A Time for Tea

by Hopeful_Romantic

Summary

Tea time...
Disclaimer: Alice in Wonderland or any of the interpretations that have followed are not mine of course. No money was made from this and any similarity to any story not my own is coincidence.
The Mad Hatter reached down and lightly stroked his hand through the silken strands of Alice’s long hair, his fingertips brushing the knot of the red velvet gag binding her mouth. He smiled slowly.

“I’m so glad you could join me Alice my dear,” he said, his voice deep with the promise of wicked lovely things. He brushed a few tendrils of her cinnamon dark hair back from where they had fallen loose from her black bows, his fingertips caressing her cheek.

“It’s been ever so long since I’ve had you for Tea.”

He gently lay the silver tip of his cane against Alice’s ankle and she shivered lightly at its cool touch. Slowly, the Hatter slid the tip of his cane up her leg until he reached the ruffled edges of her white crinolines and the hem of her dark blue dress. He lingered there, toying with the fabric while he talked.

“Ever so long,” he repeated, his voice caressing each word. “You’ve quite grown.”

He inched the cane up slowly, enjoying the way Alice shivered in the most delightful manner. He danced the cool silver of his cane tip over the bared flesh of her thigh and the young woman gave a sigh muffled by the thick velvet over her lips.

“Tell me, Alice,” he continued almost conversationally. “Do you know why a girl is like a teacup?”

She finally looked up at him with dark emerald green eyes and The Hatter watched as they went wide when his cane tip reached the uppermost part of her inner thigh.

“Do you, Alice? Do you know the answer to my little riddle?” He coaxed her, slowly sliding his cane away from her thigh and propping it against the arm of his high backed chair.

Alice rose to her knees to face the man before her. The Hatter watched her, a smile still playing along his lips.

“Would you like to learn the answer dear Alice?”

She reached back to undo the knot holding her gag in place before removing it and letting the thick fabric fall to the ground next to her. Then every bit as slowly as The Hatter had moved, Alice slid her fingertips up his legs, finally resting her hands on his thighs.

“I’ll answer your riddle if you answer mine, dear Hatter,” Alice replied softly, finding just the right spot to kneel between his legs.

The Mad Hatter raised a single elegant eyebrow beneath his tall hat.

“Why is a gentleman like a cucumber sandwich?” Alice asked in a soft voice.

“Oh, this shall be a delightful Tea…”
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