

Trumped

You emerge from the tunnel into twilight, your aching palms and knees covered in dirt. A strange forest rises around you: a forest of trees in red and violet and green. Signs cover their trunks like a forgetful man's post-it notes, pointing 'This Way' and 'That' and saying so in those words exactly.

Crawling out of the tunnel, you force yourself to your feet. The air smells of strange scents: berries, treacle, tea...

You stumble into the crossroads ahead of you, searching for a direction. Which way should you go? Where do the paths lead? The signs are no help--you'll have to make your own path, even if it means wandering at random.

Just as you are about to take a step, a high-pitched giggle sounds in your ears. You spin and catch a glance of shining teeth, just for an instant.

A great shiver passes through you. Pick a path to follow and quick! The laughter sounds behind you like the barking of a hound.

Your flight takes you through the woods for what feels like a mile. Grand oaks in shades of blue and yellow fly past you, their trunks curled into baffling screws and spirals. Chess pieces and playing cards litter the grass around their roots like so many fallen acorns.

Heart pounding, you force yourself on.

After an hour or so of running, you notice something: that crossroad, that arrangement of signs... Isn't this where you started?

At once, you slow to a stop. Your chest hurts; you pant for breath. How long has it been since you last ate? Your throat feels as dry as a poorly baked cake.

A fresh round of heckles sounds to your rear, and you whirl, intending to confront your pursuer.

As it happens, no one is there.

Footsteps sound before you.

Turning back, you hear a voice: "Thirsty, nya? Fufufu. Here, drink *this*..."

The air blurs, and a vial of effervescent pink liquid slides into being as if it were always there, simply hidden by the air. 'Drink Me,' it says, unhelpfully. You don't see the hand that holds it.

Tentatively, you take the bottle from the air. For a moment, it resists--then whatever hidden hand is holding it loosens its grip, and the bottle snaps into your hand. A final giggle sounds, followed by the padding of feet.

Heart pounding, you raise the bottle and inspect it. Its glimmering pink contents shine with obscene brilliance. The label, 'Drink Me', is remarkably ambiguous. Is this charity or temptation? Panacea or poison? You cannot tell.

All you know is that your throat feels as dry as a valley in the desert--when you breathe, it feels like a hot Saharan wind.

Whatever the answer, you can't resist the urge to drink for long. Popping the bottle's cap, you throw back your head and chug its shining contents.

A stream of cold liquid soothes your aching throat and makes you shiver in relief. The elixir tastes of strawberries, strong and sweet. Cloyingly sweet. You drink it down to the very last drop.

At last, its contents emptied, you pull the bottle from your lips and release a sigh of relief. It comes out airy, like a moan of ecstasy.

As you stand there, thankful for your refreshment, you feel the liquid trickling into your stomach. All of a sudden, it feels strangely bubbly, as if you've drunk a can of shaken soda and not something thick as syrup.

Your stomach burbles. You burp, lightly. "Excuse me," you say, and your voice sounds strangely high. You wonder immediately what made you say it.

All at once, you start to feel strange. A feeling of queasiness starts in your stomach and spreads outward through the rest of your body, making you shiver as if you're standing in the Arctic. Your arms and legs feel loose as jelly, your head as light as a helium balloon. You stumble, struggling to right yourself. In the end, you have to lean against a tree for support.

Following the nausea comes a wave of sudden heat. You gasp as it spreads through your body like a flame, reddening your skin and making you sweat. You pant for breath, and the *tone* of your panting makes you gasp--you sound like a pornstar moaning for the camera.

As sweat drips from your brow, a third wave follows the second: this time it's a wave of tingling. Your entire body shakes, ripples like a pond in an earthquake. Your skin trembles and sprouts goosebumps all over. Every hair on your arms stands on end.

Leaning hard on the tree for support, you realize, perhaps belatedly, you've been tricked. That stupid drink must have been poison...

Your heart pounds so hard you worry it might burst.

Looking down at yourself, you notice something strange. Are your arms thinner than before, or are you imagining it? No, you can't be. Just look at them: they *are* thinner. All their muscle is gone, as if melted away. You didn't even notice it happening.

Turning your attention to your legs, you notice they've suffered the same fate: your calves and your hamstrings have deflated as if punctured.

Watch closely, something new is happening: as you stare, all the hairs on your limbs simply vanish, as if shaved by an invisible razor. Beneath them, your skin is supple, smooth, so soft to the touch it makes you whimper.

As the hair on your limbs vanishes, the hair on your heads grows: you gasp as a thick lock of it tumbles to land before your eyes. You swipe it aside, but another lock soon follows it. In seconds, your hair is almost to your shoulders. Run a hand through it--see how silky it feels.

A sudden looseness of your clothes snatches your attention. Your shirt hangs slack on your frame, your jeans threaten to fall to the ground. You grab them, hold them up vainly.

When you look around for help, the forest seems strangely taller. Are you shrinking? What's happening to you?

A pang of pain in your pelvis interrupts your confusion. You let your pants go in shock, but it doesn't matter--they don't fall. Your hips, swollen with fat, are wide enough to support them.

Eyes wide, you run your hands over your new hips. They curve now, out then in, rather than pointing straight down. And they're soft, soft to the touch, plumped up with fat that deforms beneath your hands. When you bring your thighs together, they threaten to crush your cock.

Another pang strikes like a drumbeat in your rear, and you look over your shoulder to find your asscheeks swelling, pumped up like balloons to match your bloated hips. Tentatively, you grab them and squeeze. The feeling makes you squeal in ecstasy.

Soon enough, your ass has grown so fat that your jeans struggle to contain it.

Now a fresh shudder strikes your body like a hammer against a gong. It resounds through you, making you gasp and clutch yourself and whimper. Its epicenter is your chest, and as you stare your shirt starts to rise, pushed up and out by your own swelling breasts.

For several seconds, you simply stare at them, sweat dripping from your forehead, until curiosity overwhelms you and you take your hands and clasp them. Contact makes you shiver, sending a wave of utter ecstasy rolling through your body. Your legs tremble, and you tumble to your knees, squeezing your fattened nipples between your thumbs and forefingers.

At last, comes the grand finale: deep inside your pants, your cock begins to pulse, to shake, to tremble. In an instant, you are harder than you've ever been in your life, and the need to touch yourself becomes irresistible.

Tearing open your jeans, you wrap a hand around your cock and tug.

Pleasure wracks you--you squeal and shudder. Wave after wave of ecstasy rolls through your form, drowning your sanity like a beach beneath the tide. With every stroke, the feeling grows a little stronger.

Soon enough, it is too much. With a moan and a whimper, you empty your balls, a stream of semen shooting straight out of your cock to leave a sticky line through the crossroad.

With that, its final shot spent, your cock deflates like an untied balloon, deflates till it is flat against your groin. From there, it slips inside you, like a tower collapsing into a sinkhole. Your new pussy tingles, drips, *aches* for someone to fill it. Moaning, you plug it with your fingers.

It is several minutes before you regain control of yourself. Slowly, the heat filling you fades, as does the tingling, and you find the concentration to extract your sticky fingers from your new sex. As they slip out with a *plop*, you shudder in delight.

Panting to catch your breath, you try to take stock of your new situation. Your changed body thrums with energy, while your mind swirls like a maelstrom. Standing, you stumble through the forest, and the trees part like a pair of Broadway curtains, revealing the mirror-clear surface of a lake. You stop on the shore and peer into it.

In place of your reflection is that of a young woman: one with short blonde hair and a petite figure shrouded in ill-fitting men's clothes. For a moment, you can only stare at the sight, and the young woman stares back at you.

Raise your hand, stroke your cheek, feel how soft it is. Cup a breast, squeeze it--shudder at the feeling.

Realization strikes you like a guillotine's blade. A high-pitched cry rolls through the woods.

Blearily, barely believing your predicament, you stumble back into the forest. Your new feet, so small and dainty in your oversized shoes, carry you back to the crossroads, where you pause for the slightest instant before picking a path and hurrying down it at random.

You pant--your chest heaves. Feel your clothes flap in the wind and listen to the sound of your oversized shoes clapping. Time after colorful tree flies past you, branches outstretched as if to catch your attention. 'Hello!' they seemed to be saying. 'How are you? Would you care to stop for tea?' You run past without stopping.

You run and run and run some more for a length of time that stretches and retracts like taffy on the rack. By the time you finally emerge from the woods, you have no idea how long you've been running.

Dew-laden grass rustles beneath your feet as the prismatic trees of the wood recede behind you. Before you stands a castle of white towers and red roofs, all emblazoned with hearts. Surrounding it is a vast hedge maze, dappled in roses that drip red, as if painted in blood.

Slowly, cautious, heart still pounding in your chest, you approach. The castle and the hedges loom taller and taller.

As you reach the maze's gate, you see a flash of red in the castle's tallest tower and feel the undeniable sensation of someone inside it turning their gaze on you.

You freeze, trembling as if caught in a blizzard. Your observer's regard feels like a leaden weight on your head threatening to crush you into the ground, and for a moment you stand there trapped beneath like an ant beneath the lens of a magnifying glass. You can only hope it will not burn you.

At last, the air changes. The pressure afflicting you fades. In the distant tower, curiosity turns to amusement turns to imperious desire, and the whole world ripples with the change.

I want you, says a voice in your head, carnal and red.

A circle of scarlet sigils forms beneath your feet, and from it surges a pillar of crimson fire that consumes your body. As you shriek, bolts of sanguine lightning come darting across the grass towards you like bloodhounds and ground themselves in your form, arcing up your figure and coiling around your limbs. It fills you in an instant, overwhelms you, makes you tingle. A fire alights in your new sex and goes raging through all the tunnels of your body. You squeal.

As you cry, your clothes blaze and warp like plastic in the heat. Your shirt stretches into a short, sharp-edged dress, like four playing cards wrapped around your waist, while a red jacket forms out of the ether to cover it, complete with a diamond-patterned tie. Beneath, your underwear splits into a black bra and panties--you can only squeal as they tie themselves tight.

Down below, your jeans shrink, darken, split, become a pair of thigh-high socks with diamonds round their rims, while above, atop your head, a big, red beret sprouts to cap you like a mushroom.

Inside you, the fire roaring through your form reaches your brain and makes your thoughts ignite like a pile of dry hay. An inferno of new feelings, new *desires*, rushes through you. You want to resist, to deny them, but their attraction is undeniable.

Standing there, body aflame with passions, you find yourself moaning. The heat rushing through you is too hot to handle. Collapsing to your knees, feeling the cold dew against you, you pant for relief like a hound in the summer. You are sweating all over, and your heart pounds so fast it must certainly burst.

The flames had given your new body a hunger--you want to sate it. Desperately. Desperately.

Holding out a hand for support, you seize a rod planted in the ground before you. Instinctively, your hand pumps it, and the motion sates your new desires a little. Not enough though, not enough. This isn't the kind of rod you want.

Using it, you hauled your trembling body back its feet. Standing there, quaking, you rub your temple. Your vision swims with images of men. Handsome men, cute men. Men and their bulging cocks.

Beneath your new dress, your new sex pours. Drops of nectar join the dew on the ground.

Go on, says the red voice, the carnal voice, and it sounds as if its owner is standing right behind you. *Go on, just accept. You know you'll enjoy it.*

Instinctively, you open your lips to protest. A long, low moan emanates from them instead. Your sex burns, your thoughts swim. Images of cocks--big, fat, throbbing cocks--assault you from all angles.

Your jaw drops, and another moan issues from your throat. It is low-pitched, intense, *desperate*. You want them inside you *so bad*.

Surely it wouldn't hurt? To give in and stay here? Just think of all the yummy cocks you would get to wrap your lips around. Just *think* of how much fun you'd have...

No! another part of you shrieks. *No! Those aren't your thoughts! Those aren't--* The voice vanishes, drowned by a tidal wave of bulging, *throbbing* cocks.

How could anyone resist?

With a final moan, you throw back your head and scream. *Take me! Take me! Make me one of your own!*

In the castle's tallest tower, the Queen of Hearts smiles in acceptance.

At once, the remains of your mind ignites. Glorious red fire surges through your thoughts, burning away all your remaining resistance and forging what remains of you afresh. You shriek, you shudder, you tremble. Liquid pours from your sex like water from a hose. The pleasure is ecstatic, electrifying, irresistible. With a final gasp, you collapse.

Your orgasm lasts for several minutes.

Lying there in a puddle of your own juices, mouth wide in a smile even as you pant for breath, you can only watch as the crimson light fades, wondering what fresh ecstasies await you in the future.

You blink, and when you open your eyes, your irises are red, your pupils diamonds.

You find the man on the outskirts of Her Majesty's hedge maze, and you know at once that you want to take him. That he is a trespasser is irrelevant--your Queen allows you to take any man you wish, anywhere in Wonderland. It is a freedom you make use of regularly.

Breaking into a sprint, you give chase, your diamond-emblazoned skirt flapping as you run. The man sees you and flees with a cry of panic, vanishing into the hedges. Perhaps he hopes to outwit you. If so, he is misguided. You Trumparts know the hedge-maze better than any save the Queen herself.

In a matter of minutes, you have him cornered in a dead-end, his back against a wall of roses. Using your staff, you knock his legs out from under him, before taking it and pinning him to the ground by his shirt.

As he struggles to pull free, you plant yourself astride him, moaning at the feeling of his cock against your pussy. In seconds he is hard, and your sex is dripping wet.

With a moan of lust, you rip open his pants and hike up your panties. The tip of his cock--so hard--enters you like a speartip. Pain floods you. You scream. He cries, but you ignore him--this is the least of the things you have planned for him.

Taking a deep breath, you start to buck atop his cock.

You love being one of the Queen's Trumparts.