

# Alice's Adventures

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# I

## Down The Hole

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister and her sister's boyfriend on the bank, and of having nothing much to do: she watched them as they fucked beside her. Clothes were scattered all about. All her sisters' clothes, all her sisters' boyfriend's clothes and Alice's knickers and shorts. Once or twice she peeped at her finger actively stroking and fingering her cunt as her sister's boyfriend's prick thrust in and out of her sister, "and what is the use of that," thought Alice, "if you're too young to join in."

So she was considering, in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very randy and stupid), whether the pleasure of the feel of her moistening vagina would be worth the trouble of putting her tongue to the moist thrusting member, when suddenly a woman wearing only a dress to just below her waist and no knickers walked by them.

There was nothing so very remarkable in that: nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to see that the woman was slowly stroking a magnificent penis where her vagina should be, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" (when she thought about it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the woman actually put a finger up her backside, and pushed it in and out, Alice started to her feet, wearing nothing but a Mickey Mouse tee-shirt, a pair of espadrilles and a moist vagina, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a woman with a penis or one that was so throbbing,

and, hot with curiosity, she ran across the field after her, and was just in time to see her walk down a large hole by a hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after her, never considering how in the world she was to retrieve her knickers.

The hole went on like a tunnel for some way, and then opened out to an underground railway station, with the signs reading **Alice's Bush**.

She was not the only one at the station because there was a young lady in her late teens wearing a dress which only just came below her navel who was sitting on a seat. There was no sign of the woman with the penis nor of a train.

There were many posters on display. One showed an unrealistically long erect penis attached to a crotch at one end and being linked to a woman's tongue at the other end. "**Keep in touch by Telephone**", read a slogan beside it. Another poster showed a man with a finger up his back side: "**For those uncomfortable moments take Alka-Seltzer**".

The young lady got up and walked over to Alice. "Do you know when the next train is due?" she asked.

Alice scanned her companion. Her hair was cut in a bob, and besides her shoes, her dress was the only thing she wore. The dress definitely did not cover her vagina, which was not usual where Alice came from, and either she was undeveloped for her apparent age or she had shaved her crotch.

"Not only do I not know when the next train is due," explained Alice, "I don't know where I am."

"So you come from up there, do you? Yet you dress like people from down

here. On the other hand, you're probably too young to have any pubic hair anyway. I like your trendy dress."

Alice didn't say anything.

"My name is Mouse. What's yours?"

"Alice".

Mouse put her hand on Alice's tummy and stroked it. "You're obviously a stranger here, and I don't imagine you've even bought a railway ticket. Come home with me and I'll introduce you to Mummy."

After a while, an underground train did arrive, and Alice and Mouse entered a carriage. As they travelled, Alice saw many other women on the train dressed like Mouse. They were all quite young and all had their crotches shaved. Older women had dresses down nearly to their ankles but their breasts were held up and displayed in very low cut dresses. The men were dressed much as they were overground.

When they eventually got to Mouse's home, Alice was introduced to Mouse's mother. She was dressed like most older women with her breasts showing, but as she was at home and relaxed they were allowed to droop. This made a particular impression on Alice as the breasts were exceptionally large and round with nipples as large as Alice's fists.

"Of course you can stay with us," said Mouse's mother. "I'm afraid there's only one bed in Mouse's room and it's only a single bed, but as you are such a very little girl, I'm sure there's plenty of space for the two of you."

When Alice was taken to Mouse's room, she couldn't but notice that the room was full of Theatre posters showing men and women in various states of undress, and in some cases quite clearly making love.

“This is so smooth!” commented Mouse as she stroked her cool fingers over Alice’s vagina. “You’ve obviously never had to shave it! I have to shave it every morning and it’s such a nuisance when you cut yourself.”

Mouse stroked Alice’s vagina very gently and Alice could feel it getting more and more moist from the attention.

“Take off your Mickey Mouse tee-shirt”, ordered Mouse pulling off her dress in one pull and showing that underneath she wore a bra designed to pull in her breasts. Alice did so and showed that her own barely existing breasts didn’t need constraint. The nipples were only beginning to be raised on her chest.

Mouse pulled off her bra, showing breasts which clearly did need restraint. They were round and the nipples stood out almost as large as Alice’s biggest toe. “You’re so lucky! You’re just perfect!” exclaimed Mouse stroking Alice’s breast. Mouse leant forward and licked her tongue over Alice’s nipples until they were ever so stiff. Then she got up and applied the treatment to Alice’s cunt.

Mouse and Alice continued stroking and cuddling all through the night, but only occasionally did Mouse put her fingers in Alice’s vagina. Her tongue and Alice’s vulva got ever so sore and only the exquisite pleasure prevented her calling out in pain. She did call out in ecstasy on several occasions and it was a wonder to her that Mouse’s mother didn’t investigate. Perhaps, Alice thought, if she saw Mouse and Alice were doing, she would want to join in and that would never do.

## II

### The Pool Of Semen

Next morning, when Alice woke up she found that she had no clothes to wear as her Mickey Mouse tee-shirt had disappeared into the laundry basket. "Wear one of my sweaters," offered Mouse. "It'll look like a dress on you." However, in Mouse's home putting clothes on was not the first thing to do in the morning. Mouse was wandering about in nothing but her bra, while her mother was wearing only her shift.

Alice went into the bathroom to wash her face, and watched Mouse sit astride the bidet and shave. She ran warm water into the bidet, applied shaving cream with a brush to her crotch and then scraped off the blue stubble with a safety razor.

"I have to go to college today," Mouse announced. "I'm an Arts Student. So I won't be able to keep you company. I don't know what you can do."

"That's alright dear," Mouse's mother said. "I'll give Alice some money and she can go to the Cinema for the day. You'd like that wouldn't you, dear?"

So that was settled. After breakfast, Mouse put on her short dress, her mother put on her very long dress and Alice put on a polo-necked sweater which came to just below her tummy. It didn't seem the right place to ask for knickers, and indeed Mouse didn't appear to have any. Mouse's mother gave Alice a ten shilling note and Alice set off to the cinema.

Ten shillings was more than adequate as Alice discovered, since the stalls cost 6d and the circle cost 9d. And there was a very wide selection of cinemas, but they were all showing silent films. Alice went into the Mecca Cinema to see a selection of cinema shorts and it was here she gained an insight into the entertainment enjoyed in

Wonderground. There were two types of film on the bill: one was comedy and the other romance.

The romances all featured couples where the girls were dressed like Mouse and seemed otherwise an admixture of the bold and the coy. They were very demure at the beginning of the films, when they first met the romantic heroes. They studiously crossed their legs in their company and, as the subtitles made clear, generally were very modest. They would giggle with their friends and kiss them discreetly on meeting and parting. The hero at the start of the film would be portrayed as being a good sort led by less chivalrous comrades who would pull up girl's skirts, pinch their bottoms and put their fingers up their vaginas. There would invariably be a scene where the hero would be fucking a black girl together with friends, egged on to put his penis in her mouth and up her anus. The film would continue with the hero becoming steadily more chivalrous as he fell in love with the romantic heroine and the heroine becoming bolder as she got to know him better. There would be a minor tiff, but the hero's continuing affection was demonstrated by his inability to fuck a black girl later in the film, despite her encouragement and that of his friends who were so engaged themselves. The climax of the film was of the hero and heroine making love and the heroine allowing the semen of her lover to trickle down her front or over her face. At that point, with a climactic scene of general happiness, the film would end.

The comedies likewise used black women in humiliating ways, but here the thrust of the humour was precisely their humiliation. Near the beginning of the film a black girl would do something - like refuse to have sex with people, be seen having sex with a friend, behaving in a way that might be considered uppity - which was considered sufficiently opprobrious for her to be considered fair game for a practical

joke. The rest of the film would show the male hero conspire to humiliate her, and the final scene would illustrate this humiliation. This might mean she was fooled into eating her own excrement, suck off a donkey's prick, get beaten by her mother or be buggered by a succession of men.

After the film, Alice ventured into the light, blinking as she walked along. Despite the treatment of black women in the films, there seemed little evidence that many of the black people she passed (who represented only a small minority) were anywhere near as grotesque or deserving of disrespect as had been suggested. They were less well dressed than most, but generally that entailed their clothes being more modest. The black girls did not all have the large breasts and balancing large buttocks as in the films. Indeed, they were comparatively slim and graceful, and certainly had greater success in keeping on their clothes.

The posters for films outside the cinema had gross depictions of black girls, often smiling or looking foolish, but rarely shown in the foreground. That was reserved for the white stars of the films, who were also shown wearing more clothes than they did in the films. One particularly large poster showed a white man and women kissing in passion, while black women were shown in the background being raped by soldiers in a town bathed in flames.

When Alice got back to Mouse's home, neither Mouse nor her mother was in. She used the key that Mouse's mother had given her to get in and searched around for something to do. Mouse's younger brother, Bunny, was sitting in the living room just by the doors into the garden, where there were beds of bright flowers and a water-sprinkler. He was only a year older than Alice but he had his trousers and underpants down to his ankles and was stroking his penis. "Suck me", he pleaded on



seeing Alice regarding him with curiosity.

It was all very well to say “Suck me”, but the wise little Alice was not going to do that in a hurry. However, the penis looked so very tempting, so Alice ventured to taste it, and, finding it very nice (it had, in fact, a sort of compound flavour of strong smells), she very soon had it all in her mouth.

“Bigger and bigger!” cried Alice. “Now it’s growing like the largest telescope that ever was!” Certainly, Bunny’s penis wasn’t a little thing any more but long and thick with an even richer aroma than before. It reached right to the back of her little throat: in fact it was now rather more than nine inches long.

Suddenly, it gave a little tremble and out came a warm trickle. “Uggh!” exclaimed Alice, pulling it out of her mouth. “Stop this moment, I tell you!” But it went on all the same, shedding semen, until there was a large pool on her dress dripping through the fabric.

After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and she hastily lifted her head to see what was coming. It was Mouse with a friend of hers. This friend had very short hair and like Mouse wore clothes that didn’t cover her vagina. Unlike Mouse she didn’t shave her vulva at all nor did she shave under her armpits. Her clothes resembled less a dress and more a vest, which came just about level with her navel.

“What a mess you’ve made of my dress!” exclaimed Mouse. “You better take it off right now!”

Alice promptly did so and put it in the laundry basket. She was led away by Mouse and her friend, who was called Dodie.

“It’s gone all the way through!” exclaimed Dodie feeling the semen on Alice’s

chest with the back of her hand. She bent over and licked it with her tongue. "It tastes very nice!"

"Not as nice as down here!" exclaimed Mouse who had pulled off her dress and was licking Alice's vulva. "You got nicely excited didn't you?"

Dodie and Mouse lay Alice down on her back on Mouse's bed. Mouse sat by Alice's legs while Dodie sat knees astride Alice's waist and pulled off her vest. Her small breasts flopped out from the flimsy protection provided by the vest and it was no surprise to see that they were long nipples. Dodie and Mouse stroked and licked Alice who gradually became more and more excited from their attention. Dodie leant forward to run her tongue inside and out of Alice's mouth, while Mouse transferred her attention from Alice's vulva to Dodie's.

"Uggh! Why don't you ever shave?" gasped Mouse, pulling hairs out of her mouth.

This went on for ever such a long time, until Mouse's mother called the girls down for dinner. It was over dinner, that Alice learnt that Dodie dressed the way that she did because, although she was a theatre-goer like Mouse, she was, unlike Mouse, a modernist and modernists didn't believe in shaving their bodily hairs and sported a more daring hemline.

It was over dinner that Mouse arranged for Alice to come to the theatre with her that evening to a play that she wanted to see. Dodie wasn't interested in going but she suggested taking Alice to see a modern play: "So that you won't think theatre's necessarily dull."

### III

#### The Classical Theatre

As promised, Mouse took Alice to the theatre to see a play called **The Truth About Dinah**, which was at the New Crucible theatre. Mouse took great care that Alice was dressed appropriately for the performance. Her long hair was brushed back and kept back by a ribbon. She lent Alice a dress which came to just an inch above the top of her inside leg, and scrubbed her vagina so it sparkled and smelt nice. She carefully extracted a small hair she found growing there. She put little white ankle socks and nicely polished black shoes on her feet. Mouse took especial care, with Alice's assistance, to shave off any hair on her body, particularly between her legs. Alice spent a fairly uninspiring time tweaking out the hairs that were caught in Mouse's prised open buttocks.

Most of the audience at the New Crucible were women and most of those had short bobs like Mouse and proudly showed off their shaven vulvas. Theatre, whatever it might have meant to Alice, was a sexual experience according to Mouse. The centre piece of a good play was a well-performed fuck scene. There might be several fuck scenes in a play, but only the best actors were truly able to arouse an audience. Mouse had seen plays where a fuck scene in a sub-plot was better performed than the main one but that was rare.

Modern drama (in which Mouse didn't include the avant-garde rubbish Dodie advocated) was always bound by certain agreed standards according to whether it was comedy or tragedy. In a comedy, there would be a series of fuck scenes in which the

final scene involved the climaxing of most of the cast. This orgy scene would not be the principal fuck scene. This would happen earlier to allow the stars the opportunity to perk up for the last act. In a tragedy, there were fewer fuck scenes and most of the cast were not involved (except as passive spectators), but each fuck scene required more from the actors to express the complex emotions involved.

Unlike, Mouse sniffed disparagingly, the avant-garde, proper theatre was bound by certain quite sensible limits. No buggery in any circumstance. Where male homosexual sex was required, one of the couple would need to be of the other sex dressed to appear as the same sex, so that it would only appear to be homosexual. In those cases, for instance, a woman might play, say, Edward III, and wear a dildo around her waist to exhibit her supposed role. Fucking, even from behind, had to be into the vagina. The Theatre Inspectorate was very strict on that.

**The Truth About Dinah** was a tragedy concerning Dinah, played by the leading actress, Prudence Smith, who was hiding the dark secret of her love for another woman, Laurel, who was played by Pauline York, an actress of lesser significance. Her husband, Edward, was a disapproving religious man, played by Lionel Johnson, the leading actor.

There were five acts. In the first act, Dinah and Laurel made love in the company of some friends. The friends tried to persuade the couple to leave each other and indulge in the more conventional sex they were having. The scene ended with Laurel agreeing to have rather noisy sex with one of the men.

The second act featured no sex at all, except that it seemed necessary for Edward and Dinah to wear no clothes despite the coming and going of the servants. The third act featured very athletic sex between Dinah and Edward in which Dinah

confessed her love to Laurel during an apparently unfeigned orgasm. The act ended with Edward storming out of the auditorium. Some of the girls in the aisle reached out to touch his still moist prick as he passed by and smear it on their vulvas.

The fourth act featured a conversation between Dinah and Laurel, which, although unclothed, contained no sex. The act ended with Edward discovering them and killing Laurel in his anger. The final act showed Edward in jail about to be hanged for his offence. Dinah visits him and they cuddle, and she claims that her love for Laurel could never match that for a real man. The play ended with Dinah sucking off Edward just as the hangman is about to enter the prison cell.

“Phew! Powerful stuff!” gasped Mouse after the play. “That was quite a strong performance from Prudence Smith, wasn’t it? How she could do it three times in an evening, I don’t know. And there’s a matinee on Wednesday as well!”

Mouse and Alice went into the bar after the performance, but Alice could only have fruit juice to drink because of her age. Mouse enthused about the play to Alice and several of her friends.

“That was quite an orgasm in the third act,” commented one. “I’ve not seen one like that for ages! It takes real skill to remember your lines when you’re in that much ecstasy.”

“Surely, it was just acting,” suggested one of the men in the group. “You can’t have orgasms like that to order.”

“That’s what you think!” laughed another friend, who was nonetheless being quite affectionate with him. “I’ve had better than that.”

“I got some of his sperm,” announced one of the girls, small and timid with small round glasses. “When he went by that is. I put it all the way right up me. You

never know: I might have his baby!”

“I think it’s chemistry,” opined Mouse. “When you get Prudence Smith and Lionel Johnson together you expect it to work don’t you! Every play I’ve seen either of them in has always been a success on that front.”

“Bit weak that Pauline York though,” commented one of the men. “It’s not as if she had much to do really.”

Mouse made no comment. Nor did any of the other girls.

## IV

### Rabbit Sends in a Little Willie

“Utterly bourgeois!” was Dodie’s assessment of the play Alice and Mouse had seen.

“How can you say that? You’ve not even seen it!” Mouse objected.

“How can it be anything else given your description of it? It’s nothing but an excuse for titillating and athletic sex scenes in a story that reinforces accepted stereotypes, particularly with regards to lesbian love.” Dodie smiled at Alice who was wearing the Mickey Mouse tee-shirt she’d originally worn. “Don’t worry, Alice, I’ll show you real theatre. Vibrant living theatre!”

Dodie escorted Alice to a converted warehouse called The Doss House, in a poor part of town that Alice hadn’t seen before. Mouse declined to go. “There’s no point,” she explained. “I either don’t understand it or I don’t enjoy it. And usually both.”

“Well, this shouldn’t strain too many people’s cerebral processes!” exclaimed Dodie when they arrived to see **The Mushroom Garden**, subtitled **Mould, Dung and Modern Life**. The audience was fairly mixed. Many of the women had their hair shaved and like Dodie wore nothing but military looking boots and a vest to just below their navel. Many of the men dressed like the women and some wore shapeless jumpers and baggy corduroys with sandals. Dodie seemed to know everyone there, and shared cigarettes with almost everyone she passed by.

“This is Alice,” she’d say, cuddling Alice close to her and nervously pulling her pubic hair. “I’m introducing her to *culture*.”

“She’ll get it if she’s in the front row,” laughed one of the men whose penis

dangled just below Alice's line of sight.

Eventually, Alice and Dodie sat at the front on plastic seats that were arranged in concentric circles around an otherwise undistinguished area that represented the stage. Curiously enough, the front seats were not the most popular. "Audience participation is the rule in modern theatre," explained Dodie. "Modern theatre is about breaking barriers. Breaking rules. Getting across to people. Okay, it's still limited by the censorship rules. No buggery. Only simulated sex between two men. But all the main rules are broken."

"Is there going to be audience participation in this play?"

"I'd be very surprised if there wasn't." When the play began Alice's confusion only grew more intense. There may have been some story line in the speechifying and sex scenes but it seemed to occur at almost random moments. The actors and actresses, who also didn't shave off any body hair, never seemed to play very well-defined characters but they did do a lot of shouting and made obscene jokes about each other, the present government and the audience. Alice's vocabulary grew by more and more colourful swear words, of whose meanings she wasn't absolutely sure.

There was some audience participation, but to Alice the actors seemed to be simply bullying people in the audience. At one stage, they dragged a girl out of the third row. One of the actors was fucking one of the actresses. They persuaded the girl to take off her vest, and she revealed two very large breasts. The actress being fucked took the girls' nipples in her teeth and one of the actors slowly caressed her pubic hair. While this was going on, a couple of actors performed a rather tuneless song on the theme of racial equality.

Alice was quite relieved when the break came, but the performance was left in



a very unsatisfactory state with one of the actresses leaving stage after giving a monologue to the backing of badly-tuned piano to the effect that she was in despair at the lack of imagination of both of her boyfriends. Alice was rather hoping Dodie might enlighten her how this made any sense with the rest of the action.

“It’s fairly obvious really. The way the actors have been disrespectful to the women, including those in the audience, is symptomatic of a very unprogressive attitude. It’ll all become obvious in the second half.”

This wasn’t true. Alice’s mystification merely deepened. She was also very embarrassed when one of the actors proffered his erect penis which had just been dipped in each of the actresses’ cunts to the women in the front row to do what they would. Alice didn’t like the smell so she waved it aside. Dodie, however, threw herself enthusiastically on to it. This seemed to be a general cue for audience participation. Before not very long, there was an orgy on stage where some half of the participants was from the audience. Being art, however, it lasted less than fifteen minutes and members of the audience returned to their seats. Dodie who had just been fucked by three of the actors wiped her pubic hairs with her vest which had come off in the proceedings. “That was a scene to remember!” she whispered.

From Alice’s perspective the play still never got very far despite several more tuneless songs, some rather clumsy dancing and some monotonous monologues. There was however quite a lot of applause at the end, particularly for some of the more energetic of the cast. The applause never seemed to end as far as Alice could see, while the sweating, mostly naked, cast wiped semen and other stains from their bodies.

“I *loved* the improvisation!” exclaimed one of Dodie’s friends afterwards as

Dodie and Alice bundled out of the theatre. "I'd say that was about 75% improvisation. Pretty brave!"

"You were great, Dodie!" laughed a woman friend who kissed Dodie very seductively about the lips. "You really got the thing going. I thought it would never have got beyond that poor girl in the first act wobbling her breasts about."

"Yes, they weren't very selective there. You could see she'd never done that sort of thing before! You fancy a drink?"

Dodie and her friends took Alice with them to a very basic pub with rather tatty decor and a loud juke-box where they smoked reefers, drank bottles of beer and talked politics. Alice was exceedingly bored by all this, but she couldn't help envying Dodie's stamina. She was already making arrangements to stop off with some of the others, presumably for more love-making.

Alice was then taken along to the house where one of the men, Rabbit, lived in a kind of commune. "It's totally different to Mouse's bourgeois home," advised Dodie. "How surprised she'll be when she finds out where you'll have been!" As she said this, they arrived at a run-down Victorian House, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the slogan **Bailiffs Out** scratched on it. They went in without knocking, and bundled into a very large untidy living room.

"How queer it seems," Alice said to Dodie. The living room was a mess of ethnic junk and ancient scrappy furniture. Cushions and broken-down armchairs were scattered about randomly, as also were cigarette butts and unemptied ash-trays. The centre-piece was a gramophone which was playing some noisy jazz music.

There was a table in the window, and on it a collection of curious pipes and

glass bottles. "Would you like some?" asked Dodie seeing where Alice was looking.

"What is it?"

"Have some!" urged Rabbit, who lit a little pile of charcoals in a receptacle with a petrol cigarette lighter. "It's best opium," he explained as he drew some of the smoke in. Alice wasn't at all sure what to do, but nevertheless she put it to her mouth and took a long breath herself (which left her coughing in violent discomfort). "I know something interesting is sure to happen," she said to herself, "so I'll just see what this stuff does."

What it did make Alice was very giddy and lethargic, and much sooner than she had expected: before she had smoked very much, she found her head slumping back against the wall and her body slouched undignified across the settee. "That's quite enough - I hope I won't be sick - As it is, I can't sit up - I do wish I hadn't smoked so much!"

Alas! It was too late to wish that! Her head went on spinning and spinning, and very soon she had to kneel on the floor to keep herself from vomiting: in another minute she could barely do this, and she tried regaining her position on the settee which the other guests made available for her. Still her head went on spinning, and, as a last resource, she put one arm around the shoulders of the girl next to her, and one foot on someone's lap, and said to herself, "Now I can do no more, whatever happens. What will become of me?"

Luckily for Alice, the opium had now had its full effect, and she felt no worse: still she was very uncomfortable, and as she didn't know the way back to Mouse's home, no wonder she felt unhappy.

She closed her eyes against the bright light of the room, but she couldn't close

her ears against the barrage of jazz music. After a few minutes she heard a voice addressed to her. "Alice! Alice!" said the voice. "Don't you want some more love?" Then a hand gently shook her shoulder. Alice knew it was Rabbit coming to look after her, and she trembled till she disturbed the couple next to her.

"Poor dear! She's not used to it is she!" came Dodie's voice. "Better leave her." Alice rested her head on the settee and tried to sleep. She heard a little shriek and a fall, and a crash of broken glass, from which she concluded that the others were enjoying themselves.

After a while the noisy jazz stopped. There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then; such as "Well, I must be going now!" "It was lovely seeing you again and thanks for the dope!" "I really must be going to bed." Alice opened her eyes in the semi-gloom lit by only one table lamp to see Dodie apparently dozing on the chair opposite. "I wonder what they'll do with me," thought Alice. "I'm sure I don't want to stay here very much longer."

She waited for some time without hearing anything more: at last came the rumbling of a good many voices all talking together, including Dodie's: she made out the words: "Won't she stir at all? - Will she mind if we make love? - Perhaps she'd join in? - She's out of it enough. - I'm sure she'd like it if we did - Open her legs, Dodie - She's so pretty!" At this stage she felt several hands stroking her inner thighs and some lips pecking her face. Alice groaned appreciatively.

"Off with her tee-shirt!" exclaimed one girl who pushed Alice forward and slipped it over her head. "Urggh! She's been sick!"

"Only a little bit," said another girl. "She probably wasn't even aware of it!" As indeed, Alice hadn't been.

“She seems to be enjoying it!” said one of the men whom Alice could see through the blur of her half-closed eyes. “I bet you and Mouse have been training her.”

“What are you trying to say, you bastard!” said a very indignant Dodie.

“Oooh, Rabbit! You’ve got such a big one!” exclaimed another girl, and Alice could see a large penis rearing up in front of her. “Are you to go down on her?”

The other voices mixed up in Alice’s mind: “Yes, Rabbit, you’ve always said you liked them young! - That’s because he prefers boys, doesn’t like real women - Yes, I’ll do it! - I’ll come after - if she doesn’t mind of course - Go on Rabbit stick it in her!”

“Oh! So Rabbit’s going to come inside me, is he?” said Alice to herself. “I’m not having any of that. I might be weak, but I think I can kick a little!”

She pulled her foot back as far as she could, and waited till she felt a probing finger at her cunt. When the probing object was replaced by one too thick and blunt to be anything but a prick, and she felt a hesitant rearranging of the people trying to stimulate her: then, saying to herself “This is Rabbit,” she gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen next.

The first thing she heard was a general chorus of “There goes Rabbit!” then Dodie’s voice alone - “Are you alright Rabbit!” then silence, and then another confusion of voices - “She got you right in the balls - Serve you right I suppose - Tell us all about it!”

Last came a little feeble, gasping voice. (“That’s Rabbit,” thought Alice with a little satisfaction), “Well, I hardly know - No more, thanks: I’m better now - but I’m a deal too flustered. She’s got a strong kick!”

“Poor Alice!” said Dodie sympathetically.

“We must take her to bed,” said another of the girls. There was the silence of busy activity, and Alice thought to herself, “I wonder what they will do next!” After a minute or two, Dodie lifted Alice up and gave her a little kiss on the face. “We’re sleeping in Lizard’s bed. He’s sleeping with Guinea-Pig, so there’s space for us. Are you alright, love?”

Alice nodded as Dodie led her out of the living room. A couple of people were gathered around Rabbit, who were giving him something out of a bottle. They waved goodnight to Alice and Dodie, as they went upstairs to a very flat mattress in a very untidy bedroom.

“I’m sorry, loveliest,” said Dodie as she comforted the distinctly uncomfortable Alice. “Too much too soon, I suppose.”

Alice nodded weakly and rested her head on the stained pillow and her arms around Dodie and went straight to sleep.

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## V

### Pig and Poppies

Alice enjoyed visiting toy-shops and sweet-shops, and she was always happy when Mouse or her mother lent her some money to look round them. Alice had just bought some very nice mushroom-shaped sweets from a confectioners in the high street and was eating them from the little paper bag when she saw what looked like a disembodied grin in front of her.

As she looked more closely, she could see the grin belonged to a very dark skinned girl who was sitting in front of a very dark building on a little rug. She was wearing no clothes whatsoever except for some exotic pendulous ear-rings and she was surrounded by a group of curious onlookers.

Alice herself was very curious so, she joined the group. The girl was in fact a street performer and she was displaying some very active masturbation to an appreciative audience who threw coins into a little hat the girl had in front of her. She was standing up with a wide grin on her face, making the occasional little sound of ecstasy while sliding an ivory dildo in and out of her vagina and massaging her clitoris with her fingers. She nearly doubled up on her knees with apparent delirium as she pressed away at her groin.

Eventually, she released her fingers from her clitoris and rubbed her breasts very suggestively. She had very round breasts with stiff little nipples that she stimulated to keep as rigid as possible. She slid the dildo faster and faster while gasping very loudly. "Uuhh! Uuhh!" she cried. And then a more full-throated "Aaahh! Aaahh!" This went on for long enough to attract quite a large audience. Her

performance ended with a few “Ooohh! Ooohh!”s and “Aaaargghh! Aaaargghh!!”s as she pulled out the clearly damp dildo from her vagina and smeared over her breasts, nipples and face the clear liquid she’d generated between her legs. Several of the audience applauded at this stage and more money was thrown into the hat.

Gradually the audience dispersed leaving Alice alone, eating her mushroom-shaped sweets, with the black girl who lay slumped in apparent post-coital bliss.

“Please would you tell me,” said Alice, a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners to say anything, “if you’re alright?”

The black girl opened her eyes and looked up at Alice. Her grin reappeared and shone across her face like a beacon of good humour. “Of course,” she said in a slightly foreign accent. “Why ever should I not be?”

“You were making ever such funny noises,” Alice commented.

The black girl laughed. “That is my job. I sit here. Or I stand here. And I please myself. And if I please myself very much, I make good money. And if I please myself with little noises, I get more money. Look!” She showed Alice her cap which was full of coins. “That is nice money. Now I can eat and sleep happy.”

“So you do it only for money?”

“Of course, my dearest,” laughed the black girl. “Why else would I want to do this with so many people looking?” She smiled so wide Alice thought the corners of her mouth might reach her ears. “My name is Kedi. I come from abroad.”

“I’m Alice. I don’t come from around here either.”

“No, Alice,” smiled Kedi. “But you have the look of someone who lives here.”

“Have you always done this?”



“No, of course I have not. I came to this country to work as a maid in a rich person's house. But it is some months now since I was working there, and this is how I make my money now. But it is better than prostitution, and that is better than not eating enough and I am content.”

“Why don't you wear any clothes?” wondered Alice.

“In my country nobody wears clothes.”

“But you can buy clothes if you wanted?” Alice asked looking at the money in the hat which wouldn't buy very many clothes at all.

“No,” answered Kedi sadly. “The rich person I worked for did not pay me when I left, and if I wanted I could not buy clothes.”

“That's awful!” Alice exclaimed. “Why weren't you paid?”

“I am sure I will be paid, but because I am black I am not permitted into the house and I can not ask. The doorman will not allow me to go in.”

“Perhaps I can ask for you,” Alice suggested. “I may be able to enter.”

“You are right,” grinned Kedi. “And you are kind. I will show you the rich person's house.”

Kedi picked up her blanket and ivory dildo which seemed to be all that she owned. Alice and she walked through the streets away from the shops and they talked. Kedi told her that there were many black people living in Wonderground who had come from abroad to find work, but it was thought they were only able to do very menial work and people made fun of them. “In my own country people do not make fun of me, but in this town I hear many jokes and people say many odd things.”

“What is your country like?”

“It is very poor and nobody has very much to eat or wear. But we are happy. I

have come to this country to make money for my family. I have come with my brother who is younger than you. I worked for the rich person, Mrs Duchess, for many months and I worked very hard. One day I was told that I was not wanted any longer. I was told to leave but my brother stayed. I have not seen him since that day.”

“That’s terrible! Why not?”

“Because I am black I am not permitted to enter the house of Mrs Duchess. But my brother, Pig, he works there and I do not know if he is happy.”

As they walked, the houses became steadily more opulent and they passed many beautiful gardens. They were the loveliest gardens you ever saw. How Alice longed to wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains.

They came suddenly upon an open square with a big house four floors high. “That is the house of Mrs Duchess,” announced Kedi. “I will wait here.” She indicated a bench that stood in the square. Alice smiled and put a little sweet into her mouth and approached the big house. For a minute or two, she stood looking at the house and wondering what to do next, but she went timidly up to the door, and knocked.

A footman in livery opened the door, and there was a most extraordinary noise going on within - a constant howling and shouting, and every now and then a great crash from the music being played. The footman looked at Alice vacantly, and let her in without a comment.

The door led into a hallway and at the end of it was a living room from which came the sounds. The room was full of sweet-smelling smoke from one end to the other: Mrs Duchess was lying on the carpet with a small black boy mounted on her and fucking her: her friend, a woman with a large dildo strapped around her waist was leaning over the boy and gently prodding the boy’s anus with her finger. Mrs Duchess

was nearly naked except for some black suspenders and tights and a hat on her head. Her friend wore just a bonnet and the dildo. Mrs Duchess was very fat, but her friend was very thin - her breasts were almost as small as Alice's but crowned by much larger and clearly erect nipples.

"There's certainly too much smoke in this room!" Alice said to herself, looking at a large hookah pipe, as well as she could for coughing. There was certainly too much of it in the air. Even Mrs Duchess coughed occasionally: and as for the boy, he was coughing and crying alternately without a moment's pause.

"Please would you tell me," said Alice, a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, "what you are doing?"

"Fucking the boy," said Mrs Duchess, "and that's why. Pig!"

She said the last word with such sudden violence that Alice quite jumped: but she saw in another moment that it was addressed to the boy, and not to her, so she took courage, and went on again:- "I am on an errand from the boy's sister, Kedi, who wants to be paid."

"It's in the hallway," said Mrs Duchess: "in an envelope with her name. Take it to her."

"Thank you," Alice said very politely, feeling quite pleased to have settled her errand.

"Do you want to join in?" asked Mrs Duchess.

Alice did not at all like the suggestion as the boy really did not seem to enjoy the activity. Mrs Duchess's friend had now positioned herself above the boy and started pushing her groin and the dildo into the boy's arse. Mrs Duchess reacted by gasping as the boy pushed hard into her cunt with the extra thrust from behind. The

boy started howling so much and it was impossible to tell whether the thrusts hurt him or not.

“Oh, please mind what you’re doing!” cried Alice, jumping up and down in an agony of terror.

“If everybody minded their own business,” Mrs Duchess said, in a hoarse growl, “life would be much more pleasant.”

The two women continued playing with the boy who looked at Alice with a very sad expression. Tears were running down his cheeks and he reacted to each thrust from behind, which pushed the dildo deeper into his bottom, by another little gasp.

“Here! Do you want to come to the garden party?” suddenly asked Mrs Duchess pushing off the boy whose struggles must have become less enjoyable. She pulled herself out from under him, and Alice saw his little penis shudder and start as it discharged. Her friend continued bugging him, but standing up so that Alice could see the dildo thrusting in and out from underneath his legs. A thin trickle of semen dripped down his legs.

Mrs Duchess walked over to a closet, her fat breasts, stomach and buttocks wobbling as she walked. She was a very ugly woman and her fat fell like folds over each other. It was only the large nipples which differentiated the fold of fat which was her breasts from those which were folds of her stomach. Her thighs and arms were wobbling folds of fats with the feet and hands at the end appearing rather small in comparison. She picked up a gilt-edged card which was an invitation to a Garden Party and handed it to Alice. “Everyone will be there,” she announced, patting Alice on the head. Alice was more aware of the rich smell of sweat and semen than of being touched.

Alice took the card and left the living room to the hallway to pick up the envelope which did have the word **KEDI** written on it. Alice poked her head into the living room to say "Thank you" before leaving, to see Mrs Duchess wrapping her tongue around the small boy's penis while her friend continued bugging him. The small boy was still crying but more as grunts and sobs. "If Kedi sees Pig," she said to herself, "she would be very upset: but at least Pig doesn't have to masturbate for a living like Kedi."

She left the house and walked over to Kedi in the middle of the square who was sitting cross-legged on the grass. She only grinned when she saw Alice, looking very good-natured and relaxed.

"Kedi," Alice began, not knowing if she knew her so well as to be familiar. "Here's your money. And here is an invitation I was given to go to a garden party. Should I go to it?"

Kedi took the envelope and counted the notes inside it grinning. "For how many people is the invitation?" she asked. "Why! It's for two!" said Alice. "Would you like to come with me?"

"I will," grinned Kedi. "Mrs Duchess and her friends are all mad. I am mad, but I will help you at the party. And maybe I will meet my brother Pig."

"Where will I meet you?"

Kedi looked at the invitation card. "You'll see me there," she said and stood up. She bent over and kissed Alice very tenderly on her cheek.

"By-the-bye, what became of my brother?" said Kedi. "I'd nearly forgotten to ask."

“He is being buggered by Mrs Duchess and her friend,” Alice answered very quietly.

“I thought he would,” said Kedi, kissing her again, this time on her lips. Kedi walked away carrying her blanket and dildo, her black buttocks moving as stately as her stride. She turned her head back.

“Did you say ‘buggered’ or ‘bothered’?” said Kedi.

“I said ‘buggered’,” replied Alice.

“All right,” said Kedi and she walked on with no apparent disquiet. She turned back with her broad grin, which remained in Alice’s mind some time after she had gone.

## VI

### A Sex Tea-Party

Mouse invited Alice to a Tea-Party with her friends Henry and Howard. "It'll be great fun!" she said. "They're both mad you know!" Their house was fairly ordinary, but when she knocked on the door there was no answer. The name on the plaque quite clearly read Henry and Howard, and the door was open so she walked in.

She wandered into the living room to see Henry and Howard sitting on the sofa with Mouse sitting between them, smoking a reefer and looking very sleepy and wearing no clothes, and the other two were leaning on her using her as a cushion and wearing only underwear.

The room was a large one, but it was not at all obvious where Alice should sit. "Oh hello Alice!" smiled Mouse seeing her come in.

"Hello," said Alice sitting down in a large armchair.

"I'm Howard," one of the two young men announced. He was wearing a hat and bow-tie Alice noted, which looked very odd with only his underpants and socks.

"Have some wine," Henry, the other one, said in an encouraging tone. Like Howard he wore a bow-tie but otherwise he was wearing only an open shirt.

Alice looked around and saw that there were wine and alcoholic drinks everywhere. However, she wasn't tempted. "No thank you," she said.

The conversation dropped and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice wondered what it was that made Mouse think Henry and Howard were fun. Howard was the first to break the silence. "How's your cunt?" he asked. Alice was taken aback by this, but she realised it was in fact addressed to Mouse.

"Itchy", she remarked.

"I told you butter wouldn't suit!" he commented, looking at Henry.

"It was the best butter," Henry meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," Mouse grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the breadknife." Mouse looked at her vagina gloomily: she opened it wide, dripped some wine into it and looked at it again. While she was doing this Henry started pouring some more wine down her front, which also ran down into her wide-open vagina.

"Treacle!" announced Howard. "Do you want some treacle, Alice?"

"I like treacle," considered Alice, "but what is it with?"

"Mouse, of course," laughed Henry who produced some treacle and started smearing it over Mouse's body. Howard pulled off his underpants and socks and licked off the treacle from her nipples. Henry took a banana out of the fruit dish and unpeeled it. "What do you think of this?" he asked, holding it against his penis which was beginning to grow to very similar dimensions to the banana. He pushed it into Mouse's vagina and started eating it from inside.

Alice continued to watch this display, and thought it was very curious. While the banana was being eaten by Henry, Howard pushed his erect penis into Mouse's mouth and she sucked at it while her own groin was being eaten. When the banana was eaten, Henry pushed his penis right up Mouse's cunt and the dialogue Alice was listening to was reduced to a lot of grunting and groaning. This continued for several minutes until Howard pulled his penis out of Mouse's mouth and his semen dripped out of the corners.

"More! More!" demanded Mouse, so Howard pulled Mouse over into a new



position on the sofa, so that both he and Henry could get to Mouse's vagina. For an awkward moment it looked as if the three of them would collapse in their new quite contorted position, but finally Howard pushed his prick into Mouse's vagina and for a moment, Mouse had two penises thrusting in and out of her.

"Why don't you join in, Alice?" asked Mouse between gasps. She was sandwiched between her two friends supported only by her knees, which were on either side of Henry's chest, and her hands, which held the edge of the sofa.

"Yes, I'm sure there's space for us in your cunt," Howard considered.

"I'm not sure if I really..." began Alice.

"Oh, don't be silly!" gasped Mouse, but she didn't pursue her argument as the thrusts from her friends put her off any more conversation.

Alice stayed watching a little longer, but she felt rather left out. On the other hand, she didn't think it was quite right to join in. When Henry pushed his penis up Mouse's bottom, Alice started thinking that perhaps she had overstayed her welcome. Mouse's cries became more guttural and urgent at this stage. "Piss on me!" she cried to Henry who was drinking a long draught of beer. "Gladly," he said and a long torrent of pee gushed out of his prick, and trickled through Mouse's hair and down her face.

This piece of vulgarity was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust and walked off: Mouse continued crying in ecstatic spasms, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they both had their pricks up Mouse's bottom.

"At any rate I'll never go there again!" said Alice, as she left through the door:

“It’s the most disgusting tea-party I ever was at in all my life!”

## VII

### Turtle's Story

Alice was a polite girl and she believed that when you are invited to a party, as she had been by Mrs Duchess, she should go. This was at the house of Mr and Mrs Hart in a very genteel part of the town. So she put on some very respectable clothes that Mouse had lent her and went to the address. The house was enormous, and Alice wasn't sure that she was in the right place as she entered the front door, but the footman looked at her invitation card and nodded her through.

Alice saw a beautiful garden through the doors in the living room with bright flower-beds and a cool fountain, and attracted by its beauty she walked in. A large rose-tree stood near the entrance of the garden, and just by them were three black boys, hardly older than her, wearing only little silk scarves around their necks, who were in a very odd position together. One of them was leaning against the tree holding himself up while another boy was behind him and seemed to be pushing his prick into the first boy's backside. A third boy was standing behind the two of them and seemed to be trying to do the same thing. The problem was that none of the boys appeared to enjoy what they were doing and their pricks were barely erect enough to stay lodged inside the other's bottom. Furthermore, the one who did have a prick inside him was not grunting from pleasure but more from discomfort.

"We should have used soap," complained the middle boy pulling his penis out of the first boy's bottom. "Or butter. Cooking oil is clearly not good enough."

"My arse hurts like hell," complained the first boy stroking his bottom with his middle finger.

“Would you tell me, please,” said Alice, a little timidly, “why you are doing that?”

The first two boys said nothing, but looked at the third boy, who was in least discomfort, who began, in a low voice, “Why, the fact is, you see, Miss, we are supposed to be bugging each other in a row for when the guests arrive and if Madam finds that we aren’t doing it we should all lose our jobs, you know. So you see, Miss, we’re doing our best before she comes, to –” At this moment, the first boy, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out “Madam! Madam!” and the three boys instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces with their bums sticking out suggestively into the air. There was a sound of many footsteps, and Alice looked round, eager to see the other guests.

There were a motley bunch of people dressed in the most peculiar ways. Some wore leather outfits that covered their faces and most of the body except for their genitals and nipples. Some wore nothing at all. Many wore only clothes that covered some of the body but seemingly never their genitals. There were several children - almost all naked - and they came jumping merrily along, hand in hand, in couples. In amongst the guests, Alice last saw the hosts who were Mr and Mrs Hart. Mrs Hart was clearly the most dominant, wearing a striking combination of leather and chains which did little to hide the fact that she was rather old and that her skin and breasts were quite seriously sagging. Even so, she seemed to have no shame about displaying her drooping nipples which balanced at the top of the creases of her folded stomach and the threadbare patch of her crotch which was just beneath.

When the procession came opposite Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and Mrs Hart said, severely, “Who is this?” She said it to a young gentleman, possibly

a butler, who was almost modestly clothed in a jacket without underpants or trousers, who only bowed and smiled in reply.

“Idiot!” said Mrs Hart, smacking him with a cane impatiently; and, turning to Alice, she went on: “What’s your name, child?”

“My name is Alice,” said Alice very politely.

“And who are these?” said Mrs Hart to the butler, pointing to the three black boys who were lying round the rose-tree, “Stand them up!”

The butler did so, very carefully, with one foot.

“Get up!” said Mrs Hart in a shrill loud voice, and the three boys instantly jumped up, and began bowing to her and the other guests. “Why weren’t you doing what I told you to do?”

“May it please you Madam,” said one of the boys, in a very humble tone, “we were trying...”

“I see!” said Mrs Hart. “Fuck off and don’t come back!” The procession moved on, and the unfortunate boys scampered away.

Mrs Hart and the others moved on to the lawn where the guests all settled down on the grass. Alice thought she had never seen such a curious scene in her life as the activity which followed. The guests jumped on top of each other and made love. Some of the men were buggered by some of the women. Some women started making love to other women and some men to other men. The whole lawn was a writhing mass of naked and half-naked bodies. Mrs Hart was wandering around giving instructions to the guests as to how they should be conducting their sexual activities with each other.

Alice began to feel very uneasy: to be sure, she had not expected the garden

party to be anything like this and she didn't want to do any of the things that Mrs Hart was instructing the guests to do. She was sure Mrs Hart would approach her any minute, "and then," thought she, "what would become of me?"

She was looking for some way of escape, and wondering whether she could get away without being seen, when she noticed a grin in the distance and she said to herself, "It's Kedi: now I shall have somebody to talk to."

"How are you getting on?" said Kedi, as soon as Alice approached her. Kedi was, as before, wearing no clothes, but she seemed modest in comparison to the additional accoutrements worn by the guests. Alice began an account of what was going on, feeling very glad she had someone to listen to her.

"How do you like Mrs Hart?" said Kedi in a low voice.

"Not at all," said Alice.

"Who are you talking to?" said Mr Hart who was dressed in only an open cloak and a hat, coming up to Alice, and looking at Kedi with great curiosity.

"It's a friend of mine - Kedi," said Alice: "allow me to introduce her."

"I don't like the look of her at all," said Mr Hart: "however, she may suck my prick, if she likes."

"I'd rather not," Kedi remarked.

"Don't be impertinent," said Mr Hart. "Well she's a filthy sambo and she must be removed," he said very decidedly; and he called to his wife, who was passing at the moment, "My dear! I wish you would have this blackamoor removed."

Mrs Hart had only one way of settling all difficulties, great or small. "Fuck off!" she said without even looking round.

Alice could think of nothing else to say but "She's a servant of Mrs Duchess:

you'd better ask her about it."

"Well," Mrs Hart said to a servant: "fetch her here." And the servant, who was wearing leather bondage and a mask which covered all his face but his eyes, went off like an arrow.

Kedi kissed Alice sweetly on the lip and smiled and walked off without a word as soon as he was gone, and, by the time he had come back with Mrs Duchess, she had entirely disappeared. Mrs Duchess was dressed as before in just stockings and with her hair pulled up into a bouffant, so that from top to toe her ugliness was displayed in all its true grossness.

"You can't think how glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing!" said Mrs Duchess, as she tucked her arm affectionately into Alice's, and they walked off together.

Alice was very glad to find her in such a pleasant temper, and thought to herself that perhaps it was only drugs that had made her so brutal when they met before.

"Do you want to make love with me, dearie?" Mrs Duchess asked Alice pleasantly.

"No thank you," said Alice honestly.

"It'll be fun you know," smiled Mrs Duchess sticking her ugly face close to Alice's and holding Alice's buttocks with her hands.

Alice wriggled free. "I'm sure I shouldn't be doing anything like that," she protested. "Why! I hardly know you."

"Come on! You don't know what fun it would be. Just say yes."

"I've a right to say no," said Alice sharply, for she was beginning to feel

a little alarmed.

“Just about as much right,” said Mrs Duchess, “as pigs have to fuck people: and - “

But here, to Alice's great surprise, Mrs Duchess's voice died away, and the arm that was linked into hers began to tremble. Alice looked up, and there stood Mrs Hart in front of them, with her arms folded, frowning like a thunderstorm.

“Fuck off,” shouted Mrs Hart, hitting Mrs Duchess with a cane, and in a moment Alice's would-be lover was gone.

“Let's go on with the game,” Mrs Hart said to Alice; and Alice was too much frightened to say a word, but slowly followed her back to the other guests. The other guests had taken advantage of their hostess's absence, and were resting in the shade: however, the moment they saw her, they hurried back to their love-making.

Mrs Hart turned to Alice, “Have you seen the Mock Woman yet?”

“No,” said Alice, “I don't even know what a Mock Woman is.”

“It's a woman with a prick,” said Mrs Hart.

“I never saw one, or heard of one,” said Alice, forgetting the woman with the erect penis she saw before she caught the train to this district while her sister was making love.

“Come on, then,” said Mrs Hart, “and she or he shall tell you his or her history.”

They very soon came upon a naked woman resting in the sun. At least Alice was sure she was a woman, because she had a cunt, but her body was built up and very muscular and seemed to shine with a peculiar kind of oil. Her breasts which might seem normal on a much smaller woman were dwarfed by the muscles of her



chest. "Up, lazy thing!" said Mrs Hart, "and take this young lady to see Turtle, the Mock Woman, and to hear her history. I must go back and see after some mock executions I have ordered;" and she walked off, leaving Alice with the naked muscular woman. Alice did not quite like the look of her, but on the whole she thought it would be quite as safe to stay with her as to go after that savage Mrs Hart: so she waited.

The woman sat up. "My name is Gryphon," she said in a voice that was almost deep enough to be a man's. "Come on!"

They had not gone far before they saw Turtle, the Mock Woman in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. She pitied him deeply. "What is his sorrow?" she asked Gryphon. And she shrugged and smiled.

So they went up to Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing. He certainly looked like a woman, and like Gryphon was wearing no clothes. He had a convincing pair of breasts, and he wore his hair like a woman. He also wore make-up just as a woman might. But his hips were like a man's and as Mrs Hart had warned Alice, instead of a cunt he had a good sized penis between his legs.

"This here young lady," said Gryphon, "she wants for to know your history she do."

"I'll tell it to her," said Turtle in a deep, hollow tone. "Sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished. Once," he said with a deep sigh, "I was a real man."

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by Turtle's constant heavy sobbing. "When we were little," Turtle went on at last,

more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school and I was a little boy. I wanted to be a little girl and so when I was older and had the money I changed myself to a girl. And, as you see, I couldn't bear to lose my penis. So now I am a woman with a prick. But a prick that can't do anything."

"It's true," said Gryphon who leaned over to Turtle's penis and held it in her hands. She started stroking it and then put it into her mouth. She pulled the long flaccid length of it through her lips and pulled it out. It stretched out, but was just as limp. "Whatever you do, it stays the same."

"But can't you get it stiff sometimes?" wondered Alice who had seen so many erect penises recently she was sure it was a fairly simple matter.

"When I was younger, the thought of being a woman would make it so stiff that I could balance a book on the end of it," boasted Turtle. "I used to be able to fuck women just like all the other boys. But I loved women because I wanted to be one. Now I can only use it for going to the toilet."

"Why don't you have it taken off and be a real woman?" wondered Alice.

"I can't bear to lose it. That is my tragedy. I can't bear to be a man and I can't face losing my penis."

"The only sex Turtle has is up his backside - and he's got such a tight little arse-hole," Gryphon commented.

"It must be so much better when you've got a cunt," remarked Turtle. He looked at Alice. "What's yours like?"

Alice felt a little embarrassed, but then both Turtle and Gryphon were naked so she felt there was nothing wrong with showing her vagina. So she pulled up her dress and her knickers down to her ankles and off. She held her dress up so that

Gryphon and Turtle could see. Both Turtle and Gryphon stroked the smooth skin with their fingers.

“It’s so beautiful!” exclaimed Turtle. “If only I could stick my prick up inside it.”

Alice was about to say that she wouldn’t allow that, when a cry of “The show’s beginning!” was heard in the distance.

“Come on!” cried Gryphon, and taking Alice by the hand, who was holding her knickers in her other hand, she hurried off.

“What show is it?” Alice panted as she ran; but Gryphon only answered “Come on!” and ran the faster.

Mr and Mrs Hart were seated on garden chairs when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled about them. One of the guests was standing before them, in chains, with another guest on each side to guard him. Alice was not at all sure what sort of show there was going to be, but she feared that it would have some perverted sexual element. She sat down on the grass next to a girl who looked just a bit like Mouse, but was not in fact. It was a little crowded, so she had to sit between the legs of a naked gentleman just behind her.

“Is everyone here?” asked Mr Hart looking around him. No one disagreed with him, so he announced “First show!”

The first show was Howard, who Alice hadn’t seen since he was with Mouse. He came in wearing nothing on but a pair of shoes and a bottle of wine. “I beg pardon, madam,” he began, “for dressing like this, but I hadn’t known I would be sent for.” Mr and Mrs Hart examined Howard with apparent disdain, and then Mrs Hart said “Your penalty is to be fucked by one of my boys.”

Howard didn't look very happy, but a black boy came out of the crowd wearing nothing but a very large erection and came up to Howard and started caressing his backside. Howard looked quite uncomfortable as the boy eased his fingers in and out of Howard's anus. Just at this moment Alice felt a very curious sensation, which puzzled her a good deal until she made out what it was: the penis of the gentleman just behind her was beginning to get larger and press against her bottom through the skirt. She thought at first she would get up and leave; but on second thought she decided to remain where she was as long as he didn't do any more.

"I wish you wouldn't squeeze so," said Alice.

"I can't help it," said the gentleman very meekly: "I'm getting very excited."

"You've no right to push it into me," said Alice. And she got up and crossed over to another patch of grass.

All this time the audience had never left off staring at Howard, who was very nervous as the boy eased his erect penis into Howard's backside. Here one of the small girls in the audience - younger than Alice, she thought - cheered, and was immediately jumped on by another member of the audience. He turned her over and pushed his penis into her backside, while another member of the audience put his penis in the girl's mouth, which she started to suck with what seemed to Alice a practised air. The audience's attention was divided between the girl who was enjoying what was happening and Howard who clearly wasn't.

"If that's the best you can do," said Mr Hart to Howard, "you may stand down."

At this stage the boy removed his penis from Howard's backside and spread his semen all over Howard's back. Here another girl cheered, and was similarly

attacked by another man in the audience. This girl did not seem to enjoy it at all, but this, if anything, seemed to excite the audience more. For several minutes, the audience cheered as the girl was fucked from behind and was screaming quite pitifully. Her shoulders were pushed right down onto the ground to prevent her moving and her mouth was facing sideways as each little scream came out. Fortunately for her, the man who was fucking her got over-excited in less than three minutes and had soon discharged his semen, which splattered quite visibly over the girl's buttocks as he pulled it out together with some darker coloured liquid which could have been either blood or shit.

“Call the next show!” said Mr Hart.

The next on was Mrs Duchess' friend. She was wearing just stockings and a large hat which covered her hair and a veil which covered her rather ugly face. She carried a large dildo in her hand and prodded it at people's bottoms or crotches as she made her way to the centre of the forum.

“Bugger her,” said Mr Hart pointing at a girl in the audience whom Alice recognised as being Mouse, who must have come in with Howard and was sitting next to Henry. She was wearing nothing but a little silk smock which came to just above her navel and looking very sweet. She didn't appear very happy about her nomination.

“Please don't,” gasped Mouse in a quite small voice.

“Collar that girl!” Mrs Hart shrieked out. “She has no choice! Bring her to the centre!”

For some minutes the whole audience was in confusion, dragging her as she struggled to get free to the centre and then pushed her roughly to the ground. In the process Mouse's silk smock was ripped down the front and one of her breasts flopped

out. In a trice, Mrs Duchess' friend had immobilised Mouse and had strapped the dildo, which was at least twelve inches long, to her waist. She then started pushing it into Mouse's anus as Mouse screeched and screamed in pain. Alice was rather horrified at the show, which really didn't seem any better than an excuse for rape.

Mouse struggled at one point and almost detached herself from the woman at which point another member of the audience came down and held Mouse's hands firmly to the ground. This was the cue for a man in the audience, who was wearing only a very ugly leather mask over his face, to come down, push Mouse's body up into a new angle and pushed his erect penis into Mouse's cunt. This went on for several minutes, during which Alice was very troubled for her friend, but after a while it was finished and Mouse was taken away by a woman in the audience wearing only a little nurse's hat and comforted her. Alice couldn't help noticing a little trickle of blood running down the inside of Mouse's thigh.

"Never mind!" said Mr Hart, as Mrs Duchess' friend picked up Mouse's discarded silk smock which was by now in a very torn state. "Call the next show."

Alice watched one of the servants fumble over a list, feeling very curious to see what the next show would be like and hoped it would be less like a rape. Imagine her displeasure, when the servant read out, at the top of his shrill little voice, the name "Alice!"

"Here!" cried Alice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how she could be so badly treated. Mr and Mrs Hart looked at Alice with a look of apparently malevolent glee.

"It's time for a train!" announced Mrs Hart, picking up a strapped dildo.

"Yes, a train," agreed a male guest.

“Excuse me, what is a train?” wondered Alice, who could only think of steam engines and possibly diesel powered ones.

“It’s when everyone takes turns to fuck you,” explained a little girl, about nine, sitting next to her and wearing nothing but a pair of silk stockings. “Everyone queues up like the carriages of a train and one after another fuck you in turn.”

“You can’t do that!” shrieked Alice standing up and getting ready to run.

“Yes, we can,” said another guest holding onto one of her shoulders. Another held onto her foot. And another onto her hand. Alice was dragged to the ground and then she felt the layers of clothes she was wearing being ripped off one by one. Off came her pinafore. Down came her skirt. Off came her vest. Her knickers were ripped down the centre. While this was happening Alice was kicking and struggling and yelling.

“Calm down,” said a girl’s voice softly from behind her, who was caressing her hair in almost a kindly way. “It’ll only make it worse to struggle.”

Alice took the advice and collapsed into an apparently defeated state. She was now wearing no clothes except a small pair of white socks and her legs were forced open to display the smooth crotch where no hair had ever grown. She looked up hopelessly at the audience who gradually eased their grip on her as they saw her apparent submission. She saw through her tear-filled eyes that a line of guests, both men and women, and, it seemed, animals, were forming in front of her, almost certainly to start fucking her.

The first guest approached, whom Alice could see was Mr Hart. His penis was sticking up and he was supporting it by stroking it with his hand. He came over to Alice and leaned over her. She could see right up his nostrils, which to her eyes

looked an evil sight and there appeared to be some slobber coming from the corner of his mouth.

At this stage Alice remembered her encounter with Rabbit and she also reasoned that now was her last time for escape. So as Mr Hart leaned over, stroking Alice's stomach and guiding his penis towards Alice's cunt, Alice pulled back her knee as far as she could. "You're a pretty little girl!" commented Mr Hart just before Alice pushed all her strength into a hefty knee movement straight into Mr Hart's testicles. There was no time to wait as Mr Hart yelled in pain from the sudden impact as Alice struggled loose from the weakened grip of her captors and ran naked as fast as her legs could take her through the audience (who didn't actually make any effort to stop her) and towards the entrance to the garden. As she ran, she yelled a scream as loud as she could, half of fright and half of anger, and was soon out of Mrs Hart's property and in the street but wearing nothing but the one white sock that hadn't come off in the struggle.



## VIII

### Alice's Homecoming

Alice was pleased to see that Kedi out there as if she had been expecting her. Alice ran into Kedi's arms, who held her tightly and comforted her as Alice gulped out her sobs. "It was horrible! Horrible!" she sobbed. "A real nightmare!"

"I think," said Kedi kindly, "it's time for you to go home." And with that she steered Alice away from Mrs Hart's house and towards the nearest bus-stop.

Kedi took Alice to Mouse's house, and after advising Mouse's mother of the situation she took some clothes which both she and Alice could wear. She then escorted Alice to an underground railway station and proceeded to take her back to Alice's own home and her sister.

Dinah, Alice's sister, was very surprised to see her sister after so long, and was almost too surprised at first to evaluate the peculiarity of her being brought home by this stately black woman, Kedi. She had felt very guilty for the unannounced disappearance of her sister, as it had happened while she had been so very much preoccupied in other affairs. But she thanked Kedi for kindly returning her home and heard from her about Alice's ordeals at the party.

Dinah took Alice into the bedroom and laid her down in her bed. She carefully removed Mouse's clothes, so Alice lay naked. Dinah took Alice into the bathroom and sat Alice in its hot waters and sat next to her while listening to Alice recounting her adventures after boarding the underground train. For some reason, she found the stories she told quite stimulating, particularly, she thought regarding her sister, that they happened to such a pretty little girl.

After the bath, Alice and Dinah went back into Dinah's bathroom with Alice wearing nothing but a bathrobe. Dinah lay Alice down and stroked Alice's hair and got Alice to once more recount her wonderful Adventures, particularly, she said, the sexy bits. While Alice chatted, Dinah thought mostly of Alice herself. She looked lovingly at the tiny hands clasped upon her knee, and the bright eager eyes looking up into hers - and she listened to the very tones of her voice, and she grinned indulgently at that queer little toss of her head to keep back the wandering hair that would always get into her eyes - and still as she listened, her hand wandered down to her crotch. Dinah was wearing only her slip with her knickers already assigned to the wash, so it was easy for her to stroke her own crotch as she held Alice's hand in hers and looked lovingly into Alice's eyes.

She listened to the attempted rape by Rabbit, which horrified her but only made her the more protective towards Alice, who she supported about the shoulders as she told her distressing tale. Then she listened to the account of Mouse first making love to her and Dinah moved a hand down to Alice's crotch and brushed the smooth hairlessness of it as Alice recounted how Mouse put her fingers into it and then her tongue. As Alice told the account of how Howard and Henry indulged in a very peculiar meal with Mouse, Dinah's index finger made its way into Alice's own little vagina and lovingly caressed Alice's clitoris. She cuddled Alice's frightened little body as she told of the horrid sadistic games Mrs Hart would play. She rained kisses on Alice's upturned face as her eyes welled with tears of anger and self-pity. She clasped Alice's buttocks in her hands as she listened to how Pig was sodomised by Mrs Duchess and her friend while very loud music crashed around them. She kissed Alice's clitoris as she heard about Gryphon's peculiarly shaped body. Her

tongue was deep inside Alice's cunt as she heard of the rape of the little girls during Mrs Hart's sex show. She nipped at Alice's clitoris with her teeth as she heard of the plight of Turtle, the Mock Woman.

The two girls were soon rolling about in a frenzy of sexual passion, stimulated by Dinah's reflections of Alice's Adventures. A world of sexual fantasy that made her own sex-life seem so dull. While she had been recovering from sex that day wondering where her sister had gone, only the grass rustling in the wind and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds seemed to be the sounds around. Alice meanwhile had gone to a land of sex parties, sado-masochism, sodomy, transsexualism and bisexuality.

After Alice and she had made love, Dinah pictured to herself how this same little sister would, in the after-time, be herself a grown girl; and how she would have all sorts of new sexual adventures and how wonderful it would be if she could participate in them - perhaps she and Alice together with a man or another girl or even with Kedi who was staying at their house at the time. And she thought of all the ways that their sex-life could be stimulated in years to come, and with these thoughts she drew Alice close to her for more love-making.

## IX

### Alice's House

One thing was certain, that Blanche had had nothing to do with Alice - it was Kedi entirely who made love to her. For Blanche, Dinah's plump friend had been making love to Dinah for the last quarter of an hour (and enjoying it pretty well): so you see only Kedi could have been making love to Alice.

The way Dinah made love to her girlfriends was just as passionate and sensitive as the way she made love to Alice. Kedi had made love to Dinah earlier in the afternoon, and so, while Alice was sitting curled up in a corner of the great sofa, Kedi was having a grand game of romps with her young little body, which was, like that of all the other girls in the living room, free of all encumbrance.

"Oh, you wicked wicked thing!" cried Alice, catching up with Kedi, and giving her a little kiss. "Really, Dinah ought to have totally worn you out! You ought, Dinah, you know you ought!" she added looking reproachfully at her sister, and speaking in as cross a voice as she could manage - and then she scrambled back into the sofa, pulling Kedi back and showering her breasts with kisses. Kedi rested very demurely on top of her, watching Alice's love-making, and now and then putting her lips out and gently pressing them against Alice's forehead.

After a while the two girls got quite passionate and then soon wore out their passion for each other on the sofa. Alice looked across the room at her sister and Blanche who seemed similarly sated by their own love-making. Kedi smiled indulgently at Alice and lay down on her back on the sofa. Alice who had somehow fallen to the floor and knocked over the Chess set that had been set out for a

game that Blanche and Kedi had been playing earlier.

Alice stood up and leaned against the mantelpiece looking out at the rest of the room. She smiled indulgently at Blanche and Dinah who were curled up together in one mass of white flesh. Blanche came from Brook, a district where nudity was the norm rather than the exception, and felt most comfortable naked anyway. Most of the white flesh that Alice could see belonged to Blanche, who was a very plump girl, but one on whom plumpness was actually very attractive, unlike, Alice couldn't help wincing, Mrs Duchess. Kedi also came from a place where nudity was the norm, but that was another country and not just another district. The two girls were always naked, whatever the occasion - one black and the other white - just like chess pieces.

Alice turned round and looked at the same view of the room through the looking-glass over the mantle-piece. The view was different mostly in that Alice could see herself, a girl who differed most from the others by her tenderer years. A girl too young for breasts and still a little bit of a tummy above her smooth crotch. She wandered to the window and looked out into the garden next door where she could see an oldish gentleman making love to a much younger woman on the lawn. He didn't appear to be very expert and indeed he was balancing very badly on top of her. The younger woman didn't seem to mind, but Alice couldn't help thinking that there didn't appear to be a lot of passion in their love-making.

There was a book lying near Alice on the table, and while she was watching the old man she turned over the leaves, to find some part that she could read. It looked at first sight like a normal children's book - the sort of book that perhaps Enid Blyton might write - and, indeed, it was a collection of shortish books gathered together in an omnibus edition. Curiously however although the protagonists were all children as the

pictures made clear and the style was pitched at children of Alice's age the subject matter was what Alice had always been made to understand to be very adult.

The stories seemed to concern the sexual adventures and misadventures of children mostly with other children and very rarely with adults. The pictures and text didn't, however, leave very much to the imagination. There were drawings of children with erect penises, close-ups of little girl's vaginas and many pictures of girls and boys doing all sorts of sexual things with each other. The main saving grace that Alice could see was that no adults participated, even though there was often an adult man or woman watching or masturbating.

"That's a book I brought here from Brook," commented Blanche, who had been watching Alice read the book. "The authoress, Honore L'Oeuf, is very popular. She's written lots of best-sellers."

"But children's books aren't like that here!" commented Alice.

"And more's the pity," smiled Blanche. "People here seem to think children don't have any sexual desires at all until they're older. In Brook nobody thinks it strange for children to have sexual fantasies or even to make love to each other."

Alice looked at the book more closely. "Isn't it a little disgusting what all these children are doing?"

"Isn't what you and Kedi do together just as disgusting," retorted Blanche.

Kedi heard her name and looked up at Alice whose back was now to the window and whose figure now was a silhouette framed by the sunlight. "It's not at all disgusting," Kedi said, defending Alice.

Blanche let Alice borrow the book, **The Collected Works of**

**Honore L'Oeuf**, and Alice took it with her to bed to read that night. In most of the stories, the tales seemed to be just like all the other children's stories Alice had ever read except that whereas in most stories the plot was centred around some mystery or focused towards the solution of particular problems, in these stories the main event was sexual and the plots were concerned in how these sexual events came to take place and what these sexual encounters entailed.

In the world of Honore L'Oeuf, sex was always genial, - never violent nor disturbing, - was always desired and never complicated by after-effects such as pregnancy or venereal disease or worse. Rape was unheard of, "No" was always an accepted response to sexual advance and all the children had very attractive bodies and larger-than-life sex-drives.

Alice found the stories very erotic - much more so than all the pornography or erotica she had seen for the attention of older people. Perhaps it was because it was designed to satisfy the desires and fantasies of pre-pubescents rather than of adults who pretended to already know it all.

She also found it arousing that in none of the pictures did anyone wear any clothes. This, as Blanche explained, was because in Brook it was normal not to wear clothes - and indeed not wearing clothes wasn't considered a sexual thing to do at all. Alice liked what she heard about Brook and she was very soon hinting to Blanche and Dinah that what she would like to do very soon would be to go on holiday to Brook.

"But of course sweetest," said Blanche giving Alice such a sweet little kiss on the mouth. "But remember - no clothes!"

## X

### The Garden of Opportunity

Inspired by Honore L'Oeuf's novels, Alice tried interesting her schoolfriends with sexual adventures and invited a few to her home. Most of them were little girls like Alice, but one or two were boys. Alice and her friends played in the garden, their clothes discarded, just hidden from sight by the undergrowth. They read aloud chapters from the Honore L'Oeuf omnibus and when properly aroused, they played with each other. The boys and girls made very little distinction between whom they chose to play with and indeed the two boys were most interested in each other's little penises.

"O Tiger-Lilly!" gasped Alice, removing her tongue from her friend's bare vagina, "I wish you had a prick!"

"But I do!" said Tiger-Lilly. "Put your tongue further up and feel it. Then you'll see."

Alice did so, and felt Tiger-Lilly's clitoris. "It's very hard," she said: "but it's not the same thing."

"She's coming!" said Larkspur talking about Rose whom she was stimulating with her finger. "Hear her gasps. Aaaahh! Aaaahh! Aaaahh!"

Alice looked round eagerly to see Rose gasping, the smooth skin of her nearly flat chest pouring sweat as her buttocks trembled with excitement, and then saw Kedi looking at the children playing from a distance away. As usual, she was wearing no clothes and had a frown on her face.

"I think I'll go and meet her," said Alice, for, though her friends were



interesting enough, she felt that it would be far more satisfying to spend time with Kedi.

“You can’t possibly do that,” said Rose: “She’d tell you off.”

This sounded nonsense to Alice as she knew Kedi so well, so she walked up to Kedi, who indeed did not seem as happy as usual.

“You really oughtn’t encourage your friends like that,” said Kedi firmly. “What do you think their parents will think?”

Alice wondered a little at this, but she was too much in love with Kedi to argue. “I hadn’t thought,” she apologised.

“In Brook this sort of thing is perfectly all right, but here you must be more sensible,” explained Kedi. “In different places there are different rules of behaviour. In some countries, it is children who have sex and the adults must not. In some countries only anal sex is allowed and other forms of sexual intercourse are frowned on. In some countries, people are only allowed to make love with people of the same sex and never with people of other sexes.”

“Why is that?” wondered Alice.

“In every place there may be a good reason,” explained Kedi indulgently, “but mostly it is just custom. Here it is not the custom for children to make love together. It is thought indecent and if your friends tell their parents of what they have been doing their mothers and fathers will be very cross.”

“What is it like in your country?”

“In my country, clothes are disapproved of. They are considered as merely ways of hiding oneself from others. They are thought of as a kind of deceit. It is also believed that they are an unnecessary luxury in a warm country which merely displays

a disreputable ostentatiousness. In my country, people are proud of their bodies and are not ashamed of how they change as they get older.”

“Is it like that in Brook?”

“Brook is different. It is not a foreign country and in many ways its attitudes are like those here. It is just that there are enough enlightened people who think that wearing clothes is a choice and that one should choose oneself how much one wears. Brook is not far from here. You should visit it and then you will know what it is like.”

“Why is it called Brook?”

“Because there are many brooks. But there are also many woods and hedges. It is a pleasant place with a lovely climate. Do you want to go?”

“Yes I do!” said Alice positively. “I would very much like to.”

“That’s easily managed. You can visit Blanche and I will visit you there if you like –” Just at this moment, somehow or other, they began to make love.

Alice never could quite make out, in thinking it over afterwards, how it was they began: all she remembers is, that they were rolling around together on the grass, and Kedi was exercising Alice’s clitoris with her fingers so vigorously that she was helpless with passion: and still Kedi kept gasping encouragement.

The most curious part of the thing was, that Alice’s friends, who had bored of sex-games, never seemed to notice the two girls together at all, or if they did, they made no sign of it. And Kedi opened her legs and pushed Alice’s fingers deep inside her vagina motioning her to do the same to her as she was to Alice. She cried “Faster! Don’t try to talk!” Not that Alice had any idea of doing that. She felt as if she would never be able to talk again, she was getting so much out of breath in excitement: and

still Kedi cried “Faster! Faster!” and nibbled Alice’s clitoris with her teeth. “Have you nearly come?” Alice managed to pant out at last.

“Nearly there!” Kedi repeated. “Faster!” And they continued for some time in silence, with the blood rushing to Alice’s ears and her body aching with passion and exertion.

“Now! Now!” cried Kedi. “Faster! Faster!” And her body shivered so violently, till suddenly, just as Alice was getting quite exhausted, they stopped, and she found herself sprawled on her back on the ground, breathless and giddy.

Kedi propped her up against a tree, and said kindly, “Let’s rest a little now.”

Alice sighed. “I am so hot and thirsty!”

“I know what you’d like!” Kedi said good-naturedly opening a bottle of water which she proffered to Alice. Alice sipped from it and then Kedi took it from her and splashed water over her face and between her legs. She then handed it back to Alice who did the same thing.

“While you’re refreshing yourself,” said Kedi, “I’ll tell you the arrangements. You will take a train to Brook, and then walk through the woods to Blanche’s house which is just by a river. There you might meet the writer, Honore L’Oeuf, whose books you enjoy so much.”

Alice nodded as she took in the arrangements, which she assumed had been made between Kedi, Blanche and Dinah. Adults were always running your life! she thought.

“Then you might want to look round the forests of Brook and you might meet people and then I’ll meet you and Blanche, and it’s all feasting and fun!”

Alice smiled in gratitude. “I look forward to it,” she said.

“Now run back and play with your friends,” advised Kedi with an indulgent smile. “But impress on them not to tell their parents of what they’ve been up to, or there’ll be all sorts of trouble!”

Alice said she would and left Kedi to wander around the garden. She joined her friends and in next to no time they were all excitedly stimulating each other and the boys were persuaded to stick their little penises up each other’s bottoms.

## XI

### The Journey to Brook

Of course the first thing to do was to read up as much about Brook as Alice could. It certainly seemed a pleasant place: full of woods, streams and valleys, but the most interesting aspect of the country was its liberal attitude towards sex and nudity. Kedi escorted Alice to the railway station and soon she was on her way.

She shared the compartment of the train with several other people: most of them very much older than her. In front of her, an elderly man was reading a newspaper, but Alice was not to be outdone. Blanche had lent her a copy of a Brook newspaper: a tabloid which she said would help her gain an understanding of the district. It contained many pictures of naked people, but these were mostly just photographs accompanying articles about fairly dull things such as garden fetes, mayoral banquets, goat farming or whatever. There were, however, certain pictures that could only have been inserted for titillation, and these featured not just nudity but full sex. The captions were of a fairly odd nature saying things like “Geraldine’s nipples are even harder now that there’s something hard up her cunt”, “John’s certainly come to a fortune now!”, “Mummy never told her about using the back entrance” and “How many pricks can you get inside you?” This coyness was in curious contrast to the explicit photographs of all sorts of sexual behaviour.

As the train travelled along, the passengers disembarked at the stations on the way and soon Alice was in the compartment by herself. She occupied her time looking out of the window at the countryside passing by and leafing through her newspaper. All at once she started as a loud sound came from outside at a station where the train

had stopped.

“That certainly surprised you!” commented a little voice. Alice looked back at the source of the sound, which was a boy about the same age as Alice. He actually looked young for his age, but Alice could see that he wasn't too young, by virtue of the fact that he was wearing no clothes. This shocked Alice a little too: a fact that must have been noticed by the boy as he crossed his legs.

“Are we in Brook already?” Alice asked - as this seemed an appropriate response to the boy's nakedness.

“No, not quite,” the boy answered smiling, “but there aren't any more stops till we get there.”

“And that's why ...”

“I just hate wearing clothes!” the boy replied. “But it's so necessary when you're away from home. Clothes are so uncomfortable. Don't you agree?”

“Well ...” responded Alice who didn't really have an opinion on the subject.

“When I'm away from Brook, I only wear clothes when I go out and about. The rest of the time, the most I ever wear are shoes.”

“Is everyone like you in Brook?” wondered Alice.

“No, of course not,” the boy responded. “Many people wear clothes.”

However, Alice couldn't be at all sure of this as the train continued on its journey and all the people who passed by the compartment seemed equally unclothed. And she could tell that she was in Brook when she saw through the window that everyone outside was also naked. After a while, Alice gave in to the prevailing custom and shyly took off all her clothes and packed them neatly into her suitcase.

“I'm glad you've seen reason,” commented the boy, smiling at Alice. “It's so

much better without textile constraint, isn't it?"

When Alice finally got off the train at the little station of Tweedle, she initially found it strange to wander around in the company of so many naked people, and indeed the most prominent feature at first was the unaccustomed smell of their bodies. However, she handed her ticket to the Guard who took it from her and bade her a good day. Alice shyly thanked him for it, being perhaps more aware of his slightly tumescent penis than of his good intentions.

It was early evening and Alice definitely wanted to get to Blanche's house by the river before it got dark, but the route led through a wood which seemed quite threatening in the lengthening shadows. Although she was pretty sure from the instructions she had written down that she did know the way to her house, Alice felt she needed some confirmation.

She was quite pleased to see a couple of teenage boys lying naked on the grass who looked like they could help. As she came up to them, however, she couldn't help noticing that one boy was sucking the penis of the other boy which the first was lazily enjoying. Although the penis wasn't particularly stiff, it was fairly clear to her that it wouldn't take a great deal more encouragement for it to become so. She looked at it with intense curiosity, and was startled by a voice coming from the one lying on his back.

"If you think we're a porno show," he said, "you ought to pay, you know."

The other boy disengaged his mouth from the penis and looked up at Alice whom he'd just noticed. "I'm sure I'm very sorry," was all Alice could say.

The two boys sat up, visibly annoyed by having been interrupted in their play.

"I was thinking," Alice said very politely, "which is the best way out of this

wood: it's getting so dark. Would you tell me, please?"

The two boys giggled, and the one who had been sucking his friend's penis grasped it firmly in his hand and started pulling it through his fingers. He pulled his hand up from the base to the tip in a slow and languid way.

"You've begun wrong!" cried one boy. "The first thing in a visit is to say 'How d'ye do' and shake hands!"

Alice did not like shaking hands with either of them, as she really wanted to get on her way and didn't want to prolong it too much. However, the necessity of further politeness was not necessary as the two boys just as suddenly ignored her and returned to their lovemaking. Alice hovered around wondering what she ought to do, but as their passion mounted and one of them began inserting his penis into the others' backside, she felt that she'd probably exhausted all the time she could with the pair.

She walked on further and was a little alarmed when she heard something that sounded to her like the puffing of a large steam-engine in the wood near them, though she feared it was more likely to be a wild beast. However, she was relieved to see that it was just a black gentleman wearing only a night-cap lying crumpled up into a sort of untidy heap and snoring loud.

However, it was still getting progressively darker, so Alice hurried as fast as she could through the wood following the instructions she had been given. She was sure that she'd find Blanche's home fairly soon.

Blanche's home was in fact just above a book shop where she sold all manner of books, but it was quite late when Alice arrived and rang the door bell. It wasn't at all long till the door was answered by Blanche's naked plump white body. "Come in!



Come in!” said Blanche in a very cheerful way. “I was so worried you wouldn’t find the way here.”

Blanche took Alice in and fussed around her. She cooked her a very nice meal. “I hope you don’t mind sharing my bed,” Blanche wondered, “but I’ve only the one. But there’s plenty of space for two - especially for one as petite as you.”

Alice spent most of the evening looking at the books that Blanche sold in her shop. There were many books besides Honore L’Oeuf’s, but almost all seemed much more explicit in their content than the ones Alice was used to reading at home. Some of the children’s books concerned nothing else but masturbation, with titles like **101 Things to do with a Willy, Sucking Made Simple, A Little Girl's Guide to Touching Yourself** and **A Child's Household Sex Tools**. There were also other children’s fiction like Honore L’Oeuf’s which focused on child sex. There was a series of books about **The Nasty Little Girl**, which concentrated on all the games of sexual seduction the Nasty Little Girl of the title would have with other boys and girls, and even, in one very curious story, a dog. There were some other stories about girls and boys going to toilet on each other called the **Pooh Stories**. In a typical story, the main character, a little boy called Pooh would piss on his younger friend Ploplet and then smear shit all over his body. The point of the story was the awful smell it left, which put off all their friends.

It was soon bedtime, but there was no ceremony about taking clothes off. Alice just went to Blanche’s bed after cleaning her teeth and having a wash. Blanche was already lying on the sheets: her plump white body filling much more than half of what was already a very large double bed. “Oh! I feel so tense!” complained Blanche rolling

her plump body round, her breasts moving heavily with her motion. "Could you rub my back please?"

Alice was always very helpful, so she sat astride Blanche's broad round back, which was so round she had to almost stand so as not to dig her knees into Blanche's flesh. She put her hands onto Blanche's shoulders and massaged and rubbed them vigorously. All the fat swallowed up Alice's little hands, and she was sure that Blanche could barely feel any of her caresses, but Blanche was moaning "That's better. Oh, much better!"

After a while Alice was beginning to get a bit tired of exercising on Blanche's back, and was indeed feeling a bit tense herself from the effort. Blanche persuaded Alice to not only massage her shoulders, but also her back and her buttocks. She then rolled over onto her back, and her breasts and stomach were raised majestically up above the sheets. Her stomach flopped slightly over her cunt, so that it was actually obscured from view. As if to correct this, Blanche clasped the base of her stomach in her hands and pulled it up, so that Alice could see the pale fair hair, which obscured virtually nothing of the very full and fleshy vagina.

"It's not just my back that feels sore," explained Blanche, directing Alice's hand to her cunt. Alice squeezed her hands between the flesh of Blanche's thighs and her little fingers entered the cunt. "Massage there," instructed Blanche, which Alice did while Blanche heaved like a monstrous whale under the influence. Blanche's cunt felt so hot and was so sticky, that soon Alice was applying her tongue to it and licking it. She took Blanche's clitoris in her teeth and nibbled at it. It was as big as her small toe.

The following morning, Alice awoke to find that Blanche was not beside her,

but she saw a note which said "Having a bath in the river." Alice got up and looked out of the bedroom window which looked on to the river flowing just outside. There, in the middle of it, and totally unmistakable, was Blanche who was ducking and diving in the cool running water. Blanche looked up and saw Alice watching her and waved to Alice to join her. Alice smiled and waved back. She ran over the thick woollen pile carpet to the back door, and through that, with barely another thought, right into the water.

Her first thought, after she'd jumped into the river, was just how cold it was. She could see little fish and crabs flicking past her naked young body, as she stood up to her waist in the water. A little fish glanced through her legs and brushed teasingly against her inside thigh.

"It's cold!" gasped Alice.

"You need to jump around a bit," Blanche advised.

Alice jumped up and down, but all she could feel were the sharp pebbles on her bare feet. "I don't feel any warmer."

Blanche waded towards her, curiously graceful for one so large. Then she immersed herself and swam breaststroke a few yards, her breasts bobbing above the water like ballast. When Blanche reached Alice she wrapped her cold wet body round Alice, and showered her face with kisses. "You're so sweet!" she exclaimed. She traced her podgy hands down the contours of Alice's body towards Alice's buttocks which she squeezed gently. Then she tenderly spun Alice around on her toes in the water and pushed one of her round white fingers to Alice's vagina and tenderly caressed it. Alice suddenly tensed, but as Blanche lavished more attention on her vagina, she felt it get warmer at the same time as water seeped into the entrance,

giving her a peculiar feeling, which only added to its sensuousness. She knew her own moistness was adding to the moistness of the water, but her passion only rose. She was soon gasping in ecstasy and holding tight onto Blanche's large round body.

Later, Alice had breakfast with Blanche in her dining room, and she couldn't help noticing all the framed photographs around the wall. There were pictures of Blanche with several women and men, and several more of Blanche by herself. In one picture Blanche was sitting in a boat with a girl about the same age as Dinah. In other Blanche was photographed with a fat man with his penis quite firmly up her cunt, and the two of them clearly enjoying it. In another, Blanche was seated nestling with a sheep.

One picture which particularly took Alice's eye was a picture of Blanche intimately embracing a woman, who, though not nearly as plump as Blanche, was quite simply not slim. But she had one feature, which was considerably more voluptuous than anything that Blanche had, and that was her breasts. They were simply enormous. They came down to her waist, were very round and had nipples that themselves were at least the size of Alice's fists. Blanche was nestled against her in a pose of adoration, and this woman supported Blanche with an arm around the shoulder.

"Who's this?" wondered Alice, pointing at the woman.

"O! Don't you know?" smiled Blanche.

"No," said Alice, looking again at the picture. The very pretty round face with the full lips and round smiling eyes did seem familiar. "I'm sure I've seen her somewhere though. I just can't place it."

"You've probably seen her face on dust-jackets," Blanche remarked. "She's

Honore L'Oeuf.”

## XII

### Honore L'Oeuf

It was a great thrill the following day, for that was the occasion on which Blanche introduced Alice to the famous Honore L'Oeuf. Blanche always made a point of making love to as many authors as she could, particularly authors of children's books. She'd had sex with Cheval, the author of a book about eight children in search of an elusive orgasm. He'd been very shy, she'd said - and his penis had been actually rather small. She'd also made love with Christophe Oiseau, the author of the Pooh books, but she'd not actually enjoyed being pissed on. Honore was a special conquest, Blanche maintained, and they were still very friendly, but, it was evident to her that she much preferred the company of children.

Blanche left Honore and Alice talking in the garden, by a bench, where Honore sat: her breasts in real life if anything more fantastic than seen in a photograph. She had at least an 80 inch bust, and their weight forced them to hang down and obscure her vagina, which they almost touched when she sat down.

Honore lifted a breast up in her hands and held it out for Alice to see clearly. "This is the main reason I live in Brook", she explained. "I didn't always live here, but when I lived where clothes were much more the expected thing, I had enormous problems. I had to wear men's shirts designed for very fat men, but even then they couldn't hide my enormous breasts. The nipples would always struggle to escape. And so often, the buttons would pop and my breasts flop out. It was so embarrassing! Here, I don't have to even try to hide them."

"Have you always had such titanic tits?" asked Alice.

“Not when I was a very young child, of course,” Honore said smiling. “But even when I was your age, it was fairly obvious that I would have monstrous mammaries. At first I thought they’d just reached full size much earlier than normal - but they just wouldn’t stop growing. They just grew and grew! It got so that I had to spend days with my blouse fully open, simply because I couldn’t button them up. Or I’d do the bottom button and the top button, and the breasts would just hang out between. So, it soon became obvious that I wasn’t an ordinary girl.”

“How did you start writing children’s books?” wondered Alice, who wanted to move the subject away from breasts, although it was such a prominent and obvious subject.

“I’ve always loved children. And I’ve always loved making love to children. I love the feel of a five year old boy’s penis. And I like those of eleven year olds. They’re so smooth. And children’s bodies are so beautiful. Your body is one of the most beautiful.”

“Thank you,” said Alice, who glanced down at her own very flat chest, and the long hair which fell to her waist and brushed over her slender thighs and buttocks. “Why do you love children so?”

“Perhaps because girls and boys look so much the same. And I just love the tenderness and innocence of making love with them. So it seemed natural to write stories about it. Of course, I invest into them as much of my own experience as possible. I just love having two or three children making love to me at once, and they love to put my nipples into their mouth, or to rub their little crotches over them. I also watch children making love together or masturbating. And I listen to their stories of their own sexual encounters.”

“Do you enjoy writing stories?”

“Of course. I always masturbate when I’m writing, and I know when my stories are particularly erotic by the amount of moistness they generate. If they’re very erotic, I just have to break off in the middle of writing them, and push a banana up my crotch and feel its squelchy disintegration inside me, or to rub my breasts up and down the wall while I shove something hard and firm up me. But no masturbation - and I masturbate several times every day - can match the delight of sex with children.”

Alice felt very uncomfortable at Honore’s directness. “Do you want to make love to me?”

“Of course, dearest,” Honore said. “I want you to put the whole of your mouth over my nipples and bite them with your petite little teeth. I want to push as much of my stiff nipple up your vagina as I can and feel your hot little quim moisten and drip over my breasts. I want to push my tongue as deep as I can inside you, while you luxuriate in my breasts. I want to make love with you for hours and hours.”

“Do you make love with all the children you meet?”

“Not all, but as many as I can. I love the variety. I love disabled children. I like to put amputee’s stumps deep inside me so they feel smooth and wet. I love black, white and red children. I love girls and boys. But don’t think I only love children.”

“Yes, you’ve also made love with Blanche...”

“Well, and still do. She’s such a wonderful literary groupie. Anyone write a book, and Blanche’s fucked them. Blanche and I make an odd couple. There’s so much flesh between us. We can barely touch each other with our arms when we lie on top of the other. In fact, making love for me is always a bit funny. Either my lover has to squeeze between my tits or they have to fuck from the oddest of angles.”



"I see," said Alice thoughtfully.

"And I can see that what you want to do is hold my nipple to see if it's real," Honore commented. Her fingers were slowly circling her nipples. "Have a feel."

Alice leaned forward and took the nipple gingerly between her thumb and forefinger. There were three or four inches of hard nipple between her fingers. Honore put her hands behind Alice's head and eased her face right on to the breast. It wasn't long until her nipple was inside Alice's mouth. She'd never had anything as large or firm in her mouth as this before. She could feel the small pimples at the base of her nipple, and she loved running her tongue round the indentation at the tip.

"Don't worry. I won't leak any milk," laughed Honore. Honore was simply the best lover Alice had yet had, and she came to orgasm again and again and again under Honore's subtle and stimulating caresses. Her experience with so many children showed, because she knew which parts of a child's body have most erogenous significance, unlike so many others Alice had made love to, who didn't appreciate the differences let alone identify them. Blanche wandered into the garden from time to time to watch the two at play, but except for a little peck on Alice's face and a blown kiss at Honore she respected their privacy. She mostly busied herself in the book shop.

Eventually the two girls were exhausted. Alice found it curious, however, that someone as skilled at lovemaking as Honore was nonetheless rather clumsy at other more ordinary activities, like standing up or leaning over. But this was the fault of her monstrous bust, which always seemed to be in the way of her hands and to pull her off-balance. Still, despite the occasional heavy crash when Honore fell over, Alice's abiding thoughts were of her grace and facility. And of course, she

felt honoured to have made love with such a famous author, even if she was only one of so many so honoured.

## XIII

### Leon and Une

Blanche recommended to Alice that she go to the fuck show that her brother, Roi, was watching. Alice followed the directions that Blanche gave and soon found Roi seated on the ground, busily writing in his memorandum book while watching the activities of people fucking each other. He was a rather fat man, a feature he shared with Blanche, and he also had her very fair hair and ivory white skin.

“I love to see them all going!” Roi cried in a tone of delight, on seeing Alice.  
“It’s such fun!”

At this moment, someone whom Alice had met before arrived - it was in fact Mouse’s friend, Harold; he had been running and was far too much out of breath to say a word and could only wave his hands about. He opened a bag that hung round his neck and handed some cellophane-wrapped sandwiches to Roi, who devoured them greedily.

Harold was much the same as Alice last saw him, except that he was wearing a hood over his head, which with the bag strapped round his shoulder was all that he wore. “More sandwiches!” said Roi.

“There’s nothing left,” Harold said, peeping into the bag. “However, I have it on good information that Leon and Une are going to be at it again.”

“Leon and Une?” wondered Alice.

“Yes,” said Roi: “and you’ll never have seen a pair to compare with them I’m sure. Let’s run and see them.” And they trotted off.

“What are they at?” Alice asked as well as she could, for the run was putting

her quite out of breath.

“Fucking, of course!” said Roi. “Whatever else!”

Alice had no more breath for talking; so they trotted in silence, till they came into sight of a great crowd, in the middle of which two people were indeed fucking. From where she was she wasn't sure what was so special about this fuck show. Leon must have been the man, and he was a very hairy man with a beard as well as a thick mane of shoulder-length hair. He was a large man with a very powerful frame. Une had beautiful white skin just like Blanche and Roi's, and long, totally white, hair which came right down to her buttocks and probably beyond. She had one of the most beautiful faces Alice had ever seen, but it was impossible to be sure of her age: she wasn't a young girl, that was sure, but she certainly didn't seem too old. From what Alice could see her body was perfect in every way - delicate in the limbs, with wide hips and perky apple-shaped breasts.

Alice, Harold and Roi placed themselves close to where Howard was standing watching the fuck with a can of beer in one hand and a shish kebab in the other.

“He's only just out of prison,” Harold whispered to Alice: “he'd been found committing an act of gross indecency in public. That's why we're here, where there aren't any silly laws on things like that. How are you, dear child?” he went on, putting his arm affectionately round Howard's neck.

Howard looked round and nodded, and went on with his shish kebab.

“How are they getting on with the fuck?” asked Roi.

Howard made a desperate effort, and swallowed a large chunk of kebab. “They're getting on very well,” he said in a choking voice: “each of them has come about eighty-seven times.”

“Then I suppose they’ll soon want to rest?” Alice ventured to remark.

There was a pause in the fucking just then, and Leo and Une sat down, panting, while Roi called out “Ten Minutes for a rest!” Alice could now see why Leon and Une’s fucking had been such an event, for Leon had quite the largest penis that Alice had ever seen. It must have been over six inches long in its current shrivelled state and when erect must have been over eighteen inches long. His testicles were also of the same dimensions, the whole weight of his groin embroidered by dark tawny pubic hair and the hair of his upper thighs. Une must also have been a bit of a freak to contain such an enormous prick, and indeed, Alice could see that Une’s vagina was unusually large and appropriately sized for her wide pear-shaped figure. There was just about enough space, Alice reckoned, for Leon’s erect penis to get in, if it was as deep as it was wide.

“I don’t think they’ll fuck any more today,” Roi said to Howard. For a minute or two Alice stood silent watching Leon and Une’s unusually large organs. It would be nice to see what Leon’s prick would look like erect, she thought.

At this moment Une sauntered by them. She smiled at them. “That was a wonderful fuck,” she said in a satisfied way, her face expressing joy. “Leon’s the only man who can fill me the way I like to be filled.”

Leon walked up and put an arm around Une’s waist. “And Une’s the only woman whom I can truly fuck,” he said complimenting her. “When I get big, most women just cry in pain. And I hate hurting women.”

“Don’t they enjoy it?” asked Alice.

“Oh they like it well enough at the time,” Leon commented, “but it’s not nice when they bleed and their cunts are in pain for so long. Usually, women can only suck

me.”

“It must be enormous when it’s erect!” commented Alice.

“Didn’t you see it just now!” exclaimed Une.

“Of course not,” laughed Leon. “It was deep inside you at the time.”

Une knelt down and took Leon’s penis in her mouth. She ran her tongue up and down the length of it, and, still being in a generally excited state, it began to swell. And indeed as Une caressed it with her tongue and teased it with her fingers, it grew larger and larger and ever larger. It was enormous - longer than Alice’s forearm with a massive glans which shone magnificently in the sun. Une licked it with her tongue and it glistened the more.

“Shall I put it inside Une again?” Leon asked Alice.

“Say yes,” pleaded Une. Alice could only consent, and was amazed as she saw it slide easily into Une’s capacious vagina and, yes, she couldn’t believe it as inch by inch by throbbing swelling inch Une’s white fringed cunt swallowed the entire eighteen inches of Leon’s prick. Une certainly didn’t seem to be finding it at all painful, but got progressively excited as it slid in and out. “Oh god! Oh god!” she cried while Leon hammered away at her with the precise rhythm of a drum machine.

Alice left Leon, Une and Roi at the fuck show and wandered along to the nearby wood. It was very quiet, and even on a very sunny day like today it was dark and chilly in the shadow of the trees. As she walked, she wondered about Kedi and Blanche and when the three of them would meet up together.

At this moment her thoughts were interrupted by the sudden appearance of a naked black man who came running down upon her, brandishing nothing but a great erect slightly crimson penis. It was certainly large, but almost as nothing compared to

Leon's. "I've got you!" the man cried stumbling on top of her.

Startled as she was, Alice was initially more frightened about where they should land as they tumbled to the ground. She fell back onto the grass path, with prickles in her back and a soft squelch as her bottom landed on some nearly dried horse pat. The black man put one hand on Alice's mouth to stop her crying out, and with the other he forced open her legs so as to force in his erect member. As he was fumbling to violate Alice's small entrance, Alice heard another voice breaking in "Ahoy! Ahoy!" and Alice looked round in some surprise for what she resignedly supposed was another rapist.

This time it was a middle-aged white man, who certainly didn't look like a dangerous rapist. He ran up to Alice's side and pulled the black man off her and pushed him to one side. The black man didn't put up anything of a fight, and simply ran off with his penis still erect and wobbling from side to side as he ran away. Alice was relieved to see that the white man's penis was quite flaccid, and was perhaps a little smaller than the average size anyway.

"I saved you, didn't I?" announced the gentleman panting. "My name's Cheval. I saw you were in trouble and I just did what was necessary."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said a grateful Alice as she brushed off the horse mess from her buttocks with a large leaf. She wasn't pleased to see that there was still a brown mark where it had been.

"I'll have to take you to a little brook to wash that off," said Cheval. "I'll see you safe to the end of the wood - and then I must go home, you know. I've got work to do."

"What work's that?" asked Alice as the two walked together under the

shadows of the trees.

“Oh,” said Cheval picking up a camera he’d left under a tree, and now wearing only a camera slung round his neck and some curious looking sandals. “I’m a photographer and an author.”

“Really,” said Alice quizzically. “Author? Are you the writer of **The Hunting of the Orgasm?**”

“Oh, you’ve read my children’s books,” smiled Cheval. “Yes, that’s the one about the elusive orgasm. And you know the joke is that children that age don’t have proper orgasms anyway.” He chuckled conspiratorially. “Yes, I write lots of books. They’re not all children’s books and they’re not all fiction. Some are books on photography and systems programming. I’m an expert in Artificial Intelligence amongst other things you know.”

“What other children’s books have you written?” Alice wondered, not really much interested in computers.

“Oh, there’s the Fuckland books I wrote,” Cheval continued. “They’re about a little girl, like you, that gets fucked by all sorts of funny characters. You know, she gets fucked by a rabbit, a horse and all sorts of things. And it’s all got clever themes running through it, like a computer program that I’d written.”

“Oh yes,” Alice commented who didn’t like the idea of making love to funny characters like that at all. “What other books?”

“Well, there’s my book **The Water Fuckers**, which is about a little boy who meets a little girl and makes love to her. But her parents find out, and they don’t like it so they chase him away. But he meets this girl again in a magical land under the sea and they do whatever they would like to do with each other there. And they also make



love with various schoolteachers and so on. Then there's the **Peter Panhandle** book which is partly about a little girl's masturbatory fantasies which she indulges with her brothers, but it allows me to have all sorts of sexy things happening to her, including sex with animals, other little girls and boys, and with a disabled pirate. But most of my books are about photography."

"What are your photographs of?" Alice wondered.

"Well, I mostly take pictures of little girls. Sometimes of little boys, but only if they look appropriately feminine. Mostly the girls just pose, but sometimes I get permission from their parents for fuck shots. They're the most difficult to do, because many children don't like sex at all, and they're not very good at posing sometimes. And the best pictures are often those which happen most unexpectedly."

"Is that the camera you use for taking photographs?"

"This?" commented Cheval holding up the camera round his neck. "Well, sometimes. I usually carry this about for those unexpected photographs. Most of my photographs are taken in the studio, with special lights and so on. But ..." he glanced up at the sky, "... if we get to a clearing in this wood, it's just bright enough I think for me to take some pictures of you if you like."

"Are you sure?" wondered Alice, who after the attempted rape and the attachment of horse excrement to her rear, really didn't feel very much like having photographs taken of her.

"Of course," said Cheval. "I'm sure the light's perfect."

Eventually, the two of them found a clearing in the wood, just off the main path, where there was a largish rock on which Alice could sit. Cheval stood apart from her and started clicking furiously with his camera. He gave her directions to

take different poses, including bending over so that her anus could be seen, and parting her vagina with her fingers so that its entrance was fully visible. He took photographs both from a distance and close up, and Alice was a little alarmed to see his little penis was beginning to get quite stiff.

Cheval noticed Alice's alarm, but smiled reassuringly. "Don't worry; it's the idea of it that excites me. I won't harm you." Alice was still less than comforted, and was happiest when the two of them had left the clearing and after walking along a bit, Cheval's penis had shrivelled to its normal size.

At last they came to a road at which the path they'd been walking along emerged. Cheval smiled at her. "I've got to go back," he explained. "You've only a few yards to go to the brook. Just down the hill and then you'll be able to clean yourself up."

Alice nodded, but wasn't too sad to see Cheval go, waving back at her as he went. "I won't walk in the woods by myself again," she mused, as she walked on to the brook which was indeed where Cheval had said. She placed her bottom in the cold clear water and wiped the now rather dusty muck off, and while she was about it, cleaned around her vagina and anus in case there was any of the smell or detritus of the black man's personal invasion left.

"I must get home to Blanche," Alice reminded herself. "I'm sure she said Kedi would be visiting today."

## XIV

### Alice's Birthday Party

It was Alice's birthday. "A teenager at last!" said Alice. "Well, this is grand! I should be a teenager so soon." Kedi and Blanche were organising her birthday party, and she wasn't at all surprised to see the two of them lying next to her, one on each side.

"Yes, it's a great responsibility, child," said Blanche indulgently stroking Alice's naked body. "You're so nearly a grown up, you know."

"I'm so looking forward to my birthday party!" Alice continued. "I wonder who'll be there."

"Plenty of people dearest," assured Kedi, entwining her legs around Alice's own. "Mostly people from Brook, of course. There'll be Honore who's writing a new book ..."

"A new book...?" wondered Alice.

"Yes, it's about a magical country that two brothers and two sisters visit," enthused Blanche. "And in this country they meet a transsexual who's very sad because the country has had a change of government where all sex is illegal and anyone found having sex is turned to stone. And they help to overthrow the evil government and the wicked queen who is the only person allowed to have sex in the whole country."

"It sounds like a very political book for children to read," sniffed Kedi.

"Honore tells me it's religious allegory," commented Blanche. "Anyway, there'll also be my brother, Howard and Henry, Mouse and so many others. We'll have a lovely time. Ooh! I can almost feel Leon's prick in my body now. It makes me

feel so excited just thinking about it!”

Kedi leaned over Alice's body which was supported on her elbows and stroked Blanche's fat white thighs. Alice felt a sudden pang of lust as she compared Kedi's so black hand to Blanche's marble white skin. Kedi moved her hand up Blanche's thigh and felt her crotch. “You *are* hot!” she exclaimed.

“And I'll be even hotter this evening,” Blanche said. “It'll be such fun, won't it?”

“It will be,” agreed Kedi, leaning even more over Alice's body so that she could feel her breasts on her little round knees. She took one of Blanche's large round breasts in her other hand and idly traced around it. “It will be.” She glanced at Alice. “Be a darling, and stroke my pussy will you!” Alice nodded and with a little shyness she put one of her hands round to the cleavage of Kedi's buttocks and underneath to take Kedi's furry black and slightly moist vagina. And in no time at all the three girls were making love together - a writhing mass of bodies - of which in weight and mass Blanche probably contributed more than half. Alice felt dwarfed by her mass, but it her feelings of passion were no less strong as she took Blanche's nipple into her mouth while Kedi's tongue delved as deeply into her tiny bare vagina as it could.

“Oh! Oh! Oohh!” she gasped. “How can my birthday party possibly be more fun than this?”

Kedi looked up from between Alice's legs which were just above Blanche's own fair-haired cunt. “I'm sure it can be.”

There certainly were very many guests at Alice's party, gathered together in the large village hall that Kedi and Blanche had hired for the occasion. This hall was often used as a girl guides' centre, and there were many pictures around the wall

of Brook's girl guides, all naked except for the little scarves and toggles around the neck. They were shown getting up to the sort of games that girl guides do, like hockey, rowing, sailing, camping, fishing and so on. However, none of the guests were girl guides, and to be honest Alice hardly knew any of them. She saw Leon chatting to a small woman whose slightly frog-faced features seemed ideally suited to taking his outsize member deep inside her throat. She saw Cheval chatting to two young girls and showing them photographs which perhaps he'd taken of them. She saw Roi fondling a girl who could hardly be older than Alice, but who seemed to enjoy the caresses of his fat body.

The food was soon served. It was a mixture of the party food that Alice was accustomed to, like crisps, sausages on sticks and ice cream, and the sort of food that grown ups must like, for instance legs of mutton and an enormous rich cake. There was also plenty of drink, which sparkled in a lovely way as she imbibed it, along with a cocktail of other sweet tasting things. Alice really wasn't very used to so much drink or the curious powders she was encouraged to sniff, and soon she felt more than a little tipsy. In fact she almost felt as if she were rising into the air.

"Take care of yourself," advised Blanche seeing how inebriated Alice was becoming, stroking her hair with both her hands. "Something's bound to happen!"

And then (as Alice afterwards described it) all sorts of things happened in a moment. Some of the guests' penises started growing with lust, so that it seemed like she was in a forest of erect male members. As for the women, many of them started falling on top of each other and on top of the men. "This is so strange," Alice thought to herself, as she was engulfed into a mass of heaving bodies as the orgy began, as well as she could in the dreadful confusion that was beginning. At this moment she

heard a hoarse gasp at her side, and turned to see what was the matter with Blanche, but instead of Blanche, there was Honore who had two men fucking her from behind while she was supporting herself on a chair. "Here I am!" cried a voice from behind, and Alice turned again just in time to see Blanche's broad good-natured face grinning at her for a moment through several other bodies, before she disappeared into its mass.

Alice didn't know who or what was being done to her body as she seemed to swim through a current of people whose tongues, penises, artificial sex aids and prying fingers were all straining to reach her bare little crotch. Eventually she found Kedi, and she didn't know how, somehow the two of them separated themselves from the greater body of the party and out into the moonlit grass outside the village hall. Just by a discarded bottle lying in the grass, the two lovers celebrated with all the passion that Alice had in the love she felt.

"Oh Kedi! Kedi!" gasped Alice, grasping Kedi's black body close to her. "If there's a paradise, or a place of wonder, then it can't match being with you. I love you. I love you so much!"

Kedi turned over to face Alice directly and showered her face with affectionate kisses, grinning so widely that Alice was sure that her face would split in two. "You're so young, Alice. You have many more years ahead of you."

"And I want to spend all of them with you!" said Alice firmly and resolutely.

## XV

### Alice At Home

Although Alice enjoyed her time at Brook, she was nonetheless pleased to return home to Dinah with Kedi and Blanche. The four girls gathered together while Alice regaled them with an account of her adventures. Kedi cuddled up close to Alice, and to Alice there was no paradise greater than being held by her black lover. Kedi leaned against her purring as Alice stroked her hair and beautiful ebony skin. It was impossible for Alice to be sure what Kedi was thinking, but she was sure she had no reason to suspect that she was no less pleased to be with her.

Blanche and Dinah were cuddling each other, Dinah almost engulfed in Blanche's voluminous white flesh, but Dinah stroked and licked her plump lover, seemingly at least as content as Alice felt.

Alice spoke about Honore L'Oeuf and her sexual encounter with her. "You'd love to meet her," Alice said. "She is such a wonderful lover."

"Doesn't she mostly prefer to make love with children?" asked Dinah looking half at Alice and half at Blanche.

Blanche trailed a plump white finger along the perimeter of Dinah's vulva, and gently squeezed her clitoris. She made no comment but leaned over to kiss Dinah on the chin in an affectionate way. Alice rolled around with Kedi, settling comfortably down, with one elbow on Kedi's upper thigh and her chin in her hand.

"And I met such strange people!" Alice continued. "And none of them wore any clothes. And I read such strange books at Blanche's bookshop. Not all of them were very nice though ..."

"Really?" wondered Dinah frowning at Blanche.

“One was about these two older men who seduced all these little girls and boys on the beach and did oh! so many horrible and perverse things with them! It was *so* disgusting!”

Alice lay back and rested between Kedi's legs, who looked at her with such love. “Oh! Kedi!” she said. “Will we always be together like this? Will we always be making love together with Blanche and Dinah?”

Kedi smiled at Alice, with her broad grin, and then gently but sadly shook her head. “Nothing is certain,” she said. “But we can dream - and our fantasies might last longer than our disappointments!”

This wasn't the answer that Alice was hoping for, so she frowned crossly. But in a sense she didn't care. The present was paradise enough. What do you think?