

Dominating Gretel

Crimson Rose

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Once upon a time there was a woodcutter and his wife who live in a tiny wooded cottage with their two kids Hansel – a smart, soft-spoken and charming young man; and Gretel – his sweet, beautiful and quick-witted sister. When the two siblings were not doing chores they liked to spend their time searching for the perfect, flattest skipping stones at the lake a half mile away. Spending more time collecting than skipping, their collection had grown quite large. Over time, they had acquired a strange companion – a bird, who would steal their stones and hide them in various places all over the land. This might have frustrated others, but Hansel and Gretel saw it as an excuse to spend more time enjoying each other’s company while engaging in their favorite activity.

Just weeks after celebrating their eighteenth birthday, a famine struck the country where Hansel and Gretel lived that left the rich secluded from the middling and poorer classes; the merchant class fought to peddle their wares and the poorest of the poor plummeted into utter starvation. The woodcutter and his wife, along with Hansel and Gretel eventually struggled to keep food in their bellies. Times were tough. Belts were tightened. But the constant threat of starving to death caused the woodcutter’s wife to become selfish.

One evening, after Hansel and Gretel were supposedly asleep in bed, the woman approached her husband. “We must survive the upcoming winter. We must...” she started. “We cannot feed everyone in this small house. We cannot...”

“Well, what are we to do?” the woodcutter asked.

“We must leave the children alone in the wooded forest. That way we will only have to feed ourselves,” she replied.

“If we leave them there, they will surely starve!” he cried.

“And if we keep them here, we will all surely starve.”

Unfortunately, the woodcutter and his wife did not know Hansel and Gretel had been listening to their conversation. “Our mother doesn’t want us anymore,” Gretel sobbed.

“Shh, Gretel,” Hansel whispered, placing a hand over his sister’s mouth “Father will not allow her to get rid of us.

“Oh, but what will father do once we are left alone with our mother?” Gretel asked.

“I’ll think of something, but if you don’t calm down she’ll know we’ve been listening and take the switch to us both. Go back to bed and I’ll have a plan in the morning.”

Now, Hansel was very smart. His plans of action were always calculated and efficient. The next day, before they were ordered to start on their household chores, he ran a half mile to their favorite lake and gathered dozens of skipping stones. When he returned home, he could see his mother and sister were packing up for what looked like a normal journey into the woods – though this time he knew their mother had other plans for them.

“Times are tough, my dear children,” their mother said as she shut the cottage door behind them. “We must venture into the forest to help your father with his work,” she declared.

“But...” both children started.

“No buts!” their mother scolded.

And so, Hansel, Gretel, and their mother journeyed into the thick-wooded forest. It was as eerie as thick fog on a stormy night: the sky was a dark grey, and the trees were black and gloomy. Luckily, Hansel had remembered to drop the shimmering stones on the ground every few feet so that they could follow them back on their return home.

“Hansel, what do you think you’re doing?” their mother shouted impatiently.

Having pieced it together from watching her mother's scrunched up face, Gretel knew exactly what her brother was up to. "Mother! Mother! Look at those squirrels in the tree. I swear they are dancing as if they are fit for the ball!" Gretel called, using her quick-wit in order to distract their mother.

"Where? I see no squirrels! I see no dancing!" their mother exclaimed, now confused and distracted, giving Hansel time to catch up. "Oh, hurry on up. We only need to travel a little bit further," she grumbled.

"Where are we going, Mother?" Hansel asked. With no response, the children's worst nightmares were confirmed. Their mother was going to leave them in the forest.

Hansel dropped another rock. Gretel heard it fall. They traveled for a while, Hansel occasionally dropping stones, until they reached a small clearing. Where their mad mother ordered them to sit on a dead log. "I am going to gather wood. Stay here, and I will come back for you shortly," she lied.

Reluctantly, they did as their mother commanded and remained seated. Time passed. They waited and waited but their mother never returned. Beginning to worry for their safety, Hansel cried to his sister. "What if we're attacked or eaten? What about wolves? Bears, Cougars? Raccoons? Oh Gretel, what are we to do?"

"I think raccoons are more afraid of us than we are of them," Gretel joked. "Besides, we can just follow your train of skipping stones all the way home," she continued, hugging her scared brother tight. His head rested on her chest, the warmth of his breath causing goosebumps to raise on her breasts and the hand that came to rest on her thigh made her shiver with excitement for reasons she could not explain. Feeling dangerously close to something taboo happening, she took him by the hand and stood from the log. "We should hurry before we have no other choice than to spend the night in this spooky forest."

Their flat surfaces shinning in the moonlight, Hansel and Gretel followed the trail of stones all the way to the little cottage they shared with their mother and father. It was dark, the door locked. Tip-toeing around to the back window, the siblings found it too had been locked tight. Exhausted, and with nowhere else to go, they fell asleep right in front of the cottage door.

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Though they could not recall how they got inside, Hansel and Gretel woke tucked in their beds to the sounds of their parents arguing. "How could you leave our beloved children in the forest all alone?" they heard their father ask sadly.

"We will all starve if they stay here! There are too many mouths and not enough food. It is the only way...the only way..." she replied.

Now Hansel and Gretel surely knew their luck was over until they heard what their father said next. "We have plenty of food thanks to the deer I hunted while out searching for them last night."

"That puny thing isn't going to feed us all winter long. No! The only way is to take them to the forest so we can survive."

"What about the boar I caught this morning after tucking them into bed? Surely that's enough to feed us through the winter."

Hansel and Gretel held their breath and prayed their mother would have a change of heart.

"It's not just about the food," their mother said. "I've seen the way you and that perverted son of yours looks at my daughter.

“Well, perhaps if she did not dress like the village tramp he would not stare at the beautiful features she so loves to put on display,” the woodcutter bit back.

Gretel felt her cheeks grow warm. Looking down at the now tattered dress she had been forced to mend and alter more times than any one garment ever should, her eyes settled on the plunging neckline that showed off her creamy white bosom and then drifted to the slit down the right thigh that simply refused to stay sewn shut.

“Either they go and we live happily ever after, or you take your son and fend for yourselves in the forest with nothing but the clothes on your back.”

Gretel looked at her brother. Hansel’s face was beet red, his eyes locked on the floor in front of his feet.

“H-Hansel? What is mother talking about?”

“The better question is what does mother mean by: your son and my daughter? She talks as if we are not both her children.”

“You’re not going to avoid my question, brother.”

“You didn’t ask one, sister.”

Knowing he would never survive the winter with only the tattered clothes on his back to keep him warm, the woodcutter fell to his lowest. “Take them so deep in the forest they can never find their way home,” he sobbed.

“You’re making the right decision,” his wife replied. “And when things improve we can make our first child together.”

Hansel and Gretel stared in shock at each other. This time they both heard what their mother said and there was no mistaking the meaning. Scared, all hope lost, they returned to their rooms and waited for their mother to come take them to the forest. Hansel tried to think of a way to get the two of them out of this mess. He looked all over for his bag of skipping stones, but since they were nowhere to be found he figured the mischievous bird had stolen them all.