

**A SteamyAdult Morality Tale
with all the naughty bits
the Brothers Grimm left out..**



**By Miranda S Givings
Illustrated by Keli McTaggart**

Snow White and the Seven Dwarves

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Snow White and the Seven Dwarves



ONCE upon cold a midwinter's day when the snowflakes were hissing down like feathers from a ripped duvet, a very pretty, out-of-work, 'B-list' actress was shaving her legs, when she cut her finger. "Bugger!" she exclaimed. "I knew it was a mistake to shave when it was minus ten outside." But the drops of blood looked so beautiful on her snow white thighs that she thought to herself: "If only I had a daughter who was as white as snow with lips as red as blood and hair as black as my pretty bush, she could get onto *Teen Idol!*" Her wish came true all too quickly when she discovered that the cute plumber who'd come to clean out her pipes hadn't had a vasectomy after all. Nine months later she gave birth to a beautiful daughter, who was as white as snow, with lips as red as blood, and hair as black as her pretty bush. So naturally she called her Jennifer, but everyone else called her 'Snow White.' Unfortunately, the actress was as dim as she was beautiful and died from blood poisoning when her untreated finger turned septic.

A year later, her even dimmer husband, who hadn't twigged that an ugly ginger tosser couldn't possibly be the father of a cute arsed, dark-haired daughter, married another 'B-list' actress. Only this tart had even bigger tits, a firmer bottom and was as slippery as a trouser snake and twice as cunning—and she knew it. She also had a magic mobile—or cellphone to our American readers—and when she turned on the built-in camera to admire herself (which she did rather often), she keyed in:

"Mobile, mobile, in my hand
who's the hottest babe in all the land?"

And the mobile answered:

"You, O Mistress, are hottest in the land. Er..mistress?"

"Yes?" asked the actress.

"Want me to go into vibrate mode?"

"Not just now, thanks."

"Not even a quickie?"

"No, your news has given me a bigger thrill than you ever could. Now piss off."

"Suit yourself."

That set her mind at rest, for she knew Motorola picture-in-picture, 5G, Wap-enabled mobile phones never lied. But as Snow White filled out in all the right places and soft grass grew on her pitch, she became more and more beautiful, and by the time she was seventeen, her narrow waist, firm bum and perky breasts that looked like two scoops of ice cream with a cherry on top, made men soil their pants as soon as they set eyes on her. Well, women thought she was pretty hot too, but they mostly wet themselves in rage and envy.

One day when the evil Tart turned on her mobile to check what the press were saying about her latest, drunken publicity stunt, she keyed in as usual:

"Mobile, mobile, in my hand
who's the hottest babe in all the land?"

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And the mobile answered:

"Sorry, you are being held in a queue. Your call is important to me and will be answered as soon as I've finished eavesdropping on Snow White's fan mail."

"What the fuck!" shrieked the Tart. "Snow *who*?"

"Er..Snow White," answered the mobile. "Your cute, um stepdaughter. Wow! Is she getting some hot texts!"

"Jennifer? Do you mean that clueless slut Jennifer?"

"No one calls her that apart from you. Here, wanna read what some guy has just texted her?"

"Just answer the fucking question you dumb box of chips!"

"Um..yes..Jennifer is *totally* hot."

"I didn't ask you about *her*, I asked you who's the hottest babe in all the land!"

"Well.. you're still quite hot..I mean, I'd still do you—probably.."

"Still? Probably?" screamed the actress hysterically. "Just tell me; who's the best lay in all the land?"

"Well..you were..but your bum has clearly seen better days, not to mention your tits."

"WHAT?!! *What* did you just say? Are you telling me there's someone *hotter* than me?"

"I'm trying to, you cloth-eared bint. She makes you look like an ageing slapper who's been cobbled together from silicone implants left over from bad boob jobs."

"Who is the bitch? I'll fucking kill her!"

"Er..I just told you; your step-daughter, Snow White."

"I'll kill the fucking bitch!" the Tart yelled, and flung the mobile across the room.

Then she turned several shades of yellow, choked and fainted dead away. When she recovered she called for her stretched Mercedes and drove over to her plastic surgeon to have her tummy tucked (again), her cheeks lifted, her lips botoxed and boobs several sizes larger than her head implanted into her sagging chest. From then on every time she saw Snow White she hated her so much she ground her teeth until the caps shattered. In short, she was so consumed with envy and hatred that she spent all her fortune undergoing further surgery in a vain attempt to restore her fading looks. That is, when she wasn't sticking pins in a voodoo doll of her rival, or paying lowlife scumbags to give her a nasty yeast infection.

Finally she sent for a TV presenter down on his luck, who had lost his last job due to his fondness for blowing white powder up actresses' bottoms: "Get that fucking slut out of my sight! Take her into Epping forest and kill her and bring me her pussy and her tits to prove you've done it." The TV presenter obeyed and led Snow White into the forest, but when she took off her skimpy top and bared her chest for his knife, his resolve melted away. Which is more than can be said for his willy, which popped out of his pants with a loud ripping noise and was soon on top of the situation. Well, actually it was Snow White who

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was on top of the situation, but the willy wasn't complaining because she had her lovely lips wrapped around it. Her breath was soon coming in short pants. The TV presenter came a little faster, but not before he'd promised to let Snow White live. "Run away little girl," he advised as they shared a post-coital cigarette together, thinking to himself that the failed 'C-list' celebs who lived in the forest would do his job for him by putting her in a porno snuff movie.

As luck would have it, at that precise moment a failed 'C-list' celeb who'd grown tired of waiting tables at *Burger King*, came bounding out of the trees. Confident that the new film she was on her way to audition for, was not a porno snuff movie (her agent lied), she was only too happy slip out of her designer dress to show the TV presenter her expensive boob job. Then, of course, she just had to wriggle out of her thong and show him how pretty her clitoral piercing looked from a low camera angle. Pausing only to make a messy deposit in her love tunnel in exchange for the cab fare into town, the TV presenter choked her with her own designer thong, before cutting off her boobs and her pussy to take back to his mistress as proof that he'd topped Snow White. The evil stepmother had a cordon-Bleu chef flown in specially from Belgium and had them for dinner, convinced she was noshing on Snow White's better parts.

Meanwhile, the poor little waif was all alone in the great forest. Well, apart from a pretty pink, vibrating plastic rabbit, but that's not important right now. Stopping only to rinse out her mouth in a little stream, she began to run. She ran over discarded condoms and through soiled underwear without any of the loathsome germs they harboured harming her, although she did give a hunky lumberjack a quick hand job after he helped her across a deep ravine. She ran as long as her long legs would carry her, which was quite a long time as her legs were not only breathtakingly pretty, but exceptionally strong. Then, just before nightfall, she saw a dilapidated little house and went in to rest. Inside the house everything was tiny, and rather squalid. A rickety table was spread with a cloth that might once have been white but now looked like her stepmother's knickers, and on the table there were seven filthy little plates, each with a cheap, plastic knife, fork and mug that had clearly not seen the inside of a dishwasher for some time.

"Eeww," she exclaimed, wrinkling her pretty nose, "This place is filthy!" But she was so tired, thirsty and hungry (not to mention rather sticky) that she decided to stay. Over against the wall there were seven little beds all in a row, covered with grubby sheets crisped by nasty looking stains in all the same places. As she didn't want to eat up anyone's entire meal, she nibbled a bit of pizza from each plate and took a sip of beer from each mug. Then she had a shower, being careful to scrape the pubic hair off the soap before she used it, and tried not to notice the seven tiny pairs of soiled underpants in a heap on the floor. Afterwards she was so tired that she lay down on one of the beds, taking care to avoid the suspicious looking stains and was soon fast asleep.

When it was quite dark, the owners of the little house returned. They were seven dwarves who went off to the big city every day to play midgets in low-

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budget soap operas for the BBC. When midgets were not in high demand, they hung around beauty salons impersonating aliens in the hope of picking up bored housewives for casual sex. No sooner had they lit up seven little reefers, than someone noticed they'd been burgled, because mice don't eat pizza or drink beer. Well, alright, they may do, but they certainly don't wear pretty, yellow and blue frocks like the one someone had casually draped over a chair.

The first dwarf said: "Who left this frock on my chair?"

The second said: "Who got lipstick on my mug?"

The third said: "Who scooped all the olives off my pizza?"

The fourth said: "Who's been swigging my beer?"

The fifth said: "Who's are these knickers?"

The sixth said: "Right, what bastard scraped the hair off the soap? I was saving that!"

Finally, the seventh said: "Who left this pink, electric toothbrush in my bed?"

"It's not a toothbrush, it's my wabbit, and give me my knickers back!"

Seven heads swivelled toward the bed and seven mouths gaped in astonishment

"I'm in love!" exclaimed the dwarves in unison, "What a gorgeous sexbomb!"

Well? What would you say if you were an ugly shortarse who's only chance of scoring was with a mute, inflatable woman you'd picked up on Ebay for £29.99 (batteries not included)?

The dwarves were so overwhelmed that they all spoke at once.

"What's your name?"

"Gosh, you're beautiful!"

"Can I keep your knickers?"

"What's a 'wabbit'?"

"Any chance of a shag?"

"How did you get here?"

"Can I wear your frock?"

"Stop it!" pleaded Snow White, yawning prettily. "I'll tell you my name in the morning if you'll let me stay. I'm so tired I can't keep my eyes open."

The dwarves muttered a bit at that, but the sight of Snow White's heaving bosom beneath the duvet, not to mention the ebony hair she flicked back from her lovely face and her exceedingly pretty, cherry-red lips, soon convinced them that looking a gift horse in the mouth is one thing, kicking the most beautiful girl in the land out of your bed at two in the morning is sheer stupidity. So they let her sleep while they tossed and turned until morning.

Well, mostly they took it in turns to watch her while they tossed off into her knickers.

Next morning the seven dwarves formally introduced themselves to Snow White and apologised for soiling her underwear which they promised to replace at the earliest opportunity. Tearfully, she told them how her wicked

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stepmother had tried to kill her, how the TV presenter had generously spared her life (without going into just how generous she'd been) and how she had run all day until at last she found their little house. It was when she asked them who was in charge that they realised that her stunning looks were marred by a rather distressing disability.

"Who has the highest wank here?" she asked.

"Me!" cried Robert, eagerly unbuttoning his trousers.

"No, me!" shouted Rodney, shouldering Robert roughly aside.

"Me! me!" chorused the remaining five dwarves, all vying for her attention.

"Not wank!" snapped Snow White, stamping her foot petulantly, "I said wank. Are you deaf as well as stupid?"

The dwarves stared at her open-mouthed, except for Roger, who had his mighty weapon in his hand and was working himself up to an explosive proof of his virility, when Snow White cuffed him soundly around the head and told him to put his enormous log away.

Roger reluctantly complied while she asked them all again who had the highest rank—only this time she used the word 'position'. Well, what she actually said was 'pwosishun', but at least it was less open to misinterpretation than 'rank.'

"Me." said Dick.

Well his name was really Richard, but the others called him 'Dick' so as not to get confused with Rick whose real name was also Richard. Which was a blessing for Snow White because it was the only name of the seven she could pronounce pwoperly—I mean, *properly*. You see, for all her beauty and wit, not to mention her ability to transfer a firm banana from her lovely breasts to her silken thighs just by wiggling her hips (as we shall discover later), Snow White was spectacularly unable to handle her 'r's. Well, that's not entirely true, she could handle her arse rather well, as Wodger—sorry, Roger, will have good reason to discover soon enough; it was the pronunciation of it that she had trouble with. It came out as 'warse'. In short, the poor girl had a howwibly—sorry—horribly disfiguring speech impediment.

After bweakfast—sorry, breakfast, The dwarves coughed portentously and told Snow White they had an attractive proposition to put to her.

"Walph has already asked me," said Snow White with a contemptuous toss of her head. "He can dwess in my fwock if he must, but not my knickers."

"No, not that," said Roger. "We want to—"

"Play with my wabbit, I know. Wodney and Wobert are such howwible perves. Well you can't, so there!"

"No, not that either!" exclaimed the dwarves in unison.

"The thing is..." began Dick sheepishly. "We're not very good at..."

"We're a bit...um...untidy," added Rodney.

"And we can't cook to save our lives," muttered Roger, "So we were wondering if..."

"Just tell her," said Rick, poking him none too gently in the ribs.

"Well, would you keep house for us?" blurted out Robert.

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"I'm sowwy, what were you saying?" asked Snow White, closing her mouth with an audible snap. "I got distwacted by Wick's enormous willy."

"Er.. we were wondering if you could see you way clear to.." continued Robert.

"Keeping house for us, and, um.." added Ross.

"Doing all the cooking, washing and cleaning," added Ralph.

"And make the beds.." said Rick.

"Mend our socks.." said Dick.

"Iron our underpants.." said Rodney

"And keep everything neat and tidy.." said Roger.

"And we'll let you can stay with us for nothing," they all finished together.

"Wha?" gasped Snow White.

"Of course, we'd h-help," spluttered Roger.

"Sometimes.." added Ross.

"Wha?" repeated Snow White turning redder than her pretty mouth which opened and closed several times in shocked surprise.

"Oppsss..." said the Dwarves in unison and scrambling out of their seven tiny chairs, made a precipitate rush for the door.

"Stop wight there!" shouted Snow White. "Let me get this stwaight. You want me to soil my lovely white hands cooking, cleaning and washing, not to mention mending your howwid socks and handling your gwubby undies in weturn for fwee board and lodging? Is that wight?"

"Um..in a word...er, yes." said the dwarves.

"I've got a better idea," giggled Snow White. "I think you'd better sit down."

The dwarves slunk back to the table and sat down, their rosy faces rapt with attention, not unmixed with fear, lust and a puppy-like devotion that was pitiful to behold.

"You keep house, clean, wash, cook, sew, and make my full-size double bed—which I expect you to have here by tonight—and in weturn you can help me to impvove my carwnwal knowledge."

"OK!" chorused the dwarves, hugging themselves with delight.

"Oh..and there's just one more thing," said Snow White.

"Yes?"

"If any of you twy to peek while I'm playing with my wabbit I'll cut your wollocks off, OK?"

"I'll risk it," growled Ralph under his breath, or it might have been Roger

"I heard that," giggled Snow White. "No BJ for you tonight Wodger, you wandy wascal!"

So she stayed and the seven dwarves kept the house in tip top order, and in the morning they all trooped off to the city to work for the BBC, and in the evening they came home again and cooked Snow White a slap-up three course dinner. Then they all climbed into the big double bed together and had lots of hot, steamy sex. Well, the dwarves had lots of hot sex, Snow White got steamy in the shower with her rabbit. Oh, alright, she sometimes had sex with one of them, well several of them—allegedly. Oh, bugger it, who am I kidding? She

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was a dirty little slut, who simply couldn't keep her legs together and was never happier than when three dwarves were going down on her, two were giving her a cream facial and Wodger—sorry, Roger, was taking her roughly from behind. Happy now? Oh, you want to know why I missed out Ralph, do you? Well you'll just have to wait, won't you? Anyway, all day long she was alone with only her wabbit—sorry, rabbit, for company and the kindly dwarves warned her, saying: "Watch out for your evil stepmother. If she finds out you're shacked up with us you're dead meat. Don't let anyone in." Obvious stuff really. Not that it did an impulsive and clueless girl like Snow White a blind bit of good, as we shall see.

After eating what she thought was Snow White's tits and pussy, the evil Tart felt sure she was once again the hottest babe in all the land. So she picked up her magic mobile and keyed in:

"Mobile, mobile, in my hand
who's the hottest babe in all the land?"

And the mobile answered:

"You're the hottest babe here, Oh Mistress, but—"

"—But what?" interrupted the starlet.

"Er..Snow White who's hanging out with seven randy midgets far away is a thousand times hotter than you, you washed-up old junkie fag-hag."

"WHAT?!! What did you say? Are you telling me that bitch is still alive?"

"In a nutshell, yes. And she makes you look like an ageing slapper who's been cobbled together from silicone implants left over from bad boob jobs."

"Haven't we had this conversation before?" shrieked the Tart.

"We might have.."

"Where is the bitch? I'll *fuckin*g kill her!"

"Living with seven midgets in the forest like I told you, you stupid slag."

"I'll kill that double-crossing, lying scumbag!" the Tart yelled, and flung the mobile across the room.

She gasped and turned pale. She knew the mobile didn't lie, unlike the scumbucketing TV presenter who'd deceived her. Snow White was still alive! She racked her brains for a way to kill the stuck-up little princess, for she simply had to be the hottest in the land, or her tits would explode again. At last she thought up a plan so cunning even the really cunning bugger who'd dreamed up a fiendishly cunning way to persuade millions of women they had a 'G-spot', would be gobsmacked by her brilliance.

She disguised herself to look like Ann Summers and dressed like an old tart (well, an older tart anyway) so that even her own gynaecologist wouldn't recognise her. In this cunning disguise she made her way through the forest to the house of the seven dwarves, knocked at the door and cried out: "Pretty thongs for sale! Pretty vibrating thongs with pink bunny rabbits on them for sale!"

Snow White looked out of the window and said: "Gosh you're ugly aren't you? Is your bum always that big or is it that howwibly unfashionable micwosquirt you're wearwing?"

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"Pretty vibrating thongs for sale!" repeated the old hag.

"Did you say pwetty *VIBWATING* thongs?" asked Snow White excitedly.

"Yes, nice pretty thongs to tickle your fancy, my pretty!" cackled the old crone. "Lots of different speeds," and with that she whipped out a pair of pale, yellow thongs which trembled invitingly in her hands."

"Wow!" gushed Snow White, and completely forgetting her promise to the dwarves, rushed to unlock the door and let the woman in. No sooner had she done so than the woman lifted up Snow White's dress and clicked her tongue disapprovingly. "Child!" exclaimed the painted floozie sweetly, "You look such a fright in those awful panties. Come, slip them off and let me try these on you." Suspecting nothing, Snow White stepped out of her panties and let the woman dress her in the pretty, yellow thong.

"Ohh," sighed Snow White, and wriggled her hips as a delicious tingle shot through her pussy and down her thighs. "Can it go any faster?"

The woman laughed and pulled the thong tighter.

"Ohh I'm so wandy.." moaned Snow White, sinking into the woman's arms. "faster!"

The Evil Tart cackled in triumph and pulled viciously up on the thong just as Snow White let out a long, shuddering moan. The girl's pretty, blue eyes rolled up into her head and she collapsed onto the floor and lay as though dead.

"Well, well," chuckled the evil old Tart, "Not so hot now, are we, my *pwetty*?" And with that she gave Snow White a vicious kick in the crotch and hurried away, laughing evilly.

At nightfall, the seven dwarves came home and saw their beloved Snow White lying on the floor with her dress pushed up around her waist and her long legs wide apart. Surprise soon turned to lust, which quickly turned to shock, which turned to horror as they realised she was dead! They lifted her up, and when they saw how tightly the thong had been pulled, cut it off. Her pretty eyes fluttered open and she let out a long sigh, and then little by little she came back to life. When the dwarves heard what had happened, they said: "That old sex toy demonstrator was your wicked stepmother in disguise. You must be more careful and never let anyone in when we're away."

"OK, Walph, I'll twy."

"It's Robert, actually," said Robert. "Any chance of a quickie before bedtime?"

"Sowwy. I pwomised Woss and Wodney I'd let them wodger me for cooking such a scwummy bweakfast this morwing."

When the wicked stepmother got home, she ripped off her disguise and picked up her magic mobile, and keyed in:

"Mobile, mobile, in my hand
who's the hottest babe in all the land?"

And the mobile answered as before:

"You're the hottest babe here, Oh Mistress, but—"

"—But what?" interrupted the starlet.

"You're not going to get mad again and throw me against the wall like last

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time, are you?"

"Just get on with it!"

"Because if you are I could lie. I am programmed to lie, if you want me to.."

"Look! Will you just answer the fucking question!"

"Er..Snow White, who's hanging out with seven randy midgets far away is a thousand times hotter than you, you washed-up old junkie fag-hag."

"WHAT?!! What did you say? Are you telling me that bitch is still alive?"

"Nope, I lied."

"Now—look!"

"OK, OK, keep your implants in. Snow White's the hottest babe in all the land. I wish it wasn't true. Really I do, but there's no getting away from the fact she makes you look like an ageing slapper who's been cobbled together from silicone implants left over from bad boob jobs."

"LOOK!" Shrieked the old Tart. "We are so *NOT* having this conversation again. Got it?"

"If you say so. But that doesn't alter the fact that Snow White is still alive and a thousand times hotter than you, you washed-up old junkie fag-hag."

"I'll kill the fucking bitch!" the Tart yelled, and flung the mobile across the room.

"Bugger," said the mobile as it bounced off the wall. "I knew she'd do that."

The news gave the wicked old stepmother such a jolt that her knicker elastic snapped, the blood rushed to her tits and one of the implants burst. "Fuck it," she said. "I'm gonna think up something so fucking final you will wish you'd died being gang-banged by an entire colony of syphilitic old lepers with twelve inch cocks." With the help of some magic spells she'd picked up from watching re-runs of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, she made a poisoned hairbrush. This time she cleverly disguised herself as slightly younger looking sex toy demonstrator. Once again she made her way through the forest to the house of the seven dwarves, knocked at the door and cried out: "Pretty things for sale! Pretty vibrating hairbrush for sale!"

"Go away!" said Snow White. "I'm not allowed to let anyone in."

"You can look, can't you?" said the evil Tart, taking out the poisoned brush and holding it up.

"Look, it vibrates. It'll give you a lovely head massage."

"Did you say pwetty, *VIBWATING* hairbwush?" asked Snow White excitedly.

"Yes, a nice soft brush to make you tingle all over!" cackled the young crone.

"Wow!" gushed Snow White, and completely forgetting her promise to the dwarves, rushed to unlock the door and let the woman in.

When they had agreed on the price, a very reasonable £1.99 including four spare Energizer batteries, the evil Tart said: "Your lovely black hair looks such a fright, girl. Let me give it a proper brushing." Suspecting nothing, poor Snow White stood still for the old woman, but no sooner had she—Now hang on a minute, surely she can't be that gullible? Have you met many really stunning girls whose mothers are 'B-list' celebs? I thought not. And anyway, what would you do if you were a dim-witted little slut and a nice, kind lady offered you a

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hairbrush—a *vibrating* hairbrush, mind you, for under two quid? I thought so. So where were we? Oh, yes... Suspecting nothing, poor Snow White stood still for the evil Tart, but no sooner had the vibrating hairbrush touched her scalp, than the poison took effect and she fell down dead.

"Well, well," chuckled her stepmother, "Not so hot now, are we, my pretty?" With that she slapped Snow White around a bit (just for fun) and beat a hasty retreat.

But luckily it wasn't long until nightfall. When the seven dwarves came home and found Snow White lying on the floor, they immediately suspected the stepmother. They examined her carefully, or rather, Ralph and Roger examined her carefully while the other five dwarves undressed her and took it in turns to revive her by giving her oral sex. When that failed they tried to get her to give *them* oral sex. (Well, it was worth a try). It was Dick who eventually found the hairbrush and was forced, rather shamefacedly, to explain to a rather groggy Snow White why her pussy was so sore.

"We tried to suck the poison out.." he muttered lamely.

"Well you must've twied *awfully* hard because I'm *dwipping* wet," said Snow White.

She wasn't altogether convinced by their explanation, particularly as her jaw made funny clicking noises whenever she opened her mouth really wide. But she was so grateful to be alive she rewarded each of them with extra special blow jobs, (which were gratefully received) and cooked the dinner all on her own (which was not). Again they warned her to be on her guard and not to open the door to anyone, no matter how tempting the offer. Of course, we know that she will, don't we? Dozy cow!

When the wicked stepmother got home, she picked up her magic mobile straightaway, and keyed in:

"Mobile, mobile, in my hand
who's the hottest babe in all the land?"

And the mobile answered as before:

"You're the hottest babe here, Oh Mistress, but—"

"Not again!" shrieked the old Tart.

"Er...I'm afraid so. Want me to lie?"

"Just spit it out."

"Er..Snow White who's hanging out with seven randy midgets far away is a thousand times hotter than you, you washed-up old junkie fag-hag."

"WHAT?!! Not again!?"

"Yep. And she still makes you look like an ageing slapper who's been cobbled together from silicone implants left over from bad boob jobs. Now you can fling me against the—"

No sooner had the groans of the mobile subsided into self-pitying little electronic hiccups, than the evil Tart exploded with rage. "Fuck it!" she screamed. "That fucking bitch must die! Even if it costs me my own life." Then she went into the kitchen and opening the refrigerator, took out a banana. When I say 'banana' I don't want you to imagine one of those limp, brown-

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streaked excuses for a fruit that you pick up down your local Tesco's. No, this was an altogether finer specimen; twelve inches long, as firm as a virgin's resistance and curved to just the right amount to stimulate all those hard-to-reach spots other fruits don't. In short, this was a 'superfruit' and, as we shall shortly discover, any woman who saw it would instantly want it; no matter how many bloody rabbits she kept in her knicker drawer. It had one extra characteristic; one half of it was laced with the most deadly poison ever dreamed up by man, or in this case, an evil-hearted bitch who had popped out to the local Garden centre that morning and bought two gallons of weedkiller which she'd carefully distilled down into something pretty bloody lethal.

When the banana was ready, she put on her make up and disguised herself as cheap tart, which was really quite unnecessary because she looked like one anyway. Once again, she made her way through the forest to the house of the seven dwarves and knocked at the door.

"I mustn't let stwangers in," said Snow White, putting her pretty head out of the window. "The seven dwarves won't let me."

"It doesn't matter," said the old woman. "I only want to get rid of these bananas. Here—I'll make you a present of this one."

"No," said Snow White. "I'm not allowed to take anything fwom stwange women. Go away."

"Are you afraid of poison?" said the old woman. "Look, I'm cutting it in half. Now I'm slipping it between my legs. You can play with the top half and I'll play with the bottom half." Attentive readers will have grasped that the banana had been so cunningly modified that only one end was poisoned. Well, some of you might not have twigged that. Look! I'm only trying to be helpful, OK?

Anyway, when Snow White saw what just one half of the banana was doing to the woman she simply couldn't resist any longer. She flung open the door, and with a graceful series of delightful movements, transferred the banana from her lovely breasts to her silken thighs just by wiggling her hips. See? I told you we'd get to that bit eventually. No sooner had the delicious fruit touched her pussy than she fell to the floor, stone dead. The evil Tart gave her a cruel look, laughed a terrible laugh, and said: "Thighs as white as snow, lips as red as blood, hair as black as ebony. Those fucking dwarves won't revive you this time—bitch!" And with that, she stuffed the poisoned half of the banana down Snow White's throat, ate the other half (to destroy the evidence), kicked her hated rival one last time just for the hell of it, and rushed home to consult her precious mobile.

"Mobile, mobile, in my hand
who's the hottest babe in all the land?"

And the mobile answered:

"You, O Mistress, are the hottest in the land."

"Fucking ace!" she shouted triumphantly, and promptly blew the first guy she saw when she went out to celebrate her victory. At last her wicked, envious heart was at peace, insofar as she had a heart that could experience anything remotely resembling peace.

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When the dwarves came home at nightfall, they found Snow White lying on the floor. She was really, really, dead this time, as Ross and Robert soon discovered when they attempted to have oral sex with her. They lifted her up and turned her over repeatedly to see if they could find anything poisonous, undressed her, combed her hair, looked again, administered oral sex (again) and thoroughly probed every orifice. Well, Ralph and Ross thoroughly probed her orifices while the other dwarves cracked one off the wrist for old times sake. Then they gave her a shower, rubbed her all over with her favourite massage oil, poured melted chocolate between her thighs and took it in turns to lick it off (slowly), but nothing did any good, even her rabbit failed to rouse her. In fact, the dwarves swore blind the forlorn, little, pink love bunny shed tears for it's mistress. Well, it might have been battery acid leaking out, but I prefer to think it was crying, don't you? Anyway, Snow White was quite dead, and dead she remained. The dwarves laid her on a bier, and all seven sat down beside it and wept into their beards for three whole days. Well, Rick and Dick wept while Ralph argued about the pros and cons of necrophilia with the other four dwarves.

"It's not fair," sobbed Ralph bitterly. "The hottest crumpet in the land falls into our laps like a ripe cherry and the dozy cow goes and let's some evil tart murder her before we've even had a chance to shag her properly."

"I did," said Dick

"And me," chimed in Rick, "Twice."

"And me," added Ross.

"You jammy sods!" shouted Dick "You never let on."

"Why should we?" asked Rick. "She told us not to."

"Me too," added Robert and Roger simultaneously. "She said you'd only get jealous."

"Jealous?" interjected Ross, "When I've been shagging her senseless since the day after she got here?"

"I shagged her the first day," said Rodney smugly. "After all, it was my bed she chose to kip in."

"You bastards!" shouted Ralph. "Why am I the only one she hasn't shagged?"

"We told her you were gay," said the other six dwarves.

"Well I'm bloody well going to shag her now!" said Ralph, "You just watch me."

And with that, he dropped his pants, whipped out his fun-sized todger and flung himself on top of Snow White. Such was his enthusiasm (or frustration) that he was well on the way to committing an act which would ensure he would never work for the BBC again, before the other dwarves dragged him off and cuffed him soundly about the head.

"Look, you *can't* shag her. She's dead," said Dick. "Only perverts and George Bush shag dead people."

"George Bush?" chorused the other six dwarves.

"Well, when I say dead, I meant they mostly wind up dead after he's shagged them."

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"What about his wife?" asked Rodney. "She's not dead."

"She might as well be for all the life between her legs," said Dick.

"Well, she doesn't look dead to me," said Ralph, wiping away a tear.

"Laura Bush?" chorused the other six dwarves.

"No, you idiot, Snow White!" said Ralph. "Even if she is dead I don't think she'd mind if I gave her a quickie for old times sake. I promise to be gentle."

"Well, if you're going to shag her, so am I!" ejaculated Ross, and suiting his actions to his words, parted Snow White's long legs and mounted her before anyone could stop him.

"Ralph's right," said Rick and Roger, leaning over Snow White's lovely breasts and pushing Ross unceremoniously aside.

"Not you two as well!" said Dick. "Look! We are *NOT* shagging her and that's that! OK, maybe a little light petting or possibly a kiss or two, but absolutely *NO* shagging! Got it?"

"No, you idiot," said Rick, "We meant we can't bury her looking like that. Look at her lovely tits and rosy lips. It'd be a crime to dump her beautiful body into the cold, black earth."

"It'd be a worse crime to shag it," said Dick.

"I don't think we've clearly established that necrophilia *IS* a crime," said Ralph.

"Yes it is," said Rodney. "Blindgit Plonker made it one under section 70 of the new *Sexual Offences Act of 2004*. Before that, dead bodies were fair game."

"Bugger it.." muttered Ralph.

"No, that's OK. Sodomy was repealed as a criminal offence in 2003. There is a loophole in the necrophilia clause though..."

"Is there?" chorused the other dwarves, except Dick, who scowled disapprovingly.

"Yup," said Rodney. "So long as you don't penetrate the corpse you're in the clear."

"So...a BJ would be OK then?" asked Ross and Roger eagerly.

"Or cunnilingus?" asked Ralph tentatively.

"Nope, that's penetration," said Rodney.

"What if—um—you just ran your tongue very lightly over—"

"—Look! Can we just drop it!" shouted Dick. "We are *NOT* shagging her and that's that!"

"How come you know so much about sexual offences anyway, Rodney?" asked Rick.

"Um...er...there was this bloke who I met in a toilet once who—"

"—Look! I shan't tell you lot again!" bellowed Dick.

"So what do you suggest we do?" asked Rodney. "Wait for her to decompose?"

"Couldn't we put her into a sealed, glass coffin?" asked Ralph. "That way her beauty would remain undimmed forever and we could still look at her from time to time."

"Shag her, you mean," growled Dick.

"You morons," said Roger. "A glass coffin's not going to stop her rotting."

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"Well it might slow the decomposition down a bit, mightn't it?" asked Ralph hopefully.

Eventually they agreed and had a coffin made out of glass, so that Snow White could be seen from all sides, and they put her into it and laid her precious rabbit between her silken thighs, and wrote her name in golden letters on the coffin, adding that she was a 'B-list' celebrity's daughter, whose mother had once had a walk on part in *EastEnders*. Then they put the coffin on a hilltop and one of them always stayed there to guard it. Well, I think we can guess what he did while he was guarding it, but as there's been quite enough of that already, we'll pass over the details in silence. And all the animals came and wept for Snow White, especially the rabbits, who seemed to be inexplicably attracted to the spot. Snow White lay in her coffin for seven, long years. Much to Roger's surprise and Ralph's relief, she didn't rot, but continued to look as if she were asleep and remained as stunningly beautiful as ever; her skin as white as snow, her lips as red as blood, and her lustrous, shining hair, as black as ebony. Gosh, this stuff gets to you doesn't it? Anyone got a hanky?

Then one day, a famous actor called Derek Devine came to the forest looking for out-of-work actresses down on their luck, and stopped for the night at the dwarves' house. Look, he has to have a job and a name, right? Derek's as good as any other isn't it? Don't you like actors? Or does he remind you of that old slapper, Bo Derek? OK, he's a Prince then; Prince Derek. That's a title of Nobility, by the way, not his Christian name. Happy now? Some minor prince wholly unconnected with the House of Windsor, because we obviously don't want to raise the hackles of any republicans, do we? Can we get on now?

Right, Prince Derek saw the coffin on the hilltop, and to say he was gobsmacked would be like saying Snow White was 'quite pretty'. The poor guy was poleaxed and only the timely intervention of his faithful retainers prevented him committing a dreadful sartorial faux pas in his very expensive designer Chinos. Several stiff brandies (and a couple of changes of underwear) later, he climbed the little hill and gazed upon the gorgeous cutie in her glass coffin with adoring eyes rimmed with tears. He didn't pay the slightest heed to the golden letters, despite the fact that Ralph and Ross continuously drew his attention to them, because he was far too busy racking his brains for a way to pass a new law making necrophilia legal for top knobs—well, for his knob, anyway.

"I musht have that coffin or I schall schimply die." he said.

Yep, handsome as he was, rich as he was, and despite being hung like a donkey, Pwince—sorry, Prince Derek, suffered from an even worse speech impediment than Snow White. Whereas she only mispronounced words with the letter 'r' in them, he lisped as well. In short, the two were made for each other and the dwarves knew it.

I could tell you that they took pity on him and gave him the coffin for nothing, but I'd be lying through my teeth. The truth is, the tight-fisted bastards not only stung him for 50,000 quid, but made him arrange his own transportation. They also omitted to mention that Snow White had a bun in the

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oven; well, seven buns actually. Well, I did say that she was reckless, didn't I? Yes, she knew all about contraceptives; she had a speech impediment, not brain damage. But she really couldn't be bothered with all that mucking about with little foil sachets you can never bloody open without ripping the rubber with your nails, or trying to remember which day to take the green pill on, so she let nature take its course.

Anyway, this was England; getting an abortion was as easy as catching a nasty yeast infection from sitting on filthy toilet seats.

With the sale successfully concluded, Prince Derek's strapping young retainers hoisted the glass coffin up on their manly shoulders and were carrying it away down the hill when one of the clumsy sods stumbled over a tree root. As luck would have it, the jolt dislodged the poisoned banana (which you will recall the wicked stepmother had stuffed down Snow White's throat), and she coughed it up and opened her pretty blue eyes wide in surprise. Her pretty legs opened even wider when she spotted the handsome Prince gazing up at her with an expression that would embarrass even the cutest little puppy dog. Then she lifted up the coffin lid, sat up, and blushed from her tiny, pink toes to the roots of her lustrous black hair. "Bugger!" she cried. "Who stole my fwock and who is that scwummy man?"

"Your saviour, my Schweet Sugarplum," the handsome Prince answered joyfully. Then he lifted her down from the coffin, cradling her naked buttocks rather longer than strictly necessary (not that she was complaining), and planted a kiss on her cherry-red lips. Then he told her what had happened and said: "I love you more than anything in the whole world; come with me and be my Pwinschess."

"Oh my scwummy pwince!" cried Snow White, flinging her arms around him with a glad cry. "I'm going to give you such a good BJ!" No sooner had she unbuttoned his bulging trousers and knelt down dutifully in front of him, than a small frown puckered her pretty forehead.

"Um...you don't mind that I'm a wandy lickle slut, don't do housework and can't speak pwoperly?"

"Good heavens no. If I'd wanted to shag schomeone who can cook, clean, wash and sew, and woll their warse, I'd have mawwied one of these howwible dwarves!"

"I'm sooo happy!" squealed Snow White. She was about to wrap her cherry-red lips around the Prince's hugely-empurpled sceptre, when Dick coughed noisily and patted his stomach.

"Oppss," she said with a becoming blush. "I think I might be a *lickle* bit pwegnant too..with...um sextuplets."

"SEXTUPLETS?" chorused the dwarves.

"Well.." giggled Snow White, "you did say Walf was gay, wight?"

"Schix, scheven, ten, it's all the schame to me," said the Prince, gripping her lustrous, black hair as she drew his royal sceptre deep into her throat. "Just—uh—think of the tax benefits, my —uh...Schweet.

The wicked stepmother wasn't invited to the wedding, but decided to

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gatecrash it anyway after reading about it in the Society papers. She nearly expiring on the spot when she saw the name of the blushing bride and recognised the face of her hated rival. "The bitch!" she yelled. "That *fucking* bitch! Where's my magic mobile? She eventually found it buried under an enormous pile of cosmetic surgery brochures, rejected Game Show applications and porn, snuff movie scripts. With trembling fingers she keyed in the familiar question she hadn't asked in years:

"Mobile, mobile, in my hand
who's the hottest babe in all the land?"

And the mobile answered:

"You're the hottest babe here, Oh Mistress, but—"

"—But what?" interrupted the starlet impatiently.

"But Princess Snow White is a thousand times hotter than you, you washed-up old junkie fag-hag."

"Please don't fling me against the—"

"I'm gonna kill that fucking bitch!" shrieked the evil Tart. Well, she was nothing if not consistent. No sooner had she gatecrashed the wedding reception, than Roger offered her a quivering, yellow thong. What? You thought Snow White wouldn't invite the fathers of her unborn children to her own wedding? She may have been a stupid slut, but I never said she was an ungrateful one, did I?

"Here," said Roger, you must wear a novelty, party thong. Everyone else is."

"Er, no thanks, I don't wear underwear," replied the Tart, backing away.

"But we insist," chorused the six other dwarves.

"Nooo!" shrieked the evil stepmother as the dwarves ripped off her expensive designer frock and dressed her in the thong. Her cries soon turned to short, guttural grunts as the thong worked its magic. Well, she was a common tart, what did you expect—long, languorous sighs? But her pleasure soon turned to wide eyed terror when Rodney and Robert approached bearing a whole basket of bananas.

"Gosh, you do look a howwible fwight," said Snow White, viciously pulling back the Tart's head and dragging a hairbrush through her (dyed) blond curls. "Let me bwush your hair.."

"Have a banana," said the Prince.

The End

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Oh, alright, she *sometimes* had sex with one of them, well several of them—allegedly. Oh, bugger it, who am I kidding? She was a dirty little slut, who simply couldn't keep her legs together..