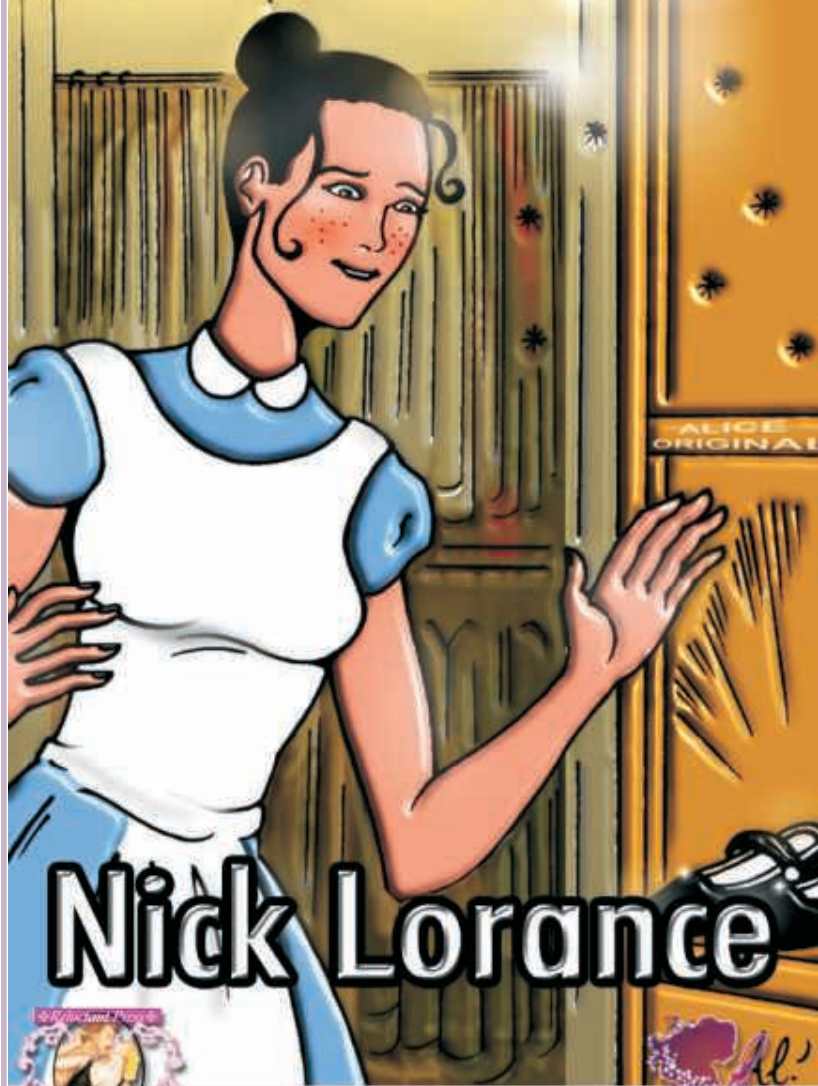


Al(ice) in Wonderland



Nick Lorance



A "New Woman" Novel



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Al(ice) in Wonderland

By Nick Lorange

Down the Rabbit hole or: Our hero finds out what's really happening

Al pulled his Daihatsu Mirage up against the curb, then cut the engine. He was a man of medium height, rail thin, but wiry. His greasy black hair hung down and he flicked it up out of his eyes.

His fingers played over the pistol in his pocket. The boss had given specific directions for this job. Follow the delivery truck; find where the driver delivered the cargo. If possible find out who this 'Queenie' was.

He snorted at that. What kind of idiot set up a smuggling operation in this city without giving the local boss his cut?

There was a flash of headlights in his rear view mirror, and he dropped lower in the seat. It was a big step van with a white rabbit emblazoned on the side. WHITE RABBIT DELIVERY; WE HOP RIGHT TO IT!

Al started the engine and followed with his lights off. The truck seemed to be weaving aimlessly through the street, but it suddenly sped up, pulling to a stop in the middle of a deserted street. A husky man in brown shorts, a baseball cap with floppy rabbit ears and a vest over his shirt stepped down, pulling out his watch.

"Boy, am I late. Queenie will be pissed!" he muttered. There was a steel hook with a handle on it; he hooked a notch in the manhole cover, pulling it up and to the side. The sliding back door slammed up, and he began to take packages from the back, dropping them down the manhole.

Al sat in the shadows watching. A drop off in the middle of the street? He drew the revolver, and began stalking forward.

The driver was muttering to himself as Al got closer. "Not like they can't just come out and pick up their own things. Cat food, playing cards, maid's uniforms, tea bags, KY jelly, wine, dildos, butt plugs, golf, and croquet balls. No, I have to bring it in." He dropped another package down and turned to meet the pistol coming the other way. He froze, staring past the gun into Al's eyes.

"Is this the storehouse for Queenie's operation?" Al demanded.

"Storehouse?" The guy was staring at the gun as if expecting it to grow fangs and bite him. "There isn't a storehouse. Everything I bring in is for use right away. You think I like making these trips every night?"

"Shut up." Al snapped. Tell me where it is or—

The Deliveryman moved. His hand caught the pistol, shoving it aside. Then his foot kicked, slamming into Al's stomach. As the man fell forward, the deliveryman flipped him over his shoulder. With a scream, Al dropped down the manhole.

For a long moment the Deliveryman just stared at the manhole. "Shit, now Queenie will really be pissed at me."

Drink me or: Our hero has to escape, but how?

Al screamed as he fell, the cry dying as he hit something...soft. He stared upward but he had fallen so far he couldn't even see the streetlights down the manhole. He was lucky to be alive and laying in this... Bed.

He sat up, looking around, confused. It looked like a room belonging to a teenaged girl; one that seemed to have a terminal affection for pink. He looked upward but there was a canopy overhead and what looked like a normal ceiling above it. But he was alive, and all he had to do was get out of here.

He looked at the pistol, his hand tightening on it. Six bullets, it should be enough. He threw open the door expecting someone, resistance, anything.

What he got was a hall right out of an upscale hotel. Slowly, he walked down the hall. The carpet was cream and turquoise that ate his footfalls so he moved in silence. He reached the end but it was a blank wall, even though it had been painted to look like a cross corridor. He turned around and this time he attempted to try every door. But there were none except for the door he had exited; every other one was merely a frame over a section of wall painted to look like a door. The elevator was a wider frame with a panel mounted, but the buttons and elevator

door were merely painted on the wall. The only entrance was the way he had come in.

He growled, looking around the room. There was a set of curtains but pulling them back only showed him a blank wall. Who built this place? There was a dollhouse but what good would that do? He looked in the dollhouse, hoping for something, then noticed something odd.

There was light through the windows against the wall. He tried to lean forward but he couldn't get his head close enough to them. There was also a door with a keyhole. But it was tiny; the key itself would have been maybe less than a quarter-inch long. He pulled the small structure away from the wall; behind it was just another blank wall. Yet from the inside he could see what looked like a field through the windows. He could see the wind blowing the flowers, Somehow he knew it was real.

He stood, looking around again. There had to be-

There on the nightstand was a tiny antique key. He brushed it into his hand and knelt. He couldn't hold the key. His fingers were too big to hold and use it. Disgusted, he dropped the key by the tiny door and leaned back. This was getting him nowhere. He was angry and thirsty.

Wasn't that a nightstand before? Now it looked like one of those tiny refrigerators they have in hotels. The kind where everything is charged the instant you picked it up. Inside were only a few cans marked DRINK ME SODA. But so what? He was thirsty.

He popped the top, chugging it. Strange, not too fizzy-

The room was growing away from him, as if he was shrinking a foot a minute. Al stared, then noticed his clothes were getting larger too. A few moments later, he crawled out of the massive pile his clothes had become.

He stared around him, then at the dollhouse. It was the right size for him now. He ran across, the key now the size of an antique house key. He slipped it in the lock; turned it. It opened!

He flung open the door, running through the dollhouse to the back door which swung open at his touch, looking across a beautiful lawn. He almost ran through then remembered how he was dressed, as in not a goddamned thing. Wait, doll house, maybe there were some clothes!

Al ran up the stairs, looking frantically. The house was a well-built structure, with a real closet and real chests of drawers. Fat lot of good it did him. They were filled with women's clothes. He dug through frantically, but there was nothing a man might wear. Bad enough, it was all short skirts, tight tops, Daisy Dukes and high heels.

What was this, Slut Barbie's house? Finally he settled for a pair of shorts and a top that might have started life as a turtleneck sweater before they had sliced off both sleeves and all of the back except for that high collar. He finally found an Ike jacket of leather to go over that. He ran downstairs, then onto the lawn. Less than a minute later, he was back inside, rooting through the shoes. He was used to pavement, not rocks and grass that dug at his feet, damn it!

He finally settled on a pair with heels that were only three inches tall, better than the others at least! They were sling-backs. He tottered on them, almost falling down the stairs, but that lawn led somewhere and he wasn't staying in here.

The Caterpillar, Or; you should be careful what you say...

He felt so much better outside. Sure he was staggering around trying to stand in the fucking heels, and dressed to troll the streets looking for tricks, but hell, he was out of that madhouse! It felt like summer, warm, with the jacket too warm. But he wasn't going to walk around looking like a hooker in daylight.



He found a path and followed it down toward a river below him. The trees confused him until he realized they were really flowers twenty feet tall. He didn't know what was happening but this was too fucking weird!

An hour later he found himself staggering along, feet sore from those fucking shoes, wishing he had some men's clothes, or he was on the street running back to the boss even if he had to report a failure. There was something ahead of him, sweet smoke, and... a mushroom? Lying across it like a Playboy centerfold on the bed displaying itself was... a caterpillar. It sipped smoke from a hookah pipe, blowing a fragrant ring into the air, lips rolling as if tasting a fine wine.

"And what might you be?" it asked, looking toward him. Golden lambent eyes regarded him, clothes, face and all. "How confusing. A man, it would seem, but dressed like a girl. This is worthy of a story I would think." It sipped more smoke. "One you will provide."

"Shit." Al wiped his face. "Where do I begin?"

"That is simplicity itself," the Caterpillar replied, blowing yet another smoke ring. "Start at the beginning, go through to the end, and when you get to the end, stop. I thought everyone knew that."

Yeah, yeah." Al sighed. "Got another mouthpiece to that Ganja pipe?"

"You want to share some of my smoking mixture? Now that is odd." The Caterpillar handed him a mouthpiece, and Al sucked some of the smoke. He was surprised that it wasn't marijuana, but whatever it was, it made him feel mellow. He told the Caterpillar about the boss, about how the organization wanted to know who dared to work on their turf. How he'd been sent to track the White Rabbit truck, then...

“So by definition, you are a spy.” The Caterpillar commented. “How plebeian. And why are you dressed that way?”

“Like I had a choice.” Al snarled. “Everything else would have made me look like a street walker! Nothing to wear but this shit and this is the best of a bad lot. I feel like an idiot or a drag queen.” Al’s head was spinning. Boy this was good shit!

“Well, I can make the clothes fit better if you like,” the Caterpillar commented with a slight smile. “But I can’t guarantee your peace of mind.”

“Fuck that. Anything is better than this shit,” Al said. He leaned his head back. Boy, he felt sleepy. “This is really good. I want to sleep for a week.”

“Then by all means lay down,” the Caterpillar said. “Anything I could do to help would work better if you were asleep.”

“Really?” Al felt himself leaning back into the sod. “Man, it’s like so weird...” He fell asleep.

Al, or is it Alice?

Al suddenly woke up; the first thing he saw was light filtered through what might have been a curtain. But it was pressed against his face. He struggled, feeling the stuff give, then rip, as he rammed his hands through it. The stuff was like a hard plastic shell, and he pulled himself frantically out of it. He fell to the ground, gasping. For some reason the clothes felt... comfortable now. He sat up, looking down. The first thing he noticed was tits. Not on some girl, but on his own chest. He pulled the top off, looking at his chest. They were there all right, nice firm, C cup at least. They’d be great.

On some girl's chest.

He started running his hands frantically over his body, or at least the body he had now. Tits, ass, legs, arms... He screamed when his hands dug into the shorts and found something he didn't expect even if he feared it.

He looked around, seeing the mushroom and that fucking Caterpillar still toking its pipe. "What happened!" He screamed. He suddenly noticed he even sounded like a girl!

"Well I see that you finally woke up," the Caterpillar commented.

"What did you do to me?" Al shrieked.

"You said you felt like an idiot or drag queen. I said I could make the clothes fit better, but I couldn't guarantee your peace of mind. You said anything was better than the current situation." He puffed, blowing another fragrant ring. "I just... corrected the problem."

"You couldn't correct the clothes maybe?"

"You weren't specific about what to correct, so I corrected the obvious problem. Now you fit the clothes perfectly."

"You couldn't have left me my dick at least?"

The Caterpillar paused. "Since by definition a drag queen has such an appendage, no."

"Can you change me back then?"

"Oh my no. The process I used only works once."

"Process, what process?"

"You do know I am a caterpillar, I assume," the Caterpillar said. "I am a quite attractive specimen of what is called *Danaus plexippus* or the Monarch butterfly. We spin a cocoon around ourselves, and when we come out, we are butterflies or moths. All I did was use some of my

cocoon webbing on you with some extra instructions. After all, you didn't want wings too, did you?"

There was that at least. Al rubbed his temples. The longer black hair didn't help. "So how do I change back?"

"If you can find Queenie, she might be able to return you to normal."

"Might?" Al glared at him. "No fucking way I'm going to keep going with only 'might' as an option!"

"Well, that will be a problem," the Caterpillar commented. "The way you came in leads to a dead end. The only way back is to go forward."

"That makes no sense at all," Al rasped.

"A lot of things in life make no sense. They just are."

Of course Al refused to accept it. There were seven paths out of the clearing and he tried them all, but every one he took led him right back again. After a couple of hours he finally gave up.

"All right, how do I get out of here?" he demanded.

The Caterpillar tapped the mushroom he was using as a couch. "You must eat some of this mushroom."

"What?"

"This end," The Caterpillar touched the end where his head was, "will make you smaller. The other," His tail slapped down, "Will make you larger."

Since he'd already been shrunk to doll size, Al chose the side that would make him larger. He hesitated, then took off his jacket.

"Whatever are you doing?" the Caterpillar asked. Then he slapped his forehead. "Of course, the clothes. These clothes you wear belong here. That is why they will not stay this size. They will grow with you."

“Are you telling me the truth?”

“Have I ever lied to you before?”

That didn't make sense either, but Al ripped off a handful of the toadstool and started to stuff it in his mouth. But wait, if he could control whether he grew or shrunk... He grabbed another chunk from the other end, putting it in his right hand jacket pocket before taking a bite of the growing end. For a moment, nothing happened, then suddenly as if a camera had zoomed out, he found himself standing in a grassy meadow, with normal-sized flowers around him.

Or perhaps we should call the character 'her,' and change the name to Alice?

And so Alice began walking toward the woods.

Brothers not so Grimm or: Sometimes, you just have to take it.

Alice found the woods rather strange. She had spent her life in the city and pavement felt more natural to her. There was too much open space, too much fresh air, not enough noise or pollution. Christ, this was a bad as a Disney flick!

She paused, looking around. There was someone coming; she looked for a place to hide. Bad enough she didn't have a gun, she had these effing shorts and heels to deal with. There was a hollow log and she bent down; it looked large enough. As the people approaching came closer, she started shoving herself into the hollow center. As she felt it dragging on her tits, someone began spouting poetry;

“The sun was shining on the sea, Shining with all his might:

He did his very best to make the billows smooth and bright—

And this was odd, because it was the middle of the night.”

What the fuck was that supposed to mean? She shoved frantically, then suddenly realized she was panting in terror. But that meant every time she slid forward, the log caught tighter and tighter over her chest. Her legs flailed like a swimmer caught in a rip tide with about as much effect, though she inched forward until suddenly she couldn't slide any farther.

“The moon was shining sulkily, Because she thought the sun

Had got no business to be there After the day was done—

“It's very rude of him,” she said, “To come and spoil the fun!”

Now she was stuck, too far in to slide any further, but at the same time she could feel the log catching right behind her thighs. Her legs were outside like a kitten hiding his head, but having his ass and tail out where they could see him. Her hands clawed at the opening in front of her, but only skittered over the still solid wood.

“The sea was wet as wet could be, the sands were dry as dry.

You could not see a cloud, because no cloud was in the sky:

No birds were flying overhead— There were no birds to fly.

“Tweedledum and Tweedledee were walking close at hand;

They wept like anything to see such quantities of sand:

"If this were only blown away," they said, "it would be grand!"

Alice suddenly realized her knees were scraping on sand! She let her legs fall, hoping they would not notice her, breath gasping from her throat. First being turned into a bitch, now lunatic poets walking through? How could this get worse? She was about to find out.

"If seven maids with open mouths did suck for half a year.

Do you suppose," Tweedledum said, "That they could get our tubes all clean and clear?"

"I doubt it," said Tweedledee, and shed a bitter tear.

Suddenly she felt a hand slide along the shorts, running over her still exposed ass. It paused, then slid between her legs. She gasped as a finger ran along her cleft.

"O hidden maiden, come and walk with us!"
Tweedledum did beseech. "A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:

We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

She shook her head, gasping in terror. If she spoke, she'd scream! The hand ran up, then fingers ran inside the panties.

"The hiding maiden looked at him,
But never a word she said:

The hiding maiden winked her eye,
And shook her wooden head—
Meaning to say she did not choose to
leave her log-ey-bed."

The hand continued probing. Alice moaned as her traitorous body began to ooze clear liquid. It was exciting her down there!

“But a soft red cooze did hurry up, All eager for the treat: Her fur so soft, her tunnel damp, her shoes were clean and neat— And this was odd, because, you know, They both had yet to meet.”

A finger slid into her, and she moaned deeply. Damn it, why did this have to happen? As she tried to slide farther forward, she felt a second, then a third, finger plumb her depths.

“Three fingers now did plow her depths, yet there is room for more;

And thick and fast they post at last, And more, and more, and more—

All hopping through the frothy depths, And scrambling now for more.”

Her head sank, her thighs lifting, her body instinctively begging for more. She wanted to scream her rage, her fury at her defilement at the same time her traitorous body was giving a big thumbs up! Then she heard the two voices, one at each end of the log.

“Tweedledum and Tweedledee looked on the log for a time or so,

And then they pondered on wood impediment with cooze conveniently low:

And all the depths that awaited their attention down below.”

Wood impediment? The log! She blessed it, then her thankfulness turned to terror as she heard the sound of some big ass knife being drawn.

“The time has come,” Tweedledum said, “To talk of many things:

Of cunt—and cock—and sliding depth— Of coming—and of squeeze—

And why that cunt is boiling hot— And whether pads have wings."

There was a thunk, and the front part of the log even with her tits suddenly fell away. She looked up and screamed in terror as a sword rose, then chopped down. A section about six inches wide suddenly hit her lower legs.

They were an odd pair, roly-poly, more round than tall, with odd hats with propellers on their heads. The one with the sword smiled apologetically. Alice opened her mouth but was horrified as instead of protest, poetry spouted from her mouth.

"But wait a bit, the woman cried. Before we have our chat;

For I am not interested in being fucked, And all of me is caught!"

"No hurry!" said Tweedledee. She thanked him much for that.

The two, as alike as peas in a pod, grinned. As one they dropped their pants.

"A condom with ribs, I would think," Tweedledum said, "Is what I chiefly need: And none for you since suck she must is very good indeed— Now if you're ready, brother dear, We can begin our girl to feed."

Alice stared in horror as one of the twins knelt, a knobby shaft before her face. Then she felt something shoving into her from behind. Her mouth opened to protest but before she could utter a sound, her mouth was filled by the twin of what rammed into her from behind.

"Oh fiery cooze!" Tweedledee cried. "Turning a little blue.

"After such kindness from this lass, that would be a dismal thing to do!"

"The night is fine," Tweedledum said, ramming forward. "Do you admire the view?"

Alice wanted to scream but the cock in her mouth turned it into a wail. The pair began moving. Alice found herself being shoved back and forth, first the one in her mouth hitting her throat, then the other slamming balls-deep.

"It was so kind of you to come! And you're cunt is really nice!"

Tweedledee said nothing but "So let me cut a slice: I wish you were not quite so deaf— I've had to ask you twice!"

Asked? Alice felt the cock in her mouth withdraw, and she coughed, spitting desperately. She recognized the feeling of the one behind her withdrawing, but before she could feel relieved, both members had been rammed back to the hilt, only in opposite holes. The assault began again.

"It seems a shame," Tweedledum said, "To play her such a trick,

After we've brought her out so far, And made her heart beat so quick!"

Tweedledee said nothing but, 'The juice's spread too thick!' "

Now they sped up, one slamming in from behind, the other withdrawing, then slamming in as the other matched the movement. It was a frantic melange of deep strokes, deeper sucks, and moans from three throats.

"I weep for you," Tweedledum said. 'I deeply sympathize.'

With sobs and tears he slammed so deep, and held her meaty thighs,

Holding his pocket-handkerchief before his streaming eyes.”

She felt them pause, then suddenly a salty ammonia-laced liquid shot into her mouth. To keep from drowning, she felt her throat spasm, shot after shot sliding down her throat. Even as it did, she felt a ballooning in her lower body as the condom began to swell from the spray in the other end, then a warm flood as the latex burst.

Both stopped, then slowly withdrew, leaving Alice with cum dripping from her mouth, and from where the condom had burst below. She collapsed onto her stomach gasping as they fastened up their pants.

“O sexy maid,” said Tweedledee, “You’ve had a pleasant run!

Shall we be trotting home again? But answer came there none— And this was scarcely odd, because her mouth was filled with cum.”

Alice felt herself being rolled, easy with a log wrapped from the swell of your ass to just below your teats. When that monster sword rose, she merely closed her eyes as it came down. The wooden corset parted and she lay there, unmarked except for the sperm running down her thighs and chin.

“Why wasn’t I cut?” she asked, staring up at them.

“Story continuity,” Tweedledum said, sheathing it again.

“We’re allowed sex scenes but no blood in this story. The author’s rules,” Tweedledee added. “So our sword will cut wood but not skin.”

The pair straightened their shirts, tilting their hats to a jaunty angle in opposite directions, then strolled away be-

ginning another poem. Alice felt herself fall into blackness as she murmured, "Curiouser and curiouser."

The siege at the Duchess' house: Or; sometimes, bigger is better

The sun was setting as Alice sat up from her nap. The first thing she noticed was the twinges of strained muscles from her crotch, then the musky smell of male seed on her breath. She sat there, crying. Hours ago she had been a man, a macho-type man, damn it! Now she was a short sweet Chiquita with cum breath and the feeling of having been thoroughly fucked.

She pushed herself to her feet, staggering a bit in the heels. What bothered her most was that the heels were becoming comfortable. She looked around, trying to find the right direction to go. Unfortunately, to a street guy, every direction in the woods looked a lot alike. Finally she chose a direction, because that one had an obvious path.

She had to find a way out of here! Find this Queenie bitch, or maybe- There was the blare of a horn and she looked back. Then she leaped for the trees as a massive step van shot past. She had only a second to recognize the White Rabbit logo before it was gone.

Wait a minute. How did that big fucking van fit on this narrow path? Then she noticed that the trees were sidling back into position; she was again in a space narrow enough that she could reach out on either side and brush the tree trunks.

She began walking faster after the van. The path ended at a clearing with a nice two-story Tudor house. The van had stopped at the white picket fence, the driver handing off an envelope, and muttering, "I'm very late!" before jumping in and racing off.

"Wait! You motherfucker, I said wait!" Alice screamed. She stopped, gasping at the gate, chest heaving in a very provocative manner. She cursed in English, then when that wasn't enough, in Spanish. Growling, she turned to the person standing inside the gate.

Person? There were two of them, one was obviously a fish, a goldfish, she thought. The other was a frog of some kind. Both were in uniforms that made them look like footmen, with white powdered wigs on their heads. They weren't looking at her. Rather they were passing the envelope back and forth, arguing.

"It's your turn," the fish was saying.

"No, I delivered the baby, that makes it your turn."

"I answered when the cook asked the tim--"

"But I delivered the baby powder--"

"Listen you wannabe toad, it's..."

"What's the fucking problem?" Alice demanded. The pair looked at her, the envelope still between them, then they shoved it into Alice's hands. "It's your turn!" they chorused.

"Why is it my turn?" Alice protested.

"We've already had ours!" the fish replied.

"But I don't work here!"

"Neither do we. We just happen to live over there," the frog commented. She looked in the direction he motioned to a nearby pond with a lily pad. "And just for once we would rather not be delivery boys for the Duchess."

"And what makes you think *I* want to be a delivery boy?"

"But you're a girl!" the fish said, looking confused.

"I am not! Some goddamned caterpillar put me in this body!"

"No matter, if the bra fits, wear it. Please, just this once?" the frog wheedled.

"Fine!" Alice stormed up the walk, pounding on the door. There was no reply. She pounded again. Still nothing. She started to turn but the Fish shouted. "They're probably making too much noise inside. Just go on in."

She opened the door. Too much noise was right; a woman in a Victorian dress was in a chair, trying to comfort the baby in her lap. The noise was the baby screaming, and the cook at an old fashioned wood stove turning to throw utensils at the seated woman. All of the knives had obviously been thrown first, as they were stuck in the wall beyond the woman, who was obviously the Duchess. She looked up with that tired expression every mother has after about three days of dealing with a brand new rug rat.

"Uh, delivery?" Alice shouted. The Duchess ducked a sauce ladle, waving for Alice to approach. With great trepidation, Alice came across the room, ducking a serving spoon, three plates and a barbecue fork to hand the woman the envelope.

The Duchess ripped it open, then shook her head, saying something. "What?" Alice shouted.

"I said," The Duchess shouted, "I can't go to see Queenie right now! The baby has made a pig of himself!" Before Alice could comment, the Duchess opened the top of the swaddling cloth. The baby was a piglet, though the lacy bonnet was a nice touch.

"Maybe he'll settle down if we give him a teething biscuit?" the Duchess shouted.

"A what?"

“A teething biscuit!” She motioned with both arms and baby, er, piglet. “In the tin!”

Alice would have done anything to stop the caterwauling, up to and including infanticide. She hurried across to the cookie tin, pulling off the lid. As she pulled one out, she suddenly realized that she was hungry, so she grabbed two, one marked with a letter G, another with the letter T. She dodged more kitchenware as she ran back, handing the one with the T to the Duchess, who shoved it in the piglet’s open maw.

The instant the gums hit the treat, the piglet stopped wailing, and began to nosh down seriously. The cook, who had picked up the entire stove to throw, paused, then set it back down without even spilling the water of the four-gallon stew pot that was still sitting on it.

“That’s-” the Duchess started to shout, winced, then continued in a normal voice, “that’s a relief.” She rocked the baby that had replaced the piglet. “Tell Queenie I will be along directly. Now shoo.”

Relieved that she could actually hear again, Alice stuffed the cookie in her mouth and started to turn, then froze as she also started to grow! She tried to turn back to the tin, but now it was only the size of a powder compact. Below her feet she could hear screaming as she narrowly missed stepping on the Duchess. She tried to stop turning, but something caught her foot and she fell backwards with a squawk, arms pinwheeling as she landed on her ass.

The upper floor of the house was an open-railed enclosure with rooms coming off it. As she grew, her flailing hands punched through doors like tissue paper even as her feet slammed into then through the windows on opposite sides of the door.

Finally she stopped growing, but now she was trapped, arms into, then through, the rooms and windows so her arms up to the forearm were flailing outside, legs trapped up to the thighs in the windows. She paused, collecting her wits that were running around like cats suddenly dropped into a dog show. Her arms were firmly caught in the windows upstairs, but she did have some movement in her legs. But when she tried to drag them back into the house, they caught on the window frames before moving much.

Maybe if she slid down instead? She set her feet outside, scrunching down further, the Daisy Dukes pressed firmly into the door, but that didn't help. Now her elbows were jammed into the doorframes above. She sighed, leaning her head toward the huge windows facing the road. Outside everyone, cook, Duchess, frog and fish were staring at the huge appendages that had decided to wear the house.

"I've heard of sitting around the house, but this is ridiculous." Alice boomed in a huge voice. The crowd at the edge of the fence flinched back. "Sorry. I seem to be stuck!" that huge voice bellowed.

"Well we can't have that!" The Duchess shouted. "I can't watch my soaps with someone taking up all the room!"

"We may need to borrow Queenie's special battering ram," the fish commented, writing on a Post-It note, then flicked it into the air. Suddenly there was the blast of an air horn, and an eighteen-wheeler hauling a flatbed pulled up. A man in the same White Rabbit uniform leaped down, and with the assistance of a lounge lizard (A gecko like the Geico commercials, but dressed in a leisure suit with bling down to his crotch including his name on a necklace, Bill), pulled off the tarp covering. Al-

ice winced. It was a dildo the size of a Lincoln Continental!

With a lot of cursing, the crowd manhandled the massive siege engine down, then aimed it up the path toward the house... not to mention her crotch, which was situated in just the right place.

“No fucking way!” Alice boomed, but they weren’t paying attention. They trundled it up into position, then everyone grabbed a handle at the end of the massive fake dick, and began to swing it. Once, twice, thri-

Wham! The head slammed into the door, ramming it back into her crotch. Again and again it slammed forward, the door splintering, then giving way. They stopped swinging it, looking at the crotch of the jean shorts. Alice screamed as the lizard drew out a sword and advanced. She winced as the sword cut into and through the seam, then through the now revealed panties, but the sword didn’t cut her exposed flesh. Thank God for author’s rules!

“I may be able to get inside by climbing,” the lizard reported. Alice squealed (sounding like a ship’s siren) as the plucky little reptile started climbing the folds of her own proffered entrance. That worked for a few seconds, but the lizard was watching where he was putting his hands. Alice squealed yet again as his head ran under the hood over her clitoris.

The lizard paused, forked tongue running over the treat before his head, then she moaned as the flicking began to excite her. Dammit, a woman for only a few hours and her body was liking this way too much! Unfortunately for her miniscule attacker, the flicking of his tongue had caused her traitorous body to begin exuding liquid, causing his clasping hands to slip.

Frantically he grabbed for the only thing that had not begun to get wet, meaning he was now clasp her clit between his hands, trying to pull himself up. But the liquid on his hands caused his grip to slip. He tried to climb it hand-over-hand but as each hand slid far enough down to use the other, all he succeeded in doing was make the flow from her body even stronger.

He finally fell on his tail, then toppled forward. His machinations had caused her body to open, awaiting its due, so he ended up neck-deep inside her. She tightened down instinctively and the lizard began trying to extricate himself, hands and feet pushing at the outer folds. Finally the fish and frog came forward, and pulled him out with a liquid sucking sound.

“Right!” Bill screamed as he spat out Alice’s liquid offering. “Time for the WMD!”

“WMD?” The Duchess looked alarmed.

“Yeah!” Bill slapped the massive dildo. “Weapon of Massive Defloration!”

“Wait! All I need is some of the mushroom!” Alice shouted. But they weren’t paying attention. She could hear the massive wooden wheels squealing as they shoved the ram forward; she felt it nudge her opened labia. “Please Stop! Aei!” she screamed as they pulled it back and rammed it forward.

The tip slipped into her and Alice instinctively clenched down with her muscles. We have to forgive the poor girl, after all she hadn’t been a woman for that long. Many women have control of the muscles down in that area, and many a rapist has been stymied by a woman tightening up so much that even a pencil would have trouble getting in. Unfortunately Alice was ready and willing, and she instead stopped them from pulling the weapon back out. Try as they might, including setting

their feet against her labia and shoving with all their might, it didn't pull back out.

However, every time they tried to shove it further in, her body was receptive and finally it was jammed up to the handles they had been using to push forward. Bill gasped after trying again to pull it back out, then leaped up on top of the device.

Alice watched him as he ran down the part that was still outside of her body, sure they couldn't do more to her. But then she saw the massive treadle switch Bill was standing over. Then his foot came down and snapped it on.

It was a giant vibrator as well! She shrieked, causing everyone within miles to run inside and turn on their radios and TVs to find out what the Emergency Broadcast System was reporting. The vibrations were sending shock waves through her body and her legs flexed, causing the front of the house to lift off the foundations, then slam down again. Then it got worse as the tip of the dildo expanded forward. Maybe only inches if it were normal-sized, but at this scale it was a foot at a time until it was almost eight feet longer!

It reached full extension then she gasped as that extended portion began to rotate like a demented cake mixer, causing her to shriek again. Worse yet, there was a dragon-like attachment on the top, and it began to flick back and forth, whipping like a tongue across her clit.

"Oh my FUCKING GOD!" she screamed as she orgasmed, arms and legs flailing. And it was still going on! "PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD! I SURRENDER! JUST PLEASE STOP!"

Bill stomped on the button and the vibration and twitching stopped. Alice sobbed for breath. "All right monster, talk! How did you get into the Duchess' house!"

"I came in to deliver Queenie's summons!" Alice sobbed.

"Wait a minute! I didn't let some sixty-foot tall monster-" The fish caught the Duchess' arm, whispering. "-I didn't let in some fifty foot tall monster into my house!"

"I wasn't this tall when I got in! I was only about as tall as you were!"

"Wait, there was a girl that was about my height. But you're a lot bigger than that!"

"You had me get the baby a teething cookie!"

"Cookie?" The Duchess looked confused. "You mean a biscuit?"

"Cookie, biscuit, you say to-may-to, I say to-mah-to." Alice snapped. "I was hungry, and there was another biscuit marked with a G and I ate it while I was turning to leave-"

"That explains it." The Duchess said. "If it's marked with a G it means it will make you grow." She sighed, shaking her head. "But I don't have any more of the biscuits that make you shrink."

"I have some... what is that smell?" Alice sniffed, sounding like a wind tunnel starting up. "Is that- pep-pep, pepper?" She sneezed.

As any man can tell you, if a woman coughs, laughs, or more importantly, *sneezes* when you thrust inside her, her muscles will automatically clench. In a normal case, this means she will expel you. In this case she fired the dildo from her body like a cannonball. It lofted over the heads of the crowd and landed in the pond beyond the path. Somehow the switch got thrown, and the tip began flailing around as it sank to the bottom, whipping the water into a froth.

Everyone looked at the water, then back at the woman still jammed into the house, which tilted a bit on its foundation. "Bless you. You were saying?" the Duchess asked.

"I still have some of the mushroom I got from the Caterpillar in my jacket pocket."

"Bill?"

"Not yet, your grace." Bill grabbed a case large enough for a Stinger Missile, assisted by two others. "Queenie has strict instructions if we have to use the WMD. First, satisfy that need, then finish it off."

"Finish it off?" Alice shouted. "Finish off what?" Bill and the others came toward her, but out of sight. Then Bill climbed up into the window in front of her face. He dropped a rope, then lifted up what looked like a cigarette four or five inches around, with a brand mark that read QUEEN-SIZED.

He thrust it into her mouth, then leaned down, bringing up a wooden kitchen match the size of a spear. He dragged the tip across the floor, then held it up to light her cigarette. "I'll get the mushroom for you." She leaned her head back, blowing smoke into the rafters. It couldn't get worse than this.

Boy was she wrong.

The argument for organized labor and the thrust of politics; or: Politics is all about who gets fucked

Once she had finished the cigarette, Bill handed her the mushroom portion. Once she had been sure he got the right one (she pictured suddenly exploding the Duchess' house. Try to explain *that* to your insurance company!), she bit into it and promptly returned to normal.

Yeah, right, she was still a woman, not a man.

She asked directions, and everyone pointed the same direction to find Queenie.

With her Daisy Dukes and panties converted to a very short skirt, Alice had returned to normal size, but she didn't want to walk around showing the world what she had. The Duchess offered her a pair of biker shorts someone had left. Not that it helped. She looked even more like a whore.

The path soon became a small stone walkway, then a wider one. "If it becomes yellow brick, I'm going to be pissed!" She growled. She came around the corner and stopped, fists clenching. A walkway sixteen feet wide...

Paved in yellow bricks.

She screamed in fury, then stalked down the path, ready for anything.

What she didn't expect was a loud political debate. She went further and found a courtyard with a tea party setting. The table was fifty feet long and at every place was a set of cups, saucers, and flatware. But most of them were already dirty from use. At the far end of the table were two men. One was large with a throwaway straw hat marked VOTE FOR THURMOND on it. The other... Alice's breath caught. It wasn't the younger men she had seen before, but he was in the brown shorts, shirt and rabbit ear baseball cap of White Rabbit couriers! He wore a name tag marked MARCH.

"What you must understand," the man in the boater was saying, "Is that with so many jobs going off-shore, demanding higher wages is counterproductive even with increased tax revenues."

"But the Union members want more money!" the courier demanded.

As she approached the argument continued. "Be that as it may," the Politician demurred, "we cannot expect the businesses to accept higher taxes and wages with so much of the world willing, nay eager, to accept less in wages." He sipped his tea. "American consumers are willing to pay only so much, after all."

"But-" The man looked around, and saw Alice approaching. "Who is this? The entertainment or your secretary?"

"My secretary of course," the politician replied. He looked up at the woman. "Please Miss Prission, you should be dressed properly."

"What?" Alice had been whipsawed, changed into a woman, fucked within an inch of her life, not once but twice, and generally confused since she'd fallen down that manhole. But this was the first time someone had commented that she was dressing down!

"In the cloakroom, woman. Proper business attire at all times as you well know." The politician pointed at a door standing all by itself to one side.

More confused than before (if that was possible), Alice went to the door. First she walked around it. Yes, the door and frame stood all by itself. She opened it from the opposite side, but all she saw was the massive table.

"Circumnavigation is not the answer," the politician told her sharply. "Close the door and open it from this side as is proper."

Alice closed the door, went around, then opened it again. A dark room lay before her. She looked around the door on both sides, but there was nothing there.

"Come, my pet. Enter and dress appropriately or I shall get strict with you," the politician said.

With nothing better to do, Alice walked in. The room was a large walk-in closet with several racks of women's clothing. She wandered down the rows until she found one marked SECRETARY. She found herself glad, because others had been marked TROLLOP, PAGE, HIGH CLASS CALL GIRL and WHORE.



There was a gray suit on the rack and she picked it up. There was a sudden flash and she shook her head.

A bra cupped her breasts, panties were molded to her sex. A pair of stockings were already connected to a garter belt she wore, and a matching gray set of heels lifted her almost four inches into the air. She looked down and the suit was on her and not on the hanger, where the sad remnants of the clothes she'd chosen from Slut Barbie's house now hung. She tried to hang them on the SECRETARY rack, but the rack moved away from her when she tried. She dropped the hanger and its clothing which promptly vanished, and she heard a clatter. She looked down toward the TROLLOP rack where her discarded clothes now hung, cleaned, repaired and ready for use.

"What do I look like now?" As if the words were a command, a full-length mirror obediently appeared in front of her. The suit made her look like a professional woman. Her hair had been drawn back into a rolled bun and a pair of glasses hung on a lanyard brushing the upper slope of her breasts. Her blouse was an off-white and the upper portion was open, exposing lots of creamy goodness. A briefcase hung from one hand and a pen sat behind her ear. The makeup was understated, what you would expect of a professional woman who didn't lay on her back for her job.

With a great deal of trepidation, Alice walked back to the door. It opened at her approach, and she strode through confidently.

"Clean cup!" the Politician cried.

"Clean cup!" the Union Rep echoed.

They moved down a pair of settings, and the Politician began to pour. "Now that you are back with us, Miss De-menor, please, take a seat." He motioned up-table from him, where another clean cup rested.

"Isn't my name Miss Prission?" Alice asked.

"Come now, Miss Anthrope," the Politician growled. "As long as you are obedient and nubile, your name does not matter."

"Sir--"

"You do know what obedient is, my dear girl?" Beneath his bonhomie, she could hear the snarl of a hungry jungle cat. "Sit. Here. Now!"

She walked meekly around the table, taking the indicated seat. A teapot leaped into the air and her cup filled with pungent Oolong. A dish slid over and a small stack of cookies (*biscuits*, her mind corrected) slid onto it from a larger tray.

Hesitantly, she sipped the liquid. It was actually quite good. She noticed that her left hand had automatically brought out a Gregg tablet and as she drank with the left hand, the right was transcribing in the loops and whorls of shorthand. Part of her was glad; after all, what she knew of shorthand could be written on a matchbook with a laundry marker. Part of her was appalled because what they said didn't make a lot of sense.

"The electorate expects osculation in return for their exercise of their franchise," the Politician was saying, "but what they get is fornication by that choice because, party orientation aside, all we care about is the election process."

"Wait," the Union Rep cried. "It doesn't matter who wins?"

"Elementary, my dear Rep," the Politician replied. "You know as well as I that every company and interest group puts money into our coffers, regardless of our orientation. By doing so, they purchase, they hope, some measure of control of the reins of government, some with

more power than others, to be sure. In so doing, they hope to guide it the way they wish it to be. But do you think a Democrat is more honest than a Republican merely because of his party?"

"I had wondered," the Union Rep replied. "After all, Labor has supported the Democrats since Roosevelt was in office."

"Be clear, sir!" the Politician said. "Theodore was a Republican." The term sounded like he was uttering a curse. The Politician pushed a sugar bowl toward Alice (Or Miss Whatever at this point) "Sweeten your disposition, my dear," he said as an aside.

"Remember the Great White Fleet incident, sir! A good Democratic house trying to limit interventionism, yet the President sends that fleet halfway around the world, forcing those good and pure men to pay to get it back! Why, if he were a Democrat, we would call him a thug! As it was, he was merely the usual Republican wanting to show the world his big stick."

Alice sweetened her tea. As she sipped, she noticed that the world was not as hard-edged as it had been mere minutes before. The two men still talked but she couldn't concentrate on what they were saying. In fact, the last half page of shorthand had become chicken scratches. She shoved the chickens aside as she doggedly continued making more.

She leaned back in her chair. The talk was like the wind blowing through the trees, a gentle humming that did not affect her mind or hand at all.

She felt herself being moved up onto the table, curled up, her folded legs a platform, her body laid along those underpinnings, her arms outstretched before her. The short skirt she was wearing had somehow been slid up so

she could feel it like a wide gray belt between her waist and her bolero jacket.

Something caught at her waist and cool air caressed her buttocks. A hand caught her chin and she looked up at the Union Rep. She looked at him blearily as his other hand fumbled.

A hardened cock appeared, she wanted to protest, but it shoved into her mouth. Then she felt hands on her hips and another stiffened member slid into her down there.

She lay there, unable to protest as she was used by them. At one point they changed places and she tasted her own juices as the Politician slid into her mouth instead.

“But some of them might be honest!” a male voice protested. Who ever it was seemed to be having trouble breathing.

“My dear man, whomever arrives in the Oval Office, we get our cut,” the Politician demurred. “When it comes to screwing the electorate, neither of us is Simon pure.”

She felt herself being pummeled back and forth, two cocks using her with as much efficiency as the two brothers had shown. The world was a soft haze in the distance, even the sperm that filled her mouth was a taste she might have merely remembered from before. Her mind swirled around a psychological drain, then slid down into oblivion.

The Gentleman, Or; Enter the Cheshire CAT

Alice suddenly came awake, staring at the white field before her eyes. She saw nothing but white. Maybe she had died and gone to a world of love and light. Maybe she was in limbo, awaiting her turn before the throne.

Yeah, she thought watching an ant stroll across what she now realized was a tablecloth. *And maybe I'm blowing smoke out of my ass.*

She found herself sniffing. This was becoming worse as time went on. Would she just be passed around from hand to hand? Or maybe it was crotch to crotch, considering her interactions so far.

She found out she had hands, and they pushed, lifting her body from the table. She felt the same damn twinges from her crotch. Damn it, didn't anybody *ask* before they fucked someone these days?

Of course, she realized, she had been little better as a guy. How many times had no meant 'give me a minute to get ready'?

She slid down from the table and her legs gave out, dropping her to the ground. Damn it, they were asleep! She looked at the forest, and could tell it was beginning to get dark.

Of course her legs were asleep, they had been through a lot today too.

There was the sound of merry whistling and she found she could stagger to her feet, if only to escape.

The man approaching was wearing a three-piece Saville Row suit, an Oxford tie, and a rose in his boutonniere. He slowed, looking toward her, and the whistling slid for a moment into a wolf whistle, then he gave a brilliant smile. He angled toward the table, and Alice leaned against it.

"All right, it's going to happen again, right?" He paused, stopping, his head cocked.

"What, pray tell, is going to happen?"

"You're going to spout poetry or nonsense, and the next thing I know, you'll be fucking me on the table whether I want you to or not!"

He shook his head. "My dear, I have never merely laid some woman upon a table without a by-your-leave. Oh, there are all those sorts here I will admit, but I practice the art of seduction."

"I can't be seduced!" Al screamed.

"Oh, you *have* had a bad day, have you not?" The man came to the table, picked a clean cup, and poured a cup of tea. "It is tea time, my dear girl, would you join me?"

"That's what March the Hare and Mad Hatter suggested."

"A pair of right ruffians," the man said. She heard an accent, but couldn't place it beyond being English. "Please, will you join me?"

She slid over and he picked one of the dozens of tea-pots that still simmered gently on the table. "One lump or two?"

Alice looked at him then noticed that he had a pair of sugar tongs with a sugar cube already picked up. She extended her cup. "Three please."

He dropped them into her cup, then motioned to the tray that had filled itself at his elbow. "Cream? Lemon?"

"Lemon please."

He shifted a lemon wedge onto the saucer, then handed her a spoon. As she squeezed the lemon, then stirred, he extended a tray. "Scone? Biscuits? Cucumber sandwiches?"

She numbly took some of the cookies, watching him as he took a scone and a cucumber sandwich. "You know, I

have always wondered why they make cucumber sandwiches," she asked.

"Something light and satisfying with a firm texture, but not very filling. After all, you still have supper to go, and you don't wish to fill up," he replied as he bit into it. "I have always rather liked them. Though I prefer them with the crust." As he said that, a plate appeared with freshly-made sandwiches with the crusts still on. "Thank you," he said absently, choosing one from the plate. "I am sure you have an interesting story to tell. Would a sympathetic ear help?"

Though the situation was beyond bizarre, Alice found that a sympathetic ear was exactly what she needed. She described tracking the White Rabbit delivery man, then falling down the manhole. The man chuckled appreciatively at the appellation 'Slut Barbie' for the dollhouse. He clucked at the Caterpillar's perfidy, the Twins' abuse, and the dildo battering ram. Finally she told of the Mad Hatter and the March Hare's use of her. thanks to date rape drugs.

"What is this place anyway?" Alice asked finally.

"Wonderland is what Queenie calls it. She finds those of like mind and entices them here. Once they are here they begin to...fit in."

"Fit in?"

"Like our friend the Mad Hatter. He was such a politician in his day, until he met Queenie. Have you ever heard of Thomas the Rhymer?" She shook her head.

"An 11th century laird of Scotland, a poet, and prophet. In the 14th century they wrote a legend of him causing the queen of Elfland to fall in love. Yet his words were always so flowery that he was forbidden to speak anything but the truth, hard to do in poetry.

"That is what she did to our good friend. She forced him, a politician, to tell the truth though he still has a choice of words."

"The electorate expects osculation in return, but what they get is fornication," Alice murmured.

"Precisely. In simple layman's turns, they wish to be kissed, but instead they get screwed. The truth of politics on all levels." He poured, offering to pour more for her, accepted.

"The twins have no chance with women in the real world, but here they have their chance if they catch someone willing."

"Or unwilling," she growled.

"Yes, that too," he agreed. "Then we have Queenie, the Red Queen as she is better known. She and her sycophants live a bit further on. Then there is me. Oh dear, I forgot!" He stood, bowing deeply. "Carlos Alfred Thomas Cheshire. CAT for short. I specialize in seduction rather than force."

"I can't be seduced," Alice repeated firmly.

"A challenge!" He turned his cup, looking at it. "My dear, have you considered that as a man, you probably never bothered to seduce a woman?"

Al blushed, remembering her own thoughts of a few moments earlier. She had to admit seduction was only a word to her before this. "You might be right."

"My dear, if you wish to use force, a woman will almost always lose. The female is the physically weaker of the two genders, after all." CAT poured more tea for both of them. "But when you seduce, you persuade the woman, you entice her into your web, and she gives herself willingly. It is a rarely practiced skill these days. Most men go to those meat market bars, where the women are

so desperate that they want not Mister Right, but Mister Right Now.”

Alice had to agree. The bars he went to had so many desperate females that he never had to spend time doing more than buying a single drink.

“Still, I’ll make a little wager with you, my pet,” CAT said, watching Alice intently. “I bet that I can turn you on within ten minutes using nothing but words and a few simple caresses. If I win, you accept that you want this, and allow me the pleasure of that divine body. If you win, we forget the whole thing. I will not steal your virtue, I will in fact take you directly to Queenie. Either way she is who you must see. If it is possible for you to return to being a man, she is the one you must ask.”

Forget the whole thing! Go home and not be forced to do anything with this man. To be a man again.

“You have a bet.” Alice stood, squaring off as if to fight.

“My dear, the setting and ambiance is so important. Come.”

They walked to the door to the cloakroom. He went ahead, looking at the racks. “Ah, here.”

Alice stopped. This rack hadn’t been there before. It read SEDUCTRESS. He motioned to a black and red ensemble. “If you would?”

Alice reached forward, picking up the hanger. The cloakroom did its magic; she gasped as the much-stained secretary outfit appeared on the hanger, and instead...

“What the fuck?”

“Oh, I forgot you are new.” CAT commented. “When you choose something from the rack, it changes clothes for you, saving all of the trouble and time of undressing and dressing.” He paused in his dissertation for a mo-

ment. "Though it is arousing to see a woman get undressed, or dressed in an outfit such as that one. Picture your own hands sliding the stockings up, sliding your palms across your legs to assure there is nary a wrinkle, watching in the mirror as you do so..." He shivered. "Where was I?"

"Saving time."

"Oh, yes. Sorry. It also applies the appropriate makeup to suit the wearer. After all, in the outfit you were wearing, a woman would try for professional and understated; in other words more is less. However, in this one, a woman means to attract attention, so less is now more. Mirror please."

The mirror obediently appeared. Alice stared at the figure before her, because it wasn't her in this outfit, it was her wearing nothing but panties, using a stool to hold a foot off the ground, as own hands lovingly unrolled the stocking up her right leg, then ran her palms smoothing the shiny fabric before taking a garter clip on the garter belt that just appeared around her waist to clip the stocking up.

"Really, I am sure she saw all this in her imagination, without you getting your own jollies from it." The figure in the mirror turned, covered her mouth as she flushed with embarrassment, then vanished, leaving the mirror empty even though both Alice and CAT were in its field. CAT clucked his tongue. "Stop playing silly buggers. Reflect."

Now it showed Alice by herself. "How does it do that?"

"A mirror is like a story, it reflects what you focus on. But the term also means to consider your thoughts or a situation. Here in Wonderland, a mirror can reflect on its own thoughts, as it were, as well. I mentioned the seduc-

tive ability a woman has in merely putting the clothes back on afterward, and it 'reflected' on the scene it rarely gets to reveal."

"And why am I the only one with a reflection now?"

"Because my dissertation and your seduction is, at this point, all about you and the image you portray. The time begins now, so look in the mirror."

She obediently looked at her reflection. Opera-length gloves and stockings, a merry widow corset in black with red stripes and rosettes at the bosom and above the straps for the garter clips, a thong also in black, all atop a four-inch pair of heels. Her makeup was understated, the hair down in a sheet of opal to below her shoulders, looking tousled. The corset left her breasts bare, yet shoved them up as if being offered up to pleasure. If Al had still been a man, the girl would have been in trouble.

"Ready?" CAT asked. She nodded to her reflection.

"Turn please, then look over your shoulder, my dear." She did as he bid, then he motioned. "Behold a woman's form from the ground up, as it were. What man would ignore the turn of that calf, the definition in the muscles of your thighs lifted by those heels? To watch such a woman walk away, the gentle tilt of her bottom as she walks, the smooth slide of silk or nylon on her legs as the feet pace ahead of each other.

"At that moment all she has done is stand or walk by, but his eyes are drawn to it like a moth to a flame, the play of light upon the stockings, the clicking of her heels is a counterpoint to the beating of his heart at the sight. It causes his blood to boil, his arousal to become prominent." He knelt, a hand running gently up the stockinged leg. Then he stood, took her shoulders gently, turning her a little more. Alice found she could not resist looking at the mirror "And that pert little heart-shaped bottom."

It did look like an upside-down Valentine's heart of flesh, she thought.

"A man sees such a bottom and feels he must hold it, pull the woman to him by it, know that as he kneads it, he inflames her own desire as well as his. To caress such a wonder, to use it to hold her against him, to let her feel the effect her body has on him." He turned her gently until she faced the mirror.

"Now picture her coming toward him instead. The legs smooth columns of flesh holding her proudly. The smooth stomach beneath the corset, an expanse his lips yearn to slide over, his tongue to caress. He can see her breasts held up by the corset, offered to his hands and his lips. The face making him look at it, the smooth Cupid's bow of the lips that draws a man in. He wishes to touch his own lips to it, to feel her melt into his arms.

"Then we have the eyes; wide, expressive, wounded by her travails of the last day, sure the man with her now will harm her, use her as so many others have. Such a woman must be treated like a feral kitten, a man must convince her she is safe before she might succumb to his charms.

"Now consider the hair; wavy, long enough to picture puddled about a woman's head on a pillow as she looks up, seeing her lover above her. It makes a man wish to clasp his hands in it, to feel its silken length, to feel her writhe as he possesses her body. To feel it brush on his chest as she sits upon his manhood, her own body driving them both to climax."

She could see it. She was terrified and excited at the same time.

"What would a man do with such a treasure? If he is cold and callous, thinking of only his pleasure, he uses it like a tissue, throwing it aside when he is done. But that is

the average man. The loving man sees the wounded eyes, the stiffness as she stands in his gaze. He knows he can use her like the others, but this demeans the body a goddess has blessed her with. Instead he holds her gently, with strength and love, to convince her that she is a blessing that he will cherish always." Only now did his reflection fade into the mirror behind her, grinning face looking over her shoulder. Except for directing her movements like a photographer trying for that one perfect shot, he had not even touched her.

He leaned forward, placed a hand on her side and gently caressed it as he pulled her hair back with the other and breathed on her bare neck and ear. "Look at us in the mirror. Have you ever seen such a vision of loveliness? Would that my lips could address the words to touch this maiden's heart." He gently pressed a kiss on her neck.

His touch was electric and Alice found herself shuddering and going weak at the knees. She closed her eyes and leaned back into him. At that moment, Alice felt so submissive standing there in female underwear in his embrace.

"Such a form, worthy of Aphrodite, goddess of love, nay all goddesses of love and beauty upon our world."

She looked his reflection in the eye and he smiled at her. Alice just stared, unable to believe how her body was responding so readily. Worse yet, that it had been nothing but soft words. Slowly his hand moved down the womanly side, gently brushing the skin until he reached her panties. Alice was breathing hard, then his hand stopped, She watched the reflection.

"Looks like you've already lost." Cat kissed her neck. "You're mine now. Say it," he ordered.

Summoning what little self-control she had left, she shook her head. Instead of being angry, CAT's smile wid-

ened, then his hand went lower. He brushed the front of Alice's body with his hand and she felt it through the satin gusset of her panties. Then he ran his palm up and down the cleft between her thighs.

"Oh god," Alice sighed, closing her eyes and leaning back into him. It was like someone had shoved a cattle prod into her sexuality, she was so turned-on.

"You're mine, Alice. Body and soul." Alice found she was unconsciously thrusting forward to meet his touch but he still only gently caressed her. Driving her wild.

"Say it," he ordered.

"No, please," she whispered.

"Perhaps I should say please," CAT murmured. He ran his tongue along her flesh, starting at her shoulder. Alice spasmed, gasping as his head lifted, the tongue laving from shoulder to neck. Her head leaned away from him, and his lips and tongue moved to her ear. She whimpered as his tongue slid along her ear, then gasped as his gentle breath swirled over the wet flesh.

"But to quote the movie, your mouth says no, no, but there is yes, yes in your eyes." He lifted her head, making her look at the flushed wanton woman in the mirror. He smiled into her eyes, then his lips dropped to her neck again, and she moaned. Her bottom pushed backward, feeling his arousal. That for some reason made her even more excited.

"Say it, Alice," he whispered.

"I'm yours," she whispered back. The words were out before Alice realized she had said them.

CAT slid his hand into her panties; his fingers grazed on her pubic hair, then slipped into her moist cleft. She whimpered in pleasure and would have collapsed if CAT had not been holding her up. He slid the hood of her clito-

ris back, exposing the protuberance and caressed it with his thumb.

“Look at us,” he ordered. “Look at yourself.”

Alice stared at her reflection. The woman who looked back had lost herself in the moment. She was his. Alice was his. Alice really was CAT’s woman.

He began to slide his fingers deeper, now sliding into her soaking wet cleft, whispering in her ear to keep saying it. Alice was too far gone by this point to resist; she was humping his hand like a horny bitch in heat. Which was exactly what she had become.

“I’m yours,” she gasped. “I’m yours. Yours. Oh God, I’m your woman.”

“That’s a love,” he said, turning her. He kissed her lips gently, then more firmly. She felt her arms raise, twining about his neck. His own hands caught at her butt, and she felt a hardness pushing against her, making her moan.

“Such ruby lips.” He leaned forward, his tongue lightly running over them. He leaned back and Alice felt her own tongue running over them as well. Then CAT’s hands rose to her face, gently holding it. He began kissing her gently, light caresses that started at her brow, then each cheek, her chin, then finally came to her mouth again. He kissed her lips again, now more firmly. Hands running up and down her back, pausing to squeeze her butt ever so gently.

He motioned toward another door at the rear of the room. “My dear, come with me.”

“But.” She pointed toward the door they had entered.

“My dear girl, do you want to let those ruffians see what I see?” He took her arm, draping her hand over his forearm. “That way lies a soft bed with satin sheets, fine wine and things to nibble on.” He led her over, and the

door opened on a sumptuous room exactly as he described. A bottle of wine sat on the table, already opened. He led her over to the table. "Red or white?" he asked.

"Eh, white," He poured, and her glass was filled with Riesling. He picked up his own and poured red into it from the same bottle.

"Aren't we..." She nodded toward the bed.

"Oh we are, my sweet, but rushing love is like rushing cooking. Did you know a proper spaghetti sauce takes over seven hours of slow cooking to bring out all of the flavor of the spices? A simmer cooks more thoroughly than high heat." He sipped the wine, rolling it around in his mouth.

"Your male side is showing itself again, my dear. See a bed, throw her down. A proper gentleman, even in what is admittedly a abrupt version of seduction, takes his time."

"Abrupt?" Alice stared at him in astonishment. He considered getting her this hot abrupt?

"Of course!" CAT waved his hand. "A proper seduction, like a proper sauce, takes all afternoon. If I had my way, I would have taken you sightseeing, bought you flowers, expanded your horizons in so many ways that have nothing to do with sex before arriving here." He gave a sigh. "If you decide to stay here in Wonderland as you are, I promise you the full tour of delights." He clapped his hands.

"Now let us get to the other sensuous things. There are so many things we can use but if you are to see Queenie quickly, I will have to stick to the basics. Chocolate and cherry syrups." He motioned toward the covered dish beside him, and lifted the cover. Again Wonderland had done its magic, for the two small dishes with spoons held exactly what he had mentioned.

“If you stay on as a woman, you would be surprised what can be used. If you return to being a man, I would suggest you remember everything I teach you today.”

He drew her hand to his mouth and licked her palm. She gasped at the sensation, unable to flee as his tongue and lips moved up her arm to her elbow, then her shoulder. He kissed a trail of fire across her chest at the collar bones, then suckled at her neck before going down the same path on the other arm. She found herself brushing her nipples across the material of his suit, mewling in delight. “Please.”

“Please what?” he asked, hands gently kneading her hips.

“My nipples. Please, play with my nipples.”

“But every part of a woman can be an erogenous zone, my dear.” CAT demurred. He pulled back with a moan of protest from Alice as he knelt, lifting her leg. Her shoe landed on the floor and she gasped as his tongue began to run up her leg. Her hands dropped to his head, pressing him against her flesh.

She was going to learn so much in the next few hours.

Preparing for a very busy day, Or; examining the past

Alice came awake slowly. She was wrapped around someone else, who lay on their, no *his* back. Even as his male soul quailed, her leg tightened, her hand running across that manly expanse of chest. She purred in contentment as she snuggled closer.

“Awake, I see.” CAT said. She looked up into his smiling face. “Last night seems to have agreed with you.”

She sat up, pulling the sheet up to cover her front, even though CAT could have described it in vivid detail after the last several hours. Not only how it looked, but how it tasted and felt! As a guy she had thought of tits and ass and nothing else. But this guy had proven his contention that anywhere could be an erogenous zone in the right, er, hands. Hell, she couldn't think of any part of her body CAT had caressed that *wasn't* an erogenous zone!

She forcibly dragged her mind back out of the gutter and almost moaned as she saw CAT merely reading her thoughts on her face. Jesus, she was never going to play cards with this guy.

"Like a chameleon," he murmured.

"What?"

"You changed colors several times as you let your mind... process what we did." He gave her a lazy smile as she flushed again. "Not to worry."

"But CAT, until yesterday, I was a guy!"

"I know that," CAT replied agreeably.

"But guys don't... They never... I should have... You..." She looked down. "I should have not *enjoyed* it all."

"As I said, some people just happen to fit in here in Wonderland. You did what you had to do to keep from going crazy." CAT threw the sheet aside and Alice looked away. Honestly, if he began playing with part of her body, hell, *any* part of her body, she'd never leave this bed! Just looking at him after he had stripped off had pretty much flat done it for her at the start. She remembered-

She looked at the wall. "I have to get back to the real world. I have to get back to my own life, CAT."

"I know that, you silly bitch," he replied with infuriating cheer. "But first a good breakfast."

"What, there's a diner around here?" she replied snappishly. She looked back, seeing him bend over the tray on the side table. She remembered-

She closed her eyes, bent forward, shaking her head in denial. No, for the sake of your manhood, *don't* remember! She felt something slide up her legs, and she opened her eyes to see the tray sliding up her sheet-covered legs.

"One of the advantages about being in Wonderland is that if you're too busy, you never have to cook or clean," CAT said. She noticed that he had gotten a robe from somewhere, but since there was neither closet no chest of drawers in the room, she didn't know where. "So let's make sure you have a full breakfast, the Full Monty!" He whipped off the cover to reveal a plate literally covered in food!

Eggs, bacon, baked beans, sausages, fried tomatoes and mushrooms, black pudding, hash browns, and a fried slice. There was a tea pot and cup as well.

"This just appeared?" Alice asked.

"When you need something, it can be arranged." CAT commented. "For example, you're American. That means you drink coffee, right?" Alice nodded. CAT lifted the teapot and poured out what smelled like the finest espresso Alice had ever smelled. Yet when he poured into a second cup, she smelled Earl Grey. "So tuck in. You're going to have a busy day."

"How do you know I will?" Alice challenged. "Are you a psychic?"

"I've been here for quite a while," CAT demurred.

"How long?"

He considered, sipping as she ate. "Let's see. Queen Victoria was on the throne, and President Johnson was in office for his second year when I arrived. 1867 or thereabouts." He laughed. "I used to be an actual cat back then."

Alice stared at him. "You were a cat? You mean a real cat?"

"Yes." CAT merely grinned. "I was a big striped ginger tomcat who would disappear until only my smile remained back then. Used to belong to the Duchess, too. Then Queenie took over around the turn of the century, and she thought I was such a randy little bugger that I reminded her of the libertines, so she thought of me as human. And poof!" He waved toward his present form. "There I was, dressed to the nines as a human being. But still a randy bugger."

She looked him up and down. She remembered the Disney version of Alice in Wonderland and could almost picture the technicolor version of the Cheshire Cat sitting there instead. "So you have a reason to stay here, I see."

"Of course." He looked surprised. "In the other world I'd be a cat who couldn't even talk! Couldn't disappear, probably end up getting neutered if people caught me, or worse."

She nodded, wiping the last of the juice from the plate with what was left of the fried slice. "So what was I? Just another she-cat in heat?"

"No." He caught her hand, kissing the palm. Her heart sped up and she felt herself moisten. "You were a little kitten who needed to get her head straight and to discover that there is fun to be had here with someone willing to spend the time making sure you were happy first."

Frantically she tried to think of something else. Wait, her mission! "So Queenie took over?"

“Yes, 23 January, 1901. You see, Queen Victoria had been a pretty happy woman until December of 1861 when Prince Albert died. She spent the rest of her reign and life in perpetual mourning. When she died, the Red Queen grew bored with being laughed at, so she allowed Queenie to take the throne and retired with her sister, the White Queen.”



She considered. "You promised to take me to her."

He raised a hand. "If you resisted me." Her face fell, then he laughed. "I can take you as far as her rose garden. You will have go on from there alone." He stood and from behind him he brought another robe. "Now if my lady will stand, we can get her dressed."

Bemused, Alice allowed him to help her into the robe with just a bit of grab-ass. Then he led her to the door leading back into the cloakroom. They went down the racks but she didn't want to dress from the SECRETARY rack. And there was no way she'd use the TROLLOP, PAGE, HIGH CLASS CALL GIRL or WHORE racks either. "Isn't there anything, you know, simpler?" she asked.

"Well there is this one." CAT led her to one marked ALICE ORIGINAL. On it was the same dress she remembered the fictional Alice wearing in the Disney flick; a blue frock with shoulder-length sleeves and a white apron. Below them were a pair of buckle down Mary Jane shoes with only about an inch and a half of heel, much better than the towers she had been walking about in most of the time.

CAT had chosen a rack marked ROGUE and his robe appeared on a nearby rack marked LOUNGE-WEAR. Alice gritted her teeth, grabbing the hanger, and she was in the dress. Unfortunately, it was designed for a girl much younger and not as well... built, so her breasts were left unsupported.

CAT looked at her, eyes following the sway of the woman's nipples as she turned back and forth to look at herself. "You are much larger than Alice was, my dear."

"There really was an Alice?"

"Oh my, yes." CAT replied, shooting his cuffs. "There will always be an Alice. That's why when people see you

and you introduce yourself as Al, they merely call you Alice."

"And if I return to the world, going back to being Al?"

"Eventually another girl, or maybe another guy with gender issues will take your place. That is what is called storyline continuity."

"What do you mean, 'gender issues'?" Alice growled.

"Think, my pet. You arrived in a pink bedroom, then chose clothes that if you were a woman, would have shown off your... attributes."

"There wasn't a whole lot of choice in Slut Barbie's house!"

He led her to the door, and they stepped back out into the glade where the now cleaned and ready-to-use Tea party table was set again. "How many closets did you look through?"

"All of them!"

"And how would a woman you were attracted to be dressed if you met her on the city road?"

Alice looked at him and remembered the closets and thinking that it was a *dollhouse* which meant it was a toy for a girl. And most adults gave *girl* dolls... except for Ken of course, who Alice had always thought of as Barbie's gay friend, not as a real man. After all, most of his outfits were definitely metrosexual.

Alice didn't like where those thoughts were going. "You mean... If I had been brought up to consider women as something more than portable sperm banks, I would have found something different?"

"Yes. For example, what if you had thought of the dollhouse as say, your mother's house? You would have

found clothes suitable for your mother, and by extension, your father."

"I never knew my father!" Alice screamed. "My mom was a slut that fucked anything in pants! She didn't even know which of those men was my father!"

CAT sighed. "Ah. So you grew up without a male role model. And since your mother was a slut in your eyes, all women were whores; some just out of your price range. Then, from what I have heard, you joined the mob you are a part of to get the money to buy whatever 'whore' you fancied. And if you could not buy, you could use your position to compel."

Sadly, Alice had to admit he was right. As a guy he had waved cash, and if that wasn't enough, he had not been above using force. Oh, he had never raped anyone. But the threat of violence would work as well as cash.

CAT draped her arm over his and for a long time they merely walked silently together. Part of her was still wanting to get back to the world, to his own sex. But just walking with this man made her want to turn around, go back and climb back in that bed and never get out of it. She slowed, shocked. Was she actually considering staying here as a woman?

She found that CAT had stopped and he turned her toward him. Then he kissed her gently. "Well, this is as far as I can go." He waved toward a hedge line ahead of them. "Go down to the right and you'll find an entrance to Queenie's rose garden. The palace is about a mile ahead."

"Part of me don't wants to go," Alice admitted. "Part of me wants to go back to that bed, and never get out of it."

"I know, love." He kissed her cheek. "But you have to go on. Whether you stay or go, you must have Queenie's permission.

"If I stay," Alice whispered. "How can I find you?"

CAT reached into his jacket and brought out a phone with a full keyboard. "Here. My number is in there. If you decide to stay, I can treat you do a proper seduction dinner."

"Seduction dinner?"

"Food can be the greatest of seducers." He whispered into her ear. There is a magic in something as simple as grapes, avocados, asparagus and oysters." Then he leaned over, kissing her. She opened her eyes, and was alone.

Meeting the Cards: Or; The Dead Man's Hand

Alice went on down the path, coming to a hedge row. Suddenly she heard a baritone singing;

"Nobody knows the trouble I've seen, nobody knows my sorrow."

"Queenie is going to cut you off if she hears you using that voice!" another voice, this one a falsetto, snapped.

There was a sigh, then another falsetto replied, "I know. But she hasn't done *anything* with me in ever so long." Another heartfelt sigh. "And a girl has her needs." There was a thump. "Better get to painting these roses the proper color."

There was the sound of a paint can lid being pried up, then dropped, then a third falsetto voice screamed, "That's not rose red!"

Curious, Alice spied an opening ahead, and rushed to it. Before her eyes were three people who were obviously men, but dressed in merry widow corsets and stockings as she had been just a short time ago. Each was wearing a long curly wig, one in red, another blond, the last brown. One (the brunette) was bending over a five-gallon paint can from the waist and looking down into the can.

"What color of paint-" the first voice, the blonde one kneeling before the can began. Then what looked like a lobster claw came up out of the can, snapping, then sank back in. "Oh great. Lobster red," he finished.

"We are so fucked," the blond moaned.

"More like we're *not* fucked," the redhead replied. "I thought you ordered rose red paint, Candi." He looked at the blonde.

"I did, Mandi!" the blonde replied. "Sandi, you were there, I ordered rose red!"

The brunette stood hip-shot, tapping the bright lipstick on his lips. "No, when the White Rabbit delivery man was here, you said, 'we need red paint,' then flounced away like you always do."

"Well, he was looking at my ass instead of my eyes!"

"The way you walk, dress, and shake what you don't have; it's a wonder a man even knows what color your eyes are, sweetie," Sandi commented in a biting tone.

"This from the little bitch that waves her ass in his face every time he comes down here!" Candi snapped back.

"At least I have an ass to wave at him, you flat-assed..."

"Excuse me." Alice spoke, cutting off what was rapidly becoming a cat fight. The three stood and turned toward her. Each had a white circle with a symbol from a deck of card on the stomach of their corsets. The brunette

(Sandi) had a club symbol with the letter A. Candi had a club with the number 8 in it, and Mandi had a spade symbol, also with an eight.

They looked at her for a long moment. Mandi said, "You don't belong here, obviously."

"I don't?" Alice asked.

"Definitely not." Candi said.

"How can you tell?"

"That outfit," Sandi said, motioning to the robin's egg blue frock with the apron. "Starting from top to bottom, it isn't a proper maid's costume. No cap, no cleavage, no fake cuffs! The skirt is too long. Why, you can't even see the frills on the panties!"

"And that apron," Mandi added. "It looks like you actually expect to cook! And white stockings? Only school girls wear white stockings!"

Candi merely sighed, motioning to the six-inch ballet pumps he wore. "You call those heels? If they are two inches high, I'll polish them with my tongue!"

Alice sighed. This was almost as bad as dealing with the caterpillar, the Tweedle-Dummies, the Duchess, the Mad Hatter and March the Hare. The only high point had been CAT- All three of the trannies sighed. Alice looked at them in confusion.

"You were muttering, and we heard you mention... him."

"Him? You mean CAT?" They all sighed again.

"Look, whatever your name is--"

"Alice."

"-Alice." Mandi continued. "When she sees you, she'll cut you off."

"You mean?" Alice made a throat slitting gesture. They looked at her blankly. Instead she put one hand in front of her waist, and made a chopping gesture with the other. The trannies looked at each other and began to giggle.

"Nothing like that! Queenie is a good Mistress," Sandi said.

"What?" Alice was confused.

"A good dom knows her sub's limits. What the sub wants to happen and always takes them to those limits and no further. As much as those outside the world believe the Dom is in control, a good Dom takes direction from the sub," Mandi explained

"Dom? Sub?"

The three trannies circled around her, joined hands, and danced around her, singing, "We know who the virgin is! We know who the virgin is!"

"Virgin?"

"In the BDSM scene, honey." Candi said. "Queenie 'cuts you off' by ignoring you or-" He shuddered. "She's *nice* to you." All of the trannies shuddered along.

Sandi sighed, looking back at the lobster who was yet again trying to get away. "Now if only we had the right paint."

"Why paint the roses?"

"Queenie got them from the White Queen as a gift, but when they bloomed she found out they were *white* roses, and Queenie likes *red* ones," Mandi supplied.

"Well that is red." Alice opined. "I know it's the red of an uncooked lobster, but if you grabbed him out and dumped him in a pot of boiling water, then dropped him

back in, wouldn't the paint change to that color?" She received three looks that said, *you're an idiot*.

"Does paint where you come from just change color because you cook the lobster?" Sandi asked gently.

"Well, no. But we don't have cans of paint delivered with living lobsters... at least nowhere I can think of. And we don't get terrorized by someone being nice to us." She thought that had gotten through to them from their shocked expressions. Then she realized they were looking *past* her. Like the heroine in a horror story, knowing the monster is behind her, Alice slowly turned around.

There was a woman in a rose-colored corset standing behind her, flanked by two more in Scarlet corsets. The two should have drawn her horrified eyes first; they looked like the modern stereotype of an Amazon, tall: leggy, rippling muscles, and tits that were ginormous! Honestly, they had a right to have big boobs but these two were abusing the privilege! One had a white circle with a red heart symbol and the letter P in it, the other had a diamond shape with the letter A.

But she paid attention to the middle woman. She was as tall though not as stacked as the others, with red hair that reached her waist, opera-length leather gloves, and a cat o' nine tails whip.

"Then maybe I don't have to be nice to you, eh?" the middle woman purred. Then she motioned. "Bring her. I am going to have to be... strict with her."

Alice found herself lifted off her feet, an Amazon on each arm, and being carried away. Behind her she heard a chorus of plaintive cries. "But that's so unfair!"

The Game field, or; What shall we play next?

“Where are you taking me?” Alice cried as she was carried through the hedges and rose bushes.

“To my gaming area. I do so love games, don’t you?” If her face had been anything but malevolent, Alice might have been reassured. Around each rosebush they passed there were other men and women in corset ensembles with very high heels, all bemoaning the fact that their paint wasn’t the right color. While it ran the gamut from fire brick to rosewood, an actual red called rose wasn’t among them. Queenie ignored their complaints until she finally couldn’t take it any more.

“All right, you silly bitches, male *and* female!” Queenie roared loud enough to drown out a jet engine at five feet. “The first one to get the right color delivered gets to be spanked until she begs for mercy! Everyone else gets the night off!”

There was such a chorus of wailing at that comment that Alice thought she was in one of Dante’s circles of hell. “You just can’t find good help these days,” Queenie grumbled. “And unexpected visitors claiming that I’m *nice*. There’s just no pleasing some people.”

She looked over her shoulder at the two women holding Alice, both of whom looked so woebegone. Taking pity, she turned, touching each of the women on the face. “Don’t worry, my dear little Ace and Princess. You still get what’s coming to you.” The two fell to their knees thanking her, making Alice try to kneel as well, but they were tall enough that her bent legs still hung four inches off the path.

After a hundred yards, the hedge and rose section gave way to a greensward that stretched as far as the mansion about another 200 yards away. Queenie paused, slapping the handle of her whip against her thigh, thinking. "Perhaps some Croquet?" she asked.

As if she had used a radio, nine of the black clad male 'cards' came running out of the rose garden, taking position, and bending so they stood on hands and feet, forming impromptu hoops. Two female 'cards' scurried out, then knelt, one at each end of the field. A pair of Red 'cards' approached, carrying- Alice blinked- a pair of Flamingos.

"What are the birds for?" Alice asked.

"You've never read the book?" Queenie asked. "Alice and the old Red Queen played croquet using hedgehogs for balls and flamingos as croquet mallets. Of course I never can get the damn hedgehogs to roll properly; if you hit them the right way, the spines stick in the birds, and if you try the way that doesn't hurt the bird, the damn spines dig in and they don't roll at all. Not to mention the problem of getting them through Customs unless you're a zoo.

"So I had some armadillos imported. Of course *they* tend to jump as much as three feet into the air when startled and that means you miss your shot," Queenie told her plaintively. It was like she was trying to apologize before they even began.

"Honestly, we don't play croquet in the *barrios*, uh... Should I call you Queenie? Or by some title?"

"Queenie is fine." The woman was quite actually very personable. That was worrying, considering that the 'cards' all seemed to be upset when she was. "My servants and subs call me Mistress. Visitors from the upper world who are used to coming here call me Your Grace or

Your Majesty. Until we have played a game and determined your standing in my realm, just Queenie will do."

"Thank you, Queenie."

"I also play chess and golf."

"As for chess, I have never had the patience for it." As she spoke, Queenie held out her hand, and the 'A' handed her a small metal box that looked like something from an old war movie. "As for golf--"

Queenie inserted the 'T' handle, and twisted it.

Starting just that side of the mansion, a line of charges exploded, then another, then another! Alice remembered the scene from *Die Another Day*; the James Bond movie with Halle Berry where the villain used a satellite beam to blast a path through the minefield in the DMZ between North and South Korea. These blasts swept over all of the 'girls' that had positioned themselves for the croquet match. Alice stared at Queenie in stunned amazement.

"Wait for it," Queenie said. As the dust settled, Alice was again shocked. Where the level greensward had been, now there was the sweeping panorama of a golf course. But the 'girls', now looking rather foolish in their croquet positions, stood. Then, joined by a dozen or so more, they ran down the golf course. Two of them came out with golf bags on rolling stands and stood beside them. Alice was still in shock as Queenie went to the small diagram of the first hole and read it.

"Why weren't they killed?" Alice finally gasped out.

"Author's rules. No bloodshed." She slapped the board. "The author must have read *How Much for Just the Planet* by John M. Ford." She pointed. "Hole #1, Par 4, 325 yard, right dogleg, two bunkers left, minefield right."

"Minefield?"

"It's a Star Trek novel. The citizens of the planet don't want to deal with either of the superpowers, Federation or Klingon Empire, so they stage a comedy light opera based on Gilbert and Sullivan's work. In one scene, Scotty, Chekov and a Klingon are playing golf." Queenie looked down the fairway. "Well, I think a seven iron." She took the club as another Card set a tee for her ball.

"What are you doing?"

"Setting up for my drive, of course." Queenie looked at her. "You did say you play golf," she added in exasperation.

"I've only played putt-putt golf."

Queenie looked at her for a long moment, then handed the club back to her caddie. "Detonator," she ordered. The box was handed back to her. She gripped the handle. "Don't want to play something else? Tiddlywinks? Trivial Pursuit? Monopoly or something?"

"No. Sorry I am being so difficult," Alice told her apologetically.

Queenie twisted the handle and the explosions began again. When the dust cleared, there was an eighteen-hole putt-putt course there. She handed Alice a putter and looked at the caddies. "Why don't you two go... amuse yourselves?" she told them.

"Oh thank you!" they trilled, joining hands and running back into the rose garden. The first hole was odd. Actually, as Alice would discover, *all* of the holes were odd. I will not describe every hole; you can picture what you will. But to give you an idea, the first hole was a straight path with a dogleg right, and the hole was one of the female 'girls' bound laying on her back, her legs lifted and tied down so her spread feet were even with her head, exposing her body, the arms spread-eagled as if crucified, holding down the legs.

An inclined ramp ran up her body with three cups set in it, one at the mouth, and others at the obvious openings someone might fill. They were of graduated sizes, the largest at her brown hole, the smallest at her mouth. The smallest was marked with a number one, on down to a three for the last. Queenie set her ball in the far left niche and addressed it. Her putt bounced off the far wall like a pool ball, slowing to a stop just angled a bit from the end of the ramp. Her next putt drove it at an angle skirting all of the holes, then it rolled back down, plunking in the cup in the bound figure's mouth. The woman blew and the ball popped back out.

Alice set her ball in the same niche and addressed it. She looked at the lay of the course, at the ball, at the course, then struck it. She hit a little too hard and it rebounded from the wall, then off the wall past the ramp. She walked to where the ball rested; she would have to nudge it instead of striking it firmly to get back into position to try the ramp. She succeeded in getting it into position but her next stroke was too hard, driving it all the way up the ramp. As it rolled down, it missed all of the 'holes,' stopping a few inches further away than it had been. Her next stroke drove it into the bottom hole.

"Well, that is a seven for you and two for me." Queenie noted the score. "Actually for this course, that isn't too bad." She motioned to the diagram of the hole that was listed as Par 5.

"But you must have played this course before!" Alice protested.

Queenie looked at her for a long moment. "No, the course changes every time I bring it out. It makes the game more interesting. So, now is the time for your story."

As they went on, Alice explained all she had done. Falling down the manhole into the terminally pink room, Slut Barbie's house, The Caterpillar, the Tweedle-Dummies. the Duchess, the Mad Hatter and March the Hare. CAT- All of the 'holes' sighed longingly. Queenie, who had almost made her shot, glared at her as the 'girl' wriggled, making the ball miss. "I am going to have to talk to the Mad Hatter about his three 'R's."

"Three Rs? Reading Writing and 'Rithmetic?"

"Rhetoric, roofies and rape," Queenie told her.

"Oh."

"So you were sent." Queenie walked to the next hole. "Why did this Manolo send you?" Queenie listened, readying her next shot, but paused before making the putt to look at Alice in surprise. "Let me get this straight, your boss, this Manolo, thinks I am running some illegal operation on his 'turf', and sent you to find me to demand his 'cut'. Does that sum it up?"

"Well, yes."

"And this works for him?"

"Well, yeah. It has for years."

"Must deal with some rather odd people," Queenie commented, examining the hole. This one was a serpentine of cards leading to a single cup. But she saw several small round plates in the space between the figures. Probably pressure plates. "Par seven. This looks like one bitch of a hole. Were you the first?"

"I don't think so," Alice replied. Queenie signaled for silence and putted. Her misgivings were proven when the ball ran over a plate and one of the cards began moaning behind her gag, writhing as vibrators kicked in. She rolled back and forth, causing the already narrow opening to change every moment. Queenie paced forward, standing

behind the writhing figure, extending her putter over the body, and was able to putt far enough out to clear the first bend, though now four of them were moaning and moving. "Go on."

"I'm not that high in the gang. I know a couple of guys have gone missing. Frog Face Playa and Gila Monster Valdez aren't around any more."

Queenie chuckled. "Both big, very aggressive, men? But around their boss, they are very obsequious?" She looked up but Alice had only learned street English, not the whole language, so she was confused. "How would you say it..." Queenie considered. "They are serious suck-ups to the boss?"

"I would never say it to their faces, but... yes."

Queenie laughed, holding a hand in front of her face, palm out in a gesture Alice recognized from some of the Japanese Animation she had seen. "Well, if you see them again, you can say it to their faces now. You see, this is a fantasy world." She waved toward the world beyond the golf course they were on. "Created in two stories written for a child. They were very much loved stories, and still are. It has been made into several movies, even a Japanese Anime version with all of the characters as women.

"There are 20 characters actually named in the first book, seventeen in the second, though three were also in the first, so there are 34 important characters, less than half of whom are at present occupied, plus several that were not important enough to name, such as the cards. From your story so far, you met the two men you are missing at the Duchess' house. The Frog Footman and Bill the Lizard."

"Wait!" Alice said, waving her hands. "The frog and Bill? And what do you mean by occupied?"

“To explain your first question, I must explain your second first. When people come here, they begin to fit in. If a role fits them, it is what they become. When I came, the role of the Red Queen was coming open, so I assumed it. So your friend the Gila Monster and Frog Face became those characters. A lizard and a frog. Two characters who are servants. This Manolo, what is he like?”

“Tough, put himself above others, very standoffish.”

“Perhaps he could take over for Humpty Dumpty. The old one ended up in a souffle last month.” Queenie finally cleared the hole, the cards relaxing with whines of frustration as their power-assisted enjoyment ended. Alice looked at the hole, having watched all of the cards writhing for several moments as Queenie putted out with a score of nine.

Alice stepped forward, setting her ball in the middle niche as Queenie had done. She considered, trying to think of a way to go through the serpentine without either hitting one of the cards or one of the pressure plates.

“You can’t really miss everything, Alice.” Queenie stepped back to that end of the hole, pointing with the putter head. “The plates will be activated as you have seen and there is nothing you can do to stop that.”

“But I don’t want to hit one of the girls... or guys dressed up as girls.”

“Oh, you won’t hurt them badly unless you actually tried to hit the ball as if you were driving.” Queenie grinned. “And as for the pressure plates, you’re giving them pleasure.” She lowered the club, tapping one of the plates, and one of the girls gave a muffled squeal as her (or for the sake of accuracy, *his*) vibrator kicked on.

“Why would someone take that role?” Alice asked plaintively as she pointed at the moaning man.

"Some people wish to serve, to be used and even abused. I had more cards than I needed long before most of the major roles started to fill. Right now there are 54 cards--"

"But there are only 52!"

"There are 54 if you include the Jokers," Queenie corrected. "The red cards are all women, the black cards are all men in drag, and the Jokers are hermaphrodites."

"You found hermaphrodites who came down here?"

"Oh, they weren't when they arrived. It was just that they felt more comfortable that way. Surprised the hell out of me when I found out I had them. Like CAT--" all of the cards again sighed. Queenie sighed, then continued. "The original Cheshire... animal, was... of the feline persuasion as he told you. It's just that so many have the belief that he represented more than a pet; that he was actually a very important person of some kind. So belief made him what he is right now."

She stepped over behind Alice, taking the stance everyone has seen on golf courses or in batting cages throughout the country; a person holding the other close to direct their actions. "Now look at the hole before you. The problem you're having is you are being too forceful with your strokes." She leaned closer, if that were possible, "Try being a woman for once. Gentle, loving."

Alice wanted to tell her again that she wasn't a woman. But getting through this ordeal was more important. She felt Queenie's breasts imprinted on her back, the sweep of one leg moving forward to gently caress her own. The-

Alice leaped away, alarmed. "You've got a... You're a man!"

Queenie smiled gently. "Long ago, I was. When I first came here, I briefly occupied the Red Knave. The 'Jack' as you Americans call it. When the King was away, the old Red Queen and I would play. She was a fan of men who were willing to be on their knees before her. If you are thinking of the sexual variation of being on your knees before a woman, you're right.

"But she tired of it. After all, the original Red Queen was a poor parody of Queen Victoria after the death of her much beloved Albert, and she enjoyed life too much to remain a woman in mourning. She enjoyed it even less when she suddenly went from the Queen of Hearts to being a Queen in chess.

"You do know how a Queen moves in Chess, do you not?" Alice was still staring at her but nodded at the question. "Any direction, as far as the board and other pieces allow. That gave her the idea of either changing places with one of us, allowing someone new to take the role, or leaving.

"So there I was, doing my service to her, and she mentioned it to me. I removed my mouth to answer her plaintive query and told her that Queen Victoria had recently died. Therefore she could return to your world but things had changed a great deal in the last forty odd years. She would be like Rip Van Winkle-" At Alice's confused look she went on, "A character from an old story of your country; a man who falls asleep, and wakes twenty years later, trying to go home to a world that no longer exists.

"At the time there were no female roles for her to assume and she rather liked being a woman, so she considered staying as a new character. But there had been no new characters created for the world here. She contacted the White Queen and her sister agreed that if she abdicated, the Red Queen could stay but she had to be replaced. That is where I came in."

“But you were a guy!”

“Ah.” Queenie raised a finger. “I was a guy, but men dressing as women was known then, just not talked about a great deal. And my role helped.” She chuckled. “Think, what card in Poker is most often used to be a wild card? Either the Jack or the two. So with the White Queen’s agreement, I became the Queen.” She motioned toward her lush body. “Of course I had to fit the role, but I didn’t want to give up the symbol of my gender. I didn’t even need modern science. These,” she cupped her breasts, “are real rather than padding.

“When I became Queen, the entire world changed a bit. The reason I was able to fill out the black cards so quickly is that there are more people out there with gender issues than your society admits. People like you.”

“Why does everyone assume I have gender issues!”

“Because a man can only become Alice if they do.” Queenie sighed. “As your... most recent lover pointed out, you treat women like lesser lifeforms because you have always seen them that way. But part of you didn’t really believe that. You saw them as someone who could have more freedom than you yourself ever did.

“Women are allowed to be emotional, to get upset, or cry, and men are not allowed that release. Women are allowed to sit at home, watch television, cook and clean, and not have to go into the workforce, They pay for that freedom by being subservient. But you saw that, at least partially, as being free to choose what they would do and who they were with.

“As you have discovered, there are men out there nothing like you, who treat them as delicate things that need protection and love. You yearned for that feeling of being loved. So when you came here, the world made you

fit in, and there you are." Queenie motioned toward Alice's body.

"So the choice is yours. You can leave; some do. Or you can assume a new role but frankly there are no directly male-oriented ones available at the moment. Or you can stay here as you are." Queenie nudged her back to her waiting ball. "But decide after the game."

The game finally ended and Alice made her decision. What was it, you ask? Perhaps I, the author, should leave that to you to imagine. As I do, think of these questions:

Did Al go back to being a man? Did he stay Alice? Did she discover the secret of grapes, avocados, asparagus and oysters? Did Manolo end up as the new Humpty Dumpty?

Maybe I will have to write a sequel...

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