

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 Six

The Eyes Have It

The story so far:

Alice is robbed of the...ahem...ultimate satisfaction when Will goads Wolverine into a rage and then turns him back into an action figurine. The majority vote was for Alice to ask Will to make good, so to speak.

"It won't work, sweetheart. But Rossetti says you're welcome to try." Will spread his arms wide and Alice squinted. Stupid glasses. The sunshine glowed cheerfully over what could have been biteable biceps. Or not.

Okaaay. Her clit still throbbed like a lustful toothache. She missed Wolverine. Or to be more precise, she missed nine inches of him.

What the hell.

Fixing her gaze on Will's luminous gray eye, she walked steadily forward. Right into his arms.

And out the other side.

"Eeek!" She stumbled, arms flailing as she tried to catch her balance.

Her skin prickled as though a hundred thousand fireflies had kissed it, even her hair crackled with energy. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, what was that?" She whirled around, rubbing her forearms. All the fine hairs had risen.

"Me," said Will gloomily, his aura shot with blue. "All of me you're allowed to have, anyway."

Alice very nearly wept. Here she was, having the wettest dream of her entire life and she'd climaxed once. One measly time! She felt like an engine revved with the hand brake still on. All primed with nowhere to go – or come.

It. Wasn't. Fair.

"Where do I complain?" she snapped, glaring around the glade. One of the roses pursed blowsy crimson petal-lips and blew her a kiss. Alice blushed, clear down to her navel.

"You don't." Will flexed and rustled, threat implicit in the sound. "I do."

Slowly, he rose into the air, his wings spreading in a beautiful luminescent arc. Higher and higher, until he was a shining, man-shaped cloud at tree-top level. Snatches of a one-sided conversation, drifted down to Alice, mainly growling expostulations.

"...don't...care," Will snarled. "...so fucking...what?"

His aura darkened, until he resembled a localized thunderstorm, complete with lightning flashes. He hovered just above Alice's head, vibrating with fury. "I swear the woman has delusions of grandeur. Says she's got five stars and five coffee cups now and we have to do what she says."

"Huh?"

"Don't ask." Will drifted lower and closer, close enough to kiss. His voice dropped to a subterranean rumble of persuasion. "Alice darling, I'd really love to have both eyes."

She choked. "I couldn't!"

"Please?" Will sent a cajoling breeze to swirl around her. She sniffed. Ah... Roses, baby powder, an underlying, uncompromising note of male musk. As she sucked it deep into her lungs, a silvery lasso of lust tightened low in her belly. Yum. Was that a hint of buttered toast?

His deep voice murmured, "Yes, you can. I won't watch, I cross my heart."

Alice pressed the heel of her hand over her clit and a spasm of longing fluttered through her. The smooth, bare skin tingled. God, she was so ready, she was beyond ready! "Promise?"

"Sure."

"You stay there, OK?" Alice sucked in a lungful of air and walked with what dignity she could muster around to the far side of the rock. The echo of a masculine groan lingered in the air and her lips curved with pride. Yeah!

Sinking down into the soft grass, she leaned back with a long sigh. The rose bushes inclined toward her, their heavy crimson heads nodding. She spread her legs and ran her fingertips over her sopping folds, shuddering with pleasure. There wasn't any doubt. She was going to set the world land-speed record for masturbation. Hunching a little, she worked two fingers deep into wet, resilient tissues, remembering the side-on glimpse she'd had of Wolverine's magnificent cock. Just a peek as he'd zipped up before roaring past in a fury, but oh yes, she could build on it.

And build and build.

Her heart thumped, hard heavy knocks against her ribcage. Thud, thud. Thud, thud.

Now.

With her other hand, Alice rubbed her clit, brutally hard, brutally fast. No finesse, no lingering. She'd never wanted an orgasm so badly. Never in her life.

The breath rasped in her throat as the pressure grew, sweet and sharp. "Oh god!" She threw her head back, squeezing her eyes shut, every nerve in her body concentrated between her thighs. "Oh shit! Will, Will –"

"Yeah, baby. Do it, do it!"

Alice's eyes flew open. Will hovered right in front of her, throbbing a dark, carnal red, shot with his own personal version of sheet lightning.

"Aaaargh!" The release of orgasm lashed through her, as if something unbearably taut had snapped and coiled back on itself. While she quaked and shuddered and cried, the roses sighed in concert. All together, they bent their heads and burst. Blood red petals, soft as satin, drifted over her skin in whispery kisses and settled, the heavy, sensuous perfume rising into the balmy air.

Still gasping, Alice blushed `til she was indistinguishable from her blanket of flowers. "You promised!"

"You called my name." Gray eyes twinkled. "At the top of your voice. Anyway, you've got to be kidding. What man in his right mind would miss that?"

An aftershock flickered through her, robbing of her speech for a moment. When she regained her breath, she panted, "But I trusted you."

Will spread his hands and shrugged. "Sorry, sweetheart. I had my fingers crossed."

"You, you—!"

"If it's any consolation, my balls are so tight I can feel them in my throat. Fuck, I hurt."

Diverted, Alice sat up straight and the scent of crushed rose petals filled the air. "You have balls?"

Will laughed without amusement. "And everything that goes with them." It sounded as if he spoke through clenched teeth.

Alice put a hand on the rock and levered herself to her feet. Her legs felt trembly. "What did you do?"

"What do you mean?"

She took a step closer. All this—" She gestured around the clearing, nodded at Will's shining form. "It's a punishment, isn't it? So what was the crime?"

He winced. "I can't tell you. Not yet. But you're helping sweet Alice. God, you're helping."

Two luminous eyes gazed down at her, fringed with a forest of dark lashes. "Oh," said Alice, taking another step until she and Will were breast to breast. "That's so much better. Can I—?" She raised a hand.

He blinked once, slowly. "Go ahead."

Holding her breath, she brushed his lashes with her fingertips. Jesus, Mary and Joseph! She snatched her hand back. "I can feel you!"

Will's eyes went a molten silver. "More."

She traced one dark silky brow, then the other. The creases at the corners of his eyes crinkled with pleasure. He was smiling.

Alice's heart turned into a mushy puddle. "Bend your head." She pressed trembling lips to his eyebrow, the bridge of his nose, his left eye, his right. He felt warm and real. Human.

"Don't cry, sweetheart. Please don't cry."

Oh. She wiped the tears away with the heels of her hands, trying to smile.

"Give me your hand again."

Still sniffing, Alice placed her palm over his eye. "What for?"

"So I can kiss you back." On the words, Will fluttered his eyelashes against her skin. "Butterfly kisses. It's all I've got."

And it did feel like tiny wings, beating against her skin. Alice melted. "Oh, Will. That's lovely."

"So are you," he murmured, his voice like liquid caramel.

"Don't be silly. I'm not—"

Will reared back. "You are if I say you are."

"But Will—" She stopped. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught sight of something moving at the far end of the glade.

The First Alice Challenge

A change this time, newsletter readers got to exercise their imagination muscles by creating the animal Alice heard - any sort of creature at all, even a combo-animal, the crazier the better. Real, mythological, made-up. Whatever. I didn't care if it swam, hopped, flew or crawled. The prize was a laminated poster of Mr Gorgeous (aka the cover of Gift of the Goddess), A3 size, that is, 12 x 15 inches.

Chapter Seven

Fur `N Leather

The story so far:

Because of Alice's pleasure, Will is granted his other eye. Now there's a part of him she can actually touch! Will is busy giving her butterfly kisses with his eyelashes when they hear something moving...

Alice froze, her palm pressed to Will's eye. "What's that noise?"

"Rossetti swearing out loud, I bet. I'm having too much fun."

A loud slapping noise echoed across glade, and the water in the silvery pool shattered in violent ripples. "Ow, ow, ow!" yelled the mirror. Thtop that, you thilly beast! It hurth!"

"Who you calling silly?" A creature five feet tall and about four feet wide stumped out from behind a bush at the water's edge.

Alice's jaw dropped. The animal was clad in thick, glossy brown fur. Small dark eyes squinted over fat whiskery cheeks and buck teeth. And it had the biggest –

Will growled, deep in his throat, and suddenly, Alice's view was obscured. Huge shining wings spread protectively before her. Involuntarily, she smiled. Aw, how sweet.

But wasn't that – ? She peeped `round Will, her curiosity raging.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph. It was!

The biggest, roundest ass she'd ever seen, finished off with a broad flat tail. A beaver, a giant beaver!

It glared at the pool over its shoulder. "You're only H2O," said the beaver, its voice gruff, but unmistakably feminine. "Behave yourself!" And she poised her big, furry ass over the water, tail raised.

The mirror face poked out a long silver tongue. "Big bum, big bum," it hissed. The beaver's tail twitched in a distinctly threatening fashion. "All right, all right." Mumbling, the mirror subsided and the water calmed.

Alice stepped out from behind Will. "Um, hello?" she said.

The beaver glanced up, her toothy grin making her eyes squinch up. "Hey, sweetie," she said, waving a webbed paw. "I'm back."

"Back?" Alice frowned and Will rustled uneasily beside her. "Back from where?"

The animal waddled closer and Alice noticed she was wearing a tool belt, almost lost in the thick fur. "I'm back `cos I went missing," she said, as if that was all the explanation necessary.

"Missing?" echoed Alice, feeling like a fool.

The beaver nodded at Alice's body, her sharp black eyes twinkling. "Look at yourself, hon. Notice anything that's...uh...gone?"

Alice glanced down and her mouth opened in dismay. Oh God, how could she have forgotten? She was standing in crazy land stark naked. In fact... With a gasp, she clapped her hands over her hairless mons.

"Don't you geddit?" A smile full of teeth like happy tombstones. "I'm your missing beaver."

Will gave a sudden crack of laughter. "That's a good one!" His glow bent double, as if he were slapping his knees.

Alice turned on him. "This is all your fault!"

"No, no—" Will went off into another deep chuckle, his eyes twinkling. "Nothing to do with me." The air around him suddenly smelled of popcorn and good humour.

"Kori sent me," said the beaver, with no little pride.

"Kori?" asked Alice, utterly mystified, but still trying in vain to conceal her private parts.

"A reader. She thinks you need me. Isn't that nice of her?"

Alice stared at the animal. It probably outweighed her by a good stone. "But that's ridiculous!" she wailed. "You'll never fit!"

The beaver covered her eyes with both paws. Her rotund body shook with giggles. Eventually, she peeped through her fingers. "You got that right, sweetie." She straightened. "A girlfriend, hon, you need a girlfriend," she said, grinning. "We can talk clothes, go clubbing, mate-hunting. Yah!" She pumped a furry forearm.

"You?" Alice blinked. "But you're a beaver!"

The creature shrugged. "So what? Who better to ask `does my bum look fat in this?'" Casting a wary glance at Will, she laid a paw on Alice's shoulder and dropped her voice to a husky whisper. "And I'm as desperate as you are, hon. I gotta get me a mate or die."

Absolutely fascinated, Alice stared into the whiskered face, the tiny, twinkling eyes. "Ah...do you have a name?"

"Petula," said the beaver, offering a paw. "And don't get any cute ideas about nicknames, OK?"

Alice laughed, and gripped it. "I'm Alice," she said. "I think there must have been special mushrooms on the Veggie Supreme I had last night, but welcome to my dream anyway."

"Cool." Petula lumbered over to the clothes rack. "Let's get you dressed. We've got work to do if we're gonna to get laid." She squinted from the cheer-leader's uniform to the leather outfit. "By the Great Lodge, what male chauvinist produced these?"

"I did my best in the time available." Will's voice had icicles in it.

"Sure." Casting him a scathing glance, Petula dangled the tiny cheerleader's skirt from one disdainful finger. She let it drop to the grass and stomped on it with her broad back paws. "Go for the leather, Alice honey."

Still smiling, Alice grabbed the black leather trousers. They seemed to slither up her legs, butter-soft, snuggling over her hips like loving palms.

"You can adjust the laces down the sides," purred Will, hovering at her shoulder. His eyes gleamed. "Any way you like." A throbbing pause. "Or your lover likes."

Alice peered down, stretching one leg and pointing her toe. The red laces wove in and out of silver eyelets all the way from ankle to waist, exposing what seemed to be an endless slice of the essential Alice.

She made a discovery. "Will, you painted my toenails!"

Their eyes met. "Least I could do," he said gruffly. "The red matches. But I'll do you some boots in a minute."

"Here!" Petula thrust the bustier into Alice's chest. "Don't bother mooning over him. You need a real man to scratch that itch, not ole Shiny here."

Will's aura developed red streaks. "I am a real man!" His brows drew together.

"Not from where I'm standing," said the beaver sturdily. "That's some punishment you copped. Jeez, what were you? A serial killer?" She knocked Alice's hands out of the way and began tightening the laces of the bustier.

"Yeah," said Alice. "That's what I – Petula, I have to breathe! – want to know."

"Breathing's optional," said the beaver. "Lookin' fuckable ain't."

"Of course I wasn't!" snapped Will, his eyes chilling to chips of ice. "Apart from me, only Rossetti knows." His beautiful baritone came out hard and tight. "Don't want to talk about it." He fixed an angry gaze on an innocent rose bush. It withered.

"C'mon." the beaver towed Alice down to the water's edge. "You! Do your stuff!" Turning, she delivered an almighty thwack to the water with her tail.

"Ow! All right! Thtop, thtop!" The water dimpled, forming a whirlpool. Out of it rose a shining film about ten feet high. A mirror.

Alice stared. She shoved her glasses more firmly onto her nose. The bustier cinched her waist and emphasized the flare of her hips. Jesus, Mary and Joseph! She went out and then she went in! In all the right places. Above the leather, her breasts swelled, two lush, creamy mounds, bared right to the barest hint of areola. The sweep of skin from her throat to her smooth shoulders to her sumptuous cleavage looked... Well, it looked...

A radiant cloud loomed up behind her reflection. Fierce grey eyes burned into hers. "Lickable." The skin at the corners of Will's eyes crinkled, as if his cheeks had moved. Had he licked his lips? Alice's nipples stiffened, pressing against the leather. "I could eat you alive. Two big bites. Munch, munch."

"Oh, Will." Alice melted. All over.

The scent of clean, healthy sweat and male passion swirled around her, musky, hot and exciting. "You're voluptuous, womanly, sexy. Petula's right. I'd fuck you in a minute if I could. Any man would."

Tears of happiness welled up and spilled over. He meant it, she couldn't doubt he meant it. His entire aura was luminous with the intensity of his feelings. He actually thought she was beautiful, this astonishing other-worldly being! If this was a dream, she never wanted to wake up. Every cell in her body vibrated with joy.

Something like a long burst of static crackled across the glade. "Whoo!" Petula jumped as if she'd been goosed, her fur standing on end. Alice thought she heard the mirror's voice say, "Hah!" in tones of unmistakable satisfaction.

Will grunted in shock and Alice spun around. One shining hand trembled as it patted his face. "I think I just got a nose bonus." He shook his head. "I must have done something right. Only Rossetti's readers. Lord."

He lowered his hand to reveal a noble nose, straight, substantial and commanding, marred only by a bump on the bridge.

Alice gave a shaky laugh. "I didn't think angels were allowed to have broken noses."

"I'm not an angel." He reached out. "You can do a lot with a nose. Come here."

Petula planted her paws on her ample hips and stepped between them. "Not so fast, buster." Her whiskers bristled. "Alice, hon, you have three choices. If we go downstream a little way, we'll come to a dam. There's guys in tool belts down there." She sighed with pleasure. "Some handsome beavers too. Sticks and stones, but there's nothing like a sexy engineer to get a beaver gal's blood pumpin'."

She paused to rub her nose. "On the other paw, you could stay here with ole Shiny and his snoz."

Will rumbled his disgust and Petula shivered as a cold breeze ruffled her fur.

"What's the third choice?" asked Alice.

"See that mound over there?" The beaver pointed to a smooth green hill on the horizon. "That's a fairy mound. They run this fantastic circus inside, those fairy dudes. And they're hot, hot, hot!"

Alice goggled. "Are there fairy beavers?"

"Well, yeah, according to legend. But don't you worry about me, sweetie. What's it to be?"

What should Alice do now?

- A. Go downstream to the dam
- B. Stay in the glade with Will
- C. Visit the fairy circus.

Chapter 8

Fairy-bred and Circuses

The story so far:

Alice is reunited with her missing beaver, Petula. And though Will got an unexpected nose bonus, your vote was very much in favour of a visit to the fairy circus.

Alert: Big icky insect ahead!

"Can Will come too?" Alice dragged her fascinated gaze away from Will's new nose, from the crinkles at the corners of his beautiful eyes.

"Sure." Petula shrugged, her thick fur rippling. "If he wants."

"I want." The words rolled out of him in a deep growl.

"Then—" Alice sucked in a huge breath. Her cleavage expanded and Will's aura pinkened with interest. "—I choose the fairy circus."

"Wait a sec, hon." The beaver reached out with one paw and deftly hooked Alice's glasses off her nose. "There, that's better."

"Petula!" Alice squinted. "I can't see!"

"Yeah, but no one will care, `cos you sure look cute."

Alice stepped forward, flapping her hands. "You don't understand," she said desperately. "I seriously have to wear the damn things. Give them back."

"Well, sticks and stones!" muttered the beaver, but she handed them over.

"Does it bother you?" asked Will.

"Well, of all the silly questions—" Properly spectacled once more, Alice propped her hands on her hips. "Not only do I look like a virgin, it's clear I deserve to be one. You work it out."

"Hmm. Hold still." Will's dark straight brows drew together and his aura flexed and rippled. A sparkling, citrusy gust of air blew through Alice's hair, lifting the strands from her cheeks.

"Holy shit!" Petula leaped backward, displaying remarkable agility for such a solid animal. Then she cocked her head to one side, whiskers bristling with interest. She gave a toothy grin. "Hey, Shiny! Not bad, not bad at all."

"I try," rumbled Will, turning pink again.

Alice patted her face with frantic hands, feeling the whispering caress of velvet and feathers, lines of hard little bumps over her temples. "Wha—?"

Petula glared at the silvery surface of the pool. "You know what to do," she said sternly.

"Up yourth, rodent," muttered the mirror. "Only for you, Alith thweetie." It rose out of the water in a flat sheet and Alice stared at her reflection.

"Oh! Oh, Will!" The feathered and jeweled confection masked the upper part of her face, giving her eyes a mysterious slant. Silky crimson plumes nodded next to her hair, trembling with her every breath. The soft velvet was studded with diamonds and rubies in a complex, swirling pattern that reminded her of the armor.

Her eyes hadn't changed though—still plain, ordinary brown, but now they were exotic, dark and soft enough to drown in. Beneath the mask, her lips looked carnal and rosy, open in a deliciously rounded O of surprise.

"And here are your boots." Two gentle thuds and a pair of red boots bounced onto the grass at her feet. The soft leather was fretted and scalloped in the same pattern, with a modest heel and an elegant line.

Alice sank to her knees. "Will, you must have been a fashion designer. These are darling."

"God, no!" Wings rustled with horror and the strip of skin she could see flushed. "C'mon, let's go."

Alice started on the last lace. "Just a min—" Her eye fell on the Wolverine action figure, half-hidden in the grass, one finger still thrust defiantly upward. She glanced at Will from under her lashes. He was gazing at the horizon, at the fairy mound. *Waste not, want not.* Alice slipped the figure into the top of her boot. She wiggled her ankle. A little lumpy, but basically OK.

Will turned. "All right, girls. Hold hands and close your eyes."

Alice and Petula exchanged glances and did as they were told. A mighty whoosh! Then a wind as strong as masculine hands, wrapping `round her waist, squeezing her ribcage with careful strength, making her nipples tingle. Another *whoosh!*

"Here we are."

The smile still curving her lips, Alice opened her eyes—and looked straight into a huge pair of serrated, leaf-green forelegs. Bulbous eyes the size of basketballs bulged out from the sides of the triangular head. It dipped toward her.

Her shrill scream echoed Petula's. Funny, she hadn't realized beavers could scream.

Alice levitated backwards, right into Will. The firefly sensation prickled through her body, harsh and hot, but she was beyond caring. "Shssh." Something warm and firm nudged the back of her neck. Will's nose. "It's all right."

"It's a— a—"

"A praying mantis."

"*But it's ten feet high!*" Alice's guts tried to climb out her throat.

"The doorkeeper."

The giant insect clacked its wings and its great head turned slowly, swinging toward Will.

"More effective than a fluffy dog with three heads, wouldn't you say?"

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph, *yes!*"

"I'd pee my pants if I was wearin' any," muttered Petula.

"We're expected," said Will, over Alice's head.

The mantis reared back, impossibly tall and so green. Then it lowered its upper body in a kind of rustling obeisance. Behind it, a slit appeared in the grassy fabric of the mound. Slowly, it widened. Golden light spilled out, and noise. Such intoxicating noise! Flutes in a lilting chorus, someone playing a toe-tapping jig, the background hum of hundreds of voices, an animal's musical howl.

Irresistibly drawn, Alice stepped forward, retaining sufficient presence of mind to give the praying mantis a wide berth.

Will murmured in her ear, "Remember the doorkeeper, Alice. Fairies are dangerous."

But she didn't hear.

The sight before her robbed her of breath, almost of sense. The mound had to be bigger on the inside than it appeared on the outside, because they looked down a wide green valley, jam-packed with the most extraordinary array of silken structures. She supposed they could loosely be called tents, but that was a pale description. In the golden, other-worldly light, they shone silk-soft with colour—vermilion and indigo together, stripes of chartreuse and deepest magenta, crossed-hatched with swirls of what appeared to be liquid gold. They looked delicious, like a tray of glossy, sumptuous sweets dropped by a wizardly chef. And no tent was a regular shape. They lured the eye with the strangest crenellations, long swooping lines and soaring top masts. Aerial walkways made of what appeared to be diamond-encrusted spider-silk ran every which-way between them.

And everywhere, there were people—well, sort of.

"By the Great Lodge," breathed Petula as an exquisite creature floated past them, its androgynous figure swathed in a wisp of blue froth, offering tantalizing glimpses of slim silver limbs. Arching above its shoulders, cobalt butterfly wings fluttered in a wave of gorgeous colour.

"What have we here?" said an amused voice like a dark bell.

Alice's head jerked round. Her mouth opened and closed, but nothing came out.

There could be no doubt of this fairy's sexuality. For all the world, it looked as though he'd swathed a peacock's tail around his lean body. Because the extraordinary jacket hung open, Alice was treated to an eyeful of broad muscled chest and brightly gilded nipples. Absolutely transfixed, she couldn't lift her gaze from the silver rings piercing their sweetness, nor from the emerald-studded chain that swung across his chest to link them together.

Petula nudged her hard in the ribs. "Told you," she hissed.

"Uh," said Alice, unable to prevent herself from glancing downward. Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Her mouth went dry as all the moisture in her body headed south. The

iridescent silvery-green tights he wore left nothing to the imagination. Nothing whatsoever.

She didn't think she ever seen such beautiful...legs. Something stirred beneath the shiny fabric, shifting, swelling... With a gasp, Alice ripped her attention back to his face.

"Well, well. A little human. How refreshing." Elegantly sculptured lips curved in a deliciously predatory smile. "A woman of mystery."

Alice met the fairy's eyes and reeled back with the shock. They were a deep, lambent green, but faceted like jewels, like an emerald formed in the beating heart of a forest.

"I'm...uh...I'm..." What was her name again?

"This is Alice," rumbled Will from behind her. He sounded pissed. A waft of burned toast and male aggravation drifted past her nose. "She's in my care."

"How lovely for you." The fairy's lips curved, revealing slightly pointed canines. "My name is —" He pronounced a long string of flowing, liquid syllables.

"Sorry?" said Alice, feeling like a fool.

The fairy sighed. "Call me Obernunda. Near enough."

"P-pleased to meet you."

Obernunda stepped forward and ran a slim finger over the upper curve of Alice's breast. A trail of erotic fire followed in its wake. Alice yelped and Will growled.

"Your skin is like cream, Alice. You do my jaded heart good. It would be my pleasure to show you the Circus."

"It would?" Alice pressed her palms over the butterflies tap-dancing in her stomach. Sweet Jesus, were those antennae arching out of the silvery hair on his temples? Holy hell, they were! And wings, wings like supplest stained glass in every shade of blue and green and silver. "Um, yes please."

"As an added inducement, I'll even do the fairy thing and grant you a wish. You can pay the price later."

Fur brushed Alice's arm. "Go on, hon. Go on!" panted Petula.

Her brain racing, Alice forgot all about payback. She knew what she wanted. "Do you know the Rossetti woman?" she asked.

Obernunda waved a graceful, long-fingered hand. "I'm acquainted with the Great Rossetti." Long pale lashes flickered over a faceted eye in a languorous wink. "Intimately."

Alice dragged in a breath. "Then I want all of Will."

Will took a step toward her, then stopped abruptly. "Oh, Alice." His velvety baritone throbbed with emotion, while his beautiful eyes went all smoky.

Obernunda said, "Actually, I don't know her all that well at all."

"But you said —"

The fairy held up a pale hand. "I'll tell you what your choices are, little Alice." His antennae undulated, then curved forward toward her.

"I can give you a piece of Will, but only one piece and it's my choice as to what part of his body it is."

Distinctly, Alice heard Will mutter, "Shit!"

"Or – " His emerald eyes flickered down to Alice's ankle. The facets gleamed. "I can make that which you desire live again."

Alice's heart flopped in her chest. Wolverine!

"Or I can transform you into a fairy for the day. Mmm." A long pointed tongue moistened his lips. "You could fly, Alice. With me."

What should Alice do?

- A. Ask for another piece of Will
- B. Get Wolverine back
- C. Let Obernunda transform her into a fairy

Chapter 9

An End in Sight

The story so far:

At the fairy circus, Alice meets the unearthly gorgeous, but faintly sinister fairy, Obernunda. When he offers her a choice of wishes in return for spending the day in his company, the majority of you agreed with Alice. She wanted another piece of Will!

"I'm not flying anywhere. I get airsick." Alice set her hands on her hips and glared. "I want Will."

"Pity." Obernunda pursed his perfect mouth as he looked Will right in the glow. "On the other hand... Hmm..." Slowly, his gaze wandered up and down and a pointed tongue the colour of chartreuse over ice crept out to moisten his lips. "But which piece?" His wings undulated gently behind him, though there was no breeze.

Petula bounced with excitement, her whiskers bristling. "I vote for his dick!" she said.

A strangled sound emerged from Will's radiant shape. His eyes blazed out of a patch of skin that had gone brick-red. "Hell, Petula – " Even his nose went pink.

"Too obvious, my dear furball," murmured Obernunda. "Though..." An excruciating pause, while he cocked his head to one side. "...there'd be compensations."

"Touch my dick, fairy," grated Will, pulsing so darkly he resembled a localized thunderstorm, "and I'll tie your fucking feelers in a reef knot."

"What about his mouth?" blurted Alice, feeling like a twelve-year-old groupie. "He needs his mouth."

The fairy chuckled. "You mean you do, you naughty girl."

"I... I..." Alice dragged in a breath. "All right then, his hand. A finger, dammit."

"Same goes." Obernunda rubbed his chin. "A kneecap, perhaps?"

"A leg," pleaded Alice. "Shit, a foot, a toe. *Please.*"

"Fucking hell! What am I, chopped liver?" bellowed Will, giving off a shower of sparks.

"Shut up, Will," said Alice and Petula together.

"A toe? Heavens, Alice, you are a kinky little devil." The faceted eyes twinkled with amusement. "No, no, Rossetti's entrusted the choice to me and I cannot fail."

"Fail? *Fail?*" In her agitation, Alice grabbed the front of the fairy's jacket. "What the hell do you mean? Fail?"

Obernunda folded his long fingers over hers. "Look at it from the literary point of view," he said, his voice like melted caramel. "It's all about plot and pacing. Tension. Too much too soon and who'll bother to read on? But if I can torture you a little longer..." Lifting their joined hands to his mouth, he bent his head and licked Alice's wrist.

Immediately, her pulse rocketed and a burst of erotic fire detonated in her clit, a soft explosion that made her jerk and cry out. From the corner of her eye, she saw Will's aura turn almost purple with rage. A long rolling growl and a wind buffeted their legs, smelling of brimstone and hot ash.

Obernunda dropped her hands as if they'd ignited in his grasp and took a crisp step backward. "You see?" he said, casting Will an irritated, emerald glance. "There's nothing like a little angst. Some of them are still reading. A whole dozen. Possibly."

Alice choked, her head whirling. "I don't bloody care!" she gasped. "Just do it! Whatever it is, do it!"

"Ah." The fairy grasped her hands again, shooting a wary look at Will. "You're sure now?"

Alice danced with impatience, feeling the feathers of her mask brush against her hair. "Yes, yes!"

Obernunda looked straight over her head at Will. His elegant lips twitched. "I have to kiss her," he said. "Or it won't work."

"Sticks and stones, this is better than *The OC*," muttered Petula, enthralled.

Before Alice could lose her nerve, she lunged at the fairy, plastering her lips against his. Obernunda staggered back a pace under the impact, but rallied gamely. Chuckling deep in his throat, he slid an arm around her waist, hauling her right into his muscled chest. The nipple jewelry he wore pressed into the upper curves of Alice's generous breasts and her own nipples beaded in a rush.

"Gently, sweet Alice," he murmured into her mouth. "Gently."

As if from a long distance, Alice heard Will's vicious curse. Her head swam and her eyes fell shut. The fairy's lips moved sensually on hers, nibbling and licking. Her upper lip, the left corner of her mouth, the right, her lower lip, the very tip of her tongue. The hand on her waist slid down and around her hip. When his palm brushed the bare skin exposed by the crisscross lacings of her leather pants, a wave of sensation spread from the point of contact, potent as fine whisky in her blood. Against the crotch of the pants, the lips of her sex wept and slid and pulsed.

Alice rose on tiptoe and looped her arms around Obernunda's neck, feeling his beautiful mouth curve into a smile.

"Mmm." Gradually, he insinuated the point of his tongue into her mouth, making her moan with delight. It flirted with hers, now advancing, now retreating, so that she was kept continually off-balance. One antenna dipped down to wander lightly over her cheek, her eyelid, and she shivered at the feathery caress.

"Shit, Alice." A rough, masculine groan. "You're killing me."

Will.

"Me too, hon." The words ended on a cracked note, full of whiskers and wonder. "But don't stop. Don't you dare."

Petula.

Obernunda slipped a hand into Alice's corset and cupped her breast. When he rasped his palm over her nipple, every nerve in her clit went into spasm, as if the two points were wired together. "Urgh," she gurgled. "Urgh." More, she had to have more! She lifted one leg and wrapped it around the fairy's hips, digging her ankle into the small of his back.

He drew back for an instant to whisper, "Good girl."

She didn't register the clever fingers plucking at her laces, until he slipped the other hand into her pants, sliding over the curve of her ass until he reached her dripping cleft. Diabolically clever fingers dipped and twirled. Alice shuddered and shuddered, gasping into his mouth.

Will made a noise that sounded suspiciously like a sob.

Obernunda cupped her pussy, hitching her a little higher. "Come for me, little human. Come or you don't get your wish." On the words, he squeezed her nipple with one hand, while with the other, he furrowed a finger through her folds and flicked her clit. Squeeze, flick. Squeeze, flick. Squeeze, flick.

Alice ripped her mouth away from his, desperate for air. She threw her head back and screamed, her body jerking with the force of her climax. It started in the flesh vibrating under Obernunda's finger, but it spread rapidly, like a greedy bushfire, licking and burning in her pelvis, her ass, up her spine, covering her breasts in a net of flame. She could swear the top of her head was going to explode.

On the extreme periphery of her consciousness, she was aware of other things. Obernunda's startled grunt, a fine silver mist raining over her, Petula's mewling cries.

Will's tearing groan. "Fuck, fuck! Oh shit—oh fuck!"

She opened her eyes and found she was looking straight into the fairy's beautiful face, frozen in an expression of complete amazement. His faceted eyes were stretched wide, both antennae standing straight up, rigid and quivering. Above his shoulders, the stained glass wings arched high and wide. The silver fog settled gently all around them. Very faintly, small bells chimed, like tinkling rain.

Obernunda blinked, once slowly. Then he dragged in a huge breath. All the studied mannerisms had disappeared. He dropped a kiss on the end of Alice's nose. "Thank you, sweetheart. Truly, I thank you."

"Wh-what?"

He gestured at the mist, a tinge of pink suffusing the silvery-green of his smooth cheeks. It was an odd combination. "A fairy orgasm is a hard-won thing, Alice. Precious. I haven't come like that for some time and I wasn't even inside you." He grinned, an expression which lit his face with such unholy beauty that Alice blinked. "You're going to be a popular girl at the fairy circus, little human."

Suddenly, he cocked his head, his gaze directed over her shoulder. When he laughed outright, a small forest of silver flowers sprang up in the grass at their feet. "I see I wasn't the only one affected."

Alice turned. Petula lay stretched out on the grass, apparently in a dead faint. Will hovered, his glow more intense than Alice had ever seen it, his aura throbbing an intense, lustful red. His eyes were squeezed tightly shut and it looked as though his fists were clenched. He was completely motionless, save for the flickering of his eyelids, the long lashes quivering on his cheeks.

"Ooooh." Petula put a paw to her furry brow. "Where am I? What happened?"

"You came so hard you passed out," said Obernunda crisply. "Beavers don't usually share orgasms with the King of the fairies. Be grateful for the honour."

"Oh I am, honeybunch, I am." Petula sat up. "So you're the King, huh? That's—"

Her gaze swept over Will's rear view. Passed on. Returned. "Holy sh— *Aaaaaah...*" She slumped back onto the grass, unconscious.

Alice's heart flopped over in her chest. "Will," she croaked. "Turn around."

Will opened his eyes. They'd gone smoky, so dark they looked almost black. "No. What about Petula?"

"She'll be fine," said Obernunda. "Go on, sweetie. We're waiting." He snickered.

"Fuck you!"

"If you like," said the fairy, unruffled. Will flushed.

Alice hitched up her pants and stepped `round behind him.

The shock stopped her dead in her tracks. She stared, transfixed.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph! She'd never seen such a fine ass. Never in her life.

Because the glow of his aura stopped at his waist and started again at the top of his thighs, the taut muscled curves of his buttocks were showcased in a way that was nothing short of intensely erotic, almost as if this part of his body was an exotic fruit, covered with downy, blushing skin. There for the taking.

Luscious.

Alice's mouth watered. "Oh, thank you. Thank you," she said hoarsely. When she took a step forward, her knees gave out, so that she landed in the grass directly behind Will, her cheek pressed against one of his.

Oh God. Warm, smooth, resilient. Gorgeous.

"Shit!" Will jumped. "Alice!"

Alice spread her palm over a buttock and dug her fingers in to hold him still. "Don't move," she growled, rabid as a she-wolf in heat. "This ass is mine!" She turned her head and nipped, not gently.

"God!" Will shuddered, bone-deep, but he didn't move away.

She soothed the spot with her tongue and started over, laying a trail of licks over each tight, rounded cheek, stroking a finger featherlight into the cleft. Will groaned and a rain of sparks drifted lazily to the grass.

"Did you come when we did?" she whispered, sitting back on her heels to admire. "Did you?" She flexed the fingers of both hands, licking her lips.

"No. Can't." A long convulsive breath. "There's a cock ring on me. A fucking magical cock ring."

"Oooh, hon. Total bummer!" came Petula's voice, avid with interest.

Alice ignored it. "Spread your legs." She ducked her head to nibble along the delectable crease where ass met thigh. "I'll get it off."

Muscles moved fluidly beneath golden, hair-dusted skin as he complied. His buttocks hollowed with tension. Oh God, she couldn't wait! Not another second. Alice slid her hands between his thighs, into the glow.

"Aaaargh!" She reeled back, the firefly shock coursing up her arms, unbearably hot and biting, like an electrical charge. Lying in the grass, she flapped her hands frantically. "Ow! Whoo, whoo!"

Will whirled, his aura pale with concern. "Alice! Are you all right?"

"Of course, she is." Obernunda stepped forward and lifted Alice to her feet. "It only lasts a few seconds."

"You bastard!" She shook him off. "You utter bastard!"

The fairy bowed, faceted eyes gleaming. "Thank you, my dear. I thought it was quite inspired. So near and yet so far. So to speak." He chuckled and silver bells rang in counterpoint. "Actually, I'm not the one who's twisted. This is Rossetti's world, you know. Hers and her readers'."

His left antenna whipped `round and slapped him smartly over one pointed ear. Obernunda winced. "All right, all right, don't rush me! I was getting to it."

His wings rustled with irritation as he faced Alice and Will. "It's possible to come past a cock ring, even a magical one, though the consequences can be...interesting. Do you want to try?"

Will rose a foot off the ground, and lightning writhed over his form from head to heels. He glared, his eyes like molten steel. "I can't...take...this...much longer." The sound of teeth grinding was audible. "Bugger the consequences."

Obernunda's smile displayed his pointed canines. "Interesting choice of words. That would work." The smile widened. "I'd be delighted."

"Hell no!" Will's eyes widened, then narrowed. "I've got a fist. I can take care of myself." A pause. "*Fairy!*"

Obernunda bowed. "I'd make it good for you, you know. Self-pleasure is, of course, another option. But it strikes me there's a third." He drew Alice to his side. "She's the trigger, isn't she? Watching her really gets you off. Suppose we go down to the circus and put on a show?" His voice deepened, became caressing. "Specially for you, Will. Starring sweet Alice."

Will choked. "I can't make a decision like that for her." His burning gaze fastened on Alice, the sensation as physical as if he'd taken her in his arms. "Alice, you choose. I'll do whatever you want. *Anything!* Hell, if you're there, I'll enjoy it."

"Oooh, kinky!" shrilled Petula.

But Alice didn't hear. Her brain was racing.

What should Alice do?

- A. Let Obernunda "make it good for Will", as he promised.
- B. Have Will pleasure himself.
- C. Participate in a show with Obernunda (and lord knows who else)

Chapter Ten

An Orgy of Discretion

The story so far:

Alice's passion wins Will another part of his body – his beautiful ass. But she so impresses Obernunda, the fairy king, that he offers her another three choices. With your help, Alice makes a difficult decision...

"I...ah...um," stuttered Alice.

"Not to worry," said Obernunda cheerfully. "I'll decide for you, shall I?" Feelers waving, he sauntered gracefully over to Will.

Will's eyes went steely, but he backed until his aura brushed the smooth silvery trunk of the tree behind him.

The fairy king chuckled. Then he reached a slim hand through Will's glow as if it didn't exist and stroked his chest.

Will made a choking noise and his eyes flared. A small bolt of lightning appeared out of a clear sky and rapped Obernunda smartly on the elbow.

"Ow!" Suddenly, the fairy looked menacing, his pale, beautiful face somehow narrow and alien. The two men stood, nose to nose, glaring. Obernunda's wings spread, wide and high. Will radiated fury.

"All right, all right!" shouted Alice. "I'll do it!"

Obernunda spun on his heel, a slow smile of satisfaction curving his clean-cut lips. He took Alice's trembling hand and bowed over it. "Ah, my dear. How delicious."

"Alice, no!" Will's aura turned the gray-purple of a storm cloud, spiced with streaks of green. His dark brows drew together over eyes gone smoky with anger and worry.

"I'll be fine." Her heart thudding, Alice reached up and stroked a knuckle over one silky eyebrow. Will vibrated with tension under her touch. "They won't hurt me." She frowned at Obernunda. "Will they?"

The fairy's wings flared in a great, glistening arc of iridescent colour. "No, sweet Alice, we won't hurt you." He drew a long forefinger over her cheek, making her shiver. "Though you will die of pleasure. Many times."

"Ooooh, hon," breathed Petula. "Do you think you should? All those people watching. I just couldn't!"

The bottom fell out Alice's stomach.

Obernunda slung a companionable arm around her shoulders. "It won't be like that at all, sweetie." His grip tightened. "I'm not sharing you with just anyone. We'll have ourselves a discreet little orgy. By invitation only."

He snapped his fingers. Half a dozen small figures appeared as if they'd sprung out of the meadow.

"What the –?" muttered Will.

"Oh, how cute!" Petula hunkered down on her flat tail, grinning. "They're whatchamacallums."

"Fauns," said Obernunda. "They're fauns. Useless little buggers, but what can you do?" He shrugged. "You can't get a decent temp in Fairyland."

The leading faun planted neat little goat-hooves in the grass and put his hands on fur-clad hips. Although he was only about two feet tall, an impressive erection bobbed over his belly. He tilted his head to glare at Petula. "Who you calling cute, fatso?" he said in a surprisingly deep voice. "I'm sexy, that's what I am."

"Aw gee, honeybunch," said the faun standing behind him. "So you are." With a twinkle at Alice, he gave the first one a thorough goosing.

Within seconds, six fauns were rolling and wrestling in a tangle of smooth limbs, goat hair and swishing tails. The meadow resounded to bloodcurdling curses and yelps and smothered laughter.

"STOP THAT!" thundered Obernunda and suddenly, everything went quiet.

The fairy king beckoned imperiously with one feeler. "Rho, you take an invitation to Sven and Ben," he ordered. "Kappa, you nip down to the undines and get a bath organized. The works."

Kappa grabbed his cock and pumped it absent-mindedly. "Cor," he said to Alice. "Is it for you, sweetcheeks? Can I watch? You're gorgeous, but then so am I. What about a quickie? I won't tell, honest."

"Yeah, me too," said Rho, reaching `round to help Kappa stroke. "Got a ladder?"

"Nah, they're all the same height lying down," Kappa said cheerfully.

"Too right!" shouted a third faun and suddenly, they were all capering and clamoring, like a strange, lusty dwarves at a garage sale.

Instinctively, Alice backed toward Will and felt his wings spread behind her. The nape of her neck prickled with the change in air pressure. "Don't hurt them," she whispered. "They're just silly, that's all."

But Will only growled and an icy, biting wind whipped past her and tumbled the fauns end over end. "Behave yourselves!" he snarled.

Obernunda sighed as the fauns sat up, shaking their heads, their short horns glinting in the sun, goat ears flopping. "Right, let's start again. Rho? Kappa? Move it." He pointed a long finger and the two fauns were propelled down the hill like small startled rockets, their squeals of shock floating behind them.

The fairy king grabbed another faun by one ear and hauled him to his hooves. "Now, Lambda, you're in charge of Rossetti's guest."

The little creature's eyes grew wide. "A guest?" he whispered. "Great Pan, I get a guest? All to myself?"

Alice could have sworn she heard Obernunda grit his teeth. "You keep your grubby little paws to yourself and treat our visitor with the utmost respect." He leaned right into Lambda's face and whapped him on both cheeks with his feelers. The faun lost a

little of his healthy brown colour. "Or I'll turn you into a statue. One that pees in a basin. Got it?"

Lambda nodded so vigorously, his ears blurred. He trotted away, stopping several times to look over his shoulder.

"Aaargh! Get off, you filthy little shit!" Petula stood on one fat furry leg and shook the other vigorously. The faun that had been humping it flew through the air and bounced off a tree. He lay on the grass holding his head, while his companion threw his head back and howled with laughter.

"Titania's tits!" hissed Obernunda. "Can't you control yourselves for two minutes? Epsilon, you fool, that's a beaver!"

"She's got pretty fur," said Epsilon, unabashed. "Feels nice."

"You're nothing like the fauns in *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*," said Petula with deep disapproval.

"Fauns aren't big on culture," said Obernunda dryly. "My apologies." He pinched the bridge of his nose. "Here, let me make it up to you." He waved a hand in a careless sort of way.

A whoosh of displaced air and a huge beaver dropped out of the sky, landing with a meaty thud. He'd clearly been interrupted, because he was frozen in mid-gesture, a slide-rule in one paw and a set of plans in the other. He wore a bright orange hard hat on his furry head and a massive tool belt around what passed for his waist.

"Eeep!" Petula jumped backward.

"You don't like him?"

"Sticks and stones, I didn't say that." Cautiously, Petula circled the new arrival, sniffing. Finally, she sighed. "He's gorgeous," she murmured. "I've never seen such a big...um...tail." She glanced at Alice, whiskers bristling with agitation. "Only..."

Alice grinned. "Don't be silly, Petula. Go, go!"

Obernunda snapped his fingers. The big beaver jerked and cursed. Then he shook his head 'till the hard hat rattled. "What the fu—" he rumbled. His eye lit on Petula, who was digging a bashful toe into the grass. His barrel chest expanded. "Well, hello cutie. Love the tool belt."

"Um...yours too," whispered Petula, fluttering her lashes.

"Want to come down and see the plans for my dam?" he offered, extending a furry arm.

Petula's whiskers fanned forward. "Don't mind if I do." She winked a small dark eye. "And then we can go torture some H₂O."

The male beaver shoved his hard hat to the back of his head. "Right on!"

Arm in arm, the two beavers waddled over the hill and out of sight. Alice sighed.

"Let's go." Obernunda bowed to Alice and gestured in the direction of the fairy tents. "After you, my dear. And Will, of course."

"Oh no, you don't." Shooting the fairy a suspicious glance, Alice scooted over to Will. "You go first."

Obernunda's emerald eyes twinkled. "Clever girl." All royal dignity and magnificent stained-glass wings, he strolled away, the effect rather spoiled by the two fauns trotting at his side, chatting nineteen to the dozen.

"Will," murmured Alice. "Walk in front of me and I'll hide you. Please."

Will's eyes went dove gray. "It's all right, sweetheart," he rumbled and the air filled with the scent of Alice's grandmother's potpourri. "I'll magic me up some jeans."

Alice went up on tiptoe and kissed the tip of his nose. "Please don't," she whispered. "Not yet."

"Oh." Will blinked once, slowly, and his skin reddened. "OK." She heard him swallow.

When he moved forward, she stepped right in behind him, moulding her palms to the curves of that mouth-watering ass.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

"Now we can go," she said. "But don't rush on my account."

The Second Alice Challenge

The First Alice Challenge gave us Petula, Alice's missing beaver. So we're going to do it again. But this time, it's your chance to be in the story. And you can be as beautiful, as sexy, as mysterious as you like. I will NOT embarrass you, OK? I promise!

Here's what I need. (And please, no essays!)

1. a first name – you choose, your nickname or real name (preferably) or a made-up name.
2. a title – now's your chance to be a princess or a sorceress or a dominatrix!
3. the place you come from – eg I could be Lady Denise from Oz.
4. physical description – coloring of hair, eyes, height, body type. Just be aware that I intend to make you gorgeous, no matter what!
5. three or four personality traits – eg, elegant, lush, dominating, intelligent, shy, funny and so on.

I'll choose the character that gives the most scope and write her (or him) into the next episode in a "supervisory" capacity. *chuckle*