing heavily. The little princess moaned when her wet, sticky fingers closed around her small breast and she started massaging it again.

"That was great Sofia…you were incredible." The Indian girl whispered into her ear.

"Indeed, that was incredible, especially for a first time." Frollo admired.

Sofia's cheeks where bright red, even her chest was flushed, a fine layer of sweat shimmering in the afterglow of her first orgasm and enhanced by the faded candlelight. The amulet still dangling on her chest and the tiara on her head a little lopsided but did make the image appear more magical. But what really caught his eye was the large wet stain on her underwear, clinging to her underage cunt and granting him a rather sensual view. "Hmmm but now they will need to be cleaned…you better take them off." He stroked her stain, enjoying her sudden shiver and cute moan before taking hold of the waistband and slowly pulling them down and slipping them over her short, slender creamy legs.
Sofia found herself barely able to move as her underwear was removed, shivering as her sensitive cunt was exposed to the warm air of the room.

Frollo lifted the wet garment to his face before pressing it against his nose, inhaling deeply and moaning at her sweet essence, and groaning as he felt her cooled juices brush off on his nose.

"Hmmm delicious..." He moaned, not caring how wet his face got. His eyes locked on the clean, white, soft looking pussy of the princess. "But this is even better." Moving closer to her pussy he allowed his fingers to caress her soft skin, feeling her shiver as his fingers glazed over her wet slit. He let his nose move closer, inhaling deeply the scent of her sex. "Oh yes...the scent of purity, of innocence...so unique and so delectable." He moaned, undoing his trousers. "Such a shame I have to take it away." the trousers fell, his erect member revealed and bouncing freely.

"Oh this is a special moment..." Frollo sighed as he moved is cock up and down, the tip stroking her slit and sending shivers of pleasure up Sofia's tiny body. "I hope you enjoy it." And then he pushed himself against Sofia slit, groaning as his tip started to push its way in.

"Ugh ahhhhhhhh!" Sofia cried out. "Wait!...Ahhhhhhh!...That...ahhhhhhh!...It hurts ahhhhhh!

"Ah...ah...sweet god..." Frollo grunted "you're so...ah...ah...tight!" He pushed in further, slipping deeper into her tight cunt, her warm walls squeezing his hard cock.

"Ah! No! No! No! No! No! No!

Sofia squirmed and wriggled, trying to back up and slide off his cock but Shanti held her firmly in place. "Please!...stop!...Please!...AHHHHHHHHH!

blood started to seep out of her little pussy round his cock as her hymen was torn apart. "IT HURTS!" She screamed as tears welled in the princess' eyes as her whole body trembled.

"Easy, easy." Shanti coed softly. "Just breathe...it will pass soon, I promise, then you'll feel really good." She whispered softly, though Sofia’s size in comparison to her own was starting to concern her. Then she remembered something Frollo did when she was in that position.

"Shanti please...ah...ah...stop-ummmm!

Sofia was taken aback as Shanti´s lips pressed against hers, sealing her lips with a soft kiss.

"Ahhh! Oh God!...Ahhhh!" Frollo moaned as he grabbed Sofia legs firmly, thrusting himself deeper into her tiny, tight cunt. "Just...ah...a bit...more!" He thrust his full length inside her, pounding her pussy, eliciting a muffled scream from the princess into Shanti's lips. "Ah!...Ah!...Ah!...Oh yes! So tight!...Sweet, merciful God!...This is...ah! Ah! Too...much." He pulled back before starting to pump in and out of her tight hole, sending small drops of blood and precum onto the bed.

"Um...um...ummm...ummmm!" Sofia screamed, whimpering with each pump, she felt like he was going to tear her in two. But at the same time, she could feel Shanti’s tongue probing and exploring her mouth, stroking her tongue with hers.

The teen couldn't resist the sweet taste of the princess’s mouth and deepened the kiss and had added her tongue to play with Sofia's. At the same time her hands found the little firm mounds that were the breasts of the princess and started pinch her nipples between her soft fingers.

Sofia’s mind started to cloud...the pain of her pussy and the pleasure he felt as Shanti played with her breasts were too much for the little girl. Her eyes start closing as she let herself get lose in the feelings. When Shanti finally separate from her mouth small moans and cries could be heard from...
"Ah!...Ah!...Ah!...Ahhhh!...Sofia...oh yes!...Oh God!...Ah!...I'm getting close!" Frollo grunted as the tight pussy squeezed and squish around his member, warm and wet flesh massaging it with great force. "I can't...Ah!...Ah!...I can't hold it...ah!...Ah!...Sweet God...I'm going to AHHHHHHHHH!" both Sofia and Frollo cried out together as the old judge exploded inside Sofia's cunt releasing a load of cum filling the princess up to the top, her lower tummy expanding as it filled with his seed.

Finally, Frollo pulled himself out of Sofia. The little princess gasping and shuddering as he pulled out of her sopping cunt; heavily trembling as blood and cum flowed freely outside of her punished pussy.

Shanti allowed Sofia to lean back until she lay on the bed as she moved out of it and in front of her pussy taking notice of the blood coating Frollo's cock and the big stains of cum on Sofia's slit and inner thighs. "And you say I leave a mess behind." She kneeled by her.

"Don't worry Sofia...I will clean this one..." Shanti moved back a bit before lowering herself between her legs and latched her mouth onto her pussy, lapping at it hungrily at any remaining cum or blood, moaning at the combination of tastes while enjoying how Sofia lightly shuddered and gasped as her tongue caressed and bathed her sensitive pussy, thoroughly cleaning it.

Frollo looked up from catching his breath. Shanti's small exotic ass was directly in front of him, her simple panties stained with a small wet patch, her round cheeks made as they pressed against the thin cloth and lightly wiggled and shook as she lapped at the tight pussy he had just fucked were enough to hypnotize the judge and re-igniting his lust.

The Indian girl, busy lapping at Sofia's pussy, was surprised when she felt Frollo's hand caressing her butt.

"Such a shame you have Shanti..." the Judge said, slipping his hand inside her panties, caressing the tender flesh. "Trying to tempt me with such a perfect view." Hooking the underwear with his fingers, Frollo began to slowly pull the garment down, smiling as Shanti actually raised her foot to allow him to take them off her, wiggling her toes as he did so. "Maybe a punishment is in order to teach you." Frollo positioned his cock between her two firm cheeks and began to slowly push his way between them.

"Oh!...Mr Frollo...ahhh!...Please!" Shanti begged.

The judge chuckled.

"You know that you still need some rest." He grabbed her ass cheeks firmly with his hands and spread them apart. "But maybe we can try something else..." He pushed forward, his tip brushing her tiny rosebud.

"Wait...what? AHHHHH" Shanti screamed as his member penetrated her asshole. The blood and cum that covered Frollo's cock acting like a lubricant and allowing to force his way deeper into her tight canal with little resistant.

"Ah!...Ahhhhh!...Almost as tight as the princess..." He moaned as he started to pump in and out of her tiny hole, never pulling the full way out of it.

"Ah!...Ah!...Ah!...Mr Frollo-that...ah!...Ah!...Yes...ah!...Ah! More....ahhhh!" Shanti moaned as the pain dissolved into pleasure.

"Oh yes!...Ah...weren't you cleaning your...ah!...Ah...friend?" Frollo moaned.
Shanti looked back at Sofia who still had some blood and cum covering her once virgin pussy. Closing her eyes Shanti returned to between the younger girl's legs and began to hungrily lap at her pussy again, moaning and grunting into it and eliciting gasps and mewls of pleasure from the exhausted girl. "Umm…ah!…Ah!…You forgot her?...What a naughty girl." His hand caressed her back until it slipped round her. "I think you deserve a punishment." Frollo grabbed Shanti’s breast pinching her nipples between his fingers.

"Ummmmm oh yes!" Shanti cried into Sofia’s pussy as Frollo began to lightly pull at her nipple.

"Ah!…Oh…you like that?...Such a naughty little girl." Frollo groaned into her neck as he began to pull her nipple as if he were milking her. "Ah…oh God!...Ah!...Ah…I'm can't…ah!…Ah!…AHHHHHHH!"

"Oh yessss!" Shanti screamed into Sofia's pussy as she felt Frollo's cock burst inside her, filling her ass as her rear came with him, her pussy sopping and waiting for his hard cock.

The old judge stood up and looked at the bed where the little princess seeming to finally have passed out, cum still oozing from her slit, Shanti rolling over and laying on the bed, arms spread, breathing heavily, her still developing breasts rising and falling rapidly. Taking a deep breath, he walked around the bed and pulled the covers up; then he moved to the princess and carried her in his arms before putting her down. He then gives her a quick kiss and removed her tiara, placing it on his nightstand. He then moved back to Shanti and carrying her bridal style to the other side and put her down.

"Hmmm going somewhere?" She asked sleepily as Frollo took off her shirt, exposing her small, sweaty breasts.

"Hehehe…there is still some light left in the day, so I will be taking a quick shower, put your clothes on to wash...again…and then I will go to talk to Pete." He answered.

Shanti smiled before cupping his face and kissing him fully on the lips, licking his lower lip cheekily.

"Thanks for helping us…" She said as she felt sleep over take her.

Sofia rolled over to be closer to Shanti, snuggling into her warm, moist chest, Shanti's arms falling round her and Sofia's slowly raising up her body, both falling asleep in a loving embrace. Frollo smiled and covered both girls before walking silently out of the room, stopping just to grab his own clothes and the girls' underwear.

The Judge closed the door and smiled as he closed both panties to his face sniffing them softly.

"No Shanti…thank you." He chuckled before walking towards his bathroom sniffing at the clothing in his hand.

Back in the bedroom, inside the nightstand was the picture of the dancing class with the image of Sofia and Shanti's faces crossed out.
Announcement

Hey to all my readers, sorry I haven't managed to do a lot of posting a lot, just had so much real life stuff getting in the way varying from holidays to renovations to preparing for my final year of university and recently getting hold of a PS4.

I am considering making a Discord server for this account.

I will post ideas I am considering for oneshots or series fics to see if there is any interest in the idea or concept.

If any of you are interested in joining the chat just comment a review saying 'yes'.

If there is interest I'll post a note saying how to find the server and explain how the individual tabs work.

-SL (kellymo1 on AO3)
Discord Server

There seems to be some interest in the Discord server, I am currently struggling to make the server public so unless someone can let me know how I can do that any of you who are interested can let me know your Discord name and I'll invite you to the server - you can let me know any way that you are comfortable with.

The current tabs and how they work are;

Rules
Here I will add the rules of the server, if they are broken people will be removed from the server.

Series Concepts
Is for discussing future smut series ideas, these will be slow to be written due to the amount of time needed to plan them and get them written - an example would be if I were to do a Harry Potter smut series I would like to aim to put each Hogwarts year in its own chapter.

One-Shot Concepts
Is for discussing one shot chapters.

Inspirational Pictures
For sharing images which could be potentially used for chapters.

I will also be sharing ideas and images over these tabs to see if its users think the chapter has any interest.

-SL (kellym01)

Try this link - let me know if doesn't work

https://discord.gg/RzYpDk
Happy Halloween 2018

Contribution

Title: Sexualem Celebirationem Part 2: No Rescue
Author: Darkness Rissing
Fandoms: Cinderella, Sofia the First, Rescuers, The Lion King, Brother bear, Tarzan, Pinocchio, The Fox and the Hound, Home on the Range, Bambi, The Little Mermaid
Characters: Percival McLeach, Penny
Cameos: Bambi, Kenai, Clayton, Scar, Zira, Slim, The Coachman, Madame Medusa, Mr. Snoop, Koda, Toto Lady Tremaine, Anastasia Tremaine, Drizella Tremaine, Cinderella, Sofia

The thunderous storm of feet, claws, and hooves echoed throughout the forest from the middle of a ravine, a stampede of deer, bunnies, foxes, raccoons and other animals and small critters ran for their lives.

In the front of the procession was an adult buck with dark brown fur, a muscular frame, and black antlers with two points trot as fast as he could, turning its head back now and then to make sure everyone was following him.

"Come on hurry!...It's not far now!" Bambi called back again.

"I hope so…I don't think anyone can run much more." An adult fox with red fur gasped out as it ran alongside him. "I don't get it Bambi how did the hunters and those lions find the safe places?"

"I don't know Tod." The great prince answered, worry obvious in his voice as he continued to pound his hooves against the ground, not slowing.

Like every year the forest animals, led by Bambi and other heroes of the beastly domain, hid themselves in special secret locations spread all the way from the south forest to the Pride lands of the east. These places where build by the princesses as a way to help their animal friends to survive against the boosted powers of those villains that enjoyed to kill, eat and hunt them. However, this year for some reason the hunters, led by Scar, Clayton and Slim, had found each and everyone one of them located in the forest. Forcing Bambi and his allies to evacuate the animals towards one of the hero or heroine mansions hopping for the safety of their shields.

"I just hope Vixie is ok..." Tod muttered, mostly to himself.

"You sent her to the mountain shelters, I think she will be safe there." Answered the Buck.

"Faline and the fawns should also be fine." Said Tod trying to calm his friend. "Princess Snow white took them with her earlier so they should still be with her, and safe."

"BAMBI!" A bunny soon came ridding with a bear cub on the back of a grizzly bear.

"Thumper, Kenai…what's wrong?"

"We are having delayed animals." Said the adult bear. "We have been running for too long, they're starting to slow down."
"We only need to cross the next curve and we will be safe." Said the prince. "Go back and try to help them while I take the rest of the group...."

"KENAI!" Koda's cry made both adults turn to the road ahead. Their eyes widening in dread.

"STOP!" Both shouted together, the whole stampede skidding to a halt.

The ravine finally ended allowing them to see the golden glimmer of the mansion's shield just some meters more ahead. However; just at the mouth of the ravine, sitting on his hunches with a satisfied smirk upon his face, was the cunning dark maned lion; Scar.

"Well, well, well...what have we here?" The dark lion said, arrogance seeping from his tone. "Here I was just taking a nice stroll when who do I come across but none other than the great prince of the forest himself." He chuckled mockingly. "What an honor and such a surprise." The lion stood and began to pace. "I thought the likes of you would be hiding somewhere deep in the woods."

"Don't start with us now Scar." Said Bambi as he stepped forward. "I don't know how you and the hunters found the shelters but you won't stop us from getting these animals to safety." Behind him Kenai lowered Thumper and Koda to the ground from his back.

"You getting them to safety...ahahahahahahahaha!" The lion roared with laughter, thunder and lightning flashing and cracking above them. "You didn't even know how your little shelters were found and now you think you can escape me? Hahahaha...you really don't know anything."

"Big words for a lone kitten." Kenai growled as he too stepped forward to stand beside the Prince of the Forest. "Let me guess you somehow predicted we would head here and set a trap for us of some kind?" Asked the bear sarcastically. "Oh I'm so scared...why don't you move aside before we make you."

"He is right Scar." Bambi continued. "We have you outnumbered, not even you could win against all of us and we are close enough to the mansion that we will get help from the princesses and heroes before you could do anything, stand aside."

"Oh I think you will learn...just how wrong you truly are." Scar was still smirking.

Soon low threatening growls began to fill the air. The animals in the rear began tremble as Zira and her pack stepped into view.

"You will find that this time..." Scar began to move towards them his eyes glowing with an unholy green light. "This time there are no heroes, no rescue of any kind, and no...happy...ending." And with one final roar the lion launched at the large group of animals, swiftly followed by his own Pride of animals.

"RUN!" Bambi cried as the Lionesses above the ravine jumped into its interior. "RUN FOR THE BARRIER...WE WILL HOLD THEM OFF."

Kenai rose onto his back legs and roar as the lions closed in on them. Panic filled the bodies of the animals and critters as those not battle ready began to charge towards the barrier, trying to escape the storm of claws and fangs that chased them. Some adults stood their ground to help in the in the fight, allowing the females and little ones to run towards the safe house and the barrier.

However, those that manage to escape the battle weren't safe yet as metal shined in bushes just off to the side of them in brief flashes of light with each crack of lightning.

"So whoever gets the least kills buys the nights drinks?" Chuckled Slim, preparing his pistols.
"Count me in." Clayton smirked as he lifted his shotgun and with a sadistic grin pull the trigger.

BANG

XXX

The Villains Party

Cinderella moaned as a bandit thrust his cock deep inside her, her walls clenching round it in pleasure. The fallen princess' expression was one of pure bliss as she cried and gasped in ecstasy as the bandit pumped in and out her already used, slack hole.

Her whole body was coated in a thin sheen of sweat and thick spurts of the bandit's seed, her hair clinging to her forehead, her chest heaving with each breath and in line with each of the bandit's thrusts; her hair was now messy and untamed. She still had her gloves and stockings on, granting her an oddly alluring appearance. Around her other bandits and villains watched on, enjoying their 'entertainment' laughing and some even masturbating as they enjoy the show, and the treatment of the "Royal Whore". Some were even jeering to have turn with her. The humiliation and treatment only heightening her pleasure, Cinderella felt her weak walls squeeze the bandit's cock as another orgasm rocked through her body, her legs trembling as she struggled to stay up.

"You like this don't you bitch, such a dirty whore." He grunted as he thrusted into her again, even harder than before.

"Ah…ah…yes…ah ah…more…ah more!" She cried out as she wrapped her still trembling legs round the bandit's waist, nearly losing her hold and falling onto the ground in result. However; the other members of the audience were starting to get tired of simply watching and wanted to have their own fun.

Two bandits approached them and roughly took hold of Cinderella's legs, the moaning whore gasped out in pleasure as she felt small bruises form beneath the rough callused fingertips of the bandits, they began to rub their cocks against her stocking clad soles, Cinderella felt pleasurable shivers climb over her body as she felt their dirty cocks forcefully rubbed against her sensitive feet.

"Bitch." A gruff voice snapped, she turned her head, her eyes widening as another cock was suddenly forcibly shoved into her mouth, the vile taste of cock filling her mouth, the flavor invading her mouth almost making her gag when the tip slammed into the back of her throat. She raised her gloved to start wanking the length of the bandit's cock that didn't fit into her mouth when they too were seized by another pair of members from the audience.

"Ah…her mouth is so good…"

"Hahahaha and her cunt is so wet ah ah ah!"

"That's it bitch keep moving those hands!"

"Hehehe shame she didn't keep those ridiculous shoes…would have filled them with my cum and make her do a little dance for us in them."

The moans and laughs grow in volume as Cinderella devolved into a state of muffled moans and groans in the circle of men, knowing nothing but cocks. Not far from the groaning 'princess' the still unconscious body of Sofia began to attract the attention of others and a decision of the desire for more fun spread among them.

Upon the stage Lady Tremaine began to call for the attention of the other villains.
"Ok my dears…now lest start with tonight’s lottery." She declared, earning an eruption of eager applause from the audience. "As you know we now have four little heroines within our power thanks to the actions of a certain special little whore."

Cinderella released a mixture between a gargle and a groan of euphoria as the bandits came on and inside her, she began gulping down the hot, thick, salty liquid that filled her mouth and filled her pussy and ass as her hands and feet grew sticky and slick.

"What was more than…ehem….happy enough to give us copies to the golden keys and allowed this entire event to happen, such a thoughtful girl she is." The villains laughed and cackled darkly in response to her comment. "So now four of you will be able to do whatever you want with the prizes we have collected." Another round of cheers sounded. "Now let us begin…Ursula if you will."

The Sea Witch waved her hand over her sea snail shell necklace; a transparent purple bubble emerged from the small opening and grew in size as it floated higher until it floated above the head of Lady Tremaine so that all could see it.

"Now…" Continued the evil stepmother as a darker purple light ignited within the bubble. "Our first…item of the night!" The light faded and revealed to the room the image of a small girl lying unconscious on a small bed, with short blonde hair bound in pigtails, with fair skin. She wore a white polo shirt, blue overall dress, lavender tights, and brown Mary Jane shoes. "This little brat is a friend of two pests that enjoy sneaking around and messing with people of our…persuasion." Within the crowd McLeach and Medusa growled in anger. "They are better known for messing with honorable hunter’s traps making them lose their prizes that they work so hard to capture." The hunters in the room shouted in anger. Tremaine signaled to her daughters who began to spin the wheel. "Now let's see who will be the fortunate winner of this little pest."

Within the crowd Medusa was almost giddy, eagerly jumping in place, hoping desperately that her number would be pulled out.

"Come on come on." She muttered desperately.

"Hehehe not bad to be honest." The Coachman said with a grin. "I wouldn't mind getting to know this one."

"A little girl?" Amos Slade said in shock. "Ok now that's not something I was waiting for or wanted." He said.

"That's because you haven't encountered those meddlesome rats." said McLeach with something akin to hunger in his voice. "She might not be the brat I personally know but I think I could get something out of her."

"You aren't serious." His fellow hunter said.

"Oh I am." The Australian poacher said as the machine slowed to a stop and Drizella pulled out a small white ball and handed it to her mother.

"And the winner is!...Number 29!" Tremaine announced.

"OHH COME ON!" Medusa cried out in outrage, hitting Snoops on the head.

"Haha tough luck." Said the Coachman. "Oh well maybe next one…meanwhile…" his returned to the naked helpless body of Sofi. "I think I can get a small consolation prize."

"Hehehe well my friend, I think you will see how serious I am." Said McLeach as he raised his
muscular arm, holding up the small white ticket with the number twenty nine on it.

XXX

Penny groaned as her black eyes slowly opened. Immediately she shot up in alarm as she remembered what had happened. She had been in the mansion playing with Pongo’s and Pearl’s puppies when the lights went out, and then there was a crash, she remembers the puppies barking in anger and fear when she suddenly heard the voice of Medusa and felt herself start to tremble and turn pale before everything went dark.

Her hand touched the soft material of the bed she was sat upon until they find something small and soft. The girl let out a small sigh of relief as she grabbed her teddy bear and brought it up to her chest and hugged it close to her, trying to calm her rapidly growing fear.

"Oh Teddy where are we now?" Penny asked as she looked around. She was in a small bedroom that only contained a bed, a small desk and chair over a carpeted floor. She didn't see a window and there was one door across the room.

Slowly Penny slipped off the bed and began to creepy towards the solitary door. She took hold of the handle and hesitated before trying to turn it, it was locked.

"Hehehehe…going somewhere?" A voice chuckled making her turn in fright. From a dark corner of the room McLeach emerged with a sadistic grin on his face, his eyes locked on the little girl. "I'm afraid you won't be going anywhere anytime soon."

"MacLeach!" Penny gasped in fright. Ever since Cody and she became friends, the Australian boy had made sure to tell her everything about the poacher and his cruel nature. His stories soon were proven right when she came across the hunter more that once as she and Cody tended to look for captured animals to release from McLeach’s, Gaston’s, and Clayton’s traps.

"Oh you remember me, I'm flattered." The poacher smirked and took a large step towards her. "I was afraid Medusa hit your head a little too hard and you'd have forgotten me but I am so happy you didn't…it will make this so much more…enjoyable." He breathed in a hungry voice.

Penny hugged her bear tighter, holding it firmly against her small body as the hunter took another large step towards her, her eyes focused on him while also trying to find a way out of the room.

"M-Medusa?" Images of the horrid woman and the dark cave filled with death flashed before her mind's eye. "Why did she bring me here?! Where are we?!!" She screamed, her eyes wetting with tears as terror begins to set into her small body.

"Where are we?...We are in the middle of the villain territory, so don't get any idea of running away from this." Answered the hunter as he stopped in front of her and proceeded to softly stroke her cheek with his fingers, she jerked back at the contact. "As for why you are here…well lets say I have some fun plans for you."

Penny didn't want to even know what kind of fun the hunter had in mind. Quickly she moved her head and bite hard on his fingers when it neared her cheek again.

"AHHHHHH!" McLeach's hand snapped back his hand, shaking it a little and glaring at the small girl.

Penny tried to run, evading the hunter's first grab at her, however, almost the second she got passed him his large firm hand had grabbed hold of her pigtails and he proceeded to yank her back to him, almost holding her off the floor by her pigtails.
"AIIEEE!" She screamed, losing hold of her bear, the small plush animal falling onto the floor as the hunter pulled her to face him

"You little brat!" He spat, flecks of spit coating her terrified face. "I should guy you and cut you into pieces right now!"

"Aiieee! Nooo!" Penny cried, tears now rolling freely, she tried to reach for her bear but couldn't reach him. "Teddy!"

The hunter look down. Frowning slightly to see he was stepping on her teddy bear's arm. A cruel smirk spread across his face.

"Oh you're worried about this little thing?" He lifted his foot…and then proceeded to stamp hard on the toy.

"Noo! Teddy!" Penny cried, tears dripping from her chin as she started the thrash around, fighting to get the poacher to release her hair, he began to chuckle and proceeded to start grinding his his foot on the toy as if he was crushing an insect, or a certain pair of vermin.

"Nooooo…stop you meanie!" She begged, still failing to struggle free of the poacher and the pain only increasing the longer she was held.

McLeash laughed and proceeded to throw Penny to the ground with a hard thud, his laughter growing as her skirt had fallen up and over her back from the fall, exposing her stockinged legs and white bloomers.

"Oh I'm sorry…did I hurt him?" He asked in a mocking concerned tone as he picked the toy up. "Maybe I should check if he is alright." He pressed his ear against the bear's chest. "Ummm no hear beat…perhaps a more thorough observation…" Using a finger he grabbed the upper layer and began to scratch at the seam before grabbing it and beginning to tear it open.

"NOOOO…TEDDY!" Penny stood up and ran towards the poacher who was laughing maniacally as the stuffing fell freely from the bear like blood from an open vein. "LEAVE HIM ALONE YOU BRUTE!" The little girl began to pound her fists on the large man with all the strength she could muster but this was nothing more than an annoyance to him. "BERNARDO! BIANCA! HELP!"

Hearing the name of the mice that had caused him so much trouble caused the man's face to twist into an expression of pure rage, he let go of the bear, it landed in the pile of stuffing.

"TEDDY" Penny was about to pick him up but the poacher stomped on him again, more forcefully this time.

"Stupid girl!" He growled before grabbing the front of the girl's dress. "You should be worrying about yourself, not some stupid toy!"

Penny tried to glare at the man, though the tears ruined any effect the glare of a little girl would have on the poacher.

"You will see…my friends will come and give you what you deserve!" She said trying to bite back a sob and not been entirely successful.

"Oh…no not your friends…" Mocked McLeach. "Oh what am I going to do when that pair of rats come along." Then the mock fright faded from his face and became more serious. In a quick single movement he drew his knife from his belt and pressed the tip against Penny's face, close to her eye. "DO YOU THINK I'M SCARED OF THOSE TWO? ... IF I EVER SEE THOSE RATS AGAIN
I WILL MAKE SURE TO CRUSH THEM, SLOWLY, UNDER MY BOOT…but first.” He slowly moved his dagger over the girl's cheek and down her small, soft neck.

"I'm going to get even with them." The knife's tip pressed into the skin of the girl and he released his hold on her dress. "They had a lot of fun taking something from me." As she fell back her dress pressed into the sharp edge of the knife, stopping her from going much further. "So now I'm going to have a lot of FUN taking something from YOU." And with a single pulling motion he sliced through Penny's shirt and skirt.

Penny didn't even have time to gasp, when the poacher gripped her should and forced her to turn round and proceeded to tear her ruined cloth from her back.

His large hand moved to her arm, he lifted her from the floor, earning a startled scream from the child before he proceeded to throw her onto the bed.

Penny pushed herself up and looked back, shaking a little when she saw McLeach giving her an evil smile and start advancing towards her.

Panicing, the little girl started trying to crawl away and put some distance between the two, only to be stopped when the poacher suddenly seized a hold of her leg and with a violent tug pulled her back towards him.

"Let me go…let me go!" Penny begged trying to kick at the poacher with her spare leg, her other one barley able to move at all within his hold. She froze when a knife passed up her body and she felt a sudden stinging sensation followed by something warm and wet on her cheek. Shakily she wiped at her cheek with her fingers, she gasped when she saw the red liquid coating her fingers.

The poacher admired her trembling body, that girl was almost paralyzed with fear, a big grin growing across his face as he saw a golden patch growing on the girl's bloomers until it began to leak out and pool beneath her.

"You just wet yourself?" McLeach chuckled "Like a scared little animal, how pathetic." Without another word, he moved his hand forward, reaching under the trembling girl until it was beneath her pussy and he began to play with the warm, wet cloth.

When Penny felt the poacher's firm fingers over her cunt she began to thrash about, trying to move away, but using his other hand, McLeach press her head against the mattress, stopping her attempts to move away and causing her to raise her ass in the air.

"Hahahaha…what a nice view." He laughed, he began to press his fingers against the warm cloth again, his fingers and the wet fabric starting to sink inside the child.

"No…ah!…Stop…ah!…Let me go…” Penny cried into the bedding, her face half sunken into the sheets as she started to kick again.

"STAY STILL BRAT!" Roared the hunter before moving his fingers from the girl's pussy and proceeding to slap the girl’s small rear.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" Penny cried out as she felt the pain spread over her cheeks, feeling the soft flesh throbbing.

"DON'T CRY!"

SLAP
"YOU THINK THAT YOU CAN JUST MESS WITH ADULTS AND YOUR BETTERS WITHOUT BEING PUNISHED?"

SLAP

"YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY TO BE HUNTED BY A CROCODILE?"

SLAP

"OR END UP FALLING OFF A CLIFF?"

SLAP

"WELL THAT'S WHAT I AND MEDUSA HAD TO ENDURE BECAUSE OF YOU AND THOSE RATS!"

SLAP

SLAP

SLAP

SLAP

Finally, the hunter stopped his assault on the small girl, who's tears were now flowing freely and silently, the bedding beneath her face soaked and her ass feeling as if it was on fire, she actually wished she could remove her bloomers and expose it to the cool air, the soft, wet fabric that now clung to her body now a fresh form of torture.

"Bernardo…Bianca…" She whispered into the sheets in desperation, McLeach glared at her. 

"*Sniff*…they will come…*sniff*…they will come and will save me"

"You still think they are coming to save you?" He grinned and the hunter took his knife off the bed head. "Well they must have heard you then or they would have been here by now." He turned the knife over in his hand so that the back of the blade was facing away from penny he pressed the handle against her covered pussy, the fabric sank a little again. "So let's try and make them hear you." He pressed the handle firmly against her pussy, causing it and the wet cloth to sink inside the girl.

"Ahhhhhh!" Penny cried as she felt the slow intrusion and her bloomers becoming tighter against her burning ass. "It hurts…. Stop!"

Feeling that the knife wouldn't sink any deeper, McLeach began to move it in circles, grinding it against her, eliciting more cries from his prisoner.

"Hahahaha…that's right cry! Cry!" He laughed, he began moving the hilt of his knife even faster, accelerating his movements. "Call them. Lest see if they really hear you!"

"Ahhhhhhhh!…Ah!…Ah!…Ah!"

Finally, after several minutes the poacher removed the hilt of his knife from the girl, letting Penny fall flat against the soiled bed, gasping for breath and sobbing, trying to recover from what he had done to her.

"Well it seems that they are not here yet." He chuckled. "Perhaps you need to cry a little louder." Turning his knife over again, he pressed the tip into the yellow fabric that clung to Penny's pussy and
with a slight slick of his wrist he ripped a small hole, revealing her swollen pussy. "Let's see if they hear you now." He licked the tip of his knife slowly before proceeding to press the hand handle against her small pussy again, this time pressing harder the handle began to sink inside her pink lips.

"AHHHH!...NOOO!...THAT HURTS! AHHHHHHH!" Penny cried.

"Hahahahahaha scream for me little girl!...scream for the rats to rescue you!" The poached laughed gleefully; he forced the entirety of the handle inside her pussy.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!" Fresh tears flowed down Penny's cheeks and adding to the growing wet patch beneath her head as she felt pure agony erupting from her small hole.

The hunter just continued to laugh as blood began to pour out around the handle of his knife and coating his hand, he shivered as he felt the warm liquid over his hand, his cock throbbing in his pants as the familiar feeling of power washed over him.

"AH! AH! AH!...IT!...AH! HURTS! AHHHHHH! AH! AHHH! NO STOP!" Penny begged.

McLeach didn't stop and began to slide the knife in and out of her pussy, sometimes rotating it, sometimes just trying to force it deeper, enjoying how she'd gasp and shiver when she felt the cold blade touch her pussy, relishing in the screams and tears of the helpless girl at his mercy. After several minutes he slowly pulled the handle out of her pussy and released his hold on Penny.

Penny breathed out heavily, relieved to feel the handle leave her, her pussy throbbing with pain. The poacher admired her punished pussy, licking his lips as he looked over the once white bloomers now stained yellow and red, she was like an injured animal and he was holding the knife, he felt another throb in his pants.

"Well, well...it seems your so called friends won't be coming to help you after all." The poacher chuckled, now admiring the blood on his hand; he raised a finger to his lips and licked it, moaning at her taste. "It seems they don't care that much about you." he stood and began to undo his belt and unbutton his pants.

Penny sniffed forcefully as a fresh wave of tears started sliding down her cheek again, she didn't dare to move out of the pain and fear.

"*Sniff*...th-they....they will...come..." She sobbed, McLeach grabbed her leg again and pulled her to closer to him.

"I don't think they will...but as for me?" He took out his hard cock and pulled her even closer and positioned the tip near her entrance. "I'm certain I will be cumming." And with that he thrusted his hips and impaled the small girl on his hard cock, groaning as he felt her tight walls squeezing his cock.

"AHHHHHHHHH!"

"Hahahahaha oh god...you are so tight!" He laughed manically, his eyes wide with glee and pleasure as he started to pump her small abused pussy with his hard cock, increasing the force with each thrust of his cock.

"Ah!...Ah!...No...ahhh!...It hurts...ah! Ah HELP!" She screamed, she tried to kick the hunter but he simply grabbed her legs and lifted them, granting him even easier access to her body and making it even harder for her to try and wiggle free.

"Ah little girl...NO ONE WILL COME TO HELP YOU!" He let go of one leg and grabbed his
knife again and forced the handle into her mouth, muffled screams escaped her as her tongue was assaulted with the taste of her own pussy and its blood.

"There that will keep you quitter." He laughed and lifted her leg again and continued to pump her pussy. "Ah, ah oh yeah...ahh! so good!" He groaned in pleasure. "I wonder if ah! Ah...Medusa will care if I...ah ah!...keep you!" He groaned, his cock throbbing inside her pussy, he licked his lips, tasting her blood on his lips; he came hard, filling her pussy with his seed.

"Oh yes!"

"Ahhh!" Penny screamed into the knife handle, feeling something warm and thick filling her insides.

The poacher pulled himself out of her pussy again, dropping her thin legs and giving his cock a few jerks, spurts of his cum erupting from his tip and falling over her abused body, she flinched at the sudden sensation of the thick, warm liquid coating her body. He snatched his knife from the girl's mouth and held it up.

"Hmm not bad...cleaner than when it went in." He chuckled as he looked over the handle, now clean of the blood and dirt that had decorated it. "Hmm I will need something to clean myself...oh this will do nicely." He snatched the teddy from the floor and guided his cock into the hole he had made earlier in the bear and proceeded to use it to clean his cock, staining the bear with a mixture of blood and cum.

"Perhaps a small rest before we continue?" He chuckled but the girl didn't answer. "Yeah think I will go downstairs for a drink...don't worry I'll be back for more after. He laughed and fixed his pants before throwing the soiled remains of the bear at her, it hit the back of her head. "There you go...you have Teddy back." He laughed before heading out of the room, making sure to lock it again, leaving the semi naked girl crying on the bed, bruised and aching all over with what was left of her beloved teddy bear.

A/N Happy Halloween and thank you to Darkness Rissing for donating this for the event, hope you like the edits I made.
Ariel opened her eyes.

"Where?...Where am I?" She wondered aloud as her eyes looked up in the ceiling. A small crystal chandelier was glowing softly over her. "What happened?" She tried to move only to find herself unable to. "What?! Why can't I move?!" She asked in panic as she tried to muster any form of movement. Fortunately it seemed she was able to move her head from side to side. "Eh?...Ok…calm down Ariel, first look where you are…"

To her left there was only a wall with a closet door on it, a trio of coat and key on the wall, and even a shoe holder with different types of foot wear, varying from flip-flops, to small heels, to slippers. All marked with names she knew.

She gulped…she was really close to them. Her mouth watered and she felt a low tingling…maybe she could…

"No…focus Ariel!" She scolded herself. "First work out where you are…then maybe you can have a taste later." She moved her head, with some effort, to her right…there was a vanity mirror over atop a small table with some unopened letters upon it…at their left there was a small map.

"Wait…am I in the receiving hall?" She wondered…with some effort she looked to the front and managed to see the glass windows of the front door of the mansion. "Yeah I'm here…but how?..."

RUMBLE

"Eh?"

The sound of thunder rumbled again as she could hear heavy drops hitting the ground and the roof.

"Rain?...What?"

Lightning flash and soon she heard the door open, a small gust of wind entering the house for a moment before the door closed.

"Ufff….just in time." A voice sounded.

"Aurora?"

Effectively the blonde princess walked in her vision field wearing her typical pink gown, slippers and golden crown.

"Literally a couple seconds later and we would have gotten soaked." The sleeping beauty said removing her tiara and using her fingers to fix her hair.
"Yeah." A second much younger voice sounded as the sound of clothing been removed was heard. "Good luck I wore my coat but I don't think it would have helped me in that rain.

"Alice!" Ariel cried, recognizing her voice too. "AURORA...ALICE HELP...I CANT MOVE!"

"Oh hey look at that." Aurora said looking down at her. "Someone put down a new doormat."

"Doormat?" Asked Ariel in confusion.

From Aurora's point of view a big new looking and fluffy doormat was placed some steps from the door. It was a beautiful sea-green color with a single red seashell in the center.

"This is lucky." Aurora's voice called her attention. "The pathway has been getting really dry, dusty, and dirty these past few days." She hiked her dress up revealing her pink slippers, which were stained with some sand and dirt.

"A…Aurora!" Ariel cried as Aurora lifted her foot over her face…grains of sand falling on her face as the dirty sole made her tingle with excitement. "Wait…I ummmmmm…" She couldn't keep talking as the shoe fell on her.

"Yeah this is new…" said Aurora as she cleaned and wiped her slipper on the doormat. "Still feels clean, soft, and fluffy."

"Ummm…." Ariel moaned as dirt and gravel dirtied her face in slow deliberate movements before Aurora decided her shoes where clean enough and step forwards, making the doormat groan in disappointment.

"Actually this rain could be a good thing." Said Alice, she was sitting on the floor removing her black Mary Jane shoes. "It will dampen and wash the pathway, so maybe it won't be so…dirty…" She trailed off. "Just look at this…it even got inside my shoes…" even after taking her dirty shoes she found her with stockings browned with dirt and sand. "All that running and still I got dirty."

Alice appeared in Ariel’s field of vision, giving her a clear peek under the little girl’s skirt and granting her a long lingering look at her white bloomers. The little girl raised her foot and soon the dirty soles of her stockings appear over her making her mouth water even more.

"A…Alice…ah…wait" She try to protest, feeling her body shiver in anticipation as the smaller blonde stepped on to her face.

The sole was warm, probably because she had been running to avoid been caught in the storm. A strong, rather musky stench filled her nostrils, growing stronger each second that Alice ground her foot against her face, cleaning it.

Ariel felt her wet pussy getting wetter, was that possible? As musky scent of Alice's feet filled her mind with lust. Moaning at the salty taste that dominated her mouth as she licked her lips, and the warm feeling of the sole pressed firmly against her face.

Ariel groaned wishing she could move…her pussy was painfully tingling as waves of pleasure hit her with force wanting to relief herself, how she desperately wanted to pump her sopping pussy.

"Hope you are right…maybe I should make a petition to put stepping stones or marble over it…" Aurora said. "Well come on leave those shoes in the holder and lets go to the kitchen…this rain deserves a movie night."

"Hmmm does that mean popcorn?" Alice eagerly asked, stepping off Ariel.
"NOOOOO!" The doormat screamed as she was about to reach her climax from just the sensations, scent and taste of the girl's dirty stockinged foot.

"Of course…and I think I know the type you are thinking of." Chuckled Aurora as Alice left her dirty shoes in the holder and proceeded to almost pranced behind the princess.

"Caramel popcorn!" She cried excitedly.

"No….why?...I was so close." Ariel moaned in despair her view staring longingly at the forgotten shoes in lustful desire.

Some minutes passed then the door open again.

"Arggh finally…we made it." Another familiar voice sounded.

"M…Melody?" Ariel wondered, hope filling her voice.

"Stupid rain…" the black haired mermaid princess complained. Her coral pink and white gown was soaked, as was her hair, which was now dripping puddles on the floor. "Arggh I think I lost my tiara down there."

"Well I hope your mother doesn't find out or about your drenched outfit." Another young voice said, followed by the sound of water splashing. "Honestly I lost count of how many times she's scolded you for losing slippers and tiaras because you decided to take a dive with them on…not to mention how much you change clothes because of that…so much laundry."

"I can't help it Shanti." The princes said as she was also trying to remove the water from her hair, twisting clumps in her small fists. "You know how much I love swimming..." She then proceeded to remove her small pink heels. "Ugh they're soaked too." Water poured from them as she turned them over. "I'll be dripping puddles all the way to my room."

"Well there is a new doormat there..." Shanti pointed out. "Why don't you try to dry your feet on that?"

"Good idea."

Ariel moaned in pleasure again as the naked, wet soles of her daughter fell onto her face. Her soft skin tingling, her cheeks flushed, as a sweet yet salty flavor filled her mouth and the scent of rain and sea salt filled her petite nose.

"Ummmm....so good..." She moaned as Melody rubbed her feet on her.

"Can you help me take this off?" Melody asked as she moved her hair from her back.

"Hehehe it will be my pleasure." Giggled Shanti making Melody blush as the Hindu girl untied the pink sash around her waist and the clips of her neck allowing Melody to lift the dress over her head; leaving her only in her white camisole and pantalettes.

"Thanks." She said, gathering her wet dress over her arm, before Melody began to turn back around, with a mischievous smile on face.

"You're welcome." And she proceeded to kiss Melody fully on the lips.

The black haired princess moaned into the kiss as she ground the ball of her left food into the doormat making Ariel also moan in pleasure as her daughter enjoyed her kiss.
"How about we take this up to your room?" Shanti asked with sultry tone when their lips parted, strands of saliva still connecting them, Melody's cheeks flushed with arousal.

"I like that idea." Melody breathed as she moved off her mother.

"Ahhhh!" The doormat cried... she was so close, her pussy was drooling now.

Shanti was about to follow after the mermaid girl when Melody stopped her.

"Wait Shanti." She said before pointing downwards.

The Hindu girl looked down... her naked feet were covered in a thin layer of mud and some moss, having stepped in a puddle on her way back to the mansion.

"You'd better clean before we head to my room."

"Ahh... don't you want clean me yourself?" She offered with a wink, making the other girl blush hard.

"Umm well I would like to... but if Cinderella finds your footprints we'll both be in serious trouble." Melody said, her lips suddenly dry. "She's already in a bad mood thanks to Esmeralda, Moana, and Pocahontas... remember yesterday when she basically forced those flats on Rapunzel?"

Both girls shivered... apparently the maid-turned-princess had reached her limits with the barefooted girls that lived in the mansion. When Rapunzel arrived and left footprints on the kitchen floor Cinderella snapped and tackled the girl, trying to force a pair of flats on her feet... of course Rapunzel hated the idea and what happen next was quite a savage catfight between the two that almost demolished the kitchen and needed Hercules's help, who had been taking Meg out on a date, to stop and to separate them.

"Yeah... you are right, better clean them..." said Shanti before stepping on the doormat.

"Oh my God!" Ariel almost screamed out in pleasure as the mud covered sole stepped onto her face. Immediately she was hit with a strong, earthy, vinegary scent, combined with dirt, grime and similar things that the always barefooted girl stepped in. "Oh yes!... Ummm yess!" She moaned as the rough sole grinded against her face.

"Don't forget between your toes." Melody added.

"*sigh*... fine." Shanti sat on the floor and grabbing the now dirty mat she began passing it between the toes of her right foot.

"Ummmm ahhh!" Ariel moaned as she felt the grime between the Hindu girls toes getting stuck on her. "Yes ummm..." She cried in pleasure as Shanti move to her other foot.

"Though this is a shame..." Said Shanti, moving the cloth slower, teasing Melody with her dirty toes. "I'm sure you would like to clean all the mud off my sole... its so dirty right now." She added, flexing her foot for Melody, whose blush deepened and she felt herself growing hot.

At the same time Ariel herself was at her limit, she could feel her pussy throbbing.

"Please... ahh... please let me... ahhhh cum please!" She begged.

But oh well, I'm done." Shanti said letting go of the Mat and standing up. "So shall we go?" She asked as she walked past Melody with a slight sway in her hips. "Or do you want me to clean my
"Ummmm..." Melody was practically glowing now, Shanti chuckled.

"Ahh you're so cute when you blush." She teased, making Melody snap out.

"Oh? And you know what else is cute?" She asked and in a quick movement she grabbed Shanti’s skirt and with a strong pull the knot gave way and came away from her. "Your underwear!" She said as she took a long look at the cream colored panties.

"MELODY!" Shanti cried as tried to cover herself, looking around. "GIVE THAT BACK SOMEONE MIGHT SEE ME!" Melody took off down the hall.

"HAHAHA…and what's the problem!" Laughed the princess, now running away down the hall, keeping the skirt out of reach. "I'm in my underwear all the time and it's not a problem."

"That's because I'm not an exhibitionist like you!" Shanti bellowed, running after Melody, leaving the dirty, desperate doormat behind.

"PLEASE…SOMEONE LET ME CUM!" Ariel cried out in pleasure as she still smelled the remains of Shanti’s feet on her face.

A/N Big thank you to DarknessRissing for writing this chapter for me to commemorate 2 years of friendship and writing together, it was a very enjoyable read :).

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!