

Alyce in the Wonderful Land of Lust

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Alyce is transported to a land filled with horny plants and even hornier men.

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Alycereclined against her favorite tree on campus. It was a relatively warm day with a pleasant cool breeze thatreminded her spring break was only a week away. She enjoyed the time she spent here on the Quad. With midterms coming up, she barely had time for herself. It seemed that studying had become her new social past time. Majoring in English, Alyce got to combine her most favorite hobby with her school work. She loved reading, but sometimes, she wanted to read something other than the classics. Sighing, she began to study the pages of her latest assignment: "Alice in Wonderland" by Lewis Carroll. Her mind drifted, as she idly examined the root she was sitting on. Having sat at this same tree on the same root every day for the last 3 years, she knew every bump on it. Today, something was different. Picking at the new growth, Alyce wondered how something like that could appear so quickly. About the size of a door knob, the new growth was smooth, not rough, like bark should be. "What is this?" she mumbled, "This was not here yesterday." Wrapping her hand around the knob-like growth, she twisted. The stable looking growth controlled a hidden trapdoor, and as soon as she turned the knob, the root she was sitting on opened and down she went. Alyce frantically grabbing at anything and everything she could, but there was nothing to hold on to. She continued to reach out into the darkness, nevertheless. "OK! OK! OK! I have got to settle down," she thought to herself. She noticed that she was, indeed, falling, but it was more like floating. Her panic lessened somewhat. She looked into the darkness and realized that it was not as dark as she thought. Concentrating, Alyce was able to make out various things floating with her. "What the hell is going on?" she wondered. After about what felt like 10 minutes, Alyce began to pick up speed. She could feel the wind swirling her, rapidly. "Uh oh!" she said. The quicker she fell, the more the current manipulated her. Soon, she was falling at a blinding speed, with the wind flipping and turning her like a rag doll. It felt like the wind had formed several roaming hands, because the more it flipped her around, the looser her clothes became. While upside down, those windy hands slipped her shorts right off her body. As quickly as that was finished, the wind flipped her right side up and off her top went. She flipped and flopped, turning upside down, right side up, and sideways. Then, all at once, she stopped and floated gracefully down to a patch of grass in the middle of an emerald green forest.

“What the FUCK!” she exclaimed, “Where in holy hell am I, and what just happened?” Looking down at herself, she tried to figure out why that handsy wind current had stripped her down to her simple pink bra and matching panties. It was not cold, but she wanted to maintain some modesty. Alyce searched her immediate vicinity, but could not find her clothes. Hidden behind a tree, she did find some clothes. “Hmm...I must have entered a world of hookers,” she mumbled, “there is no way I’m gonna put these clothes on. Geesh, I have more on now.” Within seconds, the temperature dropped in the forest. Alyce shivered. She could see her breath in the arctic air. Walking around to warm herself, she noticed that the further she got from the set of clothing, the colder it got. Cocking her blonde head to the side, a thought occurred to her. “I wonder...” she thought. Alyce walked back to the tree, close to the clothing. The air warmed, slightly. She picked up the hosiery, and the temperature increased more. It was like the forest was forcing her to put the very revealing clothes on. Sighing, she slipped the thigh high, white stockings over her long legs. She strapped the 6 inch, black patent leather, platform stripper heels on. The air returned to almost normal. Standing up, she wiggled into a skin tight, blue mini dress. The dress was cut so low that the top of her bra, well the top half of her bra, was showing. This damn dress showed more than it covered. Sighing again, she leaned against the tree, which was surrounded by a bunch of blue flowers that had long, thick stamens poking up from their centers. Cascades of long, graceful, green ivy were weaved throughout the blooms. This place was indeed beautiful, but disorienting. Wanting to figure out what was happening to her, Alyce pushed off the tree. About to take her first step on the path leading away from the tree and into the woods, Alyce was yanked backward. The ivy came to life and wrapped around her ankles and upper arms. Panicked, Alyce began to struggle wildly, but all the pulling and tugging only made the ivy wrap tighter. “Oh. My God! What is happening?” Alyce screamed; her limbs securely bound. Once the ivy had her spread-eagled, the blue flowers came to life. They wiggled a path up her thighs, tickling as they went. Once they reached her upper thighs, she could feel their long, furry stamens tickling her crotch, and although she was terrified, the tickling began to arouse her. The wiggling stamens continued to work themselves up and into her panties. Pretty soon her struggles lessened. The constant caresses had her panties soaked. She dropped her head back onto the trunk and slowly pumped her hips back and forth, grinding her pussy against the maddening, little stamens. More little stamens began to wrap themselves around her panties. Soon, there were so many that the sides her panties split. They pulled the remnant from her and dropped them to the floor of the forest. After a couple of more flicks across her naked, pulsing pussy, the little stamens moved to her bra. They ripped the cups out of her bra, leaving her under wire in place. Alyce’s ample breasts overflowed the tight bodice, which only came up an inch above her brown nipples. “Great. Now, I have boobs on a half shell,” she mused. The ivy released her and retracted back into itself, motionless. She looked back at it and thought about how the plant had her truly dressed as a slut. Tentatively, she took a step forward, half fearing and half hoping the ivy to yank her back, again. Disappointed when it didn’t, she proceeded down the path. Walking about without panties was a little odd. She could feel her pussy lips rubbing together, as she moved, and the friction felt so good. She had never been without panties before, and it was a bit exciting. “Damn those flowers! I wish

people...er...flowers...ah...whatever would finish something, once they started something," she growled, "God! I want to cum. "There is no one here. No one would know," she said, looking around. Sitting down on a rather large mushroom, she leaned back and braced her feet against the surface of the toad stool. She pulled her dress up to her waist and ran her hands over her lower belly, brushing them over her bare pussy lips. Alyce used a circular motion with her fingers. She slowly pushed down on her puffy, outer lips, putting light pressure on her clit. Moaning, she began to rub faster. A cool breeze brushed over her, as she rubbed harder. Opening her eyes, she looked up into the vivid blue sky. Using both hands, she spread her lightly furred slit, exposing her moist, pink flesh. She dipped her middle finger into her overflowing well of moisture and felt the tight walls of her pussy gently suck her finger. Alyce worked her finger in and out, letting the electrical pleasure course through her. Clenching her eyes tightly shut, she inserted another finger inside herself and searched for the small patch of rough tissue on the front wall of her sheath. Once she found it, Alyce massaged that sweet spot deep inside her pussy, while using her thumb to flick across her swollen nub. Her juices gushed out of her and flowed down her fingers. Her pussy was so wet that she could hear wet squishing sounds, as she friggd her own hole. Alyce was so close. She could feel the spasms starting in her thighs and ass. Her fingers worked her folds rapidly, and she was gasping loudly. Pushing up with her heels, she let the waves flow over her. This was a hard one, and it seemed to last forever. As the peak ebbed, Alyce relaxed her body down onto the soft toad stool. She could feel her sopping canal contracting around her fingers. Pulling her fingers from her drenched pussy, she rested her hand on her swollen, outer lips. Smiling contently, she opened her eyes again and let out a blood curdling shriek. A pair of startling green eyes stared back at her. Leaping off the mushroom, she, quickly, fixed her clothes. With burning cheeks, her baby blues stared into a pair of eyes that seemed focused, but not all there. The funny thing was that was all she could notice right then. Shaking her head, she watched as the rest of an insanely attractive man materialized. From the top of his jet black hair to the bottom of his sculpted body, he was perfect. That was until you looked into his eyes. He had insane eyes. "Who are you?" she asked, a bit scared of him, but immensely happy to see another person. "Who do you want me to be? I could be him or him or you or him," he sang. "Wonderful! The first person I see here in this freaky place, and he is nuts," Alyce thought to herself. "Ok. I'll play. I want you to be a person that can and will help me figure out where 'here' is," she told him. "Here is always here, and here only matters when it is the place you want to be. So, sweet Alyce, is this the place you want to be?" he drawled. "No. Damn it! I want to be home. I don't know where I am now, so I don't know how to get home," she yelled. Alyce was starting to lose her temper. This incredibly fine man was either a total idiot or playing games. She hated games, as well as idiots. "Home is where the heart is, I always say! Are we friends? I only assist friends," he giggled. "Would you assist me, if I was your friend?" she asked. "I would be your friend, if you let me lick your fingers. I want to taste your cream. After all, you are wasting it by not sharing," he said, with all giggling and playfulness gone. "What...Were....Were you watching...me?" Alyce stammered. "Of, course. I am always watching you. I will be watching you all the way through your trip and even after you go home," he said. They stared at each other for a few seconds. The tension was thick, and staring at him was like touching your

tongue to the end of a battery. Alyce realized that the only way for her to find her way home was to do as he asked. A slightly psychotic smile touched his lips, as she raised her hand to him. He took her hand, the very same hand that had worked her pussy so brilliantly, and brought it to his face. Rubbing his face all over her palm and wrist, he brought her fingers to his nose and inhaled the sweet, pungent aroma of her pussy. "Mmm. So sweet. I bet they taste as sweet as they smell," he said, inhaling deeper. He rubbed his nose up and down her fingers, touching her fingers randomly with his tongue. As odd as this seemed, Alyce could not focus on anything, but how wet her pussy was getting...again. When he took her middle finger into his mouth and sucked all the way down to the knuckle, Alyce let out a little, involuntary moan. He sucked her finger like she would have sucked his cock, and right now, she would have given her left nipple to suck his cock. She could feel his tongue swirling around her digit, licking off her juice. He paid attention to each finger that had been in her pussy, moaning appreciatively. By the time he had finished his oral administrations, she was soaking wet and could feel her juices welling up, wanting to burst out from between those swollen lips. "Follow the path. Talk to everyone. Each one will lead you to the next. I will see you on the way," he said, fading before her eyes. "Damn. I'm alone, again. And, I don't even know who he was," she cried out, frustrated. "By the way, I am Chet Shire. I am one cool cat. If you get lost, call out to me. I am always here, even if you can't see me," his disembodied voice said, with an echo. Then, it faded away. "So, I guess I follow the path then," she said. Alyce peered out into the forest. The path led deeper into the thick growth. With a sigh, she followed it. The view was astounding. The atmosphere was so peaceful, and the walk was pleasant. It was until she came upon a very rowdy pair of guys. Posturing and puffing up, these two men danced around each other, as if trying to one up each other. Pushing and shoving each other, but causing no harm, they showed no indication of noticing her. "Excuse me!" she called, "Hey...excuse me. Can you help me?" They stopped their dance and turned to look at her questioningly, as if they were unused to seeing another person. Unable to stand still long enough to talk to her, they bounced back and forth, punching at the air. "What can we do...to...Hey, who is the strongest?" the blonde one called out. "Yeah! Is there any assistance...who would win?" the brunette said. "Christ! First, a sexy psychotic and now, a pair of dumb asses," she thought, pinching the bridge of her nose. "I am Alyce, and I need to get home. Will you help me?" she said, dejectedly. "I am Tom Dee, and this is my friend and blood brother, Tim Dum," the blonde said. "That's Dum, with a long 'u'," Tim piped in. After the introductions, the guys went back to their mock fight. It was like they had forgotten that they were talking. Alyce watched in amazement. She had never experienced anyone so absentminded. It was almost funny. Hell, it would have been funny, if it wasn't happening to her. "Hey! HEY! Remember me?" she called out. "Oh, yeah! We can help," Tim said. "Yes. Yes. We can help, alright," Tom said, "We can help for a price, that is." "Of course, and what would that price be?" Alyce inquired. "Well...since you have no more of that sweet nectar on your fingers, we want to make some more," Tom said, no longer moving. Tim looked directly at her, and added, "He wants your juice. I want you to taste my juice." "So...you want to lick my pussy, and you want me to suck your cock. If I do this, what does it earn me?" she asked. "The next direction of the path," they said, together. "Fine," Alyce said. Although she used her pissy voice, she was secretly

excited. This was one of her secret fantasies. Tom would not have to lick that much, because her cunt was sopping wet already. He was going to be drenched in her pussy juices. The guys grinned. They led her to a fallen log and laid her down on it, gently. Tim positioned himself at the left side of her head. Turning her head to face him, he rubbed his plum shaped cock head over her lips and chin. His skin was so soft. The velvety head was leaking pre cum. He smeared it all over her lips, leaving a slick trail. At the same time, Tom spread her legs and spared no time diving into her slit. He must have had a tongue 6 inches long. He licked and poked her clit with his strong tongue. Sucking her sweet nub into his mouth, he rolled it between his teeth. He made her clit grow even more, by gnawing and licking. "Oh Fuck! I'm in heaven. This is one of the best pussy lickings I have ever had, and this cock...shit!" Alyce thought. Scooting to the edge of the log, Alyce let her head drop down, making a straight path down her throat. With her head dropped back the way it was, it was too easy for him to slide past her hard palate and into the soft part of her neck. She swallowed convulsively, milking his rock hard dick. Tim groaned, as he slowly fucked her throat. Meanwhile, Tom decided that it was time to tongue fuck this juicy pussy. Pinching her clit between his fingers, he roughly rolled it around, making her cry out. The sound was muffled from the huge cock fucking her face. Tom slid his super long tongue into her hot canal, fucking her pussy with it. He curved his tongue and scooped the tangy cream from her cunt. Wiggling it around inside her, he tried to shove it in deeper. It was as if he was trying to climb inside her pussy. Using his nose and fingers, he rapidly flicked and pinched her clit. His tongue rapidly plunged in and out of her. He was bringing her to an orgasm, quickly. The more aroused she got the harder and faster she sucked Tim's cock. He was pounding her face, losing control. Alyce felt his cock swell. She knew that in a couple of more sucks he would explode. Licking the copious amount of pre cum leaking from his cock, she gave him a strong suck, followed by a quick flick of her tongue around the ridge of his dick. With a loud roar, Tim thrust into her mouth several more times, and then unloaded his seed into her throat. Slowing down, he gave her a couple more quick thrusts and pulled out of her mouth. Sinking to the ground, he lay there trying to catch his breath. Tom, now able to hear Alyce's screams and pants, doubled his thrusts and licks. Digging her heels into the logs, she arched her back and screamed, as she came for the second time in an hour. She rode her orgasm to its finale by humping his face. Getting up, Tom grinned down at her. His face was shiny with her pussy juices. Licking his lips, he looked over at Tim and said, "Ok...frustrated...I know who will win now!" Tim grinned, "I am not frustrated. I am controlled and relaxed. I know who will win." Both men started circling each other, again. Alyce was forgotten. The posturing started over. "HEY! I held up my part of the deal. Fellows! The direction...which way?" she hollered. Without looking her way, the both said, "Look for the party! You will know it when you see it." "Look for the party, huh," she said, disgusted. The guys didn't even notice when she left. Alyce wanted to go home. Although she was having a lot of fun, she was tired and felt nasty. Longing for a bath, she continued down the path, hoping to find someone with some sense. The disembodied voice of Chet called out to her. "Sleep, sweet Alyce. You are so tired. When you wake up, you will be ready for the next step of your journey," he said. She sat down. Unable to keep her eyes open, Alyce snuggled down into the soft moss, quickly falling to sleep. Unaware of the activity around her, she slept through the helpers of

the forest cleaning her body and clothes. They left her food and drink for when she woke up. Kissing her goodnight, they stole off into the forest.