

# **The Amorous Adventures of Alice**

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With the kind assistance of the Newsletter Readers of the deniserossetti newsgroup.  
<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/deniserossetti>

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## Chapter One

### Through the Licking Glass

There was a freakin' angel sitting on the end of the bed. A Being of Light, for chrissake.

Alice raised her aching head a scant inch and took another squint. Nah. Just a dazzle of sunlight streaming in through a chink in the curtains. Better get back to that cute optometrist guy down the Mall and have her prescription checked.

She rolled over and buried her head under the pillow, ignoring an indignant mew from Bobby, curled up behind her knees. That last glass of red had been a major mistake. Her tongue felt so furry she suspected fleas were a real possibility. What a revolting thought.

"A-lice...A-a-a-lice..." crooned a deep, velvety voice.

"Nnngh." Alice snuggled further. She'd spent last night in a wine bar with Kate. That Kate, she was nothing but a Bad Influence masquerading as a Best Friend. Not to mention being drop-dead freakin' gorgeous, petite and slim, completely unlike—. Ruthlessly, she stopped the thought cold with the ease of long practice. Chunky was—well, chunky—and there was a place for it. A rather large place, dammit.

"Wakey, wakey, there's a good girl." A warm breeze gusted over the foot that stuck out from under the sheet and she wriggled with pleasure.

"Wh-wha?" Alice peered over her shoulder. Her neck cricked. The nimbus of light still hovered at the foot of the bed. She shoved out a hand and groped for the glasses on her bedside table. As she did so, Bobby let out a startled squawk and levitated to the top of the wardrobe, a fat, furry blur of motion. She'd never, ever, seen him move so fast, not even the time a mean old rat had sashayed across the kitchen floor and sneered at him as it passed.

Alice fumbled the specs on. "Holy shit!"

She shot upright, her heart thundering.

A voice said, "Yum," in tones of deep, masculine appreciation.

Alice glanced down and let out a yowl Bobby couldn't have bettered.

Her breasts bobbed, all perky and abundant, crowned with rosy-brown nipples and nicely pebbled. Pajamas made her claustrophobic, so she wasn't wearing any.

Alice's stomach turned over and kicked her hard in the solar plexus. All the breath whooshed out of her. "Woo—wha—who—" Her voice cracked. "Oh god, oh god, the police "I'm calling the police. Right now." She lunged sideways to scabble for her cell phone and her breasts swung right along with her.

The light made a growling noise. "Don't bother." The tone changed. Now it sounded positively wistful. "I can't even touch you, let alone cause you pain."

Alice hauled the sheet up to her armpits with one hand and aimed the cell like a gun with the other. "Get out!" she squeaked, waving the phone for emphasis. Dragging in a lungful of air, she tried again. "Out!" That was better. "Out before I call the cops."

The light shook its head. Now she was looking, really looking, with her eyes stretched as wide as they would go, she could see it was more or less man-shaped. She pushed the glasses back up her nose with one finger and stared. Arcs of rainbow luminescence shimmered over it, gleaming with a cool, beautiful radiance. Yes, shaped like a big, broad man, except... She swallowed. Jesus, Mary and Joseph, what was that?

"You've got wings," she whispered.

"That's right." The man of light nodded and something rustled as the wing-shapes arched and glowed above his head.

"Are you an angel? Am I going to die?"

"Now why would you think that, sweet Alice?"

No one said she was stupid. Alice left that one alone. She cleared her throat. "What are you?"

"What do you think I am?"

She hugged the sheet closer to her body. "Oh for god's sake, answer the bloody question!"

"I represent the collective will of a lot of people – intelligent, caring people who read books. They want the best for you, Alice."

"Wha –?"

"I promise you pleasure beyond your comprehension," said the man of light, his voice as smooth as chocolate pudding. A wonderful aroma drifted past Alice's nose, made up of all the things she adored—clean pine, warm man, potpourri, rain in the dust, sun-warmed sheets. It sped straight to her hind-brain, engaging every instinct she had. Trust him, murmured that seductive smell, you know you can trust him. He's everything you've ever dreamed of.

Arousal kicked low and hard in her belly and her thighs trembled. She ignored it. "Yeah?" she said, fear making her crude. "What do I have to do? Suck you off?"

The beautiful scent disappeared and a chilly breeze made the curtains billow. Alice shivered. "No," he said, his tone flat and disapproving. "Just kiss the mirror." A big, glowing hand gestured at the full-length antique mirror she'd inherited from her auntie.

"This is nuts," she said, ripping the sheet off the bed and tucking it securely under her arms. "That crazy Rossetti woman told me she was going ask her readers to help me, but I thought she was taking up a cash collection." Alice planted both sturdy feet on her bedside rug and stood, glaring. "All right, Collective Will, you've had your fun. Take your silly costume and get lost."

"It doesn't matter what you call me as long as you do what you're told."

The man of light stood and drifted smoothly toward her. Did he have feet? She couldn't see any. Oh god, oh god... Her skin felt too tight for her body, especially her breasts.

"Will's as good a name as any other," he purred, his voice strumming her nerves like a choir of angels – if angels sang baritone. He kept on coming.

Alice took a step back. Then another. And another. She jerked as her bare shoulders smacked into the cold surface of the mirror.

Will loomed in front of her, emitting that gorgeous, sexy smell. Jeez, whatever he was, he had to be pumping out more pheromones than a cologne factory. And now she'd grown more accustomed to the glow, she thought she could make out the outline of a stubborn masculine jaw, a fall of long, thick hair.

His voice dropped to a commanding growl. "Turn around, sweet Alice, and kiss the mirror."

*What should Alice do?*

- A. kiss the mirror
- B. jump Will's bones (if he has any)
- C. RUN!

## Chapter Two

### The River of Mirror

Alice lifted her lip in a sneer. "Right. And when I kiss the mirror I'll go to straight to Wonderland. Do not pass Go, do not collect \$200." Pity she couldn't stop her mouth trembling.

"That's right." There was a smile in that dark chocolate voice. A warm flow of air flirted with the edge of the sheet where it flapped against her knees. Will's glow intensified and Alice had the mad thought that he'd make a first class lighthouse. The breeze dived under the sheet and trailed ghostly fingers of delight up the inside of her leg.

"Stop that!" She tried to slap the feeling away and Will chuckled. A ghastly thought hit her. "Oh god, I haven't shaved my legs!"

The breeze dropped. "Really? Does it bother you?" said Will.

"No! Yes!" Alice shut her eyes. "Oh, this is nuts!"

"My instructions are to make you happy, so if you want to be hairless, by all means..." A shining arm gestured and a wave of prickling heat ran up Alice's calves and over her knees.

She gasped and hopped from foot to foot. The tingle paused at the tops of her thighs and surged on...on to... "Aargh! Stop, *stop!*"

"Uh, sorry. Got a little carried away."

Alice clutched the top of the sheet in a death grip and peered underneath. She moaned. "Oh nooo. I'm as bare as a..."

"As a-?"

She swallowed hard. "And it tickles."

"What a pity. Show me and I'll blow on it." Will's voice went husky with greed.

"No!" But she had to admit, it felt *interesting*. Well, more than interesting, in fact. Incredibly sexy. Smooth and slippery and tingling and...empty.

"The mirror, Alice," Will reminded her.

"Right." Her attention still firmly fixed on the amazing sensations between her thighs, Alice turned and pressed her lips to the chilly surface. Nothing happened and she stared at the outline of her lips on the glass, the mist of her breath. Then the surface she'd lip-printed rippled. It puckered, parted.

The impression of a face swam out of the glass. It had long-lidded dark eyes, extravagantly lashed, and precisely sculpted silver lips. Alice goggled.

The lips opened. "*Thweetie!*" bubbled a watery voice.

"Nnnngh?" said Alice, twisting to gaze up at Will's radiant face. She put the back of her hand to her forehead. Nope, no temperature.

"Mirrors don't have teeth," said Will helpfully. The outline of his aura shrugged. "Pretty though."

"Why thank you, thweet thing," caroled the mirror. Two slim, shining arms wrapped around Alice's waist and a cool palm slid over the ample curves of her bottom. "Oooh, nithe, very nithe."

The arms tugged her closer and Alice watched, open-mouthed as her breasts sank into transparent, liquid silver. It felt soft and thick, like sinking into cool custard. Her nipples crimped. She craned over her shoulder. "Will," she whispered in desperation. "Will!"

"I'm here."

As her head submerged, his glow shimmered in front of her and she reached out a beseeching hand. Will's head shook. "I can't touch you, darling. I'm sorry. Not until-"

"Until what?"

He didn't answer.

Whatever the silvery substance was, it had a definite purpose in mind. A current carried Alice along, faster than she could walk. "It'th thimple, thweetie," murmured the mirror in her ear. "Relax, relax. Like a mathage, thee?"

Her sheet slithered away and Alice dived after it, but it twisted like a water snake, evading her grasp. "Shit, *shit!*" She covered her naked mons with both hands, but that left her breasts exposed. "Oh double, triple shit!"

"Such language. Tsk, tsk."

Alice turned a basilisk glare on Will, floating comfortably beside her, hands tucked behind his head. "I'm naked, you idiot!"

"I'd noticed. Except for the glasses." The wistful note had returned, but this time it was spiced with a healthy dollop of testosterone. "That's the prettiest pussy I've seen in eons." "You-you-" spluttered Alice, hunching into a fetal position and squeezing her eyes shut. His voice dropped to a feral growl. "And the most biteable ass."

Alice clapped a hand to her rear and let out a wail.

Will drifted closer. "Don't cry," he said. "You can be angry, but I hate it when you cry. See?" She opened one eye and gasped. He was fading. "Don't go away. Come back!" His glow steadied a bit. "Will, don't leave! Please!"

"Oh, all right," he mumbled and his wings fluffed, reminding her irresistibly of Bobby in a huff. "Anyway, I don't see why you're so upset. You have a beautiful body. Endless curves and real tits, the kind a man can fill his hands with. Not to mention that ass." He sighed and his aura pulsed and warmed.

"Will, you're pink!"

He chuckled in an embarrassed kind of way. "So are you," he pointed out.

Alice opened her mouth to argue that, at the moment, she didn't have a choice when it came to being rosy. Then she thought better of it.

"Nearly there, thweet cheekth," burbled the mirror.

"Where?"

"Here."

Her belly grounded on fine, white sand. Like a beached whale, she thought in disgust.

"Aargh!" She shot straight up into the air. Then she glared at the placid surface of the water. "You *goosed* me!"

The mirror face formed among gentle ripples. It blew her a kiss. "Thorry," it said. "Couldn't rethitht."

"You'll pay, you thit!" snapped Alice and slapped her forehead. God, now she was doing it!

Shaking her head, she adjusted the specs on her nose and turned to look. Her brows rose. Wonderland wasn't too damn bad at all. It reminded her of a shampoo commercial. Herbal, definitely. There was the obligatory waterfall, the greensward, the bowers of wild roses. She peered. Nope, not a single thorn.

"Like it?"

Will's breeze feathered over her cheek and drifted down to her cleavage like a questing touch. She brushed it aside. "I'd like clothes. Now!"

"You sure? You look so pretty the way you are. All bare." A pause. "Edible." Another pause. "Delicious."

Frantically, Alice covered her ears. It left the rest of her exposed, but that seemed a small price to pay to preserve her sanity. Her only consolation was that she was so wet, spontaneous combustion shouldn't be possible. Technically. She pressed her thighs together and yelled, "Clothes, clothes, *clothes!*"

"All right, all *right!*" snarled Will. "There's no need to yell."

A golden arm waved. A sharp *ping!* like an elevator bell and a clothes rack stood in the glade. Three garments hung from it, each inside a large plastic bag. With a sob of relief, Alice seized the first and ripped it open.

Her jaw dropped. A cheerleader's outfit, complete with a tiny, flirty red skirt, a belly-baring lycra top and pom-poms. Pom-poms?

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph!" She grabbed the second bag. A black leather bustier she'd spill right out of and matching leather trousers that laced all the way up the sides. With red laces. There was a whip, though.

She fixed Will with an accusing glare. "You chose these, didn't you?"

A happy glow. "Sure did. Specially for you."

"You - you - man!"

"Well, I was." He brightened. "And I will be again." His aura went a little blue. "I hope."

"Yeah, yeah. Me too," muttered Alice, attacking the third bag with fingers that shook.

Her eyes bugged out. For chrissake, it was a suit of armor, complete with a helmet, visor and sword! And Xena breastplates. She turned slowly to stare at Will.

"Well, you didn't like the other two." He spread his hands and shrugged. "I thought I'd try something different?"

Alice's knees buckled and she collapsed to the velvety greensward. She buried her head in her hands. As if from very far away, she heard Will's beautiful baritone. "Choose, Alice. You have to choose."

*Which costume should Alice choose?*

- A. the cheerleader's outfit
- B. the black leather number
- C. the suit of armor

### Chapter Three

#### Armored and Dangerous

Alice dug her toes into the impossibly green sward and seethed. Not the cheerleader's costume. She'd rather eat the pom-poms. Her brain racing, she ran a fingertip over the butter-soft leather of the bustier. Even more thoughtfully, she unhooked the many-tailed whip and shook it out. Deliciously silken lashes curled lovingly around her calf and a tingle ran up the back of her thigh. Ooh, how wicked!

"Knew it!" crowed Will. "Knew you'd pick that one."

Alice dropped the whip as if it had become a live snake. "Up yours, light bulb!" she snarled, lunging for the armor.

She'd expected it to be heavy, but it floated into her hands as lightly as an angel's feather. "Oh," she said. "Oh my goodness."

"Light bulb?" said Will. "*Light bulb?*"

Alice slid wondering fingers over the shiny silver breastplate. It had the very slightest degree of give, like the unblemished skin that covers healthy flesh. She removed the entire garment from the hanger and turned it over and over in her hands, marveling. The back piece attached with cunning silver buckles at the shoulder and the whole thing was incised with complex, stylized designs. Alice stared, entranced. She tried to follow the delicate swirls with her eye and became hopelessly confused. "Beautiful." She traced, a curving, convoluted line with a fingertip. It was a rose. No, it was a deep-sea shell. "Will, it's just gorgeous."

"So glad you like it," said a deep, disgusted voice. "I made it to your precise measurements. Not bad for a *light bulb*."

Alice glanced up at the man-shaped glow sitting on a flat rock near the water, so bright and chilly it could have moonlighted as the inside of her fridge. "Yeah, and you made the pom-poms my exact cup size," she said. "Not to mention pulling me out of a perfectly good life and into crazy land. She shifted the armor to shield her nakedness, but it wasn't big enough. Parts of her kept sticking out. Suffer. See if I care."

"Really?" Will sprang to his feet. His outline widened. He'd put his hands on his hips. "What's so good about that life? Are you happy?"

"Well, I-

"Do you have someone to love?"

Alice clutched the breastplate in a white-knuckled grip. "Of course!"

Will took a step toward her. She half-expected to hear a peal of thunder. "Who?"

"Mom and Dad. My sister."

Another step. "Sure. They live on the other side of the country. Who keeps you warm at night, Alice?"

"It's Bobby, isn't it?" Will loomed right over her, pulsing with emotion. He was generating waves of that wonderful aroma again, the one that reduced her brain to a

happy mush, but this time it was underlaid with something hard and masculine, something that made tears of longing prickle behind her eyelids. "The sexiest woman I've ever seen, and all you've got to make you happy is a fat old cat. Oh yes..." He made a growling sound. "I forgot the battery powered dick, the one you hide in your panties drawer."

Turning away, he began to pace. "What a fucking waste, when I-" Abruptly, he whirled around and appeared to be gazing intently into the pool.

Alice's heart made an excellent attempt to escape via her throat. She shoved it back down with a hard cough. "You what?"

Will turned to face her. "Never mind. I have my instructions."

"Instructions? Whose instructions?" Alice pulled the armor on over her head. She could have sworn it *stretched*. And it wasn't cold, not at all. It felt silky and...comforting.

"The Rossetti woman, remember?" A shining foot kicked an inoffensive pebble. "And her crazy readers."

*Them!* Oh Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

"What are you supposed to do?" she whispered, tugging the breastplate into place.

Will chuckled, deep and wicked, and his wings arched above his head. "Not me, sweetheart. I'm not supposed to do anything. You are."

Tiny twists of lightning began to pulse between her legs. Ohgod,ohgod. How could she have forgotten? Alice looked down, squeaked, and leaped for the chain mail skirt thing. Hands shaking, she ripped it off the hanger and fiddled desperately with the buckles, breathing a sigh of relief when it fell into place and she was decorously covered to the tops of her thighs.

That was better. Now she could cope.

She adjusted her specs and gave Will's golden outline her best glare. "Tell me," she demanded.

In the silence, she could hear the water lapping against the gently sloping banks. If she concentrated, it sounded like a breathy, lisping song.

Will appeared to come to a decision. "Answer me this first," he said. "How long since you came so hard you saw stars?"

Alice opened her mouth and shut it again.

"How long since you screamed with pleasure?"

She grabbed the nearest piece of the armor, which happened to be a leg covering. A greave? Wasn't that what it was called? Biting her lip, she bent to buckle it on.

The deep, relentless voice went on, a kind of dark velvet torture. "How long since you slept in a man's arms the whole night through, snug and warm and loved? How long-"

Something inside her snapped. "Stop it, stop it!" Blindly, she wrestled with the other leg piece. "I'm not a virgin, all right?"

"In every way that matters, you are." Will came so close, she could have leaned forward half an inch and touched him. "You, sweet Alice, are going to see stars and moons and suns. And you're going to scream 'til your throat's raw."

"What about sleeping..." God, she despised herself! Her throat closed.

Will pulsed a beautiful, warm golden-pink. "You will if I have anything to do with it." His voice dropped to a rumbling croon. "Lesson number one, sweetheart. Let me show you."

He spread his arms, his wings rising high above his head. A golden spiral of light wound around his body and with it came the pheromone breeze that made her want to throw her arms around his knees and beg. Will gestured and a mist of shining motes fell over her head and swirled around her, sinking into the armor.

Alice's jaw sagged. The silvery substance flexed warm against her skin. In her ear, a cool watery voice murmured, "Hallo thweetie." The twin swells that covered her breasts rippled and formed handprints, each long, slim finger perfectly distinct.

"Will," she croaked. "Will!"

Silver thumbs rasped deliciously over suddenly stiff nipples. Tingles chased up and down Alice's spine, collected in a slow burn between her legs.

"Enjoy it, darling," murmured Will. "I wish I could."

"No, no." Her head tossed. Now the armor massaged her back, her ribs, her thighs. And all the while, those clever fingers delighted her breasts, tweaking and tugging at her nipples, tweaking and tugging at her nipples, sending thrills to course through her belly and plump up her sex lips. "Will," she panted, "please-"

"It'th not Will, it'th me," whispered the silvery voice.

"Mirror?" gasped Alice. "Mirror, you musn't- *Oooh!*"

The chain mail skirt rustled and flowed over her buttocks, setting up an insane feedback loop with the tingles in her breasts. She tried to hang on to the fluttering folds, but her glasses had fogged up and it was hard to see. Besides, she didn't believe it. She had to be losing her mind. She'd wake up in a padded cell, any minute.

The skirt made a dive between her legs. "Ooh, you're thoft," said the mirror, "and tho wet, you naughty girl. Jutht - ah, there we are."

Alice shrieked and collapsed to the greensward. Small silky loops of chain mail rasped delicately over her labia, her clit. She writhed. "Will, Will!"

"Let go, sweetheart. Yell as loud as you like." Her glasses had fallen off. All she could see was a big, golden blur. She squinted. No, it was more like a bonfire, flickering red and orange.

The chain mail ramped up the pace, increased the pressure. Alice arched, the unbearable tension coiling tighter and tighter. She spread her legs and clamped both hands over the skirt. Throwing her head back, she opened her mouth wide and screamed as an orgasm the size of a truck thundered up her spine, rolled over her body and passed on, leaving her a wet, twitching bundle on the grass.

Panting, she squeezed her eyes shut. The armor gave a long ripple that felt like a hug. "Bye, thexy," it said. "That was thuper."

After a long silence, Alice muttered, "I don't believe that happened." She groped for her glasses.

"You came your brains out." A pause. "And I didn't." Will sounded huffy again, but she'd bet he'd gone that sad shade of blue, the one she didn't like.

Her limbs still weak and trembly, she sat up with a clank. "Ow!" The armor was still pretty, but now it felt rigid, cutting into her at the thigh, nipping at her waist.

Alice glanced up and nearly toppled over. A single, luminous gray eye stared straight at her out of the general Will-shaped glow. It was a very nice eye, fringed with the most extravagant lashes she'd ever seen on a man, but it looked decidedly lonely all by itself.

"Um...you've got an eye," she said.

His aura wasn't really blue at all, more a rose tending toward gold. "So I have," he said, sounding smug.

"But why-?" Alice tried to stand. "*Shit!*" She could barely move the armor was so heavy. "I've changed my mind," she said. "Get me out of this. I'll take the leather."

"You need help, Alice. A squire."

"I can see that," she snarled, as a fingernail broke on a buckle. "So get me some."

"You sure?"

"Yes!"

She'd barely finished speaking before Will made the *ping!* gesture again. Three little glows shimmered into being above the flat rock near the pool. Alice stared. What the-? She peered over the tops of her specs. Nope, she'd been right the first time.

With a resounding clatter, she staggered closer.

Three action figurines, each about six inches high. Wolverine. Aragorn. Han Solo.

She turned to Will. God, that single eye was weird!

"You're outta your freakin' mind!"

"No, I'm not," he said with an air of long-suffering. His eye gleamed. "Who's your pick for a can-opener, Alice?"

***Which character should Alice choose?***

- A. Wolverine
- B. Aragorn
- C. Han Solo

## Chapter Four

### *Blam! Kapow!*

"Which one, Alice?" said Will.

"Uh..." Alice dithered. God, she could swear the Han Solo doll had *winked*. She tried to bend closer but the armor rammed her stomach right up into her ribs. "Ooof!" She staggered back a step. "How the hell should I know? You choose."

Will's glow shook its head, the single disembodied eye watching her all the time. "Not in the rules."

"Stop looking at me!" Alice glanced away, focusing on the nearest rose bush. The blowsiest, reddest bloom pursed petal-lips and blew her a kiss. The memory of the mirror sent a reminiscent tingle from her sex straight up her spine. Swallowing, she edged away. "It makes me nauseous."

Will rolled the lone eye, which was even worse. "All right, we'll help you. Hold still and cover your eyes."

She didn't want to ask, really she didn't, but — "We?"

"The readers, Alice, the readers."

Jesus, Mary and Joseph. With a little moan, Alice clapped her hands over her face.

One of Will's delicious breezes tickled her ear, kissed her cheek. She sniffed. Ah, fresh bread this time, the slightest hint of freesia, sleep-warmed skin. It circled her body, whispering under her chain-mail skirt with curious, feathery fingertips. Alice moaned again, a whimper of pleasure, as it caressed the cheeks of her bare bottom.

Will's deep, chocolatey voice murmured, "Step forward and raise your arm. Let them guide you."

Bemused by sensation, Alice did as she was bid. As if from far away, she heard Will's *ping!* followed by a loud *whoosh!* Her palm grazed something hard and warm.

A rasping voice said, "Hello, darlin'."

Alice's eyes flew open. Her hand rested on a broad, muscular chest, dusted with dark hair and covered by a sleeveless vest with a deep scooped neck. Further down was a pair of snugly fitted, well-worn jeans. She gulped.

Oh God, did he fill them out! And then some.

Who — ? Slowly, so slowly, she raised her head.

Wolverine shifted the unlit cigar to the other corner of his mouth. One flyaway brow arched up. "Never seen a mutant like you, darlin'. What are ya? Canned Girl?"

Alice yanked her hand away. Her palm burned. "No." Her mouth was so parched, she had to lick her lips before she could go on. "I'm wearing armor."

"Uh-huh." Wolverine's feral gaze dropped to her mouth. "Why?"

"Doesn't matter." Will's voice was curt. "Just get her out of it."

Wolverine's head jerked around. The muscles in his incredible shoulders bunched and Alice lost her breath. "Who are you, bud? Light Bulb Boy?"

She could have sworn Will growled, because suddenly, Wolverine was rumbling in response, deep in that magnificent chest. The air tingled with testosterone.

"Uh...guys..."

They paid no attention. Will's aura expanded, pulsing red. Wolverine bristled. He raised a clenched fist.

Alice clanked her way between them. She grabbed Wolverine's arm with both hands and hung on. "I...ah...I love your hair," she babbled. Under her fingers, his muscles felt like warm steel. Well, duh. Of course.

God, he'd have to be *hard*. All over.

Panic drove words out of her mouth. "How do you keep it like that?"

Wolverine didn't remove his gaze from Will. "Like what?"

"You know. The...wings...ears...side bits."

"Oh, that." Wolverine smiled down at her and all the strength leaked out of her knees. Luckily, she had the armor to prop her up. "Product, darlin'. Lots of product."

"Fascinating." Will's aura had gone an acid green. "Listen girls, forget the hairdo. What about the tinplate?"

"Don't piss me off, light bulb." Wolverine scowled and clenched a fist. *Snick!* A set of shining blades whizzed past Alice's nose. "Adamantium," he said proudly. "Open you up like a knife through butter."

Alice gurgled. She took a step backward.

"No, no, babe." A brawny arm slid around her waist.

"Hold still. Don't want to—" Satanic brows drawing together, he slipped what looked like a bayonet under the silver buckle on her left shoulder. It felt cold and hard against her heated skin and goose bumps paraded all down her spine. "—cut—" *Snick!* The buckle parted. "—your pretty—" *Snick!* The other buckle fell away and so did the armor, hitting the turf with a musical rattle.

Wolverine froze. "—tits," he finished on a hoarse whisper. "Well, hell." He swallowed.

Alice's eyes followed his. She'd always thought of the girls as her best feature. They were plump like the rest of her, but as far as men were concerned, thank god, abundance in the boobs department was no problem. At least they were still perky and she had good nipples, broad and rosy. Lickable.

She thought she heard a groan from Will's direction, but she couldn't drag her attention away from the intent expression on Wolverine's dark face. "Oh yeah," he muttered. "Come to poppa." Both hands reached out, the sun glinting cheerfully off fistfuls of scalpels.

Alice shrieked. She leaped backward with astonishing agility, considering she was still wearing a chain mail skirt and greaves.

"Uh, sorry." Wolverine flexed his fingers, the metal blades hissing. "Guess I'm a tad excited." With a rueful grin, he reached down to adjust the impressive bulge in his jeans. His face contorted. "CHRIST!"

"Careful, big boy." Will's snicker floated across the glade. "Gives the word mutant a whole new meaning."

Alice cast Will's glow a reproachful glance. "Don't be nasty." She stepped forward and laid a tentative hand on Wolverine's shoulder. "You ok?"

"Yah." Wolverine sucked in a breath, his chest expanding. "Kiss me, darlin', and make it better." With two fingers, he twitched the cigar out of his mouth and flung it aside. Then he wrapped both arms around Alice and gathered her into that fabulous expanse of warm muscle.

Her head swam. "Wait," she faltered.

His grip tightened. He bent his head to nibble her ear. "Why?"

"Where? Kiss you where?"

He tapped his bottom lip, dead center. "Here, darlin'." His mouth curved into a delicious, devilish grin. "For starters."

Alice tried to gather her scattered wits and found one. "But you've been smoking!" she squeaked. Damn, trust her to pick the only half-wit in the bunch.

Wolverine sighed. "The bad guys usually jump me before I get to light the stupid thing." Hard fingers tilted her chin. "Forget it." He swooped.

Oh Jesus, Mary and Joseph, his mouth was hot! No, it wasn't, because his tongue was hotter. It darted along her lips, licking and teasing. Then it stole inside and Alice's neck went limp. Her head fell back. With a throaty sigh, she opened her mouth. Sparks of sensation careered through her blood, little shocks, one after another.

*Kapow! Blam!*

Gosh, just like a comic book.

He tasted faintly, and not unpleasantly, of cigar, but under that was something wild. Metallic, elemental. Alien.

Alice curled her fingers into his biceps and hung on for dear life.

A callused palm slid over one breast and rotated gently, sending her nipple into a positive paroxysm of delight.

*Wham! Biff! Kapow!* Wolverine's tongue caressed and seduced. Now he had both hands on her breasts and a nice rhythm going, his denim-clad erection pressing gently into the chain mail over her clit. Alice gurgled, deep in her throat. Oh God, *double kapow!*

When he finally drew back, her glasses were so steamed up, all she could see of Will was a huge shadow that pulsed from green to red and back again. She reeled, panting. Clinging to Wolverine's brawny forearm, she peered at Will over the top of her specs. He looked like a traffic light on fast forward.

"Hot damn." Breathing heavily, Wolverine backed her toward a handy rock. Obliging, it reshaped itself to fit her curves. "A woman who doesn't change into some other bloody thing. Get rid of the light bulb, babe, and let's party."

Oh lord. Alice couldn't stop herself from shooting a glance at Will. The gray eye gleamed balefully, but beside it, as if through a veil, she thought she could make out its companion.

His wings furred as he shrugged. "Don't mind me," he said huffily. "Go right ahead. Party 'til it drops off."

*What should Alice do now?*

- A. Send Will away and have a private party with Wolverine
- B. Send Wolverine away
- C. Party with Wolverine and let Will please himself

## Chapter Five

### Real Men Don't Ask for Directions

Six and a half feet of mutant muscle pressed Alice's spine hard into the sun-warmed rock. She shifted uncomfortably, her attention divided by the breathless burn between her thighs and the conviction that her ass had been resurfaced. Bloody chain mail. Her butt felt like the pebblecrete floor of her Dad's garage, all nasty little bumps.

Wolverine bent his dark head and licked down the side of her neck, growling like a happy beast. The vibration buzzed down her spine and ricocheted back up, numbing out her normal thought processes. Alice sighed and squirmed.

She looked over Wolverine's brawny shoulder at Will's glowing form, catching his single eye. "God bless pepperoni."

He rustled. "What?"

"This is the best dream I ever had. Must have been the pepperoni pizza."

"Oh babe," rumbled Wolverine. He hefted both her breasts in his hands, dithering. "Eanie, meanie... Mmm." Swooping, he sucked her left nipple into the hot wetness of his mouth, while his thumb rasped over the right.

Alice's eyes rolled. Jesus, Mary and Joseph. No more Veggie Supreme. She clutched at Wolverine's shoulder, while his strong tongue licked and tugged at nerve-rich flesh.

"You're hurting her."

Wolverine reared back, releasing her nipple with a plop. Alice whimpered her distress. "Am not!" He shot a ferocious glare at Will's disapproving glow. "She loves it! Doncha babe?"

Both men turned to stare at Alice, spread-eagled over the rock. She glanced down. Her breasts quivered, firm and creamy, topped with stiff rosy-brown nipples, still wet and shiny and proud from Wolverine's mouth. Quite distinctly, she heard two male groans of appreciation. As if the intoxicating sound had been a long warm lick, her sex clenched and wept.

Will recovered first. "Her ass, you muscle-bound idiot. You're squashing that gorgeous ass."

"Aw, shit!" Strong hands grasped her shoulders and flipped her over, tilting her face-down over the rock. "Let's see, honey."

Snick! The chain mail skirt fell away and a warm breeze whispered over her rump.

Silence.

Snick, snick! The greaves. Now she was completely bare.

"Jeez." Warm, callused palms smoothed over her rear.

"Moron," muttered Will.

"Sorry `bout that, babe." Hot breath, long warm licks, deliciously threatening nibbles that made her nerves flicker with delighted apprehension. Thank god it was

only a dream and she could enjoy it without a single qualm. A booted foot pushed her legs wider apart and trembles ran up her thighs. Hmm, perhaps a qualmette.

"Hey, would ya look at that?" A protracted, predatory growl that made her belly flutter. "Talk about pretty. Love `em all bare." A belt buckle clinked, a zipper rasped.

Alice just about gave herself whiplash trying to peer over her shoulder, but her view was severely restricted. All she could see was a fabulous wall of sculpted muscle and the sprinkling of dark hair disappearing into the neck of Wolverine's vest. The pulse thudded visibly in the soft hollow at the base of his throat.

Something smooth and searingly hot furrowed through her slick folds. She squeaked. It felt enormous and steel hard. A broad palm slammed onto the rock next to her head. "Ooh yeah," said Wolverine. "Baby, baby." Lethally sharp, the adamantium blades shot out of his knuckles, embedding themselves deep in the stone, anchoring him.

Ohgod,ohgod,ohgod. "Wait, wait." Alice fumbled behind her. "You don't—? You don't have—?" Her fist closed on a thick, blunt length of velvet clad flesh, hard as steel underneath. It pulsed happily in her grip, though she could barely close her fingers.

Wolverine sucked in an audible breath. Then he chuckled. "You gotta be kidding. As if." He thrust into her clasp. "A man has his pride. Gotta draw the line somewhere." Firmly, he pried her fingers off and placed her hand back on the rock. He gripped one of her thighs and lifted. "Brace yourself, babe."

Broad and hot, the tip of his erection nuzzled and probed. Alice's head spun. She'd never done anything this lewd. *Never*. Hell, she'd never even done it outdoors, let alone with two men, even if both of them were figments of a pepperoni dream. On the thought, her body seemed to open up and suck the first installment of Wolverine inside. She heard him exhale, felt the heat of his huge frame, the tremors in his heavy thighs as they pressed into the back of hers. She actually felt petite—*petite*, for chrissake!

Will materialized in front of her, throbbing like a blast furnace on heat. He raised a radiant hand. "Stop right there, Neanderthal."

Wolverine grunted, half of him pulsing deliciously inside her. "Piss off, light bulb. This is a private party." He swiveled and stroked. Unable to prevent the instinctive response, Alice raised her hips, needing something more. He sank in another sizzling inch.

"That's not the best angle for her," said Will. "Veer left a tad, and then down."

Wolverine froze, "What the hell—? Listen, fuckwit, I said piss off!"

"Make it good for her, buster. Or I'll snap freeze your balls like they were new peas." The trailing end of a chilly breeze whispered past Alice's hip, accompanied by a humorless chuckle. "Wanna be Birdseye Boy?"

Wolverine jerked. "Christ! Careful with that thing!"

"Shut up, Will," moaned Alice. "I'm good. It's good, he's—" Her eyes rolled and she pushed her hips back. "Ohgod,ohgod,ohgod."

Wolverine surged forward until he was wedged so high inside her, Alice was sure she could feel the pressure behind her ears. She'd never had a lover who'd spread her like this, so that her inner walls fluttered and clutched in a kind of gorgeous feminine panic. It was sublime, but it could be better. If he'd just –

"Angle down, man," demanded Will, going an impatient shade of orange. "You've got to catch her just right."

Behind her, Wolverine snarled, a prolonged rumbling noise, deep in his chest. "I don't need directions!" But he tilted his hips, setting up a powerful rhythm, one that hammered at something wonderful inside her, building, building... Oh yes, that was better, almost perfect.

"I'll deal...with you...when I've...finished. Light bulb," panted Wolverine.

The dark soft blossom of sensation spread in Alice's pelvis, spiraling, thickening... God, it was good!

Her moans were so loud in her own ears, she barely heard Will's dry response. "Shouldn't be long, then."

"*Aaaargh!* That's *it!*" Wolverine ripped his claws out of the rock and his cock out of Alice, so abruptly that she staggered. Only her frantic clutch on the stone kept her upright.

"Oh no-oooo!"

"Don't move, babe." A zipper rasped up and Wolverine went past in a blur of hair-dusted muscle and testosterone, hurdling the rock in a single lunge.

She thought she heard Will mutter, "Typical." His wings spread in an incandescent arc, a shining arm gestured. *Ping!* Something small tumbled to the grass and bounced once.

Silence.

Alice opened her mouth and a banshee wail came out. "I was so close. So close! Will, how could you?"

His aura shrugged. "He wasn't doing you right. You know he wasn't."

"He was improving." Will stiffened, staring fixedly across the glade at the silvery pool. "You goaded him `til he lost it. Why – ? Look at me, Will."

Slowly, Will turned. Only the lightest of veilings covered his second eye. He dropped his gaze to the action figurine lying on the grass. Strangely enough, there were no blades to be seen, but one fist was raised, the middle finger extended.

"What can I say? I'm a perfectionist." A swift, luminous glance. "Especially when it comes to you."

"Well deal with it." Alice sagged against the rock, aching with unfulfilled desire. She was so distracted she said the first thing that came into her head. "I can nearly see your other eye."

To her surprise, Will blushed, every gorgeous, shining particle of him.

"Wait a minute!" She pushed her glasses back up her nose. "Every time something...um...happens, I get to see more of you." A wave of heat ran up over her cheeks and her clit twitched with memory and regret.

Will cleared his throat. "Every time you experience the...ah...height of pleasure," he said primly. "That is my reward."

"All heart, aren't you? So why did you stop him? You could have had another eye."

One shining foot scuffed the grass. "Impulse control isn't my best thing, OK? I didn't like him. Not for you."

"Will." Alice took a step toward him. The breath clogged in her lungs. "If I...if I...you know...now." The blood pounded in her temples, plumped the bare silky flesh between her thighs. "That's not against Rossetti's rules, is it?"

Slowly, Will turned the most beautiful shade of rose-gold. When he spoke, his smooth chocolate voice sounded raspy. "Ah, sweet Alice, you're more than I deserve. But I guess we could ask."

*What should Alice do now?*

- A. Take care of her own pleasure
- B. Ask Will to pleasure her
- C. Try to pleasure Will