

The Amorous Adventures of Alice

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With the kind assistance of the Newsletter Readers of the deniserossetti newsgroup.
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Chapter 11

A God-Almighty Twang

The story so far:

Alice agrees to participate in a "discreet little orgy", Obernunda's fauns are more a hindrance than a help and Petula finally meets her own whiskery true love. In this episode, we meet the character suggested by a reader. Thanks to Marilyn for sharing her incredible imagination with us.

Alice stepped carefully into the giant scallop shell, warm scented water lapping over calves, then her knees. A slim watery arm rose from beneath the opaque, iridescent surface and stroked the side of her hip in a languid fashion. The undine sat up, an ethereally beautiful woman made of water. Alice goggled. She could see right through her. Sort of.

"Come on in, little sister," the undine bubbled, her voice like clear stream running over stones. "The water's fine."

From behind, wet fingers whisked Alice's mask away. A second undine.

"Give that back!" She squinted at the blurry figure. "I can't see!"

"No problem." Obernunda's elegant face appeared before her. He bent his head and silver lips whispered over one eyelid, then the other. His butterfly wings swung `round to brush her bare shoulder blades. Alice shivered.

"There." He stepped away.

Alice gasped. Every detail was crystal clear, from Will glowing sullenly in front of her to the phosphorescent gloss on the satiny surface of the shell. She patted her eyes, incredulous.

Obernunda bowed. "Consider it a gift, little human. Part payment for the pleasure you will bring us." He smiled, almost blinding her with dangerous charm. "Now relax. Let the undines take care of you."

Instinctively, she glanced at Will. He nodded. "Enjoy, sweetheart. I'm here." The scent of lavender and love swirled around her.

With a sigh, Alice lay back and gave herself to the embrace of the undines.

A faun trotted into the bathing tent and scooped up her discarded leathers. He buried his nose deep and sniffed luxuriously. "Theta," growled Obernunda warningly and the faun jumped. The wolverine action figure tumbled to the floor.

Before Alice could speak, the fairy king picked it up. "What's this?"

A crack of displaced air, a sulphurous flash and Wolverine stood, nose to nose with Obernunda, vibrating with fury. Alice's stomach disappeared, to be replaced with a cold, queasy void.

"Well, well," murmured the fairy, his faceted eyes brightening with interest. "What have we here, hmmm?"

"You!" shouted Will, lightning writhing around his head. His aura expanded until he filled one side of the tent.

"*Bastard!*" yelled Wolverine, his magnificent chest heaving. Snick, snick! Razors shot out from between his fingers. Reaching out, Wolverine made as if to set Obernunda aside but the fairy planted his elegantly booted feet and refused to budge.

"Theta," he said without taking his gaze from the mutant. "Run for the girls. Now!" The faun dashed out of the tent, his little hooves twinkling.

With a single fastidious finger, Obernunda pushed Wolverine's blades aside. "Right, big boy," he said. "Who the hell are you and what are you doing in my kingdom?"

Wolverine's white teeth clenched viciously on his cigar. "Unfinished business with the light bulb," he grated.

"Yeah?" sneered Will, going storm-cloud purple. "You and whose army?"

Obernunda's lips twitched. He glanced at Alice. "Aren't you the naughty girl?" he murmured. "They're fighting over you, you know."

Alice's mouth was so parched, all she could do was gurgle deep in her throat. Fortunately, the byplay so transfixed the undine holding the sponge she wiped it right over Alice's face. Water trickled into her mouth and dripped down her chin. Wonderful! She must look like a buggy-eyed goldfish facing down the family cat.

"I found a girl," piped Theta from the entrance to the tent. He glanced over his shoulder, ears dropping to half-mast. "I think."

A big hand wearing a positive knuckle-duster of rings grabbed the faun by the shoulder. Theta disappeared with a startled yelp. There was a distant thud followed by lurid curses.

"Where's the orgy?" boomed a voice like a brass trumpet. "Am I in time? Marilyn sent me." An enormous woman strode into the tent, her wide, hooped skirts swaying with the vigour of her stride.

"Titania's tits," muttered Obernunda under his breath. "Can't you do anything right, Theta?" He stepped forward, a grim smile plastered to his perfect lips. "Madam." He bowed.

"It's not madam," said a small squeaky voice. Alice craned her neck. Tucked under the woman's arm was a second, hapless faun. He spoke from his inverted position, hooves dangling. "It's Con— Conduct—" A deep breath. "*Conductrix!*"

"Lambda?" asked Alice, tilting her head sideways. "Is that you?"

"Yeah," said the faun. He wriggled free. "And this is Rossetti's Guest. Con— Conductrix C-Calliope from the Land of Cac— Cac—" He reached down to scratch his furry balls in a reflective kind of way. "Cac something anyhow."

"Jesus Christ," muttered Wolverine. "What the fuck *is* that?"

"Bloody faun," said Will. They exchanged a startled glance.

"*Cacophony*, you little idiot!" roared the woman, her wiry blonde hair standing on end. The walls of the tent billowed with the reverberation. "I'm here to supervise the orgy. Where is it? Is this the girl?" She skewered Alice with an assessing glance. "Hmm. At least there's some meat on her bones."

Alice shut her mouth with a snap. Calliope looked as though she'd been gowned by an Elizabethan seamstress on speed. Her tastes ran to a garment resembling a farthingale crossed with a circus tent, in eye-aching shades of green and gold. All in vast quantities. Which was appropriate, because she too was vast, with a white pillowy bosom rearing out of the décolletage like a mountain range. Alice had the oddest sensation she could hear the big heart beating behind the facade of flesh. *Thump, thump. Thump, thump.*

"Well, come on then." Calliope tapped an impatient foot and the percussion sounded like a drum. "I don't have all day."

Obernunda laughed aloud and a forest of daisies sprang up around his feet. "Dear Conductrix, you are perfectly right." He glanced around the tent. "I think we have everything we need right here." He cocked his head, feelers waving gently. "Rossetti's changed her mind about Sven and Ben." He snapped his fingers.

Everything went dark.

Alice blinked and fumbled around her with her hands. She seemed to be clad in something soft and clinging, trimmed with fur. Beneath her thighs and back was the cushioned support of what felt like many huge pillows. Her curious fingers encountered something warm and resilient, covered in wiry hair. A bare leg. She caught the sweet tobacco whiff of cigar. Wolverine.

She snatched her hand back as the lights came back on, revealing a setup straight from a harem scene on the set of the Arabian Nights. Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

"Hey, babe." Wolverine pulled her back into his warm chest and his big hands rose to cup her breasts. "Hell, this is more like it."

Alice gasped as he rasped the soft material over her nipples with his thumbs. Her eyes met Will's. They were blazing, the pupils so dilated they appeared almost totally black. His aura pulsed with red, orange and purple, spiced with rolling flashes of furious lightning. "Will," she whispered. "So..." Wolverine chose that moment to nibble gently on the side of her neck and pluck her nipples. Her head fell back on his warm naked shoulder. "...s-sorry," she finished weakly.

"Excellent." Conductrix Calliope spoke from a kind of throne, her booted feet resting comfortably on the back the miserable faun prone on the floor before her. She beckoned Obernunda closer with an imperious hand. "You have a particular purpose you wish me to orchestrate?"

"Yes indeed." The fairy king smiled broadly, revealing gleaming, pointed canines. "The idea is drive that one—" He nodded at Will's furious glow. "—so crazy that he comes past the cockring Rossetti's got on him." He ripped off his jacket and tossed it aside.

Calliope's appreciative gaze passed over his muscular silver chest, dwelling on the nipple rings and chain. "She's a nasty piece, that Rossetti. Twisted. You sure?"

"Alice is capable of making me come like I never have before." Obernunda kicked off his boots and flexed long, narrow feet. "I'm sure."

"Wow, babe," growled Wolverine. He nibbled Alice's earlobe and she moaned.

God, she was on fire! And she didn't know where to look, what to think. Wolverine was hot and hard behind her, Obernunda smooth and silver in front. And Will, darling Will, hadn't removed his gaze from her for a single second. Eyes locked on his, she felt moisture well over the naked lips of her sex and trickle down her thigh.

"Very well," fluted Calliope. "You may begin."

Obernunda sauntered over to Alice and drew her up to her knees, ignoring Wolverine's rumble of protest. He bent and gently pressed his lips to hers. When he straightened, he was completely nude. Which put Alice eye to eye with—

She choked.

Obernunda's cock was as silver and as elegant as the rest of him, rising thick and proud above hairless, velvety balls. But the tip wasn't broad or blunt, it was pointed. And threaded through it was a silver hoop studded with tiny emeralds. Silver chains ran from the hoop to his scrotum. As she watched him rise and rise, the chains tightened and the piercings bit.

She'd never seen anything so kinky in her life.

"Open your mouth, Alice," said the fairy king, the very softness of his voice an explicit caress.

She raised her eyes. "Doesn't it hurt?" she whispered.

Obernunda's long fingers stroked her cheek. "Yes, sweet Alice, it does. See if you can make it hurt even better."

Mesmerised, Alice leaned forward and swiped her tongue over the hoop. Then under it. She heard Will groan, but she barely registered Wolverine pulling the robe from her shoulders.

Obernunda tasted musky, like a real man, but somehow sweet and fiery as well, like hot sugared brandy in her mouth. Addictive. Eagerly, she nibbled around the head and he murmured encouragement, his fingers moving in her hair.

From somewhere far away, she heard Calliope's voice. "Now. You with the hair." Big hands grasped her hips, urged her down further on the fairy's cock. Obernunda reached down and pressed his shaft down toward his balls, so she could slide her mouth all the way to his root, chains and all. Alice was the only one in the tent who didn't make a noise and that was because she had her mouth full.

"No. Please God, no. Not him." Will.

"Go ahead, you with the hair." That was Calliope, thrumming like a double bass.

"Ummmmmm... Ah...good...very...ah..." Obernunda.

"Yeah, mama." Wolverine. Brawny thighs nudged her knees apart and something broad and smooth and searingly hot surged the first inch into her body. "God, that's good." His fingers dug into her hips and he pushed. A moment's resistance and he'd slid right in, gloving himself to the hilt. Alice moaned around the hard flesh in her mouth.

"Oh, oh, oh! Shit! Let me up, let me up!" That had to be the faun. "Please, oh pretty please!" Calliope growled something and the pleas cut off with a yelp. What had she done to poor Lambda? Or was it Theta?

That was Alice's last coherent thought. Wolverine set up a delightful rhythm, mumbling to himself, "Down, down a *tad*. Down a *tad*. Yeah, that's got it, that's got it." He leaned forward to cradle her breasts, pluck her nipples. "Is it good for you, babe?"

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, yes! She'd never been so beautifully spread, so filled. So completely helpless. The dark kinkiness of it ramped her arousal up another excruciating notch.

Alice lashed Obernunda's hoop with her tongue and heard him pant, "He's watching, Alice, he's watching. Don't...stop. He's risen right off the floor." A pause for breath. "Good girl. Just a bit...harder. Ah... He's watching you take us, little human, take two cocks at once and he can't stand it." Long fingers speared into her hair, held her steady as the fairy king began to work himself back and forth, over the wet velvet of her tongue. "He's gone so purple, he's almost black. Any minute now, any minute... Fuck, don't ...stop. Harder, harder!"

Wolverine hammered into her from behind, rasping his heavy cock through wet, sensitive tissues. The fairy king was feeding her his hard, delicious flesh. And God, Will was watching every bit of it! She could *feel* him, huge and hard and wanting. Wanting her and only her.

Intoxication swirled through Alice's belly and arrowed to her clit.

"On my mark!" called Calliope. "One – "

Wolverine redoubled his efforts.

"Two – "

Alice moaned, the tension coiling. Cramping.

"Steady," murmured Obernunda. "Any minute..."

"Three – "

Time stood still.

"Mark!"

Wolverine dragged his thumb over Alice's clit. He bellowed, jamming his cock so high inside her, it had to be in her throat. But no, that's where Obernunda was, flooding her mouth with his sweet-tart essence, making her body tingle and twitch.

Alice's clit convulsed with overwhelming pleasure, sending rolling spasms right through her pelvis. Her eyes rolled up and she died.

A man screamed, full-throated. The sound was followed immediately by a god-almighty *TWANG!* as though a massive rubber band had snapped.

Alice forced her eyes open. She was lying cradled in Obernunda's arms in a nest of pillows. He wiped a trickle of moisture from the corner of her mouth with his thumb. "Look," he murmured, grasping her chin to direct her gaze, "look what you did."

The floor of the tent was carpeted with silvery flowers, their bell-heads trembling slightly. A gentle chiming filled the air.

And standing knee-deep in the flowers was – Was –
"Will!"

Alice tore herself out of the fairy king's embrace and flew across the tent. Will held out his arms and she hurled herself into them.

They closed hard about her and his head bent over hers. Closing her eyes, she burrowed into his hard chest, her cheeks wet with tears.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, but he was perfect! He wasn't pretty, wasn't handsome. But she adored his face, the strong honest lines of it, the stubborn jaw, the beautiful stern mouth. His hair was shaggy, curling over his ears, one lock flopping over his forehead. She supposed it was just brown, but the kind of brown that takes the sun and tangles with it, forming a mass of intriguing streaks.

She lifted her head, laughing and crying together, and he kissed her, the sweetest kiss she'd ever known. It was almost shy, tentative, his mouth exploring hers, his tongue stroking hers gently, kitten-soft. But against her belly, she felt him rise, hot and hard, and his palms slid down to her ass and gripped.

After an eon during which her soul hung, luxuriating, Will drew back. When she protested, he hushed her by pressing a broad thumb against her lips. Settling her head in the crook of his shoulder, he spoke.

What should Will say?

A. "Clear the room" growled Will. "Bugger off, the lot of you. This is between Alice and me."

B. "You." Will fixed the faun with a burning gaze. "Get me four lengths of silk rope. Immediately." He looked at the other occupants of the tent. "And the rest of you can bugger off. This is between Alice and me."

C. "You." Will fixed Wolverine with a burning gaze. "Piss off and take the others with you. But you –" He glared at Obernunda. "You stay. I owe Alice a world of pure pleasure and you're going to help me give it to her."

Chapter 12

The Tap, Tap, Tap of Doom

The story so far:

Between them, Obernunda, Wolverine and Alice put on such an incredible show that Will's glow pops right off. Alice rushes into his waiting arms and□

"You." Will fixed Wolverine with a burning gaze. "Piss off and take the others with you. But you—" He glared at Obernunda. "You stay. I owe Alice a world of pure pleasure and you're going to help me give it to her."

"Oh really?" The fairy king sauntered closer and ran a finger down Alice's spine, making her shiver and press closer to Will. "You may owe sweet Alice everything, but I don't."

Will slapped the exploring fingers away. "You touch when I say," he snapped.

Obernunda's wings waved gently behind his shoulders, his silver chest rose and fell, the pierced nipples sitting up golden-pink and hard behind the metal rings. Jesus, Mary and Joseph, he was beautiful.

Fighting not to drop her gaze below his trim waist, Alice released a tiny sigh. The fairy king's smile broadened, enough to show the shining tips of his canines. Abruptly, a brawny forearm was thrust around his neck. It tightened unmercifully and a fistful of blades shot past Obernunda's left ear.

"Yeah, wait `til he says!" growled Wolverine from behind, giving his victim a shake.

"What the fuck are you still doing here?" snarled Will, one palm descending to grip the soft globe of Alice's buttock. Distractedly, she wished she'd gone to the gym more often—like every single day of her life.

"Uh, helping?" A pause. "Yeah, light bulb, you need help."

"I can handle him." Will's hand stroked over Alice's ass in a proprietorial fashion that made her tingle. His voice dropped to a velvet rumble. "And her."

"Christ!" Wolverine jerked back and his face flushed. "Will you stop that!"

Obernunda raised a sardonic silvery brow. "Stop what?" A sly smile played about his perfect lips as he twisted to look at Wolverine over his shoulder.

"That thing...with the wings...so soft"□ The mutant cleared his throat and took a smart step backward, releasing his captive. "Right then. I'm off."

The fairy king raised a languid finger. "Lambda?"

The crisp tapping of tiny hooves. "Yeah, boss?"

"Don't call me that!" Obernunda frowned and his antennae pointed at the faun like silver lasers. "It's Your Majesty. Got it?"

"Okay, boss." Lambda flinched. "Oh shit!" He covered his mouth with a hairy palm and his goat-ears clamped tight to the sides of his head.

The fairy growled and the air was suddenly full of menace.

"I'll take care of him," boomed a female voice. It had a reverberation to it like a mad scientist's organ. "Come here, you." Conductrix Calliope took Lambda by the ear and shook him briskly.

"Thank you, madam." Obernunda bowed, his dignity unimpaired by his magnificent nudity. He bent a stern gaze on the quivering faun. "Pick up Wolverine's clothes," he said, biting off the words. "Don't let him put them on. Take him to Titania and her maidens just as he is. Got it?"

"Don't let—" Lambda cast a nervous gaze at Wolverine's massive chest, followed immediately by a furtive, admiring glance at his groin. "But how am I supposed to stop him?"

Wolverine put his fists on his hips, spreading his brawny thighs so the heavy, well-furred balls swung below. The fairy licked his lips. So did Alice. Will swore.

"Maidens?" said Wolverine. "Fairy maidens?"

"Oh yes indeed." Obernunda's feelers twisted like corkscrews. "They're going to love you."

A boyish grin of pure delight spread over Wolverine's dark face. "Cool!" Heedless of Will's glare, he grasped Alice by the chin, tilted her head and pressed a swift, ruthless kiss to her lips. "Gotta go, babe."

Without any kind of warning, he reached between her quivering thighs and dragged the fingers of one hand the length of her slit, ignoring her yelp of surprised arousal. With a chuckle, he swaggered to the door, the powerful muscles of his ass flexing with every step. Turning, he posed in the doorway, dark eyes twinkling with rough mischief. He raised his glistening fingers to his mouth and licked, making a production out of it. "Yum." His cock jerked against his belly.

A final wink and he disappeared. Conductrix Calliope swished out after him, the faun bringing up the rear, almost hidden under the pile of leather and denim he carried.

"Fucking asshole!" muttered Will.

"Yes please," sighed the fairy king.

From overhead, came a staccato tapping noise. Alice tilted her head, puzzled. It stopped. "What's that?"

The two men exchanged a glance of horrified comprehension. "Shit! It's Rossetti!" Will tugged Alice even closer and she rubbed her cheek back and forth against his warm, hairy chest, wanting to purr like a satisfied kitten.

"What?" she asked, not caring much.

"Rossetti! She's typing. Listen!"

They stood with heads raised. *Tap, tap, tap.* Pause. *Tap, tap, tap.*

Silence.

"She's thinking," said Obernunda quietly. "I don't like that."

"Alice, darling." Will cradled her face between his palms. His strong brown throat moved as he swallowed, the gray eyes brilliant with love and apprehension. "I don't know how much longer I've got before she—" He pulled in a ragged breath. "Those readers of hers, they like to drag it out, see me hurt."

Alice walked her fingers around to his ass. Lust rolled over her in a hot, drugging wave. "That's because you're so beautiful." She gripped hard, loving the earthy resilience of male muscle, and nipped the meat of his chest. "It's the most incredible pleasure for a woman to watch you suffer."

Tap, tap, clatter, tap. Pause. Tap, clatter, CLATTER!

"Ah," said Obernunda, one corner of his mouth quirking. "Typo. She's an appalling typist. Fake nails, they'll do it every— Aargh!" His right feeler whipped `round and stuffed itself into his pointed ear.

Wincing, the fairy reached up and hauled it out with a plop. He shook his head irritably and wiggled his earlobe with his fingers. "Now I've made her mad. We'd better get on with it, Will."

Without releasing Alice, Will gripped Obernunda's upper arm so hard his fingers made silvery-pink indentations in the firm flesh. "I'll get on with it, fairy. And you do what you're told, okay?"

"Fine." Silver shoulders shrugged, setting the chains swinging. All the chains. The breath whooshed out of Alice's lungs and her mouth watered. "But there's a price. In Fairy Land, there's always a price."

A flash of wariness passed over Will's face. Then he shrugged. "I'll die if I don't get inside her soon," he said, almost calmly. "Whatever it is, it'll be worth it."

Obernunda slid both hands over his ribs, his belly, tracing the diagonal indentations of his hips to his gorgeously naked groin. Idly, he wound a finger under one of the chains connecting the hoop piercing his cock to his scrotum. He tugged and his cock swelled, rising smoothly, the blunt arrow-shaped head pointing at the ceiling.

The chains bit and the fairy king's breath sped up. Alice had never seen anything so divinely kinky in her life.

"Her pussy belongs to me," Will said, his voice hoarse.

"Agreed. But her pleasure belongs to us."

Will nodded, his wide gray gaze on the pointed head of Obernunda's proud cock, the emeralds winking wickedly in the silver hoop.

Tap, tap, tap.

"Jesus, we have to hurry!" Will brushed his lips over hers and Alice's knees trembled. "Oh sweetheart." The kiss deepened, and her head fell back, her mouth opening gladly.

Tap...tap...taaaap...

"I think you've got Rossetti's attention." The fairy chuckled and pale flowers bobbed up wherever he looked.

Reluctantly, Will freed his lips. He rasped his thumbs over Alice's nipples, making her whimper with delight. "God, what gorgeous tits." He didn't look away. "Get me some rope. Soft, mind. But strong."

Obernunda clicked his fingers and he was holding several lengths of golden, silken plait.

"You have your uses, fairy dick."

"Careful with the language, human dick. What are you going to do?"

Will grinned wolfishly and the butterflies dancing in Alice's belly donned hobnailed boots." Rossetti always gives the readers the choices, yes?"

The other man nodded.

"Then I'll give them three choices everyone will enjoy, including us. All pleasure, sweet Alice. All pleasure." Will swiveled his hips in a leisurely fashion against her belly and the butterflies burst into flame.

"Let's see...how should we start?" He licked a path up the side of her neck. "You could go to the throne, Alice. And sit, laying your hands on the arms and keeping them there. That's one."

Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Alice's brain reeled with lewd possibilities. Two?" she husked.

"Suppose you went and kneeled up on the bed, darling, your sweet ass resting on your heels, your wrists together in the air over your head?"

"Oh God." Alice glanced up into the roof of the tent, at the sturdy crossbar there. The perfect height for slinging a... Oh God.

"If I may?" Obernunda arched a brow and after an infinitesimal pause, Will nodded. "I'm the old-fashioned sort of fairy. Uncomplicated." The fairy cast Alice a twinkling emerald glance. Her trembling escalated to full-blown shudders of arousal. "Hands and knees, Alice. Blindfolded. Right in the centre of the bed."

Tap, tap, stumble, tap, clatter, tap, CLATTER!!

Silence.

Well now! Will's getting away from us, not to mention giving me palpitations. *chuckle* Help him make the choice, clever ones. How should Alice proceed?

- A. Sitting on the throne, hands laid out on its arms
- B. Kneeling up on her heels on the bed, wrists together over her head.
- C. Hands and knees on the bed, blindfolded.

Chapter 13

Distracted by True Lurve

The story so far:

In short order, Will gets rid of Wolverine, the Conductrix and Lambda, but the fairy king agrees to stay and help Will gift Alice with a world of pure pleasure.

"Over here, sweetheart. Before my dick explodes." Will took Alice's hand and led her through ranks of pale green stems with silvery bell heads. They chimed softly as they brushed sweetly against her bare calves. The bed rippled, its outline wavering, altering. It steadied, settling into an enormous, canopied four poster, hung in gorgeous drifts of silver and blue.

"Oh, Will, it's beautiful." Alice smiled mistily.

Will stopped and drew her into his arms, pressing his rampant erection into her belly. He kissed the end of her nose. "Don't thank me," he said.

"Exactly." Obernunda materialized out of nowhere, kneeling in the exact centre of an expanse of blue silk. Between his spread thighs, his balls hung, tight and smooth and silver, while his pierced, pointed cock reared thick and proud toward the ceiling. Alice could see it pulling against the chains, undulating in a rhythmic sort of way. Her breath caught and she licked her lips, remembering the addictive fiery taste of it.

The fairy king pressed the blindfold he held to his lips. "Come here, little human." He held out a long-fingered hand.

Before Alice could move, Will reached out and tweaked the dark fabric out of his grasp. "Remember, fairy? We agreed. My show, my way."

"So we did." Obernunda ran a leisurely hand down to his groin and released the chains. Immediately, his cock writhed up over his belly, supple and seeking.

"And we also agreed there'd be a price to pay." His smile was so hard with desire, it had no humour in it at all.

But Will didn't seem to be listening. "Jesus, what is that thing? A snake?" He nodded at the fairy's cock, which was now stretching up high, rippling as though it was a living, sinuous creature.

The fairy fondled it with a leisurely thumb and the head pressed into the caress like an affectionate cat. "Adaptable is what it is," he murmured. "And very, very...ah...clever." His eyes twinkled emerald with wicked temptation. "It can give you incredible pleasure, sweet Alice. Do you want it?"

Alice grabbed Will's hand in both of hers. She spread her thighs and clamped his palm over her dripping cleft. "I want Will," she managed and a dark cloud passed over Obernunda's perfect features. His feelers twisted like corkscrews. "First."

Will bent his head and licked her nipple. The heel of his hand nudged her clit.

She swallowed. "And then...I want you." She locked eyes with the fairy king. "Just once. Once to remember forever."

His antennae shot up straight. "Done."

"Just a fucking minute—" Will scooped her up in his arms without any effort at all. As though she was a light weight. Alice was charmed. She nuzzled the soft pit at the base of his throat.

Will jerked his head at Obernunda. "Get off," he gritted. "The first fuck's mine. The old-fashioned way."

Gently, he laid Alice down on her back among the pillows. "No blindfolds for this one, darling. Just your sweet wet pussy and my poor suffering cock." He kissed a tear from her cheek and she heard the fairy king's cynical grunt.

"Open for me, Alice," rasped Will, pulling back to lie between her knees. For an instant, Alice could have sworn whips of lightning coiled around his head and shoulders. She moved her thighs apart, conscious she was one huge blush.

"Oh God." Will lunged forward, sealing his lips over her bare, smooth sex. His tongue swept back and forth, swirling and teasing, gliding over nerves she hadn't been aware she had.

She sank her fingers into his hair, just as the fairy king leaned over and drew her taut nipple into his mouth. Her eyes squeezed closed, her mouth opened and a procession of helpless whimpers and gasps coloured the air. Against her quivering flesh, Obernunda whispered, "Look, Alice, look."

She levered one eye open. Each sound floated in the air as a translucent bubble, pink, or rose-gold, or vermilion or crimson. Will wrapped his tongue around her clit and tugged gently, simultaneously sliding two fingers deep into her body. "Oh!" The shocked exhalation emerged as a dancing bubble of pink and gold. When it burst, a pair of tiny jeweled wings fluttered away over the carpet of silver bell-flowers.

"Alice, I can't wait!" Will reared up and came down over her, eyes blazing into hers, the hot blunt head of his cock demanding entrance.

"Yes, yes!" Gladly, Alice tilted her hips and wrapped her legs around his waist. A moment of delicious initial resistance and Will slid into her as if he'd been greased. They both shuddered.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, he felt good! Delightful tremors of sensation tightened her on Will's solid girth.

Biting his lip, his gray eyes molten with concentration, he began to thrust, easing out and back in, gradually picking up the pace until she had to cry out, it was so wonderful.

"Let me help, dear ones," came Obernunda's silky voice. Alice scarcely heard him. Cool silver fingers closed over her ankle and rearranged her leg until it rested over Will's shoulder.

Will's eyes went wide and he swallowed. "Christ, that's..." He slid his arm under her other leg and raised that too. As if from very far away, Alice heard Obernunda chuckle, but she couldn't tear her gaze from Will's. Because of the angle there was no hindrance, no check to his complete access. The pleasure became so acute, it was almost agonizing. She could barely breathe for the tide of sensation engulfing her lower body, the lovely burn of it driving her insane.

"Sorry, love— Have to—" Abruptly, Will slammed into her, over and over, the bed rocking with hammer blows. "God, how I love you, love you, love..."

With a strangled grunt, he froze, buried deep inside her, and as he did so, Alice's pelvis convulsed in the most excruciating climax she'd ever experienced. She shrieked and the air exploded in a flurry of bright wings.

After a long breathless silence, Will turned his head to drop a kiss on her knee. Then he lowered Alice's legs and braced himself on his elbows, bracketing her head between his forearms. Without haste, he took her mouth in a long slow kiss, so tender it brought tears to her eyes. He nuzzled them away.

"Did you hear me, sweetheart?"

"Yes," she whispered, drowning in the molten gray of his beautiful eyes. "And Will, I love you too, truly I do."

"Very touching," said Obernunda waspishly.

Alice spared him a glance. "Don't fairies love?"

The fairy king stared pensively down at the cock cradled in his hand. It stared right back. "No," he said at last. "Love is something we see from the outside."

Tap, tap, tap.

"Oh you poor thing." Alice hugged Will closer, tears springing to her eyes.

Obernunda raised a cool brow. "Don't waste your sympathy, little human. Love's a messy animal I can well do without."

Tap...tap...tap, clatter, tap...

He looked up. "Rossetti's getting impatient." He bent a stern emerald glance on Alice. "You're supposed to be on your hands and knees, Alice. Blindfolded." His teeth gleamed. "Helpless."

Gently, Will withdrew and helped Alice to sit up. "Seeing I'm human—" He shot the fairy a dark glance. "—I'll need a few minutes to recover."

Thunder rumbled over the roof of the tent mixed with other, crisper noises.

Tap...clatter... tap, tap, tap, TAP! THUMP!

Obernunda winced. "Thank the dark powers my name isn't Enter Key." He grinned at Will, his eyes dancing with unholy glee. "She takes her promises to readers very seriously, does Rossetti. How soon can you get it up again, *human?*"

Everyone looked at Will's cock, shiny with Alice's juices and half-hard.

Thunder rumbled. *Tap...tap...tap...tap, tap, tap, tap, TAP! BANG!*

Will glared at the roof. "Five minutes, okay?" he yelled.

"Nu-uh." An expression of such unadulterated, wicked joy crossed the fairy's face that Alice gasped. "It's not okay and you get to pay the first part of the price."

Abruptly, the bed hangings plaited themselves into silken ropes. They slithered around Will's wrists and jerked his arms over his head, pulling him down flat on his back.

"Hey!" Will fought, muscles bunching in the most delightful way, but it was no use. More ropes wound themselves around his ankles, stretching his legs wide. He glared, his eyes silver with frustration and rage, but his shaft thickened and grew.

Obernunda stretched in a languid sort of way and draped an arm over Alice's shoulder, fingers idly brushing a tingling nipple. "See anything you fancy, sweet Alice? Because I certainly do."

Alice moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue, blushing when she realized both men watched the gesture with unwinking interest. "What about—" She had to swallow and start again. "I thought I was—"

The fairy king licked the side of her neck, leaving a hot trail that cooled to a mind-numbing chill. "I guarantee we'll have you there, Alice. Kneeling and vulnerable. Blind. The way we promised. But first—" He drew a breath and the silver nipple chain rippled. "We have to get Will hard again."

"Uh, I don't think that's a problem." Alice nodded at Will's erection, now so massive, so engorged with blood it barely quivered. The smooth, domed head flushed a dark rose as they watched.

"Fuck, let me loose!" Will pulled against the ropes.

"No." Will's eyes went wide as the fairy crawled gracefully further and further up the bed. "I get that five minutes." His silver feelers shot forward as he bent his head. Will grunted and jerked as they stroked his jaw. "Regardless."

Obernunda slipped an arm around Alice's waist and drew her into his side. "You stay close, sweet Alice. Close enough to take notes."

Chapter 14

Five Minutes of Fairy Hell

The story so far:

Will makes sweet love to Alice – the old-fashioned way. He's so preoccupied with convincing Alice he loves her, Obernunda takes him off-guard. We left a furious Will tied spread-eagled on the bed...

"What are you going to do? Alice whispered, her mouth dry. All the moisture in her body had headed south.

Obernunda leaned forward and nibbled Will's earlobe while Will growled curses. "Whatever I want. For five minutes." He cocked a sardonic brow and his feelers curled into question marks. "Think you can hold out, human?"

"Fuck, get off!" Will heaved and twisted, the muscles sliding under his golden skin in the most intriguing way.

From some distance away, came a loud prolonged rebel yell, accompanied by feminine shrieks and a veritable stampede of little hooves. The fairy king grinned as his pale fingers drifted to Will's dark nipple. "Wolverine's having fun." He tweaked gently and the rosy-brown disk peaked hard. "Mmm." Obernunda swiped a silvery green tongue over Will's throat, his lower lip.

Will hissed a bloodcurdling curse, his clear gray eyes molten with fury—and something else, something very like a thunderstorm looming on the horizon, gathering, filling...

Alice glanced down. Will's cock vibrated against his belly, its fat girth so tight it looked painful. The broad velvety head shone with moisture and as she watched, a bead of fluid welled out of the dimpled slit and coursed down over the veined shaft. Beneath, his heavy testicles were drawn up hard and swollen. They were lightly furred with golden down that glinted in the light. Unable to resist, she trailed a finger over his cock head and down over the seam of his balls.

Then she licked the finger.

Twin groans rent the air.

"Hell, that does it!" Obernunda swooped on Will's nipple, sucking it into his mouth with ruthless efficiency, while Will bellowed and arched off the bed.

In short order, the fairy king dealt with the other side the same way, while Alice watched with her mouth open and her heartbeat thundering in her clit. Then he licked and nibbled his way down Will's sternum and over his muscular belly, detouring to burrow into the delectable creases between thigh and hip.

As he went, he made feral noises deep in his throat, deep, devouring sounds of savage delight. In his wake, the feathery feelers whispered over Will's skin, now tapping, now stroking.

"Alice!"

She jerked her gaze up to Will's flushed face. Great drops of sweat stood on his brow, trickled down his neck.

"Give me...your pussy." His eyes squeezed shut and he ground out a string of swear words.

The fairy king chuckled. "Four minutes to go."

"Please."

Will threw his head back and shouted, an incoherent, masculine sound. The canvas walls of the tent billowed.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

Obernunda had swallowed Will's cock to the root, his aristocratic silver nose buried in the other man's pubic curls. His throat rippled, again and again. Will shuddered with the rhythm, his fists clenched against the restraints. His eyes fixed on Alice's, his mouth shaped the word, *Please*, but nothing came out.

Hastily, Alice swung her leg over Will's head, bracketing him with her thighs. She made certain she was facing his feet. There was no way she was going to miss a single naughty moment of this! Immediately, Will launched himself at her dripping

folds, stabbing and thrusting with his tongue, all with an edge of sheer desperation. It felt gorgeous, but he wasn't particularly systematic about it and she knew she wasn't going to come. Alice's lips curved in a wicked smile. Hardly surprising he couldn't concentrate, given the luscious distraction sucking him to madness right in front of her. The very thought of Obernunda's mouth, of the fiery taste of his strong, clever tongue, and the musky dew poured out of her. Will was experiencing all that sinful, fairy skill. On his cock. Oh God.

"Mmm." The fairy king pulled back with lingering relish. He licked his lips. "Delightful flavour. Two minutes to go. How you doing, human?"

Will slurped his tongue noisily over Alice's clit. She yelped. "Fuck you, fairy!" he growled, his breath gusting hot against her wet sensitive folds. He nibbled the inside of her thigh.

"Impressive." Obernunda's bell-voice was husky with suppressed laughter. His emerald eyes danced as he winked at Alice. "Let me see..."

As he straddled the other man's hips, Alice felt Will go rigid beneath her. She was sure he'd stopped breathing altogether.

The silk of his hair brushed across her thigh. He was trying to stare the length of the body, to see what Obernunda was doing. Alice sank a little lower, obstructing his view.

Holy hell. The fairy king released the chains connecting his piercing to his scrotum. Then he leaned forward, allowing his cock to stretch and lengthen even more. It snaked out, extending over Will's, the satiny skin of both shafts rubbing together. Beneath Alice, Will made a choking noise and went absolutely still.

Obernunda's perfect lips pulled back in a savage smile and his emerald eyes slitted with wicked intent. "How good is your control, human?"

Will's breath puffed hot against Alice's quivering sex. "Good enough, damn you!"

For the first time, the fairy king laughed outright, his wings arching behind him, ethereal constructions of the softest stained glass. Glossy green vines covered with fat silver roses appeared out of nowhere, wreathing the canopy above their heads, filling the air with a rich, seductive perfume.

Under Alice's flabbergasted gaze, his cock began to undulate against Will's. It curled and coiled like a seeking snake, rubbing and squeezing, the silver hoop catching the other man's sensitive head with every movement.

"By the dark gods, that feels fabulous." Obernunda tugged gently on his nipple chain. "Mmm. Is it good for you, human?"

But Will didn't answer. He was making low, moaning noises, deep in his throat—noises so helpless, so sexy, that Alice nearly came on the spot. His thighs tensed and his hips rose. "Alice," he panted, almost too low for her to hear. "For chrissake, help me! For you. All...for you." He arched and shook. "Ah, shit. Fuck!"

Inspired, Alice bent forward and nipped the tender skin near his hip, her nose filled with the enticing, musky scent of fairy and man and lust.

"Christ, yes!" Will sealed his mouth over her naked sex and sucked, his tongue working fiercely. Alice used her teeth again. Obernunda's pointed cock worked its wicked magic and Will began to shudder from head to toe, bone-deep.

A long soprano yodel echoed in the distance. It ended on a high sustained note, like a valkyrie's cry of triumph. Beneath it was the sound of a man's bass scream of pleasure. Alice thought she recognized Wolverine's voice. A delicious shiver ran up her spine.

"Damn." Obernunda's cock untangled itself, slipping free of Will's shaft with reluctance. "Time's up." The fairy king sat back on his heels. His smile showed his pointed canines. "Nearly had you there, human."

Will just snarled, pulling against the restraints.

The fairy king turned his mesmerizing green gaze on Alice. "Your turn, little one. You know what Rossetti promised the readers."

Alice gulped and nodded, her stomach doing flip-flops.

As she moved off Will, his bindings fell away and he lunged at the other man without a word, his face flushed a dark red. Obernunda simply grinned and rose in the air, hovering near the ceiling, his wings stirring idly behind him. "Nu-uh." He wagged a stern finger. "Don't damage the fairy goods. Rossetti won't like it."

Alice arranged herself on her hands and knees in the centre of the bed. "Where is she?" she whispered, glancing up. "We haven't heard..."

Obernunda winked. "I'm guessing we've managed to...ah, keep her attention." He floated back down to the bed, the blindfold suddenly appearing in his hands.

As if his words had conjured up the sound, it came. *Tap, tap, tap.*

The fairy king tilted his head. So did Will.

Tap, tap, tap. TAP? Alice felt irritated. Why wouldn't Rossetti talk to her? Didn't she like other women?

Will slid his arms around her waist and leaned over her, holding her close, his chest pressed up against her spine, his erection a brand nestling between the cheeks of her ass. "She wants to know what's your heart's desire."

Alice blushed. Come to think of it, everything in this dream had been wonderful. There'd been nothing but pleasure. Rossetti and her readers weren't so bad, not really.

She turned to look into Will's beautiful eyes. "It's only a dream, right? Not real." But his hand in hers felt so solid, so male.

Will's lashes fell and he shrugged.

A cool, sweet voice said, "That's right, little human." Obernunda. "But don't forget, all dreamers wake eventually. Choose carefully. There won't be another chance. How do you want us?"

With a long sigh, Will bent to nuzzle the nape of her neck. "He's right, darling. You can have whatever you want, however you want it."

There won't be another chance.

Alice's heart thudded painfully. "You mean it? Truly?"

"I love you, Alice. And I promised you a world of pleasure. I meant it. If it pleases you, then yes. Anything."

Anything? The air in the tent turned to syrup, clogging her lungs with erotic possibilities. Half a dozen different scenarios careered through her mind, each more shocking than the one before.

The fairy king went to slip the blindfold over her eyes.

"Wait!" Alice clamped her hand over his wrist. She swallowed hard. "Obernunda, can you...can you...I mean, could you..." She had to force the rest of the sentence out in a single breath.

How should Alice finish the sentence?

- A. "...do both of us, Will and me, at the same time?"
- B. "...do Will while I watch?"
- C. "...you and Will do it to me — together?"

Chapter 15 Twice the Fun

The story so far:

Heroically, Will endures five excruciating minutes of Obernunda's sensual torture. And then he promises Alice whatever she wants, however she wants it. Decisions, decisions...

You can read all of Alice at <http://www.deniserossetti.com/alice.html>

Alice swallowed hard. "Obernunda, can you...can you...I mean, could you..." She had to force the next sentence out in a single breath. "Do Will and I together?"

"Absolutely no problem, my dear," purred the fairy king, reaching out to stroke the curve of her cheek.

"Now just a bloody minute!" snarled Will, tugging Alice harder into his chest. Delighted, she wriggled her ass against his rigid shaft. "I want inside Alice and there's no way in hell you're getting inside of me, fairy!"

Obernunda gave a huge theatrical sigh. His shoulder slumped and his feelers drooped like silver spaghetti cooked al dente.

Tap, tap, tap.

The fairy raised his head and his eyes sparkled with sly emerald fire. His antennae shot up straight. "I'll strike a bargain with you, human," he murmured. "Think about the geography. If my cock is as far up Alice's snug pussy as I can get it, then your virgin ass is safe." He arched a brow. "Isn't it?"

"Well, I guess. I—"

"Will." Alice twisted around in Will's arms. "It's all right with me. I want to taste..." She trailed off, feeling the flush spread over her neck, her cheeks.

"Sweetheart, you can whisper if you're shy," said Will, bending his head.

Her heart hammering, Alice went up on her tiptoes and nipped his earlobe. "Let me suck you. Please. My mouth's watering."

Will chuckled. "Not just your mouth." His fingertip ghosted up over her inner thigh, drifted to the satiny smooth lips of her sex. Gently, he furrowed through her drenched folds, one finger slipping sweetly inside her. Humming, he caressed her inner walls, sending small luscious tremors rippling through her clit.

Alice's muscles went onto automatic pilot, clamping down on Will's finger. Her back arched, pushing her into the sensation.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, Will had given her the most excruciating climax she'd ever experienced, Wolverine had spread her deliciously wide, stuffed her full. Would Will taste like the fairy king?

Immediately, she knew he wouldn't. He'd have his own unique flavour, masculine, powerful, endearing. *Will.*

A blood-heating thought struck her. What would Obernunda's cock feel like, with its kinky piercings, its pointed head and wicked sinuous movements? God, he had the most incredible control over it. *What would it do to her?*

Her knees went and Will supported her with a strong arm around her waist. "Whoa. Come on, darling, let's get the blindfold on." His finger withdrew with a plop and he licked it, grinning.

Alice inhaled deeply, filling her lungs. She had a feeling oxygen might be in short supply very soon. Then she dropped to her hands and knees in the center of the bed.

Obernunda appeared at Will's side, hands full of black silk. Tilting Alice's chin with elegant fingers, he dropped a fleeting kiss on her lips before he tied the blindfold over her eyes, plunging her into a world of soft black darkness. The silk caressed her eyelids, her forehead, heightening her other senses. The rustle of silken bedding as a large body settled in front of her, the heat radiating from muscled skin close from her cheek. Will groaned, a deep sexy growl. "Christ, Alice, you look like every fantasy I ever had. All lush tits and creamy pussy, dripping for me. Helpless. Waiting."

God, she could barely breathe!

A warm palm cradled her jaw. "Open your mouth, darling," husked Will.

A cool hand brushed over one cheek of her ass, drifted down the cleft between her buttocks. "Spread your thighs, sweet Alice," murmured Obernunda.

Oh God.

Alice did as she was told. Something hot and smooth brushed her lips, delightfully musky and hard. She whisked her tongue over it and was rewarded with a sharply indrawn breath.

Cool metal slid over the burning petals of her sex, followed by hot flesh. A leisurely rub over her clit had her gasping and Will surged an inch into her open mouth, the broadness of his cock head stretching her lips. Alice gave a muffled squeak that turned into a strangled moan as the pointed head of Obernunda's cock nosed into her sheath, the hoops and fine chains rubbing against her walls as it wriggled further in. Jesus, Mary and Joseph, it *wriggled!* She tilted her hips, craving more, and swallowed all of Will, right up to his fingers, gripping his cock at the root. His velvety breadth rubbed against the roof of her mouth, the underside hot and hard against her tongue. Unable to resist, she sucked hard.

She heard Will's stifled exclamation. Then he cleared his throat and said, "You in?" The words came out as a hoarse whisper.

"Nearly," said Obernunda's silvery voice, sounding a little strained. "Titania's tits, she's hot. And tight."

"Yeah, I know," said Will curtly.

The fairy's shaft forged deeper and deeper, until Alice felt his trim hips pressed right into her buttocks, smooth muscular thighs tight against hers, his fingers gripping her hips. The bulk of him spread her flesh, forcing delicate, satiny tissues to give way

before him, to open up like the petals of some ripe tropical flower. The heat of her blood warmed the metal piercings and they pushed into her in unexpected and delicious ways.

Alice keened her pleasure around Will's girth and his pulse throbbed against her tongue.

"Ready, human?"

"Yeah, fairy. I'm ready. A world of pure pleasure, remember? This is for Alice."

Obernunda chuckled. "And you're the noble sacrifice?"

Alice giggled around her mouthful of hard flesh and Will jerking, growling. But his fingers drifted into her hair, holding her gently, guiding the movements of her head. He set up a leisurely rhythm, gliding his silken flesh over Alice's tongue.

The fairy king worked in counterpoint with him, withdrawing as Will pushed in, thrusting forward as Will slid back. Alice moaned in the extremity of her pleasure. Her head was full of the hard luscious taste of man, *real* man, his smell musky and hot, the silken skin against her lips slipping sweetly over the blood-engorged core within.

And every nerve inside her sex fluttered with panic and desire. Obernunda's amazing cock set off little bursts of pleasure like wicked fireworks deep in her pelvis. They stuttered and sparked, until all she could do was hang on, all her consciousness focused on pure sensation.

Will ran his knuckles over the skin of her cheek. "Let's do it," he said, but he wasn't talking to Alice.

The fairy picked up the pace, Will following suit, and breathless, mewling sounds began to spill out of Alice's mouth. She couldn't help it. Obernunda's cock was writhing inside her, and on every thrust, the pointed head slid firmly over the front wall of her sheath, massaging her clit from the inside. Will's flesh rasped over her tongue like burning velvet and she could hear his rhythmic, masculine grunts of pleasure.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Her head reeled as the sparks of pleasure began to run together, coalesce...

Obernunda's cock became insistent, imperious, and Alice's world exploded, a myriad of lights and colours and bursting stars spangling the inside of the blindfold, stealing her breath, her voice. Her very soul. On the heels of her own explosion, she seemed to hear another, a kind of glittering boom. Vaguely, she wondered if her mind had snapped. Probably. She was about due.

Will's voice said sharply, "What the—?" He started to pull out of Alice's mouth, but she wrapped one hand around his hips and tightened the suction. "I don't fucking believe it! You can't—"

"Oh, but I can." That was strange. Obernunda's voice seemed to be coming from in front of her, yet she could still feel his cock pulsing like a heartbeat, crammed as far into her pussy as it could go, his hard smooth thighs bracketing hers.

Suddenly impatient, she ripped the blindfold away.

The fairy king was standing at Will's shoulder, still gloriously nude, but he'd gone *blue*, his wicked eyes now like faceted sapphires, his wings a beautiful cobalt.

But—

The sinuous cock inside her rippled. Alice released Will with a plop and twisted to peer over her shoulder.

She shrieked.

Obernunda knelt behind her, silvery-green and impossibly beautiful, buried to the balls inside her body. And in front of her, Obernunda stood, silvery-blue and impossibly beautiful, one hand on Will's shoulder, gently tugging on the chains that pierced his cock.

Blue Obernunda grinned, the pointed canines very much in evidence. "Twice the fun," he purred.

Green Obernunda winked. "You forget, human. Fairy geography has a tendency to be, ah, elastic."

Alice goggled from one narrow, perfect face to the other. "But how can you be two people?"

"Magic, dear Alice. Magic." Green Obernunda's cock squirmed delightfully inside her. "You see?"

Blue Obernunda said, "And so, dear Alice, I get to keep my promise." He pushed on Will's shoulder and Will sank back onto his heels, his eyes still wide with shock. "And fuck both of you at once."

Will paled, then he flushed. "That's cheating!"

The Obernundas shrugged in tandem and Alice whimpered with pleasure, pushing her hips backward. "Who cares?" said the green fairy. "As long as Alice gets her wish. This is her dream and Rossetti's readers chose for her."

"Though..." The blue fairy bared his teeth. "In all fairness, I have to say it was very close. You almost escaped."

"But I don't—"

Blue Obernunda swooped, wrapping long fingers around Will's shaft. "You're even harder than you were before, human." He smiled, the sapphire eyes twinkling. "Lie back and think of Alice."

"Wait." The green fairy leaned forward over Alice's back, his feelers pointing at Will like lasers. "I'll give you the choice, human. Which will you give me? Mouth or ass."

His eyes like molten steel, Will eyed the blue fairy's body, finishing with a considering stare at his cock, chains and all.

"Alice" he rasped. "For you." He settled with his back against the pillows and sank his fingers into her hair. "Suck me, darling. Hard."

Then he licked his lips and turned his head. "Mouth," he said. "Bastard."

Alice watched the blue fairy's eyelids slide to half-mast as his rippling cock snaked between Will's lips. Canting her hips up at an even higher angle, she inhaled Will's cock all the way to the root without hindrance, as if her throat had been greased with fairy magic.

She hadn't known a rhythm like this was even possible. The two Obernundas worked in perfect harmony. The luscious heavy friction in Alice's pussy pushed her back and forth on Will's cock and all she had to do was concentrate on keeping her lips wrapped tight around his throbbing girth. Which was a pleasure so acute, it bordered on ecstasy. On the other hand, the blue fairy's motion in Will's mouth was transmitted by way of his shudders of reluctant pleasure to the human cock vibrating against Alice's hard palate. If she tilted her head a little, she could see the blue Obernunda's shaft, glistening as it emerged from between Will's lips, hear the fairy moaning.

Lord, it was like a complete circle, a closed circuit!

Alice increased the suction on Will. Will groaned and tightened his mouth on the blue fairy. Both Obernundas gasped aloud and the green fairy hammered harder into the wet depths of Alice's greedy sex. Alice sucked Will harder.

Dark, fiery pleasure flowered in Alice's pelvis, flooding her in waves that receded, then built even higher. It eclipsed the fireworks of her previous orgasm, so all-encompassing, so completely overwhelming, that she began to panic. She tried to lift her head, but Will had her hair twined in his fist. Lightning whips of sensation licked up her spine, made the base of her skull throb. Her breasts burned, her nipples so hard and tight, they tingled with pain-pleasure.

As if down a long dark tunnel, she heard Obernunda's voice. "She's nearly there, human."

A breathless pause, full of tight wet effort. Will groaned, deep in his chest, the sound muffled. The cock inside Alice writhed and wriggled like a live thing, rasping over a bundle of nerves with every pass, driving her insane, her thighs rigid with tension.

The dark wave bloomed into a vortex of glittering, unbearable sensation. Everything fused. Alice shrieked around Will's cock. It bucked against her tongue, flooding her mouth with salty heat. The green fairy bellowed, jamming himself to the root inside her, the sound echoed exactly by the blue fairy. Will shuddered and shuddered, as though his strong body had been electrified.

Alice hung for long, ecstatic moments, the orgasm seeming to last for an eon.

Slowly, she let herself sink further into the soft velvet of the pleasure, immersing herself in the warm cottony darkness of aftermath. Boneless, she drifted away. On the very periphery of her consciousness, she heard Obernunda's silvery bell-tones.

"Thank you, sweet Alice. Goodbye."

Goodness, he sounded so serious, almost sad!

A gasp and Will cried, "Alice, no! Not yet, I'm not ready —"

The darkness rolled her under.

Chapter 16

Worth Every Cent

The story so far:

Obernunda keeps his promise to pleasure Alice and Will simultaneously. Then he cheats, but hey, that's a fairy for you.

You can read all of Alice at <http://www.deniserossetti.com/alice.html>

"Mmpf." Alice batted at the hair tickling her nose. She stretched and yawned, aware of a delightful lassitude. Every part of her felt well-used, but also well-used.

"Geroff," she mumbled. "No more. Can't-"

Will made the strangest noise, a sort of mewling purr. Reluctantly, Alice levered one eye open. She was staring into a wall of gingery fur.

"Wha-?" She shot bolt upright and her fat old cat leaped off the pillow and gave her a disgusted green glare.

"Bobby?" Alice put a hand to her head and stared at the familiar bedroom as if she'd never seen it before. Mid-morning sunlight filtered through the curtains, fingering the objects on the night table beside the bed—her glasses, folded neatly, a book by that Rossetti woman, the perfumed candle, the CD player.

The bottom dropped out of Alice's stomach. She wrapped her arms around her ribcage, dragging in huge gasps of air, uncontrollable shudders racking her body.

"Will?" she whispered. "Will?"

Nothing. Only a soft thud as Bobby hit the floor and ambled to the door. "Perrowow?" he said. *Breakfast?*

Moving like an old woman, Alice pushed the sheet aside. She made it over to the antique cheval mirror in a couple of tottery lurches. When she spread trembling fingers over the glass, it felt cold and solid. Inanimate. Her breath misted the surface.

And there she was. In the all too ample flesh.

Alone.

Alice swiped an angry fist over the condensation and watched her lips quiver, the tears welling up and spilling over her cheeks to drip off her chin.

Shit. Double, triple shit.

She must be mad, out of her head. How could a normal person have dreamed like that? So vividly, she could still feel Will's imprint deep inside her body, on her heart, her soul. Obernunda could have been the product of any woman's fantasy, so theatrically fey, he couldn't possibly be real, but Will—!

She barely made it back to the bed before the storm of sobs took her. They hurt, tearing out of her chest like barbed wire, distorting her mouth into a helpless, ugly gape. Somewhere around the middle of the tempest, she rolled over, grabbed the

Rossetti book and flung against the wall with all her strength. Then she hurled herself headlong into the pillow and went right back to grieving.

More than an hour later, she staggered out to the kitchen, flung some dry cat food in a bowl for Bobby and downed a glass of water in two long swallows. Her brain came back on line with an almost audible creak. Oh yes. Saturday. Which meant lunch with Kate at their favourite coffee shop. The thought of food made her want to throw up.

Alice counted the symptoms off on her fingers, sheer dread making her guts lurch.

Should-be-committed crazy. Check.

Gimme-the-pills-right-this-minute depressed. Uh-huh.

I-don'-wanna-live heartbroken. Fuckin' A.

Shoulders slumped, she dragged herself off to shower.

* * * * *

The coffee shop was buzzing, but Alice spotted Kate straight off. There was a semi-permanent eddy of waiters near her table because each one that passed slowed to stare. Alice scowled, hitching up her jeans. From the top of her glossy head to the tips of her dainty toes, Kate was so freakin' gorgeous it was hard to forgive, but Alice managed. Their friendship was solid gold and it had been since the first day of Junior High. Not to mention that Kate had even lousier taste in men than Alice did.

Now she fixed the baby blues on Alice. They narrowed, bright with the penetrating intelligence Kate usually tried to hide. "Heck, Alice. What in God's name have you done with yourself?"

Alice pulled out a chair and subsided with a graceless thump. "I know," she said, shaking her head. "You think I enjoy looking like this?"

Kate reached over the table and grasped Alice's hand. "Jeez, I should say so." She leaned right forward and her voice dropped to a conspiratorial hiss. "Who is he? C'mon, girl. Give."

Alice's heart sank. "Is it that obvious?"

"God, yes." Kate tilted her head to one side. "You...you..." She thought about it, grinning. "You're glowing, hon, like someone lit a lamp inside you. And you've dropped at least ten pounds, I swear."

Alice goggled. She jerked her fingers out of Kate's hold, knocking over the sugar. "I— What?"

With the side of her hand, Kate swept the spilled sugar off the edge of the table and into a paper napkin. "You look fabulous, sweetie. And I just *love* the contacts."

Alice couldn't keep up. "Contacts?"

"Much better than glasses. Show off those big brown eyes."

Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Alice patted her face. She looked across the café at the blackboard specials. Frittata with salad, fish of the day, chocolate brownie with cream. Every word crystal clear. But she'd never been able to read it without her glasses.

"Holy shit!" she muttered, appalled. "I drove. The car. Without my specs."

Obernunda's silver lips, whispering over one eyelid, then the other. His voice like a silken bell. "Consider it a gift, little human. Part payment for the pleasure you will bring us."

"Alice, you're as white as a sheet." Kate gripped both Alice's hands, her perfectly manicured nails digging in. "What's wrong, sweetie?"

"Nothing. Everything." Alice forced her trembling lips into a smile that felt more like a grimace. "I...had a dream," she whispered. "It seemed so real."

Real. *Real.*

Her tired brain spun with overload. Twenty-twenty vision. Which meant...

"I'd say you did more than dream." Kate's grin was wide, wicked and just a trace wistful. "What's his name?"

"Will," murmured Alice, the word reverberating in her head, filling her senses. Will, darling Will, so determined to gift her with pleasure, his clear grey eyes molten with sensual purpose, shining with love and lust and laughter.

He'd be waiting for her. At home. Behind the mirror. He had to be.

Alice shot to her feet, nearly upsetting her chair. "Gotta go."

"But—"

"Tell you later." She swooped to give Kate an exuberant peck on the cheek. "Be happy for me." Spinning on her heel, she blundered out between the packed tables, her heart thumping so hard it hurt her ribs.

* * * * *

But Will wasn't at home. He wasn't anywhere. Alice set her jaw. She wasn't giving up. No way.

Monday morning, she called her boss and croaked out lies about having the flu and needing the week off. That afternoon, she paid a furtive flying visit to her optometrist and left the poor man muttering about calibration errors and dismantling his equipment.

Alice tidied her apartment. Then she tidied herself, plucking her eyebrows, taking long bubble baths, pampering her skin with scented lotions.

No Will.

To her intense satisfaction, the skin over her mons and between her legs remained satin smooth. No prickly stubble. And no beaver either. Alice smiled through her tears,

remembering Petula and her furry engineer hero. It wasn't every day you met a six foot beaver, even in your dreams.

No Will, though she jumped every time the fridge hummed.

Wednesday, she sorted through her wardrobe and thrust two-thirds of it into a bag for charity. Why had she never realized that most of her clothes were baggy or dowdy or both?

Thursday, she found the Rossetti book, splayed face-down on the floor near the wall. Grimly, she smoothed the crumpled pages, hefting it in her hand. For two pins, she'd heave the stupid thing into the charity bag. Hell, she didn't care if she never saw it again.

Wait a minute. Alice rummaged through her purse. She always shoved receipts... Ah, there it was! She glared at the creased slip of paper in triumph. If she squished it flat under all her erotic romance books, she could get a refund, surely? Rossetti had given her bad dreams after all.

Tap, tap, tap.

Almost she seemed to hear it. Alice shivered. Well, not everything in her dreams had been bad. Rossetti's readers had been pretty good to her.

By Friday, she was reduced to eating double choc ice cream, straight from the carton. No Will.

Alice retrieved the receipt from under the weight of her erotic romance library. Then she slithered into the stretch jeans she'd bought two years ago when she started the cabbage and crackers diet. Her grip on the wheel white-knuckled with fury and disappointment, she drove carefully to the bookstore, seething.

The clerk raised a brow. "You didn't like it? Sorry, but that's not a reason for a refund." She stiffened and her lips went thin. "On the other hand, I bet you were shocked. I know I was."

Alice felt a flare of irritation. "Actually, I enjoyed it," she said through gritted teeth. "Rossetti has a lot of loyal readers."

The clerk sniffed. "We have others by her, madam. Third shelf on the left, behind the self-help books."

"Right." So much for the refund. Alice wandered away, furious with herself. She was so busy with her thoughts, she cannoned into the broad back of the man scanning the third shelf on the left. "Ooof! Sorry."

"Reilly," said the man hastily. He backed away, "I don't read Rossetti. It's Matthew Reilly I—"

He turned.

"Will!" Alice's full-blooded shriek got tangled somewhere around her tonsils and emerged as a gasping squeak.

"William," he said absently, his dark brows drawing together. "My name's William."

Alice put a hand on his forearm, feeling the heat of his skin through the business shirt. "Don't you know me?" she whispered. "It's me, Alice."

"Alice?" Thoughtful grey eyes travelled from her head to her heels in a leisurely survey that missed nothing. "Alice." A grin tugged at the corners of his beautiful mouth and his fingers came up to cover hers.

Immediately, he frowned and a surge of red tinted his cheek. He snatched his hand back. "I know it sounds like a line," he said, "but I've dreamed of someone like you. Someone I—" He broke off and cleared his throat. The flush intensified. "I—uh—"

Her heart singing, Alice grinned. "It's okay, Will. Honestly. You're not crazy."

But he didn't seem particularly comforted. "I've only been out of hospital a few days. I'm not sure..." He rubbed his nose.

"Hospital?" Alice's fingers dug into hard flesh. "Are you all right?" She dragged in a breath. "Did you have an accident?"

"I don't know," said Will slowly. "I met this odd little woman at a dinner and we got talking. She said she wrote erotic romance novels." He glanced at the row of colourful spines on the shelf. "And then she asked what I did for a living and I told her. We were just making conversation, but I've never seen anyone get so mad so quick."

"But why?"

"Beats me." Will shrugged. "You'd think inventing reality TV was a crime. I'm a television producer. In fact..." His chest expanded with an angry breath and Alice watched, fascinated, remembering the hot taste of small brown nipples, the wonderful breadth of him against her. *Inside her*. "...she said I'd made a travesty out of entertainment. She used words like banal, boring, exploitative... Jeez!"

When he ran his fingers through his hair like a little boy confused, Alice was enchanted. Will cast a filthy look at the Rossetti books on the shelf. "She said I needed to learn a lesson and then she waved her hand and I..." He hesitated. "The last I remember is her long red nails waving under my nose. I guess I went to sleep."

"Sleep? What do you mean, sleep?"

"Head first into the shrimp cocktail." Will drew her a little closer, snuggling her into his side. "When they couldn't wake me, they took me to hospital. Light coma, the doctor said. Probably a seafood allergy. Except—"

He stared into her face, his eyes heating, growing molten. Alice imagined she heard the rustle of glowing wings. "I had such dreams," he whispered. His hand came up to cradle Alice's jaw. "About you, sweet Alice."

"Me too. Oh God, Will." Unable to resist another moment, Alice went up on tip-toe and pressed her quivering lips to his.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, it was like water in the desert, like coming home. His kiss *was* home — tender, but so hot and strong, so *giving*. Alice wrapped both arms around Will's neck and sealed her body to his, feeling the delightful bulge under his slacks, wriggling her hips against it.

"Jesus!" he muttered and the kiss went from tender to incandescent in a nano-second. A broad palm skated up and down her spine, his other hand closing warm and hard over the nape of her neck.

God, how she'd missed him! No one kissed like Will, with that exact combination of gentle care and hard, driving lust. Alice raised one leg and locked it around his thigh in an effort to merge their bodies together. She wanted to climb inside his skin, into his heart and soul, and stay there forever. Her flailing elbow knocked the shelf and a positive rain of Rossetti books tumbled down, striking Will on the shoulder, glancing off Alice's arm, cascading to the floor.

"Hmpf," said the clerk, appearing out of nowhere, her pinched features rigid with disapproval. "I hope you're going to pay for those."

With lingering relish, Alice freed her lips. Then she laughed right out loud, giddy with joy. "It'll be worth it," she said. "Every cent. God, I *love* Rossetti!"

THE END