

The Dizzying World of Wizney Presents

Apple of Thine Eye

A Happily Never After
Re-telling of Snow White

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Part 2. Mirror Mirror

Prince charming looked deep into the mirror, petrified at what he saw, at what he had become. This was going to change the entire trajectory of his life. One day he was a prince, wooing a runaway princess, excited to join their kingdoms as one. The next... well. *Bang Bang Bang!* His father's knocks were getting louder and more demanding. "Charming, we don't have all day!" called his father, the king, through the door. "We've lost enough time on this deal already. Can't risk you getting any older from shirking your duties, dear!"

Charming sighed, prying his eyes from his reflection to look down at his transformed body. All for one slice of pie. He thought back to three weeks ago.

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The prince whistled as he rode his white steed towards the cottage. Snow was supposed to have packed her belongings and said farewell to those seven bearded men, ready to come home and be his bride. After all, he did restore her from a cursed sleep with his sweet, sweet loving. He knew he was a good kisser, but damn, it was even enough to defeat the darkest magic!

He hopped off his steed and confidently strode over to the cottage, ready to relieve those dirty little men of his future bride. They were probably perverts, all eye level with her rear. Dirty from mining, dirty from desires. But not to worry, soon princess Snow would be his wife (and her kingdom added to his as well!)

“Whoa there, Charming, hold up!” He said to himself, halting at the small table by the house. On it was a plate of apple pie, with a note that said “Snow” on it. “This must be from the one I love!” He chuckled. She had even signed her name next to it. The man foolishly took a fork and dug in ravenously. As he enjoyed the combination of crispy crust and gooey apple, he thought about how it was a shame he never found the queen’s body among the bolder. It would have been so helpful for his royal career to bring her in for *grumble grumble* justice. He placed a hand on his newly filled stomach. It felt warm and tingly. “Whatever did you put in that pie, my lo- ve” his voice cracked and went up an octave. “What on earth?” He tried to clear his throat, but the higher pitch remained.

Charming shivered as the warm tingle spread through his body and extremities. His scalp itched, and his hair lengthened, long brown locks flowing into view. The prince tugged at them and yelped in pain. It was somehow his hair, gripped tightly in his shrinking manicured hand. Eep! He let go and stared at his nails and fingers instead. They shrunk and became dainty, nails lengthening from the tips. “What is this sorcery?” His arms followed his hands lead, thinning, shrinking, his once broad shoulders and ribs crunching inwards. The royal stumbled around the yard, panting, reaching towards the door. Beneath his vest, there was an itchy bubbling. His nipples ached and throbbed as the flesh on his chest swelled till it wobbled. It wasn’t till he looked into the cottage window and saw his own face decked with heavy lashes and full plump lips framed by longer locks that it all became clear. He was becoming a maiden!

There was a crash from inside the house that shook Charming out of his fear-soaked reverie. Snow couldn’t see him like this! A tall, busty- *crack pop!* Well, now short damsel. She’d never marry him like this. He needed to find help, a cure before someone recognized him. So he stumbled off into the woods, an arm slung across his firm bouncy bosom to hold them steady. The prince’s wails spooked his horse causing it to bolt down the road. He didn’t make it three feet into the brush when his hips popped and widened, sending him falling into the mud.

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Deep in the forest, the evil queen drank an elixir. Slowly her self-imposed hag disguise faded, bony hands filling with flesh, twisted face and back straightening, smoothing, till once again she stood tall and proud and beautiful. She smirked, looking at her reflection in a pond seeing the last of the gray leave her hair. She had survived those meddlers through trickery, but her problems remained unchanged. She was not the fairest of them all, for Snow White had been saved. And so she hatched another plan, one that

required some baking.

Through the trees in a clearing, the queen could hear the sobbing of a woman, who could only be Snow White crying over her newly dwarfed lover. That heart was just the sugar on top. As the sun dropped, a faint blue glow from the far-off woman indicated she had eaten her pie. The Evil Queen pulled out a slice of apple and took a bite. A soft blue haze now covered her body. It was now time to solidify her witchy wish and end Snow's beauty once and for all. She moved stealthily into the clearing. "Who are you!" Screamed the queen.

The sobbing girl was caught off guard and fell backward off her log seat. She struggled to stand, clutching at the unfamiliar curves swaying beneath her tunic. "I'm, well-" How was charming going to explain.

"You're not Snow White!" raged the Queen, charging at the diminutive prince. "You! You're that idiot that was going to marry my stepdaughter!"

Charming gasped and put a dainty hand to his plump, glossy lips. "You're the Evil Queen. You're supposed to be dead." Suddenly it dawned on him as he hefted his grapefruit-sized mounds on his rib cage. "You did this to me!"

"Shame you weren't swift enough to realize that wasn't the pie for you!" The Queen poked charming in his sensitive tit.

"P-please undo this! If you do, I won't tell anyone you're alive!" He bowed awkwardly from his new center of gravity.

The Queen pondered for a moment. The ingredients for the potion in the pie were rare and likely hard to replace, and the exchange, while meddled with, would be hard to fix anytime soon. "If you wish to stop being a young maiden, you must kiss me." The prince's heavy lashed eyes fluttered in confusion. "I'm only offering once, *boy*" The queen glowered down on him. "Unless your tiny new physique suits you."

"No! Kissing is fine! I've been curing everything with kissing lately!" He rushed to the tall older woman, attempted murderer of his betrothed, and apparently the only cure against being a petite curvy woman. Charming halted right in front of her, uneasy that he now had to look upwards. He stopped himself, looking at her icy gaze, her older yet still statuesque figure. This was the witch that had cursed the love of his life. But how could they marry and have heirs when he didn't have anything to plant those seeds! He was going to have to kiss her, and what harm could that do. His kiss had saved Snow. Now it

would save him. Nothing to worry ab-

The Queen grabbed his face in a vice-like grip, squeezing his cheeks, she pulled his puffy lips to hers. The kiss was surprisingly aggressive. The Queen's tongue plunged inside his mouth, wrestling his own, dragging over his teeth and the roof. Charming was ashamed to admit it was much better than the peck he had given to his sleep-cursed fiancée. Her free hand wrapped behind him, pinning the prince's small feminine body against her frame. His petite form began to heat up as magic activated once again in his flesh. He squirmed and moaned, but kissed back even harder, pleading for the queen to fix him and take away this body of a young girl. Soon, he felt something rise within him. It was bubbling up his core, filling his mouth, and into the queen. Charming was dizzy. She was drinking him up, taking something from him, making him weaker and weaker. Had he been foolish. Was she sucking him dry? Was he going to die?!

On the other hand, the Queen found the prince the most delicious treat she had ever had. Sweeter than any apple and richer than any wine. Now to give him his 'cure'. Her body, full of magic and the youthful essence she had extracted, purged itself of that which she did not want, pouring into the little moaning minx in her arms.

It's hard to say how long they kissed or swapped magical essences, but eventually, the queen let go of Charming, walking away swiftly into the woods, cackling into the darkness. The prince whimpered, splayed out on the wet earth. She had not returned his masculinity, and now some other magic was playing havoc with his girlish body. Charming let out a low moan as his breasts burned with pleasure and pressure. The firm c cups on his chest were bubbling beneath his top, itching and surging. Soon his solid, sensitive tits were stretching with fat and milk ducts. His hips popped out wider as more fat flowed over them and coated his thighs and pelvis, pound after pound surging into his ass cheeks. If Charming could have seen his face, he would have been more sure of what the spell had done. The years began to put lines in his girlish visage, not enough to take his beauty, but certainly, enough to age it. The look of a youthful maiden was changed to that of a mature woman, his voice dropping into a low husky purr. His slightly thinner, older hands, still perfectly manicured, explored his growing body that continued to become heavier and softer. "Oh... oh goddess!" He whined as the seams of his clothing popped and ripped to make way for his larger bust and ass. He felt warm fluid leak between his legs, and between the burning need in his loins and the sensation of squeezing his giant soft breasts, he came so loud it echoed through the forest.

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Bang Bang Bang! Charming scowled at the door. His father was relentless. Charming had hoped coming home, his father, the king, would find some kind of sorcerer or alchemist that would save the kingdom's only heir from having the body of a late thirsty something old maid. Sadly there was no such help, and Charming was quickly groomed from an heir into an heir maker. A flurry of lessons and fittings flew by to take him from a smug handsome young stud to an aged, womanly princess. Every day he was stuffed into gowns that tried to support the curves of someone who looked to be a mother already a few times over. There were no more conversations about leading or military strategy, but instead flirting, entertaining, and dare he say.. charming men to choose him as a bride and the future mother of their prince and princesses. And that was the constant focus of his father, unsure if the prince was aged or if he just looked that way. They needed to get Charming married off before people saw him as too old to have a royal brood. He had no choice but to saunter down to the ball that had been prepared for him, and aim for the best possible husband he could.