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ALICE

A MODERN WICKED FAIRY TALE BY

Selena Kitt



an electronic short

eXcessica publishing

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A Modern Wicked Fairy Tale: Alice
By Selena Kitt

“You’re not listening!” Mattie’s voice jolted Alice out of her daze.

Her head snapped up and she clutched her iPhone, pressing it closer to her ear and mumbling, “I am, I’m listening. Something about neuropeptides being responsible for pair-bonding in humans...”

“That was two paragraphs ago.” Mattie’s mouth sounded like it was barely moving. Alice knew that meant her sister was really mad.

Alice snuggled deeper under her mountainous down comforter and decided to try to lighten the subject a little. “So you’re telling me Wade and I are together just based on brain chemistry?”

Maddie sighed. “I’m trying to finish my dissertation and you want to talk about your boyfriend? Where are your priorities?”

She grinned. “What priorities?”

“Grow up, Alice!”

“I’m sorry,” she apologized, although now she *was* thinking about Wade—about his big smile and big eyes and big hands that turned her this way and that way, and his big...

“Can I just finish this chapter?” Maddie interrupted her thoughts again.

“Go on.” Alice assured her, “I’m listening.”

And she tried, she really did, but distraction came easily to Alice, always had. Once when she was young and Maddie was babysitting, Alice had wandered off at the beach chasing a lizard across the sand, panicking her older sister to tears and, when she finally found Alice on her belly staring at the rock the lizard had disappeared under, to a sub-zero sort of anger as well. They hadn’t spoken for the rest of the day. Alice

hated when Maddie was angry and tried to do everything she could to avoid it. If that included listening to the latest chapter in Maddie's dissertation, well, certain sacrifices had to be made.

But Alice couldn't help it—her eyes were already closing, her mind drifting. A faint mew from somewhere way down there on the floor made her smile. Then Dinah jumped up onto the bed, her motor running, rubbing her white head against the hand Alice was using to hold the phone. Alice petted her with the other hand, scratching behind the cat's ears, tracing the line of her spine, making her tail rise. *Wade says I do that when he pets me.* The thought made her shiver.

Dinah mewed indignantly at Alice's distraction, nudging her phone hand again. Maddie was still reading, something about oxytocin and g-protein coupled receptors. Gah! How was she supposed to even feign interest? Dinah gave up on being petted and curled into a white ball of fluff on the covers, tucking her pink nose under a paw to sleep, and Alice gave up on trying to listen, settling down and drifting naturally into thoughts of Wade.

She had eight months of memories to flip through in her head, but the reality of Wade made him so much more of an immediate experience. Memory didn't do the man justice. No matter how much time she had with him, she craved more. They'd spent plenty of time together—movie dates, the theater, a heavenly weekend trip to Bermuda, and whenever he stayed over, he would make her waffles or French toast while Dinah did figure-eights between his feet in the kitchen—but that wasn't the best thing about Wade for Alice. She kept the best thing locked like a smooth, secret heart tucked inside of her beating one.

She hadn't even told Maddie. Not that Maddie would understand with her belief that love was nothing more than biological instinct and brain chemistry. Alice knew better. Love went deeper than those things. It burned like a laser beam through to her core and broke her heart wide open. Love made her do things she never would have considered before. Love was silk and softness, but love was also leather and the bite of a riding crop and Wade's commands. She hadn't told anyone about the ropes and bindings, the endless cycle of pain and pleasure that forced her to her knees at Wade's feet again and again.

Not that she had anyone to tell, besides Dinah and Maddie. Dinah didn't care, and Maddie would reduce it all to hormones and endorphins before declaring her sister insane and having her committed. Or calling the police. Or insisting Alice move back in with the responsible Maddie and stop her work as a freelance writer, a profession that barely kept Dinah in *Meow Mix* and Alice in *Lean Cuisines*, but one that Alice couldn't give up. For her, imagination was everything. To Maddie, it was practically the root of all evil. Even Maddie had wondered aloud how two such different souls had managed to come from the same DNA. For Alice, it proved that the world was bigger than scientific explanation.

"So what do you think?"

Was she finally done? Alice stifled a yawn, searching for a truth to tell her sister. "I think you're awesome, Maddie." She couldn't tell if the silence on the other end of the phone was pleased-Maddie or mad-Maddie, but then her other line rang and when she saw Wade's name on the Caller ID and heard the "Closer to God" *Nine-Inch-Nails* ringtone she'd assigned to him, all thoughts of her sister fled her brain.

“My other line,” Alice said, already breathless. It was almost midnight. If Wade was calling this late, it could only mean one thing. “I have to go.”

She didn’t even wait for Maddie to protest before switching over. “Hello?”

“Are you ready?” His voice was smooth, like butter, and it melted her immediately.

She played coy. “I’m always ready for you.”

“The blue one, backless. No panties.” He wasn’t playing around tonight. She was fully awake and squirming already.

“No stockings. No bra.”

“But—” The dress was impossible to keep on, just a wisp of fabric really, and without anything underneath...

“No buts. Fifteen minutes. Out front.”

“Okay.” She didn’t hesitate, not really. She was a good girl and rarely disobeyed—except when she had to. Or she forgot.

“Pardon me?” The smoothness in his voice turned gruff and Alice straightened up even further.

“I meant yes. Sir,” she corrected herself. “Yes, sir.”

“Fifteen minutes,” he said again and the line went dead.

“Fifteen minutes, Dinah,” she exclaimed, dumping the cat to the floor along with the comforter as she tumbled out of bed. “Goodness! Can we make ourselves presentable in fifteen minutes?”

Dinah sat back on her haunches and began to wash herself with the pink rasp of her tongue, safe in the knowledge she was always ready for anything. Alice wasn’t so

fortunate, but she managed to get herself together, just barely, with a five minute wash-down, scrubbed and shaved in the shower. Not her hair though, that was clean already and she brushed it out and left it long and straight over her shoulders like spun gold. There weren't many clothes to put on, just the midnight-blue dress, more gauze than material, and her slip-on heels. She considered leaving the light wrap she'd chosen. He hadn't mentioned her wearing one, but while it was spring, the air outside was chilly and she would be standing on the porch for as long as it took.

"Don't wait up for me, Dinah!" Alice called, checking to make sure the cat had plenty of food and water before shutting and locking the door behind her.

The day had been a lovely, bright blue thing and the night that had followed was crisp and clean, no hint of moisture in it. She breathed deeply, fending off the lightheaded dizzy feeling that came with Wade's late night calls and gazed at the stars, wondering just what he had in store for her tonight. His basement—he called it 'The Sanctuary' and for Alice, it most definitely was—was crammed full of various implements of pleasure and pain, not the least important of which was Wade himself. Without him, the rest would have been a little absurd.

It could be anything, of course. Or none of those. Some nights they spent upstairs in his big bed making plain old vanilla love and that was good too for variety. But she had a feeling tonight wasn't a vanilla sort of night. He'd mentioned a surprise last week, just a casual comment, and she hadn't pressed him. She'd learned to wait patiently for Wade to reveal what he wanted, when he wanted. It was always better that way, less punishment involved. Besides, the anticipation was delicious.

In the scheme of things, she never had to wait too long. The black car pulling up in front of her little bungalow was proof enough of that. But strangely, it wasn't Wade's car—and Wade wasn't in it. Instead, a driver appeared, a tall man in a dark suit and hat with pristine white gloves, to open the door in the back for her.

"Ms. Lydel?" he called, motioning her forward. "Mr. Knight sent me."

She rushed off the porch, jolted out of her surprise by his words, her mind buzzing with possibilities. Her body was already flushed and ready for whatever Wade might have in store. She thanked the driver as she got into the car. It wasn't a limo, but it was a long, sleek black thing that prowled through the streets with a low rumble and a secret sort of power in its haunches, as if it might launch them into outer space or another dimension with the slightest tap of the gas pedal.

She didn't ask the driver where they were going, she just sat back and waited, watching the world pass breathlessly by. It seemed as if they drove forever, through city streets, then onto a highway and off, the scenery changing to black nothingness after a while, with only faint lights painted on the darkness in the distance. And he drove very fast, making her clutch her little purse in one hand and the edge of the seat in the other.

"Are we in a hurry?" Alice gasped when he took a sharp curve fast enough to tilt her torso nearly parallel to the seat.

"Late," he replied shortly, the car hurtling through the darkness.

She didn't know how they could possibly be late. Wade had told her fifteen minutes and she'd been out there in ten. When they finally stopped, Alice took the driver's white-gloved hand and let him help her out, feeling disoriented. The driver was mumbling to himself about their tardiness as he shut the door behind her.

“She won’t be pleased,” he remarked, shutting the car door with a thump that made Alice jump. She looked around, trying to see if Wade was waiting for her somewhere, but there was nothing, nothing at all, just a long gravel drive leading up to a building of some sort she couldn’t even really see. The night was complete darkness, no streetlights, not even a moon to light the way.

“Excuse me?” Alice called to the driver but he was already striding toward the building, not much of him visible except for the flash of his gloves. “Can you help me?”

“No time,” he called back and then he disappeared.

She stood there shivering for a moment, from anxiety or cold she wasn’t sure, wondering what to do next. She half-expected Wade to appear out of thin air, but when he didn’t, she decided to call him. Her iPhone had no signal though, no matter which way she turned.

There wasn’t anything else to do but follow the driver before he got too far ahead. She used the “flashlight” function on her iPhone and with that little bit of light made it to the side of the building where the driver had gone. It was solid black brick as far as she could tell, no windows or doors. So how had he disappeared?

Alice swept the light from her phone this way and that. She walked down the wall, frowning, perplexed, her heels unsteady on the gravel. Sighing, she ran her hand along the wall like she had when she was a kid as she paced and was about to turn and go the other way when the wall ended. Startled, she used the light on that part of the wall and realized it had depth. There was a section missing here, but the brick was so black, so seamless, it all ran together.

She slipped through the opening and found herself on a stairwell leading down. There was nothing else to do but descend. And descend. And descend. There was a handrail on her right, and the steps were wide stone, cold radiating from them the deeper she went. She took her shoes off after a while and carried them because her feet began to hurt, and because she could travel faster that way. Thanks to her phone, she could at least see where she was going, but the end still came so abruptly she nearly ran into the door at the bottom.

She contemplated the door. It had no handle or window and appeared nearly seamless. Remembering how she'd run her hand along the wall, she reached out to touch the door. It was metal, smooth, and when she pushed, it gave.

"Curiouser and curiouser." She pushed harder and it swung inward, letting out a bit of light and the scent of something musky and a little wild, like an animal's lair. She didn't have time to contemplate that though, because there was a hallway, and Alice saw the driver in the dim light hurrying down it, his white gloves flashing at his sides.

"Wait!" she called, hurrying after him. He was her only connection to the outside, to Wade, to anything familiar, so she followed him as fast as she could manage. The floors and walls were stone down here too, the way lit with bare bulbs strung far apart across the ceiling.

The driver took so many twists and turns she knew she would be hopelessly lost if she stopped and tried to go back. Her only hope was to catch up. She walked quickly and then started to run, calling after the driver, but no matter how fast she went, she couldn't seem to catch him.

“Please!” She sounded desperate, and she felt that way too, she realized. The driver seemed to have slowed and that made her hurry even faster in spite of the stitch in her side. She was closing the distance. “Please just tell me where we are!”

He stopped and turned, the white outline of his hand pushing open a door. She was only ten feet from him now and the light coming from the room he’d opened was inviting. Panting, she made it another five feet, calling out, “Please! Where is Mr. Knight? Where are we?”

“Why, don’t you know?” The driver flashed a distracted smile as she neared, pushing the door fully open and waving her through. “This is Wonderland.”

She stepped through the doorway and found herself in an oddly shaped room. The floors were black and white parquet and the ceilings sloped upward to a point in the middle. They were draped with fabric, red and white, like a circus tent. There appeared to be no doors or windows, and when the driver stepped into the room, the door behind them disappeared into the obsidian wall.

Alice stood, stunned to silence, perplexed, watching the driver cross the room. He pushed against the wall and another door appeared.

“Wait!” she called, rushing after him, determined not to be left behind again. “Can you take me to Mr. Knight?”

He stopped, turning only briefly, a distracted look of pity crossing his face. “You should take heed of the instructions on the table. Don’t worry, Miss. I’m sure he’ll join you shortly.”

“What table—?” She turned to look at the room and he was gone, the door disappearing as if it had never been there. Alice growled in frustration, pushing at the

wall in the same spot, but it didn't give. She dropped her shoes and put her phone back into her purse, leaving that on the floor as well and went all around the room, finding it had eight sides, like an octagon, pushing and pushing, looking for a way out.

She didn't find one, but she did find the little table with the instructions the driver mentioned. She hadn't noticed it at all when they arrived but there it was, a little glass bistro table set with a plate and a wine glass. The glass was full of a red liquid she could only assume was wine. The plate held an hors d'œuvre of some sort. She couldn't identify it, but when she got close, it smelled sweet, like honey.

She'd been hoping for a long list of instructions, or perhaps just the words, "Wait, I'm coming for you." She would have waited for him forever. Instead, there were two small notes, scrawled in someone's handwriting, not Wade's she was sure. The one by the glass said, "Drink me." The one by the plate said, "Eat me."

Which first? She picked up the little hors d'œuvre and contemplated it. She could almost hear Maddie screaming in her head. *Don't do it! What are you thinking? It could be anything! Poison! A date rape drug! Alllllllllccce!*

She defiantly popped it into her mouth and chewed. Honey, she'd been right about that much. Honey and pecans and cream cheese on a tasty little cracker. Yum. She licked her lips and cleaned her teeth off with her tongue, looking at the other note. The honey was still so sweet and bright in her mouth she hated to wash it away with wine. She'd never been much of a drinker.

Of course, she would drink it anyway, if that's what Wade wanted her to do. She smiled and took a slow turn around the room, looking up at the red and white stripes of the fabric hung from the ceiling. It didn't really look anything like it, but it made her think

of Wade's 'Sanctuary.' It had the same feel, the same vibe. The thought made her flush with warmth. The anticipation she'd been feeling upon getting Wade's phone call returned as her fingers brushed the smooth, dark walls, her bare feet cold on the stone floor, wondering what came next. She probably should have been afraid—she knew Maddie would have been terrified—but she wasn't. She trusted Wade, and he had brought her here.

Did he, Alice? Are you sure? Maddie's imagined voice made her stop and cock her head like a dog listening for its master. *Wade has always come for you himself in his own car. He takes you to his place, or maybe out to a club. But he's never sent a driver, and he didn't tell you about this place, whatever it is. And by the way, what is it exactly?*

All of that was true, but it didn't mean anything. Besides, strange drivers didn't just show up unannounced on people's doorsteps to take them to unfamiliar places in the middle of the night for no reason. She was sure someone had paid him. That Wade had hired him. What other explanation was there?

She didn't have any more time to ponder the question because a door burst open behind her out of nowhere. Alice's heart leapt, but when she saw her visitor wasn't Wade, her belly clenched with fear. The man who entered was a mountain, dressed in a red velvet robe from head to toe, all trimmed in silver. He also wore a silver crown that sat cockeyed on his head. He smiled at her though—that was encouraging. Perhaps he was here to take her to Wade.

"Alice in Wonderland." The man laughed, delighted, and took her hand. She watched, bemused, as he lifted it to his lips and gently kissed her knuckles. He had a

mustache that tickled her. She was so involved she missed the other figure standing behind him until she spoke.

The woman was similarly dressed, all in red with silver trimmings and a crown, but she wore far less material. Her corset was red with silver lacings, but it ended below her heavy breasts, pushing them upward. The bottom of the thing was open as well, showing the shaved swell of her mound. The outfit was covered by a red lace peignoir that hung open to reveal her lush body.

Alice saw the woman's sharp look and slowly withdrew the hand the man was still holding. She didn't know who they were, but they were clearly together, and the older woman didn't seem to like the attention the man was paying young Alice.

"You curtsy before the Red King, my dear, or you'll lose your head." The woman's lips were as red as her outfit as they stretched into a slow, sly smile.

"I didn't know," Alice said by way of apology, awkwardly approximating a curtsy before the king. An idea struck her and she turned to the woman, curtsying even lower before her. "Then you must be the Red Queen."

It was simple deduction but the queen seemed pleased as Alice rose again, looking between them both. Clearly this was some sort of game, a scene being played out. She'd been to enough BDSM clubs with Wade to know what they looked like, how it all worked. But where was Wade?

"Come child, it's time to play our game." The Red King moved so quickly Alice wondered at his speed, given the man's bulk. He was more executioner than king, at least in size, but he moved as swiftly as a cat, and before she knew what was happening, her dress and wrap had been slipped from her shoulders to a puddle on the

floor and leather manacles were attached to each wrist and ankle. They were secured to the floor with a silver length of cord as thin as thread, but when Alice pulled on them, they held fast.

Then the floor began to rise.

Panicked, Alice tried to jump off the dais but the restraints tightened and kept her in place. The Red King jumped up onto the platform beside her as it rose, but the Red Queen stayed below. Alice let him hold onto her, afraid of heights as she was. They were four feet in the air now, on a round raised section of floor.

“Don’t be afraid.” The king breathed his words, warm against her neck, and it made her shiver. “This is only a test.”

Alice relaxed almost immediately. Of course. Wade had created this scenario to test her. But why? How? And what should her response be? Already she could feel the king’s strong hands squeezing her upper arms, the way he held her naked body back against his robed one. He had intentions. But were those Wade’s intentions?

“Transmission!” The queen called out from below and Alice gasped when something flickered across the room against the black wall, a faint glow growing in the dimness. She stared as a picture began to take shape and when she recognized it, she whimpered in response.

“Alice, you have been chosen.” Wade’s words were spoken with a smile. “If you pass this test, you and I will be together. Forever.”

The words made her belly clench, her heart race. She knew very well how phobic Wade was about commitment. At the beginning, Alice had talked about marriage and children and houses in the suburbs, but Wade’s silence on the subject had quieted her

too. She'd learned to let him go at his own pace. You couldn't push a man like Wade. So she had waited and hoped. There had been times, especially with Maddie's voice in her head, that she'd considered breaking it off. But Wade had a way of keeping her coming back for more, yet always leaving her wanting, just a little.

"Kitten..." His pet name for her. She melted at the word, at the almost shy look on his handsome face. "All you have to do is say yes."

If this was it—well, it was a hell of a marriage proposal. Strange and distant and yet sweet and exciting, just like Wade. Alice felt tears stinging her eyes.

"Yes," she whispered. "Yes."

Behind her, the Red King chuckled.

Then the picture went back to black, and the Red Queen cried out, "Consent! We have consent!"

"Wait—" Alice struggled. She'd almost forgotten her restraints, that the king was still holding her in the bulk of his arms.

"No time for that now." The king stomped hard on the floor with one foot and Alice felt things began to change beneath her. The floor itself was moving. No, it was softening, melting, turning into some other substance. She expected to look down and see herself covered in some sort of goo, but the stuff was solid and it cushioned her feet. It was strange, impossible, but true.

The king let her go and she stood, still manacled, in the middle of the dias. He walked around the edge of it, studying her naked body. Alice flushed and went to cover herself, but the instant she even thought about it, the leads on her restraints tightened and prevented the motion.

“I need to go home.” Alice saw the Red King flash by out of the corner of her eye. He was behind her now but not touching her. “Have you seen my driver?”

“What driver?” His voice, behind her. “What do you want your safe word to be, Alice?”

“He had white gloves on. And a hat. He was very tall,” she explained. His hand moved over her shoulder, his touch light, but his palm huge. “My safe word?”

“The white rabbit?” the king inquired. She gasped when he cupped her breast, kneading the firm flesh in his fingers. “Yes, dear, your safe word. You do know what one is, don’t you?”

“White rabbit?” Alice asked, confused, trying to ignore the tingling sensation from her nipple to her crotch as he manipulated it between thumb and finger.

“Well, it’s strange, but it will do,” the king said with a laugh. “White rabbit it is.”

“Wait—” Alice said again, but it was too late, far too late. Behind her, the king had disrobed. She felt the heat from his body and the press of his cock, thick and huge, against her hip. “What are you doing?”

“From now on, the Red Queen asks the questions.” The king reached down between her legs and cupped her mound from behind. Alice had shaved smooth for Wade and her vulva was soft as velvet in his hand. “And I do all the dirty work.”

“I like the dirty work,” he confessed, his fingers parting her lips, dipping in, testing the waters. Then he lifted her like that, in one hand, tilting her hips with the flick of his wrist, and she found herself suspended spread-eagle by silver thread, attached from her restraints to the ceiling. She had time to wonder how things had turned upside down—

the string had gone from manacle to floor just moments before—but the strain on her arms and legs, carrying the fullness of her weight, grew painful almost immediately.

“I’ll be as gentle as I can.” He whispered the words into her ear, which was at mouth-level as he stood beside her. “But she is watching.”

“It hurts,” Alice gasped, trying to turn away from or into the pain in her limbs.

“It’s supposed to!” The Red Queen sang from somewhere below them. How could she possibly see? Alice wondered. They were far off the ground and she was down there. She turned her head from side to side and then she saw it, a glimmer of light below—another transmission, this one showing the scene above displayed on the wall. Out of the corner of her eye, Alice saw herself suspended, nude, helpless.

The king made some motion and Alice sighed in relief as the strings holding her up drew closer together on the ceiling. She couldn’t see where they were attached, no pulleys or levers. They seemed to disappear in to the red and white material above with no fastening at all. The affect was both good and bad. Her limbs were still holding her own weight, but they were drawn together now, arms parallel with her legs and perpendicular to the floor. It left her body jackknifed and her unable to see, except peripherally, what was going on around her.

“Such sweet skin.” The king had something to pet her with. She couldn’t tell at first what it was, the touch was so light over the backs of her thighs, behind her knees. “Like peaches and cream.”

But when the first blow fell near her hip, she recognized the implement immediately. A riding crop. It was one of Wade’s favorite toys.

Alice howled when the crop bit her behind a second and third time, leaving a burning sting. Below her, the queen mimicked her response, howling back, the sound making an echo. It was painfully humiliating, knowing she was not only being punished, but that someone was watching—and enjoying it.

But this is a test, she reminded herself, thinking of Wade. He'd asked her to say yes to this, yes to him. This was part of it, and so she would submit. She would have done anything for him. Maddie would call her crazy, or maybe she would come up for a name for the hormone in her brain responsible for the way she felt, but Alice knew the truth. She wanted Wade, and she wanted what he wanted for her.

"Oh Alice, that's lovely." The riding crop came down again, but this time she didn't cry out. Her body relaxed and the moment she let go, she realized how tense she had been, how much she had been fighting against her restraints.

The king knew just what he was doing. She didn't want to admit it, even to herself, but he was almost better than Wade in his technique. He knew just when to deliver a sting, followed by the soft pet of the leather, and then two more, quick, on one side, then three on the other. He kept her guessing, anticipating, soothing her at turns and then going back at her with great force.

He was warming her up. And it was working. She could feel herself giving into it, floating away on the sensation. The king seemed to sense the shift in her because he slid the riding crop's leather end between her pussy lips, making her gasp and twist and moan. There was nothing she could do to stop him. Her legs were pressed together, but her pussy was completely exposed to him between her thighs, plump and ripe as a peach.

The flat edge of the leather crop snapped against the top of her cleft and Alice whimpered, twisting, not knowing if she wanted him to stop or if she wanted more. The sensation was something between pain and pleasure, a feeling she knew all too well. Then the other end of the riding crop, the hard handle, found its way between her swollen lips, the tip trailing up and down, teasing her clit and then her hole, back and forth.

“She likes that.” The king’s voice sounded distant to her, but Alice knew she was far away, transported somewhere else, giving into her own need. Her body was on fire with it. She clutched her ankles as the riding crop slipped inside of her, slow and easy, her breath hot and panting against the flesh of her knees. Moaning, she tried to rock to meet the object fucking her but had no leverage, no range of motion. She was powerless.

“Please,” she whispered, knowing better, but she wanted it more than she could say. The crop was removed almost immediately and the business end came down against her bottom, hard, the sound echoing in the room.

SMACK

Alice whimpered and then wailed when another blow fell and then another, teaching her the lesson swiftly, in staccato beats. SMACK SMACK SMACK. They rained down like stinging leather kisses, leaving her bottom in a hot, fiery mess.

She heard the Red Queen laughing somewhere. “Can you do addition, Alice?” she called, still giggling. “What’s one and one and one and one and one and...”

“I don’t know, I lost count!” Alice moaned, sinking her teeth into her own flesh, biting her knees to send sensation somewhere else besides her sore behind. And as

suddenly as the storm began, it was over. The crop was gone, but so was the Red King. She was left alone, hanging, aching, waiting. Alice rested, panting, wanting to cry but holding back her tears. Is this what Wade had wanted? Was he watching her from somewhere? No other man had ever touched her this way. She had never given herself to anyone like this before. Was this her test?

Alice gasped when the threads attached to her restraints began to move. They spread her legs apart and when Alice peered between them she saw the Red King standing there, larger than life, hands on hips, completely nude. His cock was enormous and already covered with a strange lime-green colored condom. At least she hoped it was a condom.

Part of her wanted to beg, plead, tell him no, the same part of her that wanted to save herself for Wade and only him, but she remembered him telling her to say “yes,” on the video. And if she was honest with herself, just seeing the length and breadth and thrust of the king as he stroked himself while he looked at her, Alice wanted to be fucked. She had wanted to be tied and punished. She wanted nothing more than to surrender to this giant man’s will, his insistent need for her.

So when he lifted her behind with both hands, bringing her pussy to his mouth, she quivered under his attention and gave into whatever he wanted to do. His tongue made delicious circles over her aching clit, drawing it out like a bee taking honey. She almost sobbed with relief, feeling her orgasm building in the tremble of her thighs and belly. When his big fingers slid into her, she gave him her juices in a torrential flood, coming so hard she bucked against her restraints, feeling her connective tissue straining as she arched and spread for him.

“You threaten to drown us all.” He chuckled, replacing his tongue with his thumb as he stood between her thighs. His face was covered with her slick wetness. She whimpered as he continued to rub her throbbing clit, eliciting shuddering aftershocks for his cock’s delight. The head of it was pressed against her hole, poised at the entrance, aimed and ready, but waiting.

“Do you want me to fuck you, Alice?”

She looked at him through a blurry haze of lust, her body singing with it like a tuning fork. She couldn’t tell him no. Even if she’d wanted to—and she decidedly did not—the word “no” wouldn’t come from her throat.

She groaned and gave in to it. “Yes. Oh yes, please.”

“What do you want?” he asked again. Snapping his fingers, something appeared, another string or thread, and there was a silver thing attached to it. Alice watched as he slipped something over the nub of her hard, pink nipple.

She squealed when she felt it tighten.

“What do you want?” He snapped his fingers again and this time she knew what would appear, where it would go, how she would writhe and moan and grit her teeth.

“I want you to fuck me,” she whispered, eyes half-closed, feeling the throbbing promise of his cock between her thighs.

“No.” He chuckled, tweaking her nipple, and the thing tightened again. She squeaked in surprise, biting her lip to draw sensation away from the spot. “Tell me what you really want.”

What did she really want? She wanted Wade. She wanted a forever life with him, doing whatever he wanted to do, as long as she could follow him. She wanted to love

and be loved, to give herself completely, to empty herself, body, mind and soul, and then to be filled up again with him.

Alice moaned when he tweaked both nipples, as if tuning a radio dial, tightening the fasteners and sending hot waves of pain and pleasure down between her thighs.

“I want...” she whispered, feeling his hips shifting, just barely, teasing her with the mushroom head of his cock. *Wade, I love you, this is all for you, everything for you.* She closed her eyes and let herself go limp. “To surrender.”

He gave a low, triumphant growl and thrust deep, taking her pussy to the hilt and then digging in a little more. Alice cried out in surprise. She’d anticipated the size of him, but not quite enough. He began to fuck her, using long, teasing strokes, his big hands gripping her hips so hard she knew she would have bruises on the soft flesh of her behind.

Her nipples were tingling, going nearly numb from the pressure of the silver clamps there. Her arms ached from being suspended, but at least he had her hips, relieving some of the pressure at the juncture between her thighs. He began to thrust harder, faster, and Alice thought it would be over soon—far too soon. But that wasn’t up to her. He could take his pleasure as he liked it. Her pleasure or pain was his choice.

Alice felt the world slipping and opened her eyes in alarm. The silver threads were moving again and she moved with them, like a puppet on strings. They lowered her head toward the floor until her shoulders rested on the strange, softly gelatinous stuff that had materialized on the dias. She sighed in relief as her arms fell free to her sides. Her body was now at a forty-five degree angle, half-suspended from the ceiling, and the king’s gaze swept over her as he plunged between her thighs.

She watched him fuck her, the hot pounding of his cock shaking the whole dias beneath them. She wanted more, *needed* more, but couldn't speak. She didn't want to be punished again. There was nothing to do but give in, no matter what happened.

"Sweet Alice." The Red King was on top of her now, all of the strings gone slack, even the ones around her nipples. The sensation burned there, quicksilver, sending shockwaves between her legs. He used fast, hard thrusts, and she couldn't help it, she wrapped herself around him and began to rock herself toward climax.

It was like taking the weight of a boulder, a mountain, he was so thick and solid under her hands. She couldn't even get her legs all the way around his thrusting hips, so she just dug her heels in and arched. He groaned against her ear and began to grind his hips, not so much thrusting now as rutting.

"Please sir." She dared too much, always, but she couldn't help her need. She whispered the words, barely moving her lips to speak. "Please make me come."

He slowed just slightly and swallowed. She heard it. Fully expecting to be suspended and spanked again, she tensed and waited for the inevitable. Instead, he rocked her back with his powerful thighs, shifting her weight and lifting her legs in the air as he knelt between them.

"Touch yourself," he commanded.

Alice sighed happily, her fingers playing in her own wetness. He watched her, eyes dancing, as she rubbed her clit in circles, panting, eyes closing in blessed relief. From somewhere below them, Alice thought she heard a growl, something animal-like, but she was too distracted to really care.

“Don’t come until I tell you.” He was watching her and enjoying it, she could tell. She’d expected that command—Wade asked it of her often enough. She was practiced at keeping herself hovering at the edge of orgasm, sometimes for hours. She’d found the anticipation sweet, and the longer it went on, the better the reward.

She groaned when he slid out of her pussy but she waited expectantly for his next move. Her fingers never stopped rubbing her little clit though. He moved to straddle her chest, rubbing the wet head of his cock against her swollen red nipples. That made her gasp. Then he shifted further up, sliding off that lime-green covering. It didn’t snap off like a condom and she wondered at the soft mass it made next to them when he tossed it aside and pressed his cock to her lips.

“Suck it, Alice.”

So she did, using tongue and lips and the soft insides of her mouth to caress every glorious inch of him. It was a lovely time. She so enjoyed giving pleasure to a man this way, feeling the involuntary thrust of his hips, the low growl building in his throat. Her pussy was so wet she was dripping juices down the crack of her ass. She had to stop rubbing so fast and instead just used her fingernail to graze her clit, back and forth, keeping herself at the edge of bliss.

“Oh god.” His hand buried itself in her hair as he began to thrust in earnest, fucking her mouth, using it like a tight little cunt for his pleasure. She trembled beneath him, wanting nothing more than to taste the fruits of her effort. “Oh fuck, fuck. Alice!” His eyes flew wide and he buried himself into her mouth. “Come! Come for me!”

She cried out, but it was muffled by the enormous cock being driven into her throat, and did just as he asked, quite a feat considering she had to swallow his cum at

the same time. All she had to do was press her finger once against her little clit and it went off like someone had lit fireworks between her legs, *pop, pop, pop*, growing bigger, coming faster, and then slowly fading to black. The Red King emptied himself completely into her eager, waiting mouth, and Alice swallowed every last drop, wondering at the taste. His seed was as sweet as honey.

“Oh your majesty.” A saccharine sweet voice came from beneath the dias and Alice knew it was the Red Queen.

“Coming,” he called, slowly extracting himself from Alice’s still suckling mouth.

“Not anymore,” Alice whispered and then giggled, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. She noticed with wonder that the restraints she had formerly worn were gone.

The Red King grinned and stood, towering over her for a moment before he stepped over the edge. She screamed at his sudden departure but when she looked over the side of the dias she could see nothing, no king or queen. The room was empty.

Alice rested on the platform, her body slick with sweat, now unrestrained, and stared up at the red and white big-top ceiling. Wade was here, somewhere, she was sure of it. This strange and wonderful night was his doing and there was probably more to come. She just hoped the rest of it included him.

She should have been cold but the room seemed to adjust to the perfect temperature and she drifted easily off to sleep thinking about her man. When she woke, the dias had descended, becoming part of the floor again, and she was resting on the original black and white parquet tiles. She lifted her head and looked around the room, which had been changed again in the time she’d been asleep. The bistro table was still

there in a corner, but now there was another, a long thin one, kind of like a doctor's table.

Alice sat up, curious, and looked around. The room was still empty except for her, but she was sure someone was watching. She stood and made her way over to the new piece of furniture, running her hand over the padded surface. It was rather like a massage table. She'd been on a few of them, the kind with the hole at the end. It had seemed strange to her, but putting her face there during the massage had made the experience so much more enjoyable because her body could rest completely flat. Although this hole seemed to be in a strange place, much further down on the table than it should have been.

The other table still held the empty plate with the note, "eat me," which she already had, and the glass full of wine marked, "drink me." She hadn't had a chance before the Red King and Queen had come in and she found herself very dehydrated after that interlude. She lifted the glass, contemplating it for a moment. Maddie's voice threatened to surface and she smiled at the warning. Too late now.

"Bottom's up." She lifted the glass in a toast to some unseen observer and tilted it back. The stuff made her shudder, although a wine connoisseur might have enjoyed it. Alice finished the entire glass, putting it back on the table with a sigh. It was one of those things Wade had attempted to educate her about, and while she now knew various wines and could talk about them, she still couldn't fully appreciate them.

She smiled when the door opened behind her. Somehow she had known the moment the wine was gone, something would happen. She turned, fully expecting and ready to welcome Wade, only to find two large male guards pushing a man into the

room between them. He had a red hood over his face and was wearing a ridiculous stretch-spandex suit, white with a red stripe down the side. The thing was crotchless and Alice swallowed when she saw the cock sticking straight out from a dark patch of pubic hair. He was outfitted with a cock ring that clearly kept him hard—and probably also kept him from coming.

“He’s all yours, Mistress Alice.” The guard on the left gave her a brief bow and the one on the right mimicked the gesture.

“Wait—” How many times had she said that during this strange night so far?
“What do you mean?”

“He’s your slave,” the guard on the right explained. “Do with him what you will.”

They started to go and the guard on the left looked back and remarked, “He’s a mute.”

Alice stared at the door that disappeared into the wall as they departed, aghast. The man stayed on his knees, waiting her instruction. *This isn’t happening.* Alice glanced around the room, sure someone was watching her. This was part of the test. She was supposed to...what? Dominate this man? That was laughable. He wasn’t quite as big as the Red King, but close. More Wade’s size, which was at least double her own. Besides, she was submissive. She wasn’t always the best bottom, but she had no desire to be on top.

She cleared her throat, blinking at her predicament. What to do? She moved over to the table to look as if she was doing something. There were drawers on one end and she opened them, stunned by the paraphernalia inside—sex toys, rubber gloves, lube.

There were also strange objects she'd never seen before, and lots of packages of those lime-green condom-like things.

I can do this, she told herself, shutting the drawer and trying to imagine what Wade might say or do if he was in her place. By the time she turned around to face the masked man, she almost believed herself. Besides, the wine was making her warm, giving her a bit of liquid courage.

"Come here." She tried to make her voice, normally soft and light and sweet, into some semblance of a commanding tone. It sounded forced, even to her, but the man began to move. First, he tried standing, but then thought better of it and made his way over on his knees. Alice realized her mistake—incomplete instructions—and corrected it.

"Stand up and walk toward my voice."

The man stood, walking slowly in her direction, hesitating. She frowned and then smacked her forehead, realizing she needed to keep talking, "Keep coming. Closer. That's it. Almost there. Good. Stop."

He was quite a fine specimen of masculine flesh, she had to admit, even through the spandex. She thought about asking him to remove it—and the hood—but didn't know if she should. Maybe it would be better to keep this all anonymous, especially if she had to cause him any pain. Did she have to? She wondered, looking back at the table. She didn't know if she could. Maybe there was a way around it...

She turned toward the table, contemplating it, and then it dawned on her.

"Up on the table, big boy." She patted it and he felt his way to the edge, sliding up to sit there. His cock hadn't waned at all. It was still delightfully hard, probably in

anticipation of what she was going to do, even though he had to be a little apprehensive with a new mistress.

Mistress. Me! Alice suppressed a smile at the thought. But she had to take this seriously, and she did. When she gave herself over to Wade, it was simply because she trusted him. She'd submitted to this night's strange events only because she trusted him. That was the first and most important thing.

"Safe word," she breathed, nodding. But how, if he was mute? Then she remembered what Wade did when he gagged her and she couldn't speak. "Your safe word will be three taps. Do you understand?"

The hood bobbed up and down.

"Show me," she instructed. He slapped his hand on the table three times, hard. The power behind it made her body flush with pleasure. He was a strong guy. "Good."

Okay, so they could get started. But now what?

"On your belly on the table." She watched him turn, negotiating without being able to see. "There's a hole in the middle of the table. Make sure your cock goes through it." He felt around and found it, positioning himself as she instructed.

She walked around the table, looking at him, at the fine shape of his muscles under the suit. She noticed for the first time that the same gelatinous stuff that had been on the dias was under the table—it was open underneath, resting on four legs, with the drawers at one end. She had an idea.

She was tuned into his breath almost immediately. He was excited, but waiting. She was familiar with that feeling. She raided the drawers for treasure, taking the toys

with her and positioning herself under the table. His cock was full of blood, red and throbbing. The cock ring was silver and clutched both his cock and balls together.

“You have a very nice cock.” It was dark under the table, but she could see that much. He moaned in pleasure when she took him in her hand, squeezing and pulling and generally testing his tolerance. Fluid gathered at the tip as she manipulated him and she rubbed it into the head. She wanted to lick it off but restrained herself.

“We’re going to play a game.” Alice reached over for a bottle of lube. “When I ask you a question, you’re going to tap once for yes and twice for no. Do you understand?”

One tap.

“Have you ever been to the eye doctor?” she asked, grinning when he hesitated before tapping once. “Good. You know the part of the exam where they flip the little lenses back and forth and ask you, ‘Better or worse?’”

One tap.

“This game is a little like that.” She rubbed the oily stuff into her hands. “I’m going to do something and ask you, ‘Better or worse?’ And you’re going to tap once for better, twice for worse. Do you understand?”

One tap. Good. “There’s only one rule. You’re not allowed to come until I say.”

He let out a little noise when she wrapped her slick hand around his shaft. He clearly could make sounds but didn’t speak. She stroked his length nice and slow, matching her motion with the sound of his breath. As it grew faster, louder, she increased her speed.

“Okay.” She took a deep breath and let her fist slide down toward his pelvis, squeezing his shaft, her hand completely still. “Better or worse?”

Two taps.

She started moving it again, slow and easy, up to the head and back down.

“Better or worse?”

One tap. Of course. She smiled and reached over for a toy. It was a small vibrating egg. She pressed it to the head of his cock, right at the frenulum, and turned it on.

“Better or worse?”

He groaned. One tap. She began to rub it up and down the underside of his shaft, following the swollen, pulsing vein there.

“Better or worse?”

He hesitated and she heard his breath catch. Then two taps.

“Tough choice?” she asked, smiling. One tap. “Let’s do an easier one.”

She picked something else from the pile and used the soft silver thread—where did they get this stuff? She wondered—to tie the weight onto the cock ring. It hung heavily down, putting more pressure on both cock and balls. He gasped.

“Better or worse?” Two taps. Alice saw more precum at the tip of his cock and smiled. “I’m not sure I believe you. I think you might like it a little bit.”

One hesitant tap. Indeed.

She hadn’t realized how quickly she would take to this, how exciting it would be to hold someone else’s pleasure or pain in your hands. Her pussy was on fire and she realized she could touch it any time she wanted. She could get up on the table, turn him over and fuck him, just use that big, gorgeous cock for her own pleasure. Or sit on his

face and use his tongue. Oh god. The thought made her knees weak and she was glad she was lying down.

Instead, she took the egg, still vibrating, and tucked it between her swollen lips, right over her clit. Then she closed her thighs. It hummed gently, sending a sweet buzz of pleasure through her pelvis.

“You have a pretty cock,” she murmured, scratching her nails over the tight sac of his balls. “But I think it’s been bad. You really want to come, don’t you?”

One tap.

“I think this cock needs to learn a lesson.” Alice slapped it with the flat of her hand and the guy on the table let out a yelp of surprise. Then she slapped it again, this time toward the table. He jumped, jolted by the sensation, so she pressed it there, up against the underside of the table, and spanked the head with her other hand, changing direction, smacking it back and forth.

She stopped as quickly as she had started. His breath was coming fast and the weight on the cock ring was forcing long, sticky streams of precum to dribble from the end of his dick. The egg between her own thighs hummed relentlessly. Just seeing the way his cock bobbed with his pulse made her want to come and she fought the sensation. Not yet. Not quite yet.

She reached for one more toy, a vagina simulator, soft and rubbery in her hand. She made it slick with lube—not that he needed it, he was wet enough with precum and the oil from her hand—and grabbed hold of him again.

He groaned when she slid the sheath over the head of his cock and down onto his shaft.

“Better or worse?”

One very loud tap.

“It’s not as good as my pussy,” she revealed with a squeeze. “But you can’t have that.” She twisted the sheath and started to fuck him with it. “Better or worse?”

He grunted and tapped once, trying to thrust, but the table stopped his pelvis. His cock swelled—she could feel it, even through the sheath. He was close. Struggling. She didn’t stop.

“Makes you want to come, doesn’t it?” One short tap. “So tight and wet and hot...” Her movement increased, faster, faster. His breath matched her motion, panting. The sheath had a hole in both ends and she pressed it all the way down, slipping the head of his cock through the other end to see the red, bulbous head seeping precum.

He groaned and his whole body jerked on the table when her mouth covered the tip of him, sucking hard, swirling her tongue around and around. The egg on her clit was about to send her over the edge and she wanted to taste him, had to. Besides, the lube was tasty—strawberry.

She took her mouth off him long enough to say, “I want you to come in my mouth! Now!”

He let out a strangled cry of relief as she sucked him back in, the toy still bunched around his shaft, the weight hanging from the cock ring, and he did exactly as she’d asked, flooding her tongue with the peppery taste of his cum. Alice moaned and choked on it and swallowed, her own orgasm rolling through her in that instant, making her quiver with pleasure, her clit kissing the humming egg between her pussy lips again and again.

“Oh Alice.” The man on the table barely whispered the words but her eyes widened and she knew—maybe she’d always known. In an instant she was standing and pulling off his hood to find a sweaty, half-smiling Wade beneath. “Alice,” he murmured, his eyes still glazed, his look dazed. “I taught you so well.”

“No.” She backed away, holding her hands out in front of her as if she could push him away. Behind her there was commotion, someone coming into the room, but she didn’t care.

Alice ran blindly. She didn’t know how she got a door to open for her, but she did. The hallways twisted and turned and she could hear the Red Queen somewhere behind her calling, “Catch her! Quickly fools!”

She felt humiliated, unreal. The whole world felt upside down. She didn’t understand how any of it had happened, no matter what she’d eaten or drank. People didn’t go against their most basic natures, even under hypnotism. She knew that much from Maddie. So what did that mean?

It means you enjoyed it.

But I didn’t. I couldn’t have. Things were so different here, backwards, wrong. She wished she was home, that she had never come here. But she couldn’t go so far as to wish she had never met Wade, had never bent her will to his. That much she knew.

“There she is!”

Alice took a fast left, hearing them behind her, pushing hard against the wall and finally finding what she was a looking for—a hidden black door. She fell inside and it closed quickly behind her, sealing. They rushed by, calling to one another, still chasing

after her. She breathed a sigh of relief to hear their voices fading down the corridor. It was only then that she glanced around to see where she might be now.

Her jaw dropped and she flushed at the sight before her. The room was small and filled with a giant four-poster bed. It was draped like the ceiling of the other room had been, with red and white gauze. On the bed was a scene so strange Alice had to blink and rub her eyes like a cartoon to make sure she wasn't dreaming.

A man wearing a tall top hat was standing in the middle of the bed, his arms stretched toward the ceiling, bound somewhere above his head. Three women knelt between his thighs, all of them taking turns sucking the not insignificant length of his cock.

Beside him on the left another man was handcuffed to the headboard. He was watching the display of fellatio with great interest, his own cock thick and full and looking in need of attention. He writhed on the bed making whimpering noises, sounding as if he was in great agony to be just watching instead of participating. This man was so covered in dark body hair it seemed as if he was more animal than man. That fact, coupled with the desperate undulations he made trying to get near the women, made him look, to Alice, like a fuzzy caterpillar.

The man handcuffed to the bedpost to the right of the top hat one wasn't so ambiguously anthropomorphic—his whole body was painted like a cat, a red and white striped one, with whiskers and dark charcoaled eyes. Even his cock had been painted with stripes. He gave out a plaintive wail as he watched the three women giving so much attention to the top hat man in the middle.

The three girls were on their knees, dressed in red corsets that pushed their breasts up high, the crotch splitting to reveal shaved pubes beneath. It wasn't much material, but Alice recognized it at once—it was the same corset the Red Queen wore under her peignoir. All three women were very different—a petite blonde like Alice, a busty redhead and a tall brunette—every man's wet dream trio.

The top hat man had long dark, curly hair and a wicked smile. He thrust his pelvis in her direction, making the redhead gag on his dick. Then he called out to Alice, "Twinkle twinkle little bat, how I wonder what you're at?"

She stood and took in the scene in stunned, embarrassed silence, realizing that she, too, was humiliatingly naked. He was looking at her with bright, hungry eyes. They all were.

"What is this place?" Alice whispered, feeling the words burning in her throat.

But she knew the answer, even as the caterpillar man lifted his head and asked, "Who are you?"

All three women spoke in unison, "This is Wonderland!"

"You're mad." Alice choked on her words, trying to cover herself with her hands. It only seemed to draw their attention to her body even more.

"We're all mad here." The cat man laughed and it sounded like a scream. The three women were already off the bed, heading toward her. Alice backed up against the wall, the cool stone chilling her behind, but the door didn't open.

"Come play," the blonde whispered, sliding an arm around Alice's waist.

She found herself on the bed, stretched out at the end in front of the man with the top hat, while the three women crawled over her like cats, stretching out, licking with

their pink tongues, rolling against her softness. She couldn't keep track of all of them, hands and limbs and hair. She knew only sensation—the soft press of a mouth between her thighs, the sweet suckle against her breast, the honey taste of a pussy poised over her tongue.

Alice moaned and came, and came, and came again. She had strange visions of the man in the top hat watching, his cock weeping at the sight of them, his eyes mad with lust. The man beside him howled like a tomcat who'd found a female in heat on the other side of an impenetrable fence. They were all three raging mad, trying to get to the mass of women soaking in one another's pleasure at their feet.

"Check in here!" The door swung wide and Alice lifted her dazed head to see the Red Queen stalking toward the bed. Her wild eyes widened at the sight of Alice spread-eagle on the bed, the three women still working hands and tongues and fingers in her orifices. The queen's guard burst in behind her. "Here! She's here!" The Red Queen pointed at Alice and screeched, "And she's stolen my tarts!"

"I didn't steal anything," Alice insisted indignantly, trying to sit up in the midst of the soft, supple flesh pile they made together. But the women whimpered and looked around with worried eyes and sat up to clutch each other as the Red Queen raved. It took Alice a few moments to understand.

"You stole my tarts!" The Red Queen insisted, waving her finger at the women until, one by one, they climbed off the bed and went to kneel at her feet, head down. "Off with her head! Off with it, now!"

"Off with my...what?" Alice felt as if her blood had turned to ice.

The guards grabbed Alice without another word, one at each arm. She tried to walk but they were too tall and dragged her to the door. The Red Queen followed, the three tarts falling in line behind her.

“I say!” called the Mad Hat Man. “Don’t forget us here!”

But the door was closed behind them and the guards were dragging her down the hall before she could hear him say anymore. Poor Caterpillar, poor Cat, poor Mad Hat Man. She wondered who might come along to release them. Certainly someone, and soon. This place had to have rules. They had safe words, after all. That proved something. It had to. They might get kicked out, of course, after being with the queen’s tarts, she surmised. That was apparently against the rules.

And she’d been with the queen’s tarts, hadn’t she?

Oh yes, she most definitely had.

“Tweedledee.” The sound in front of them drew Alice’s attention. There were two men coming toward them, filling all the available space in the hallway.

“Tweedledum.” As they got closer, Alice could see they were both naked, their bellies so rotund and pendulous they obscured their privates. They were twins, had to be, with the same moon faces and wide smiles. They were also holding hands as they came down the hall, making an impenetrable wall of flesh blocking the way.

“Tweedledee.” The one on the right would say this, and the one on the left would echo it with, “Tweedledum.”

The guards stopped. An impasse.

“Out of our way!” The Red Queen waved from behind them. “Get!”

The two brothers looked at each other, behind them, then back at the queen, incredulous. There was no way they could turn around. Even if the two of them went single file, they wouldn't all squeeze past. The twins grew very distraught, mumbling, *tweedledumtweedledee tweedledumtweedledee tweedledumtweedledee* over and over, their hands flapping at their sides like trapped birds.

"Oh for heaven's sake!" The Red Queen threw up her hands and pushed against the wall to her left. A door opened and Alice watched in wonder as another hallway appeared. How did anyone keep track of where anything was in this place? She wondered. But she didn't have long to ponder the question because the hallway led around into another, and that one let them into a great hall where food and sex and games had all melded into one great orgy of excess.

Alice winced as the guards dragged her to the front of the room, depositing her without ceremony on the floor in front of two large thrones. They were silver, not gold, high backed and upholstered in red. The Red Queen huffed past Alice, sitting in one of them and reaching for a long cord beside her chair. She pulled it, but nothing happened.

"Please." Alice spoke, still trying to cover herself, everything about her trembling. "Let me explain."

"Verdict now, explanations later," the queen snapped. "Did you or did you not steal my tarts?"

"I didn't steal them," Alice protested, glancing over at the women. "They rather stole me."

"What say you?" The queen turned to the trio but they just shook their heads, quivering together.

“This is just a formality.” The queen waved Alice’s protests away. “I saw you with my own eyes. Collar her.”

Alice didn’t know what it meant until one of the guards fit a red collar around her throat and snapped it closed. She clawed at it, but it seemed to close seamlessly, like everything else in this strange place.

“Now!” The Red Queen pointed at Alice and one of the guards pressed her down to her knees. “Off with her head!”

This isn’t happening, Alice thought, but the flash of a blade behind her made it very immediate. One of the guards was holding an old-time executioner’s ax and it looked very real.

“Wait!” There was that word again, but this time Alice didn’t speak it. Wade burst into the room wearing a white robe trimmed in red and silver, something similar to what the Red King had been wearing when she met him. And where was the king anyway? She wondered, glancing around the hall. The place was full with bodies, writhing, moaning, piled on top of one another, but she didn’t see him.

“I call for mediation.” Wade stepped between the guard and Alice, grabbing her upper arms and bringing her to standing. She had never felt so safe and leaned back gratefully against him. “Where’s the Red King?”

“Mediation?” The Red Queen snorted and waved her hand. “What do we need that for?”

“For fun of course.” The Red King appeared, seemingly out of nowhere, his robe only half-closed, although he was trying to fix that. He grinned and winked at Alice and

she instantly relaxed. “The girl has to solve a riddle. How’s that, my pet?” He raised an eyebrow in the queen’s direction.

“Oh fiddlesticks.” The Red Queen turned her nose in the air, waving the idea away.

“Wait.” Wade took a step toward the Red King. “If she solves it, we crown a new king and queen.”

Both of the king’s eyebrows rose. “That’s quite a wager.”

“I believe in her.” Wade looked over at Alice and gave her the smile that made her melt into little puddles.

But she couldn’t do this. Solve riddles? It was insane. “Wade...”

“So be it!” The Red Queen’s eyes brightened as she looked at Alice. “Solve the riddle and you will be the new queen.”

Alice gulped. “I’ll do my best.”

“Tell me...” The queen leaned forward on her throne, her lips curling into a wicked smile. “Why is a raven like a writing desk?”

Alice blinked, frowned, and looked over to Wade for help. If she failed, what did it mean? Were they really going to chop off her head? And if she solved it, well what did *that* mean? Is this what Wade had meant about being together, forever? Or was this part of the test?

She tried to think of any way the two things could be related but couldn’t come up with anything. A crowd had gathered around them, distracted from their own distractions by the queen’s proclamation. Finally, Alice had to admit defeat. Ravens and writing

desks had nothing in common. They were going to cut off her head and she was never going to see Wade again.

She swallowed hard and met his eyes, blinking back her tears. She didn't regret dying for him, not really. She just hated to disappoint him. More than anything, she wished she could be back home snuggled under her down comforter with Dinah while Wade made pancakes in her little kitchen. Thinking of home made her remember Maddie, and how she'd never see her again either. Her poor sister would always wonder what had happened to her.

And that's when it came to her. Maddie and her solid belief in science was going to save her life in this strange, surreal place.

"A raven is like a writing desk..." Alice swallowed and turned to meet the Red Queen's eyes, feeling rather triumphant. "Because a raven and a writing desk are, without a doubt, scientifically proven to be both made of atoms."

The whole crowd was quiet and then a deafening cheer went up around her. The queen stood, sputtering her protest, but the king, looking proud and amused, stepped in.

"That's as good an answer as I've ever heard," he exclaimed, reaching out and grabbing Alice's hand. He kissed it gently as he had the first time and the way he looked at her made her flush.

"That's not the answer!" the queen screeched. "There is no answer to that riddle!"

But no one heard her. They were all starting to chant: "Long live the White King! Long live the White Queen!" and a white robe trimmed with red and silver was being draped around Alice's shoulders. She smiled over at Wade and he winked at her. The

Red King was shaking his hand and passing over his crown and didn't look too upset to be giving it up either.

"Look out!" The cry came from behind her and Alice whirled toward the sound, a woman's voice. One of the tarts pointed at the queen's throne, where the Red Queen had tussled for and won the executioner's ax from the guard. She wielded the heavy, ungainly thing with no grace or skill, but it didn't seem to matter. The queen swung and the ax was headed straight for the red collar around Alice's neck as if it were a magnet.

The last thing she heard was the Red Queen screaming, "Off with her head!"

* * * *

"Alice." The sound of her name was far away, in another world. "Alice! Wake up!"

She jolted awake at his command, gasping and clutching Wade to her. He wrapped his big arms around her and held her close, rocking her in the darkness.

"Was I dreaming?" she whispered incredulously. "Was it only a dream?"

"It must have been something." Wade chuckled and kissed her forehead. "You were screaming 'Off with her head!'"

Alice's hand went to her throat, which was thankfully still attached to her head. And then she felt it—a collar. It was fastened seamlessly to her neck and she was sure, if she turned on a light and looked into a mirror, that it would be red.

"Wade..." she whispered, fingering the band at her neck. "Was it really a dream?"

He was quiet for a moment and then he asked, "Do you want it to be?"

In an instant, she relived every moment in the strange land she'd visited and knew, no matter what her sister said about Alice's imagination, it was as real as she was, as real as Wade or ravens or writing desks.

“No,” she admitted.

His lips moved over her neck, kissing her new collar. “Then let’s go back to Wonderland.”

She surrendered.

Her only regret was that she would have to leave Maddie behind. But maybe, some day, she could convince her sister to come over to the other side.

The End

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ABOUT SELENA KITT

Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr-and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

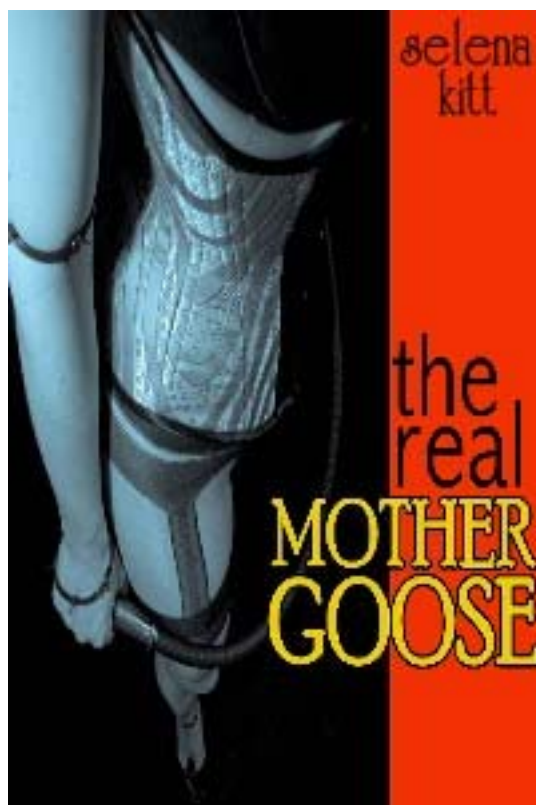
Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out- this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she's not pawing away at her keyboard, Selena runs an innovative publishing company (www.excessica.com) and in her spare time, she devotes herself to her family—a husband and four children—and her growing organic garden. She also loves bellydancing and photography.

Her books *EcoErotica* (2009), *The Real Mother Goose* (2010) and *Heidi and the Kaiser* (2011) were all Epic Award Finalists. Her only gay male romance, *Second Chance*, won the Epic Award in Erotica in 2011. Her story, *Connections*, was one of the runners-up for the 2006 Rauxa Prize, given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality," out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read "blind" (without author's name available.)

She can be reached on her website at www.selenakitt.com

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Warnings: 18+ ONLY This title contains erotic situations, graphic language, sex, spanking, elements of bdsm, and a perspective on nursery rhymes you'll never forget!

"Peep!" The voice shook the room and the startled girl looked up as Mother came in. "Do you know where your sheep are now?"

"No, Mother." The girl looked up from her position, kneeling on the floor, her blue eyes wide. "I penned them before I left, I swear it."

Mother Goose came toward her, the high heels of her soft boots clicking on the floor. She squatted down before Peep, whose hands were bound behind her to her feet with pink satin sashes.

"You are a pretty little one," Mother said, lifting the girl's chin and studying her face. Mother's eyes moved over the girl's body, the pink and white corset drawn tight, her blonde curls spilling over her shoulders, partially hiding Peep's rosy little nipples. "Sometimes I think you're just playing dumb."

"No, Mother," Peep implored, shaking her head. "I penned them, I promise you."

"Is that so?" Mother asked, standing again. Peep looked up Mother's long legs, encased in black fishnet stockings and garters, the dark triangle between her legs exposed, as it always was, for easy access.

Mother had taken to wearing black since Father had crossed over, and her mood was ever changeable, but lately she seemed often cross and hard to please. Mother tapped her toe in front of Peep's knee, folding her arms over her ample breasts that were pushed up high in her black corset, but covered with the sheer, lace peignoir that she always wore, unbuttoned to the floor.

"Mother, please," Peep pleaded. "I will go tend them, if you let me."

Mother walked over to the cabinet and the girl moaned, the sound caught halfway between regret and anticipation. "I think we need a little correction, don't you?" Mother's voice drifted over her shoulder as she chose a small cat o'nine tails from her collection.

"Please," Peep pleaded again, her eyes downcast. "I'll be a good girl."

“Yes,” Mother murmured, coming to caress the her cheek with her soft hand.
“You will.”

Mother reached behind the girl and began untying the pink satin ribbon that bound her. Peep sighed in relief, rolling her tired shoulders once her arms were free. She leaned forward onto her hands and knees as Mother began to untie her feet, but then the older woman stopped.

“No... this is good,” Mother said, tightening the sashes at the girl’s ankles, chuckling. “Turn around, Little Bo Peep, who’s lost her sheep and doesn’t know where to find them.”

Peep did as she was told, turning her face toward the wall on her hands and knees, using her hands to slowly work herself around. She felt Mother’s hand caressing her ass, and she shivered, looking back over her shoulder at the older woman. Mother was squatting down behind her, beginning to drip the many straps of the cat o’nine tails over Peep’s behind like a little leather waterfall.

“Peep’s little puss,” Mother whispered, parting the dark blonde fuzz with her fingers to peer in at the pink treasure. “I love peeping at Peep’s little puss.” Mother giggled, wiggling her fingers through and finding the girl’s clit.

“Oh, Mother!” Peep moaned, lifting her bottom in the air as much as she could with her feet tied together at the ankles.

**YOU'VE REACHED
"THE END!"**

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