

ALICE

MADNESS DOLLIFIED



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She looks like a broken doll, eyes closed, slim tummy rising and falling, short dark hair splayed underneath her. Her expression is pensive but she's unaware of how he's moved her skirt, disturbed her blouse; right now and ever since the asylum, she is completely at his mercy.

A small hiss escapes her throat as his fingers trace the curve of her neck.

"Come now, Alice," the good doctor says, the smile on his face turning his voice into a snarl. "it's only a dream."

"It's not a dream, it's a memory," she says, and she sounds so certain. He moves so her head is beside his thigh, his hand tracing below her blouse, finding the curve of a small breast, a taut nipple, twisting as she twists. "And it makes me sick!"

"Now, focus," he says, watching her brow furrow as his other hand slips between her legs, pulling the cloth protecting her furrow aside. She's so close to being what he wants, somewhere between the dead sister that caused all this and the doll he's making to keep himself safe. She trusts him, slick with how badly he's made her want him. "You're floating again. Weightless. A cipher, relax."

"Fire!" she gasps, and he chuckles as a finger slips inside the shallowest part of her. "I-I'm in hell!"

"Forget it," he commands. This is the memory he must take from her, the silly psychotic bitch. The rest is as creamy as his seed in her mouth, but this memory must be destroyed before it - *and she* - ruins everything. "Abandon that memory. It's unproductive. Go to Wonderland."

"I can't..." she whimpers, quivering on his fingers. "I'm trapped... in my past."

Trapped somewhere, the doctor thinks. He catches sight of himself in a mirror, her cheek pressed against his thigh, one of his hands playing with her small chest while the other explores her cunt. She's a small thing, ragged, and he's so close to breaking her, but he catches sight of the small ticking clock on his desk and sighs.

He thinks about the fire, about the lack of virtue that killed a family and left this one witness behind.

Patience.

His fingers leave her and her lips part, a small jagged breath passing over her soft tongue. He straightens her clothing.

"No Alice, discard that delusion," he commands again, lightly tapping her cheek, enjoying the way her brow curls, how her body trembles. She tries so hard to obey. "Forget it. Go. To. Wonderland."

"I'd rather not, doctor, my Wonderland's shattered, it's dead to me."

"Your preference doesn't signify, girl," he snarls. He loves the way she shrinks into the couch as she struggles to obey, servile as her sister should have been. "Now Alice, where are you?"

He can't help himself. A hand back down her shirt, cupping the soft flesh she still thinks is hers.

"I'm sailing with a friend," she says, and he smiles because all of her friends are imaginary and he's kept her from interacting with the world in any way he doesn't wish her to. "It's... different somehow. Things have changed."

"Change is good," he says, pinching a nipple and thrilling to see her wince, "it's the first link on the chain of forgetting."

And then -

"What's happening?" she says, brushing his hand away. She spasms on the couch, back arching, head twisting. Her eyes open but he can tell she sees nothing real, still lost in the labyrinth of his mermerism and her delusion. "Are you mad?"

"I'm not mad!" the doctor cannot keep the scorn from his voice. *The impertinence of this girl!*

"Rabbit!" she screams. The clock on his desk is ticking, the watch in his pocket ticking, time is almost up but

"That's not right," the doctor murmurs, "What's he doing here?"

And then she's quiet, limp, her body sagging on the couch like a discarded doll. He twists her nipple and she doesn't respond, slaps her face to no effect. She's gone again, leaving him alone with her body.

How could anyone not indulge...?

"Don't struggle, Alice," he says, lifting her skirts, exposing her slick thighs and gaping hole. He admires what he's done to her as he unbuckles his pants -she's been problematic from the start, was a problem even when he knew her as a child, but now he can make her be anything he likes. His cockhead teases the entrance of her. "Let the new Wonderland emerge."

The clock ticks and he looks at it and snarls again -it's nearly time for his next

patient. He moves away, wiping her vaginal secretion off on her tongue before buckling himself shut, before fixing her skirts again. She suddenly spasms, sightless eyes wide

"Pollution, corruption, i-it's killing me!" she screams, and he smiles and thinks *you'll learn to love it -you won't have any other choice.* "My Wonderland's destroyed, my mind is in ruins!"

"Forget it, Alice!" he commands her, sitting back down on his simmering erection. "Block that dream, wake at the sound."

The clock seethes an alarm.

A breath later and Alice screams, eyes fluttering open, taking in the world as she sits up, breathing heavy. He offers her no comfort.

"There, Alice, better now aren't we?"

"My head's exploded and there's a steam hammer in my chest," she says, not looking at him, mistaking his contempt for compassion.

All the better to distract you from the slickness on your thighs.

"Yes, well, the cost of forgetting is high," he answers, dismissing her discomfort.

"My memories make me vomit. What can I-"

"Remember other things."

"I want to forget!," she says, looking at him, her eyes wide and pleading. He's done this to her, made her accept his premise. She trusted him as a child and trusted him as a family friend in her emancipation from the asylum and trusts him now because he made her. "Who would choose to be alone, imprisoned by their broken memories?"

"I'll set you free, Alice," he promises her. "Memory is a curse more often than a blessing."

"So you've said, many times. And-"

"And I will say again," he cuts her off. Nothing she has to say truly matters; the sass and sarcasm she uses as a shell will erode in his care, leaving behind a glossy little collectible. "The past must be paid for. Now, before our next session, collect those pills from our High Street chemist."

"Very well, doctor." She favors him a small smile, walks to the door and opens it. There's a small smiling child there, waiting for the absolution only Doctor Bumby can provide, so eager to become one of the dolls that make him indispensable to the upper echelons of society.

"It's my turn to forget, Alice!" Charlie says, skipping into the room and running for the couch. The doctor spares the boy a smile, but his attention is on Alice, the sway of her narrow hips as she leaves the room.

Both of them will turn out the same from his care, but he has never understood those who prefer children even if he is willing to profit off that lust. Even Lizzie was a

young woman when he started touching her, about as developed as Alice is now. She is almost a substitute for what could have been, if the older Liddell sibling had been just a little more compliant.

Patience.

"Ah, Charlie," the doctor says as Alice closes the door. His attention is now fully on the boy. "Your pa was hung for killing your ma who beat you. Let's forget that, shall we? The past is dead, Charlie."

And what remains is mine.



She floats in the abyss, not looking into it, not anymore. It cannot see her. There are flickers of light but she ignores them, feeling cold brushes on her thighs, her throat and breasts. She feels exposed and she whimpers, warm rain trailing down the cold parts of her body, teasing her, teasing warm.

The warmth moves up her neck, gentle, gentle, only thin skin keeps the warmth from the air that moves in and out of her, in and out of her quickened by the promise and threat of that cruel heat.

"COME NOW, ALICE."

The words of God shatter her, force her deeper into the abyss. She whimpers, twitching, held down by her neck, her breast.

"IT IS ONLY A DREAM."

Is it? Is she drowning in a dream?

She was made of butterflies, she thinks, and that was why the caterpillar loved her and why the caterpillar hated her. She was a cocoon disguised as a girl, a thousand thousand flutterings in her belly, flying lower, tickling her hips and her tight little cunny from the inside.

"It's not a dream," she whimpers, remembering. She'd been helpless inside the asylum, stripped of her power, her identity, a plaything of too many doctors and too many nurses, helpless, helpless. "It's a memory. A memory. And it's making me sick!"

The warm waters of the abyss circle her breast, pulling at her, twisting. She whimpers and moans, feeling herself caught by the current, twisted, twisting, mouth open and panting, eyes closed. She dare not see the light. She dare not see the light. She does not want to see what the light might show her.

Deeper and deeper into the abyss, into darkness and emptiness and safety.

"NOW."

The warmth tickling her inner thighs, starting at her knees and moving higher, closer.

She twitches, Alice does, feeling her head shake.

"FOCUS."

She tries, she tries to focus, but the abyss is handling her, teasing her, threatening her, promising her. Has she been here before? Was that a dream or a memory? Her sister was screaming and on fire but there are no centaurs in... in... where was it? Was that a dream? A memory?

"YOU ARE WEIGHTLESS. YOU ARE A CIPHER. RELAX."

She was the former. She did the last.

Weightless, meaningless, floating in an endless sea of darkness, anchored by thin streams of warmth on her chest, her throat, her thighs, on her bare little cunny and teasing to inside it, making her simper, making her want.

The threat of warmth, pushing inside her.

She felt herself spasm, her back arching out of the abyss and into the air.

"Fire!" she thinks she screams, but a strong hand on her chest closes around her heart, tha-thump, tha-thump, and pushes her back down. "I am in hell!"

"FORGET IT."

She does. She obeys. The fire is gone. The fire inside her is out. The abyss swallows it and everything else. There's something in her mouth, sticky and bitter, an abyssal sacrament. She suckles, soothed, calmed.

"ABANDON THAT THOUGHT. IT IS UNPRODUCTIVE."

She nods, swallows, feels the abyss shudder and shake around her. The thought is less than ashes and all that remains is a desire to be here, and now, floating and weightless, meaningless and empty. God tells her that this is what she wants and she believes her God. Why would she not?

"GO. TO. WONDERLAND."

A jolt, but of course God would know about Wonderland. She misses it, all her friends, the comfort of madness, the source of her power and her strength. The warmth pushes into her and words moan out of her mouth, a failure:

"I can't..." she moans, almost crying, drowning in nothing, her whole life focused on the warmth invading her intimacy. "I'm trapped..."

And she felt trapped, felt helpless.

This was not the asylum. She had her freedom, she thought, down here in the abyss. She could leave any time she wanted, but wasn't what the damn cat had said when she was in Wonderland last?

All the delicious warmth left her, abandoned her, left her gaping and shivering in

the cold. She was abandoned again, alone again, weightless and empty and hollow. She heard her own pathetic whimpers.

She had found strength.

Where had it gone?

"NO, ALICE. DISCARD THAT DELUSION. FORGET IT!"

Warmth on her cheek and God's command. She struggled to obey. She could be a good girl, she could be so good, her parents and her sister might come back if she was a good enough girl and then she wouldn't be alone, wouldn't be this thing, wouldn't be like this.

"GO. TO. WONDERLAND."

Why?

She wanted to scream but what sort of monster screams at God? A stronger stranger monster than her, no doubt, a monster still full of butterflies, a monster still thrumming with hysterical fury, a monster lost in the midst of a tantrum. She was not that monster, not anymore.

Alice struggled to obey, struggled for strength, struggled to invite the warmth back into her shivering body.

"I'd rather... I'd rather not." Every word is a prayer, an admission of weakness.

"Wonderland is shattered. Dead."

"YOUR PREFERENCE DOES NOT SIGNIFY, GIRL."

The last word feels like a slap against her cheek, her breast, a condemnation of everything wrong with her.

How dare she disobey? How dare she think she could worship with anything less than perfect obedience?

"NOW. ALICE. WHERE ARE YOU?"

And... and...

There is light.

Alice smells the cool sea air. She opens her eyes and she's not in the abyss, she's on the cool blue ocean, the rollicking waves, sitting in a paddle boat paddled by her good friend, the White Rabbit.

"We're late," her friend says, "Alice, we're late. You need to get out of here. You need—"

There's a change in the air. The scent of coal, blackening skies, the sound of a train. She can see it in the distance, a train that cannot be stopped or reasoned with, a train that will grind Wonderland beneath grease-wracked steel and oil slicks, a train that feeds on life and leaves nothing behind it.

She can see people in the spokes, in the wheels, screaming faces in the smoke stack, little fingers trying to escape...

"It's... it's different somehow," Alice confesses.

"Who are you talking to?" Rabbit asks. "Wait. I know. Don't talk to him. Alice, don't talk to him. Alice, it's very important that you do not talk to him."

She spares her friend a smile; she didn't know that Rabbit was an atheist.

"CHANGE IS GOOD."

Something makes her wince, a dagger over her heart, twisting, twisting. She winces and yelps in pain.

"Alice, you need-"

"CHANGE IS THE FIRST LINK IN THE CHAIN OF FORGETTING."

Did Rabbit have a name? A real one? She doesn't remember and she thinks that she should. How is a raven like a writing desk? When is a cat not a cat? There are no centaurs in Oxford.

Rabbit's paws on her shoulders.

He's trying to speak to her but every word from God has cut him and black oil burbles out of his throat. She twists away, tries to find some way to help him.

"What is happening?" she prays.

"You need," Rabbit vomits, the rest of the words lost. The skies darken. The train is coming. The train is coming. The train is coming.

"Are you mad?"

"I AM NOT MAD!"

God's fury thunders over the world, cutting Rabbit deeply, shattering the boat. The seas split into tidal waves and the train is still coming the train is still coming the train is still coming she can see it on the horizon and it is getting closer and it comes like the death of the world and

"Rabbit!" she reaches for her friend, clutching to driftwood that was once a boat, but the waves are claiming him and he's drowning in oil he's drowning and she cannot do anything about it and the train is still coming

"THAT'S NOT RIGHT. WHAT IS HE DOING HERE?"

God has spoken. Rabbit is gone.

She is alone and the train is coming.

The waves crash down, claiming her, dragging her down into the cold abyss, now a violation - streams of darkness holding her, binding her, violating her. No part of her is sacred. No part of her is holy. She was meant to be here in the dark, in the empty wastes, meant to be used and abused as the abyss sees fit, meant to

"DO NOT STRUGGLE, ALICE."

God has spoken. She doesn't, cannot, struggle.

She lets it happen.

"LET THE NEW WONDERLAND EMERGE."

She cannot scream as the abyss enters her, thrusting, invading, violating. Her lungs are full, the tightness between her legs, the abyss touching her, teasing her, tormenting her. She whines and whinnies and moans as the abyss claims her, as God claims her.

It is the touch of God that makes her Holy.

"Pollution," she gasps, pants, moans like a whore. It feels like the train is ripping through her, she feels everything tense, her eyes open but seeing nothing, her spine arching. She has felt this before. How often has she felt this before? She has felt this before. "C... corruption. It's killing me! Wonderland destroyed, my mind in ruins!"

"FORGET IT, ALICE!"

God has spoken.

Once again, she obeys.

It's easier this time.

"BLOCK THAT DREAM, AWAKEN AT THE SOUND."

God has spoken. There is an alarm.

Alice awakens.

She does not remember the dream, the abyss, the boat, the fire. Her clothes are ruffled and she feels sticky, but Dr. Bumby has told her that she often spasms her way through their therapy sessions. She feels... she feels exhausted, relaxed, sticky, dirty, sweaty, drawn. There's a bitter glue taste in her mouth, lingering on her tongue.

"There, Alice, better now, aren't we?" Bumby asked. His cheeks are flushed and his breathing mirrors her own short breathes. Her head and chest ache as she sits up, waiting for the vertigo to fade.

"My head's exploded and there's a steam hammer in my chest," Alice said, wincing, trying to control her breathing.

"Yes, well, the cost of forgetting is high," he answered, his voice soft and stern. She can feel him looking at her with concern, compassion, and she closes her eyes and bows her head.

"My memories make me vomit," she said. She wants so badly to please him. "What can I—"

"Remember other things."

"I want to forget!" she says, looking at him. He smiles at her, lays a kind hand on her shoulder. She shivered - this man was the closest thing she had to family now, her father's most trusted student, more an uncle to her than anything else. She knew that more than remembered it. She tries to smile, lowers her voice. "Who would choose

to be alone, imprisoned by their broken memories?"

"I'll set you free, Alice," he promised her, his smile a kindness. "Memory is a curse more often than a blessing."

"So you've said, many times. And—"

"And I will say again," he said, finishing her sentence for her. He kneels down beside her, looking into her eyes. He cares so much about her. "The past must be paid for. Now, before our next session, collect those pills from our High Street chemist."

"Very well, Doctor," she said, nodding, letting him help her stand and steady her, his hand on the small of her back until she is steady. He helps her to the door but lets her open it.

There's a child there, smiling up at her. An orphan like her, Charlie. There was something about him she didn't like very much.

She wonders how much of her therapy session the orphan heard.

"It's my turn to forget, Alice!" Charlie said, skipping into the room and running for the couch, flinging himself on it. Doctor Bumby spares the boy a smile and shakes his head, but his attention is on her,

"I'll take care of myself, Doctor," she promised him, and he smirked before closing the door, his smile meant for the two of them alone.



She trickles in like molasses, her head bowed, her hands clasped in front of her. She's shaking but he heard about her time in the clink, arrested for madness, her stare piercing hardened criminals and officers of the law alike.

Officers of the law could be a problem this early on if half of them were not among his best customers. Thankfully, her old nurse and his ongoing accomplice in her utter destruction tipped him off as to her activities.

He grabs her chin and forces her to look up at him.

"You will take care of yourself, girl?" he snarls, sarcastic, caustic. He is delighted when she flinches.

"There were hooligans in the street, doctor," she lies, her voice tart. "I defended myself. Am I not allowed to defend myself?"

"Perhaps, if you must resort to such actions, we should find some ruffian to keep your backside safe," he says. He grabs her by the hair and drags her into the knackered walls of Houndstitch, past tittering children.

"You're going to get it now, Alice—"

"Oooooo, Alice is in trouble—"

"Doctor's favorite is gonna get Doctor's best-

He ignored them, but his ire still sent the children scattering throughout his home. He didn't bother to note who said what or when, as none of them would remember this when he is done with them.

Alice is yelling, clutching at her hair, her nails scratching him like that damn flea-bitten cat that sometimes lingers around her. He throws her to the ground, watches as she scrambles to her feet, wide green eyes staring up at him.

Expectant, frightened, teasing.

Lizzie had eyes like that, wide and green and frightened...

He smiles, friendly, and pours her a glass of water. He brings her the glass and her pill, makes her swallow one and then the other, checks her mouth and backs away. He hauls her small frail body up and walks around her like a shark. There are two chairs and he sits in one, then leaves her standing.

"Now, tell me, girl, exactly what happened."

She does, but she's hiding things -things connected to her Wonderland, he is sure. He crosses his legs, steeples his fingers, stares at her as she shuffles in place.

"They came after me," she says, lamely.

"Were you shaking your rump at them?" he asks. "Were you making yourself an offering for their base desires?"

"No!"

"You weren't, were you?" Bumby sighed. "I sent you out for medicine, I trusted you, and you went bandying about like a cat in heat, like any base whore. Respectable men might find your efforts laughable, but there are lowborn men that will stick their cocks in any hole, dry or oozing. Were you hoping for one of them to mount you?"

She sputters, not sure which insult to respond to, but he holds up a hand and she falls silent, her hands clenched into fists at her sides. He thinks, for a moment, that she is going to throw a tantrum.

"Come. Here."

There's a rhythm to the words, a subtle intonation that works its way past her pathetic fury and to the core he placed deep within the ruins of her mind. Her lips part, her eyes narrow, her hands going slack as she shuffles closer to him, snuffles at the tone. He uncrosses his legs, grabs her wrist, pulls her down over his lap.

Alice struggles but she's so thin, so frail.

She screams when he folds her arm behind her back.

"What are you doing?!?"

"Correcting you," he snarls, pulling her skirts up, and then her threadbare knickers down. She kicks uselessly at the air. "You are an animal in need of taming, girl, and I. Will. Tame. You."

Every last word accompanied with a swat to her rear.

She gasps. She screams. She kicks. She writhes. She begs.



Her pale skin turns pink, then red, as he continues swatting.

In a mirror he can see her eyes go wide as he continues to spank her. She turns her head and tries to bite something, proving herself an animal in truth, her eyes wide and terrified. He spanks her until his hand stings and then he relents, letting her sob, shoulders shaking, uneven breathing causing her belly to quake on his thighs.

She is limp, insensate. She does nothing when he folds her skirts in place, tucking them into her waist band. Reaching for her hair, he pulls her up and lets his long fingers move across the tears and snot on her cheeks, down into her lips. She cannot

truly bite him -his mesmerism took that from her -so she does the only thing she can: she suckles like a babe, meeting his eyes in the mirror, hoping to appease him.

"Have you learned your lesson?" he asks.

She says nothing, suckling on his fingers. He sighs.

"I am doing this for your benefit, girl," he says. "Acknowledge it."

He grabs a hairbrush and continues spanking her, one cheek and then the other, bristles on flesh. She cannot bow her head without taking her mouth and tongue from his fingers, and she cannot do that with what he has done to her. Looking down at her, at the small of her back, the curve of her ass, the way she shudders, the way she cries and sobs, she looks so much like her dead sister.

He is tempted to call her Lizzie, then, but he does not.

Angus Bumby has control of himself.

Angus Bumby has control of her.

"Your father may have spoiled you as he did your harlot sister," he says, letting his spanking hand rest on her buttocks. She shudders, and that pleases him. He pats her bum, pleased at the heat radiating from her red flesh. "But I will not."

His hand drifts between her splayed legs, a knuckle teasing the sopping wet she thinks to hide from him. He laughs at her and her already flushed cheeks turn darker hues, shame ruling her as he shoves her down to the floor. She yelps and falls in a heap, then presses herself up on her palms, glaring up at him, tears still dripping down her cheeks.

"Open."

Again, the word is rhythmic, controlled. Her lips part. He looks her dead in the eyes as he frees his throbbing manhood from its cage, grabbing her hair and pulling her closer, impaling her mouth with his cock. He pulls her hair back and forth until her neck manages to mimic the motion, until her wet tongue is swirling around the rod that will make certain this child is not spoiled.

He gasps and leans back in his chair, enjoying the fruits of his work within her mind. Eventually, when he thinks he must cum, he pulls her up by her hair, kissing her lips, nuzzling her neck. Her legs open as she climbs on him, her lips gasping as she impales herself on his cock, as she rides him like the whore he has made her. She kisses him, her arms around his neck, her hips circling up and down on him until he cums inside her.

"Please," she begs, but he does not speak the word that will let her cum.

He does not think she deserves it.



"Oh, Alice, why do you stand there, a prisoner without chains?" Cheshire asks. The cat is rubbing himself along her bare legs, stripped of stocking, her skirt pulled down and lost. Her knickers linger partway down her thighs and she dare not pull them up, dare not settle them along the aching red flesh of her ass. "Do you think, perhaps, to linger in your pain?"

"Silence, Cat, the Ruin will hear you," Alice hissed.

The cat looks up at her, looks behind her. Alice wishes she could turn and look back behind her, too, but she cannot - a black gooey cum-thread holds her around the neck and makes her face the wall. From her neck it wraps around her fingers, binding her hands to her nape, forcing her elbows out and away.

She imagines she might look inviting, might look a trollop with her freshly spanked ass displayed so. She was not buxom but she felt a wench.

"The Ruined Ones are watching you, they linger by the door," the cat crooned, tilting its head to look up at her. "I wonder if you can stop them from treating you like their whore."

"I liked your poems better before, Cat," she whispered, but not quietly enough. Skittering from behind her, skittering at the door, the cat skittering away.

She does not blame him - how many lives had he lost because of her?

"Alice, Alice."

A song-song chorus of voices, teasing.

"Little Alice Liddell pretends to be our pal, but little Alice Liddell is a bad gal."

She has seen the Ruined before, would have fought them if she could move, if she had a weapon, but she is bound and they were coming, her game of hide turned into seek.

"Paddywhack, paddywhack, give this dog a bone."

"It looks like she's already had one driven home."

Giggles all around her.

"Get away, you lot," Alice growls, but they do not listen and why would they?

"The Dollmaker says she has to stay still or she'll be in big trouble."

"Yeah, yeah, she's supposed to be thinking about what she's done."

She closes her eyes, shaking, feeling their eyes on her bare rump.

They crept closer and closer, dribbling from their skin.

"She's not to move at all."

"Not at all?"

"Not one hair or finger."

"Do you think Alice can remain a good girl, or will she fall if we ring her?"

"Let's find out."

"Let's find out."

"Let us put to rest our doubts."

The Ruined look like child dolls leaking black goo from too many cracks and fractures. The goo made the dolls move, gave them an illusion of a life that was not theirs. Little doll hands running along her calves, pinching her thighs and sides. She whimpered but held her position, her prison.

"I'll scream," she whispers. "I'll call for help."

"And who will get in trouble then?" one of the Ruined teases, pulling her knickers back and letting them slap against her upper thighs. They laugh. "Is there anyone left upon whom you can depend?"

She winces. She knows who will be trouble, what will come if she calls out. So do they. They giggle, a chorus of giggles that drifts around her.

She cannot move as they touch her, tease her. They tickle her and they pinche her. They push her shirt up over her breasts so the could grope her, maul her, suck on her and pinch her.

"Stupid little Alice, you look so dumb like that."

"I think she's peeing, between her legs she's spat."

"You're just a baby."

"Just a baby of a chalice."

"Just a toy for us to play with."

"Come play with us, Alice."

Doll fingers tease her, push into her. Her knees buckle and they pull her down, her bindings moving for them as they climb on and over her, bend her and pose her as they like.

"You're just a stupid little toy."

"Just a doll."

"Meant to be filled by a boy."

"Toys are meant to be played with."

"You know you can take the clothing off a doll?"

"I did."

"Lets strip her."

"Strip her!"

"Lets strip her and play with her all."

They finish pulling her knickers off her legs, pull her shirt up over her arms,

bend her over on her belly, kick her knees up so that her ass and cunny were in the air and available to them. She fights and she struggles and she tries not to scream as they hold her, the goo holds her, the world turns against her.

"It looks like a hole."

"It does look like a hole."

"Should we fill it?"

"The Dollmaker does, I've seen it, I've seen him fill her soul."

"What do we fill it with?"

"Whatever we think will can."

"What do we fill it with?"

"A rabbit, a bunny, in and out a man."

The Ruined dance around her, look for things to put inside her. They find horrors and things - a pen, a ruler, a doll's arm, a broom handle. She gasps and whimpers and bucks, trying to free herself as they impale her with their treasures and pull them free, only to impale her again and again, taking turns. They giggle and tease, think she might scream and end their fun, so they shove her lost knickers in her mouth, push them past her teeth so they muffle her tongue.

"Keep quiet."

"No one cares what you think."

"No one cares."

"I wonder how deep this can sink?"

"You're a doll."

"You're a toy."

"Toys are meant to be played with by boys."

She is exposed, displayed. They spin her over and keep her legs spread, her knees bent up by her shoulder so they can see all of her, so they can penetrate her, violate her. She whimpers into her gag and they are amused. She cries and they laugh, laugh at her, laugh at her suffering, laugh laugh laugh.

Alice tries not to think. She tries to be a good toy, a good doll, tries to be what the Ruined tell her she is. She tries not to think about the sparks of unwanted pleasure that ride out from her core as the Ruined play with her cunny and her tits and her flesh, she tries not to think about the horror she is enduring. It is easier not to think, to just let it happen. There is nothing she could do about any of it.

The Ruined can shape the black goo, manipulate it to manipulate her. It wasn't fair that they can do this and she could not. There was no way for her to win, to escape, to fight back. They open her, expose her, find more things to shove inside her, inside her, in and out of her until she pants into her knickers, soaking them through.

She wonders what is wetter, the hole in her head or the hole between her hips.

They keep playing with her until she is riding the edge of an orgasm she cannot have, not without permission.

The Ruined dolls are under no such compulsion. They sit on her face, fill her with what is between their legs, and the black goo in her head and on her body make her suck and suckle and lick and swallow, one of them after another until they are all done, and then they spin her around and spank her.

"Bad girl, bad girl, la la la la la..."

They help her stand again, naked this time, hold her up and let her rest her head against the wall on shaking legs. They spank her ass with the ruler and she whimpers and cries into her knickers, shaking with every blow.

So wrapped in her own misery was she that Alice does not know mark when finally they leave, still lingering within the sensations of their cruelty.

"Oh, Alice, what has been done to you, to endure agony so?" Cheshire was lingering in the shadows, his smile feral. "Are you a doll in truth, a toy in a box, wrapped and fastened with a bow?"

If she could have spoken back in that moment, she would have, but her own knickers kept her silent.



Bumby found Alice later in her room, stripped, her knickers in her mouth, her body red from abuse. He smiled to stare at her, knowing that she could have have fought back and did not.

The lesson was learned.

She didn't struggle when he took her in his arms. She clung to him as he settled her in to her threadbare bed.

"You have domestic work early in the morn," he told her, pulling the knickers from her mouth, staring at them. "At least these look clean."

"Doctor—"

"Silence."

A single word, confident, rhythmic, and she was more gagged now then when her mouth had been full. He pulled her legs off the bed, spun her around, unbuckled his pants and entered her.

This time, he let her cum.

"Good girl," he cooed, biting her ear as she clung to the sheets, as she clawed and

scratched and hissed. "Good girl."

And after, using the key to Lizzie's room, he put her into a trance and made her conscious mind forget. Couldn't have her tattling.

And still, her subconscious would always remember the lessons of this day.



Alone, Alice lays in bed. She is warm, safe, nestled in blankets in her small private room. There is a lock but Dr. Bumby has the key. She faintly remembers wanting to leave here once upon a time, though she does not now know why. She is sticky and sore, though she does not know why that should be, either.

On a small shelf in her room there is a small plant. She frowns at it. One among her dead family had liked plants: her father, maybe? Her mother? Her sister? It could not have been Lizzie. There were no centaurs in Oxford. There were no centaurs in Oxford. What a strange thing that was.

The plant is healthy despite the smog and she is proud of it. She loves it. Among the thick green leaves there is a caterpillar and she initially thought to kill it but could not, for some reason, bring herself to do so. She lets it eat a single leaf, taking it back to that leaf when it moves to another, careful not to hurt its delicate body with her delicate fingers.

It weaves itself into a cocoon. Alice looks forward to seeing what would emerge, butterfly or moth. It does not matter, she just wishes to see the flutter of wings, but looking at it now she can see something is wrong.

Tentative, she climbs naked out of bed. She frowns and looks down at herself, her nudity passing strange. She finds her night-things, taking her time, dreading what she will find on her plant but drawn to the truth.

A terrible truth, she thought, is always better than a comforting lie.

She stands and she stares. Here is proof that someone had been in her room, more proof than a disarray she would never have left or chosen - someone had touched the cocoon. Not out of malice, she thought, but out of curiosity. It is not crushed, but that does not matter. She knows enough to know that her caterpillar would never emerge, never dance among the air and light.

Alice takes the plant in careful, shaking hands. She cradles the whole plant, curling in on herself, softly weeping.

She does not know why.



"My Lord, delighted you could make it," Bumby said, offering a rare smile to the finely dressed man in front of him.

"Given the wonders you have done with my wife and the fine works you have provided to the crust, I truly could not miss this promenade, Doctor," the Lord said, shrugging his jacket into the waiting hands of an orphan child. The orphan's eyes were glassy and lips parted, as if only the basest of thoughts were passing under those slack features. "I trust you will make it worth my while...?"

"Truly, my Lord, I think you will be best pleased."

"I should hope so."

The man strode past without so much as a small incline of his head, but Bumby took no offense. The man was an addict for the ecstasies that only Bumby could provide, just as so many of this select college were. When he had requested this specific operating theater from the Oxford Brethren a handful had raised eyebrows, but others thought it a show of maturity.

His ward was hugging herself, sitting in the shadows. The scent of her caught the attention of the wary and they looked at her with curiosity, her sunken eyes and narrow hips, so small and so frail. Her green eyes were piercing and possessed of an unwomanly intelligence, her thin lips hiding a savage wit.

Doctor Angus Bumby would show these lords that he could smother both tonight.

Some among the lords and professors were looking upon his ward with all the contempt she deserved, but some remained caught up in idle academic curiosity. In the halls of education a woman, like the poors, had no place save as a subject of study or a passing entertainment.

"Gentlemen," Bumby called, stepping into the center of the theater. Light surrounded him as the august assemblage fell silent, waiting upon his words. "Every man here has availed himself of and enjoyed my works. Thus far, my efforts have allowed us to indulge in the passive enjoyment of passive creatures, but I have been hard at work bettering the material we all work with to make a pro-active experience, as chosen by we who indulge."

"What do you mean by this bettering and pro-activity, Angus?"

"I mean to say that instead of a mere doll, we now have the capacity to enact our fantasies through the minds, souls, and flesh of those that you have placed in my care," Bumby said. "Allow me to demonstrate. Alice, girl, come here now."

She fretted in the dark, not sure what he was talking about.

Stupid saneless girl, he thought, just do what you're told.

"Doctor, I," she stammered, looking around at every eye on her, dropping her gaze. "I am uncomf-"

"Your comfort is of no significance," he said, letting a little of his masculine

authority into his voice. She wavered, shuffling her feet. "Come here. Now."

She did, of course.

What else could she do?

Narrow hips swaying, hands at her sides and then resting at the small of her back. Her skirts brushed around the striped stockings that covered her ankles and travelled up and up, up to the tops of her pale thin thighs. With her hands behind her back her tiny breasts were pushed forward just so, her spine forced straight while her head was bowed from shame in a manner most pleasing.

"Gentlemen, I trust you all recognize this delightful creature?" he asked.

"Is that—"

"Dean Liddell's—"

"I heard—"

"She's cute—"

"I want to—"

"She's—"

"I wonder, does she take cock up the bum?"

The final question silenced the room.

"I beg your pardon?" Alice spat, hands now clenching into fists at her sides.

"Perhaps not yet," Bumby said, and the men around her laughed and Bumby delighted in the way her shoulders slumped, her cheeks flushed, her eyes and face shone with tears. She was so like Lizzie, the way Lizzie had deflated when he had deflowered her after her years of teasing and denying him.

He knew that, like Lizzie, little Alice might yet pretend to fight, pretend she did not want this —and that was why he'd taken that option from her.

"Little," he said, taking care to enunciate each syllable. "Doll."

"What," Alice shook, wavered. "What did you say?"

"Little. Doll."

The effect was not instantaneous, but only because he did not want it to be. Instead, slowly, her hands loosened and fingers uncurled limp at her sides. Her stance softened, shoulders rolling back, legs bending just a little at the knee. She looked like some ragged toy held dangling from a piece of string, horror in her eyes as her head was held straight and up for all to see. Her lips parted, jaws going slack. Her breathing quickened, then slowed, rolling through her belly and throat. Her eyes dulled last, neck going limp, her head dangling to one limp side.

The audience gasped, then rapped their desks. This was new —the toys he had given them in the past simply lay there and let these great men take their pleasure, but this was something wholly new and they were not sure what to make of it yet.

"Alice is aware but not conscious," Bumby said, stepping around behind her. His hand reached out and touched her ass, squeezing it. She whimpered a little but otherwise did not move. He started mauling her ass, reaching around and groping her chest. Her cheeks flushed with pleasure, small whimpers trickling past her drooling lips. "She will enjoy anything I choose to do to her, and, despite her awareness, is unable to stop me from doing anything I like with her."

"Will she remember this when you are done with her?" one lord asked.

"No, she will not," Bumby answered. "I will push the memory down in what passes for a woman's soul, and she will think it a passing fancy, a dream she had. She will desire this treatment without knowing why. But this, my Lords, is not the most exciting of my progressions."

He moved away from her, left her a gasping, wanting thing, her lips parted in a sigh, her glossy half-lidded eyes tracking his every movement.

"Alice dear. Marionette," he said, his voice carrying in the small theater. She shivered, arms at her sides. He licked his lips and spoke a single word. "Coquette."

And his dear Alice shuddered, eyes going wide, color coming to her cheeks. She looked around the theater with obvious fear, covering her slim body with her arms and hands despite the coverings she already wore. She curled onto the ground, bowing her head, hiding herself.

"whatever is the matter, girl?" he asked.

"I," she said, looking up at him with wide and pleading eyes, "I don't know these... sir, please, this isn't right..."

He walked to her and grabbed her wrist, hauled her to her feet, forced her hands to her sides. She did not fight him, instead looking at him with wide eyes, blinking back tears. It was obvious from her body that she was looking to him to defend her even as he abused her, even as he slapped her, pushed her down, lifted her skirts. She shook her head, she mewled, but she still kept coming to him when he called, hiding behind him, looking to him for a safety he would only pretend to give her.

Bumby took her around the theater, dragging her by the hand, introduced her to lords and professors that had known her father and lusted after his wife. She was forced to curtsy, to offer her hand and as they took her and touched her, kissed her, groped her. She pulled back in most alluring fashion, begging for a mercy that not a single person there would offer her.

"Amusing as this is," one lord said, "it is not to the taste of everyone here."

"I would expect not, and that is not what I am offering, gentlemen," Bumby said, dragging his ward back to the center of the light.

"Please, no, I-"

"Alice dear. Marionette," he said, and she stopped in mid-sentence, lips parted still, lids falling over glossy eyes. He looked at her, her slim hips and small breasts, cupping the curve of her ass as he said the next word: "Wench."

A smile curled her lips, her head tilting back as she leaned her rear into his hand, spreading her legs and licking her lips. She glanced back at him, tilting his head on his shoulder, reaching her delicate little hand for his erection, claiming it. She turned and pressed her body against his, looking up at him, trailing kisses up the shirt on his chest, undoing the buttons with her tongue and lips.

"Alice?"

"Mmmm..."

"Would you like to introduce yourself to the nice men?"

Her eyes shone and she swayed away from him, looking around at all the men present. She licked her lips, turning in a circle as she touched herself.

"All of them? All for me?"

There was somewhat predatory and pliant all at once about her, a hunger that he knew every man there could try to sate and fail. He'd made her like this, hungry and empty and too aware of both, her eyes and tongue causing every man there to harden, her every step drawing the eye to the slight bounce of her small chest, the curl of her hips, the small wet offering between her legs.

"Would you like that?"

"All at once?" she asked, the question asked like she was begging them all of them to take her, break her. He looked into the crowd and saw their excitement, curiosity, and fear.

She saw it, too, and she laughed, long and throaty.

"Don't be afraid, sirs," she teased, stepping out of her skirts, lifting her shirt, promising her self to them, "I'm just a small little whore who needs to be thrown down on her backside and shown her place. Surely you big strong men can do such a thing to little Alice Liddell...?"

Several of the men were groping their erections, their faces flushed.

"Alice dear. Marionette," Bumby said, and her smile faded, her laughter died, her eyes going empty as gloss. "Abject."

She trembled, shuddered. Her legs spread the width of her shoulders, her long delicate fingers tangling behind her neck, her arms spread out. She looked now like an offering, a piece of presentation that could be touched, manipulated.

"What are you, girl?"

"Yours, sir."

Her voice was a quiet whisper, defeated, defiled, devoted. Her eyes were on the floor in front of her.

"My what?"

"Whatever you want me to be."

He came behind her, groped her, felt her. She responded, gasping, quivering, moaning, but she held her position until he had her take another one, and another one, and another one. Each position was a special exposition of degradation, another way to show off his complete and utter mastery of her. Alice Liddell became less and less a person, and more an object to be manipulated, used, and discarded until wanted again.

Bumby barked an order and she was kneeling, legs spread, hands clasped between her legs. She had lost her shirt and knickers and Bumby knew that none of those present could have said when, exactly, that had happened -but all of them stared down at the naked object trapped in their center, her shivering flesh aching to be touched.

"Gentlemen, this is what I offer," Bumby said. "Place your wife, your lover, anyone you like into my care and I will make them into whatever you wish. You can take them in public and they will not remember, or perhaps they will remember and be unable to speak of it. I offer you, gentlemen, the most sublime mastery over anyone you chose to bring before me."

The hands rapping upon the desks were deafening.



Alice struggles, caught on puppet strings, whirls around in a blackened miasma of cum-splatter horror.

The goo seeps into her skin, along the fault lines of tendon, seeps into her veins and mingles with her blood. It is carried into her heart, her lungs, her brain. She wrenches her neck up towards the sky and the circling train that dominates the horizon, the Dollmaker taking the place of Wonderland's sun.

His fingers twitch on a puppet's cross and she moves as he wants, dances as he demands, speaks and acts and does as he commands. She struggles to free herself but the goo was deep in her now and it feels like barbs hold the goo in place, pulling at her skin, her muscles, her soul. She wants to howl her fury but the goo seeps into her lips, along her tongue and teeth, and every sound she makes was according to the Dollmaker's will.

An audience gathers to bare witness to her torment as she is stripped and left bare. The White King's Court, fallen to ruin after the death of their king, stands in rapture and waits -bishops and rooks and knights alike awaiting their turn to use and abuse Wonderland's dearest champion.

Alice can't even close her fists. She can only endure.

She turns to a cloud of butterflies to flutter away, and the black goo catches each wing, each leg, cocooning all and mingling her and it together and spitting her out on her hands and knees. It strips her down to the skin, holds her in place as the white court picks her up and passed her around for their enjoyment.



Perversely, the goo makes sure she enjoys it, too.

She can feel it slither through her body, black goo creating white lightning flashes of pleasure of want, of need. Her moans are genuine. Her cums crash down on her, true as her name. She hungers, she wants, a wanton frail slattern bouncing from the lap and cock of bishop, rook, and knight. They take her one and then two and then even three at a time, violating her lowest holes and her mouth, silencing her sharp tongue with hard thrusts that tickle her throat.

Alice feels them cup her breasts, her hips, binding her with silks and fingers. Her hands hold theirs and then hold other parts of them that ooze and spurt on to her, covering her, smothering her in a sticky white blanket. The goo inside her makes her lick and swallow, lick and swallow, lick and swallow and open her mouth and stick out her tongue and look up into the faces of the court with wide adoring green eyes.

It is the end of the horror, she thought, they now tired and expended and she left with only the aftermath.

"She could have been the princess."

"The White King's daughter."

"Good he died before now."

"Should we have another go?"

"I am hard enough, so yes."

And so they use her again.

The white court, the black court, the card sharps and bannermen, all of those that she had sliced and threatened came for her now, came in her now, placing their stake and claim. She gasps and she moans and she cries, hugs one rapist after another, spreads her legs and pulls them in deeper and deeper. She cums and spasms and none of them care, some noting that her eyes roll into the back of her head, but none of them stopping. Her inner thighs ache. She aches, inside and out.

When they stop it was not because they care.

She lies in a smothering white liquid blanket, warm but cooling, but the lines that bind her to the skybound Dollmaker are lifting her, lifting her, lifting her still. She is in the clouds and dripping, drooling, thoroughly defiled, degraded in every way the white court could think to degrade her.

Bound, helpless, she hangs among the cloud and cries with the futility of it, the emptiness of it.

"Your wonderland isn't shattered, dear Alice," the Dollmaker hisses, his voice the sound of desiccated mummy wrap scraping along dust, "your Wonderland is mine."



Bumby looked down at her. The lords and academics had long since left, but all of them had taken their turns and now his little pet, his favored object, was lying in a sea of seed. She twitched erratically, eyes vacant, breathing ragged.

"Get up," he commanded, and she did.

He led her to the horse stables and had her washed down, let the stable lads finger her and fuck her and wash her down again. They climbed into a waiting carriage and she sat opposite him, her hands in her lap.

"I'll remember this," she said, softly.

"No," he answered, holding up the key around his neck, "you won't."



Alice howls in fury. She roars. She curses and she claws.

Her vorpal blade is lost. The pepper grinder gone and gone and gone again. The hobby horse stabled, the teapot cannon shattered, the umbrella inside out, the clockwork bomb fallen open and apart and gone. The enemy can catch her butterfly swarm and hold each individual flutterer by wing and leg. All she has left is hysteria.

All she has left is hysteria.

They cannot hurt her, nothing can hurt her, nothing can hurt her now. She is red in a world of black and white. Dolls break and even the Dollmaker trembles, the lines penetrating her skin and wrapping around her marrow pulling loose and out and away. This is it: if she is ever to reclaim her Wonderland, this is her best and last and only chance.

But the enemy...!

The enemy.

Her very many enemies.

They come from everywhere, in all shapes and sizes. They cannot hurt her but she cannot get away from the swarm of them, the horde, the multitude. She kicks and she claws. She slaps and she bites. They hold her, paw her, force her thin limbs in chains, a muzzle between her lips. A long pole at her neck and a collar besides, like a feral beast they push and they lead her. She kicks and they lead her, she struggles and they lead her, she fights and they lead her still.

The Infernal Train is waiting.

"Tickets, please," taunts a teller, and she snarls at him.

"Right here," the Dollmaker says, and pays the man with the White King's wealth.

The Infernal Train eats her right up, eats her whole, dragging her through intestinal tracts to a car she cannot escape from.

She tries. Oh, how she tries. She kicks. She jumps. She pushes and she pulls and she lashes out and she strikes again and again until all her limbs are aching and phantoms dance across her vision.

Alice is exhausted when the Dolls come into her space, into her car. She kicks and hisses but they hold her down, hold her, feel her up as they attach the collar and the pole, as they march her back through the asylum that is now part of the train. She remembers her cell, her mistreatments, the liberties that orderlies would and will take with those in their care. She screams and she yells but they are happy to see her, happy to take her to a waiting throne, a sacrificial altar, her end, the place where the gooey lines she'd freed herself from would become chains that wrap around her tattered soul.

She keeps fighting, keeps screaming, but no one around her cares. They force her on her back over the altar, using the pole and the collar. Her arms are bent backward at the shoulder, her wrists and elbows chained in place, her legs spread to the edges of the altar. Her clothing is cut from her, cut from her, cut into tatters and stripped away, leaving her naked and exposed.

Her old friend the straitjacket looms, waiting, waiting, waiting.

A clockwork demon crawls on screeching wheeled legs towards her, its eyes visible over her belly, between her legs. It's tongue lashes out, bumps her thigh, darting towards the desert between her legs.

The Dollmaker is there above her, touching her intimately.

Alice howls. She strains. All her strength counts for nothing.

"This will make it easier," he says. She sees his legs, all four of them, a centaur, a centaur from Oxford.

"Centaur was a metaphor for rape in ancient Greece," she mumbled.

"What was that?" one Ruined less than the others asks.

"The ravings of a madwoman," the Dollmaker answers. "Who cares?"

And no one does.

She strains against her bonds but there are straps along her shoulders, between her breasts, across her belly. She strains and strains and strains until she is exhausted, until her strength is broken.

Only then does the clockwork creature push its way inside her.



She snapped. She finally snapped and it caught Angus unprepared.

It had been during one of their sessions together; her eyes had suddenly snapped open with an unknowable fury. She had looked directly at him and said:

"The fire. You snivelling creature. You were there that night." Her hand was at his throat, quicker than he could fathom. "The fire. It was you."

"So what if you remember?" he asked, backing away. "Who would believe you? I was there and I barely believe it myself."

He told her to forget and she clawed at him, scratching his cheek. He scrambled back and away and he swore she looked like a ghost for a moment, gliding towards him, a savage wraith bent on his complete destruction. He ran out the door and locked it and she beat it down. He called on the orphans - *his dolls* - and had them get in her way, but she beat them down and away and was still coming.

Bumby ran out into the street. There was something about this girl, he had always known that - her prattlings of Wonderland possessed a mad clarity, a hidden power. This was her power.

There had to be a way to take it from her.

He ran through city streets and she stalked him, silent and implacable. It was like she could hear his thoughts, track him by his dreams and his fears. Mad as she was, she did not track where they were running to.

Rutledge.

He took her to Rutledge.

When he called for help the orderlies knew what to do, tackling her and wrestling her to the ground. They were twice her size and they had trouble restraining her, muzzling her, collaring her.

He was recognized as the physician of rank and Alice Liddell was his patient. Everyone turned to him.

"I hear you have a pelvic massager, newly arrived from France," he said. One of the doctors nodded. "She is suffering from acute, pervasive, and extreme hysteria. We will try the pelvic massager to calm her down."

"This one is a danger to herself and others," a doctor said, stroking her hair sadly. She bared her teeth and tried to bite him even through the muzzle, and he yelped and pulled his hand away. "Perhaps we should do something more permanent to bring her relief...?"

"We will not be granting her a lobotomy," Bumby snarled. *She doesn't deserve that sort of peace, and she is worthless to me that way. I need her broken and compliant, not made a shell of herself.*

The orderlies dragged the girl and she put up a surprising fight, but how could she win? Her arms were bound, her mouth muzzled, a collar around her neck with a pole in official hands. They wrestled her onto the table and strapped her down, pulling her arms down along the table length and fastening them in place, her legs forcibly spread and strapped down.

She strained and squirmed, still fighting as straps ran across her shoulders, her

belly, her hips. More straps on her biceps and forearms, her thighs and calves. Her clothing was cut off her body and she struggled and the straps were tightened again, tightened again, tightened until she could barely move.

The pelvic massager was a mechanical penis on a rotor whose speed could be adjusted depending upon the severity of the hysteria. The mechanism was on a wheeled cart that could be fastened to the table Alice was strapped to and she stared at it in horror, perhaps some small comprehension piercing her hysteria.

As an orderlie played with the nerves between her legs, making her wet, electrodes were put at her temples, on her hips, on the underside of her breasts, on the inside of her thighs. She was crying. They took out her muzzle to replace it and:

"Centaur's were a metaphor for rape in ancient Greece," she mumbled.

"What was that?" a doctor asked.

"The ravings of a madwoman," Bumby snarled. "Who cares?"

No one did.

A bit gag was pressed into her mouth to keep her from biting her tongue.

"I want various speeds, non-stop, over a fortnight," Bumby told the other doctors.

"A f-fortnight?"

"Did you say a fortnight?"

"You cannot be serious--"

"This is an outrage--"

"I am her primary caregiver and physician," Bumby said, calm, commanding. "Her hysteria is acute, pervasive, and extreme. It must be dealt with. I have brought her here to heal." *She must be brought to heel.*

"It will have to be stopped to be cleaned," a doctor stammered.

"Then fuck her or have one of your orderlies fuck her manually," Bumby said, offering a kind smile. "You know best, I am sure."

The doctors looked at the bound naked and whimpering girl and considered.

Behind them, he smiled at her.



Alice Liddell stays fourteen days in Rutledge Asylum.

She is given the best and most attentive care. She spends her days on her backside, is soothed by the piston as it moves from one speed to another. Orderlies make certain she is hydrated and that her tight little cunny is kept lubricated; no one wants her to chafe or suffer friction's burn.

Electricity dances through her body, through her woman's brain, into her heart through her tiny little tits, down her taut legs and into her hips. She is hot to the touch, simmering from her treatments, fed suckling sweetmeats and fruit and sausage. She suckles and swallows whatever is brought to her lips.

She is taken from the table, her limbs numb and useless, and dumped into icy cold water, scrubbed with soap. Her hair is shaved off and she cries. She is led back to the table and she tries to run but she is caught, dragged back, tied down.



Her therapy continues.

Three days in and Dr. Angus Bumby institutes a new part of her therapy: she only gets to cum if she promises to be a good girl. She has to recite what that means:

compliant, obedient, respectful. Then she is permitted to cum as much as she wants, as much as her frail body can stand.

She is fucked into unconsciousness and beyond, fucked into waking, fucked while being fed. The pelvic massage machine is cleaned and the orderlies drew lots because her cunny is still tight, her mouth is still so warm. She dutifully sucks, dutifully does whatever they want her to do so that she may have her first orgasm, does whatever they want to stop thereafter.

While cleaning her, some of the orderlies even take her ass -she fights them, then, but they hold her face down in the water and fuck her anyway. After three times of nearly drowning she lets them do what they want, but that is not enough: she pushes back, impaling her ass on them, welcoming them inside her.

Her eyes roll into the back of her head. She is a limp and thin and frail girl, easy to pass around, easy to enter and clean and discard. The orderlies are happy to have her. They are sad when the fortnite ended.

Dr. Bumby arrives in a carriage and in fine spirits. His clothing is the best he owns, his fortunes enriched by recent services to the nobility. He is smiling when Alice is dragged to him in a thin shift, her bare feet unable to support her self on the cool cobblestones, her arms hugging her torso when she was duped like refuse before him. The way she holds her arms presses her breasts together and up, as if inviting him to touch her. Her head is properly bowed.

"Hello, Alice," Dr. Bumby says.

"ello," whispers Alice.

"Are you ready to go home?"

"yes"

"Silly psychotic bitch," Bumby chuckles. "Do you promise to be good?"

"yes"

"To do anything I tell you to?"

"yes"

"Do you acknowledge that I know what is best for you?"

"yes"

"Excellent," Bumby says, tilting her head up with his cane so he can look in her eyes, then patting her cheek with the top of his cane. "Gentlemen, please take her back inside and give her more of the same treatment for another fortnight."

She cries. Her shoulders shake and she weeps, weeps, begs him to take her home, swears that she needs him to save her from this place, from herself, from her memroies.

"Soon, Alice," he promises her. "Your wants have never signified. Remember that."



She spent three months in the asylum.

In the end, when he sent her back, she did not kick up a fuss. She knew that her fate was in his hands. She was nothing more than his frail little doll.

When she offered no resistance, he sent her back again.

After that, he finally took her home.



Alice screams. She bites and scratches and fights. She howls and rages.

And then-

"Alice dear," her enemy grins, holding up the key to her dead sister's room. Proof of his every crime. "Marionette."

She cannot fight. She cannot run. He is her world. He is her everything.

Her violence and her efforts are a sham, a mummer's farce he has drilled into her. He likes it when he beats her, likes to imagine that he is taking her at the height of her powers. It is play acting for both of them, satisfying for him, and a horror forgotten for her.

She drifts aimless from one such farce to another. He can change her the way she changes clothes, altering her personality as it pleases him, always pleasing him. Her whole life is about pleasing him.

He marries her, claims what money her father has left her for himself -all his accounts and connections. He dangles them in front of her while she sits on the floor, lets the truth of her glare up at him, caught in his web. He does that, sometimes, brings her real self back so that he can dangle everything he has taken from her in front of her.

"None of this would have happened if your sister hadn't been such a tease," he tells her. "If she'd just been honest about her want of me."

Not true, Alice remembers. Lizzie hated this man, found him disgusting, asked father to keep him away from them both. He'd been the centaur in Oxford. He'd killed and raped Lizzie, killed her family, destroyed her mind. She kneels on the floor and he holds the key to her sister's room and *he makes her forget*.

She simpers, she fawns. He has her cook and clean. Has her smile at parties, whores her to improve his station. He traps her in domestic agony. He toys with her, beats her, holds her, rapes her. He makes her enjoy all of it, makes her smile and welcome the unwanted affections of vicious men.

There is not a single part of her that he does not violate.

His bedroom is the worst of all. There is no hint of her anywhere in the house, all her affectations imprinted on her by him, but the bedroom... he likes to strip her down. He calls her by her dead sister's name and makes her beg him to take her, makes her beg him to rape her, to own her, to rule her. He makes her kiss him, his face and his feet and that dangling weapon between his legs, takes her and uses her with no thought to her pleasure and makes her like it anyway, makes her thank him for using her. He paws at her, claws at her, leashes her, muzzles her, gropes her and discards her as it suits him.

She is his very favorite toy and he makes certain she is grateful.

And when he has no use for her, he strips all the will from her body and leaves her sitting on a chair, conscious of the passing time, of the emptiness, unable to escape the boredom of the nothing he leaves her. She cannot move, can only sit limp and listless in a chair, facing the floor. Sometimes, when he is feeling cruel, he turns her chair to face the corner and she has nothing to look at.

She can't even cry.

Sometimes, the other dolls come in and use her.

"You're the lowest doll here," Bumby tells her as they used her, all of them puppets on his strings. "You have no authority, Lizzie. You are utterly without significance."

Not true! she screams in the tatters of her mind. She is his favorite. Why else would he treat her like this? Why else would so much of his focus be on her? She lets herself be used and tries to enjoy it in truth; it passes the time.

Sitting in her chair between one horror and the next, she rests, ragged and limp.

Nothing more than a doll.



He changed her name legally to Elizabeth Alice Liddell.

"It's in honor of her dead sister," he told the judge, the barrister, anyone that asked. "A homage."

She looked like Lizzie now, felt like Lizzie. He made her act like Lizzie, the tease, the ingenue, but she was better than Lizzie because he could take her and rape her again and again, and he'd only gotten to use Lizzie's cooling body the once. He could prove now that he was better than her, that she was beneath him, and she often was.

And he'd discovered somewhat special about her in their sessions - her ability to enter the minds of others, an interlocking mental landscape of infinite wonder. Through his ownership of her, he could twist anyone into whatever he wanted.

He used her talent at the behest of powerful men, changing their wives, their

lovers, their friends, their enemies.

"You have made me very powerful and wealthy," he told Alice, impaling her mouth with his throbbing erection. "Is there anything you would like in return for your service?"

She pulled off his cock, looking up at him with wide and adoring eyes.

"I only want you to be happy, Doctor," she said. He'd told her to say that, that all her happiness was dependent upon him. She believed it because he wanted her to, his precious little doll.

But somewhat of her scared him. The cat still lingered, the depths of her Wonderland fathomless. He had to keep her in check, keep her mind broken and chained. It was pleasurable to do so, but even he could feel the rage in her. It excited him. Thrilled him to chain so dangerous a beast.

"Oh, Lizzie, I could always poke your brain with a lobotomy pick, but then where would that leave us?" he asked, kissing her throat as she straddled his lap and rode him. "I need your mind as is to maintain my wealth, but I need to keep you calm and compliant. Perhaps another stint in Rutledge?"

The threat was enough to scare he rage away, at least for a time.

This, at last, was his perfect ownership of the last Liddell.

Delusions, too, die hard. Only the savage regard the endurance of pain as the measure of worth. Forgetting pain is convenient. Remembering it, agonizing.

But remembering the truth is suffering.

And our Wonderland is damaged... unsafe. We are none of us certain.

For now.