Her Curiosity

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Summary

Tarrant is asleep and Alice is by his side. Why can't she keep her insatiable curiosity under control?

I don't own Alice in Wonderland or any of its characters. Based on the 2010 Tim Burton film.

Rated M for explicit adult content.

Tarrant is asleep and Alice is beside him. Why can't she ever keep her insatiable curiosity under control?

Her Curiosity

Tarrant began to snore softly and Alice closed the book. He said he loved to hear Lord Alfred Tennyson’s poems, but every time she read them aloud to him he fell asleep. After that discovery, he knew that he could rely on Tennyson to ease him into Dreamland whenever he wished. Of course, as fond as he was of Alice and of listening to her voice, he never read the poems himself; instead he asked her.

Alice set the book on his nightstand and kept her impulse to giggle under control. Tarrant had said he was tired and wanted to fall asleep early, so she had offered to read to him in bed. He had first changed into his pajamas (Alice was out of the room of course!) and then lay down and called to her when he was ready for her to read to him.

His pajamas were the cause of her impulse to laugh. He was so long and lean, and that only made them look all the more...cute! They were pale blue and covered with top hats of all colours, as well as thimbles and hatpins. Alice adored them! They were so very...him!
But now, with his long body laying stretched out on his bed, he looked so peaceful and innocent and, she had to admit, now that her desire to giggle had receded, quite handsome; despite the overt cuteness of his pajamas. His pale face was beautiful with his lush crimson lips, maroon flushed cheeks, and his eyelids of blue and green. Even the lovely magenta beneath his eyes appeared peaceful and dreamlike. His long lashes lightly dusted his cheeks and lent him a look of such innocence that Alice began to feel guilty for staring at him so.

What was the matter with her? She should go to her own room and prepare for bed, but for some reason she was unable to stop gazing at Tarrant. She had always found him enchanting, not only in personality but in appearance. He was so beautiful that he almost appeared to be unearthly.

This time she did giggle, but stifled it immediately. He was unearthly! He was a magical being in this magical world! So...why should he think of her as beautiful? He had told her so on numerous occasions lately. But she was merely an ordinary London woman. She was no beauty. Or...was she?

Tarrant apparently thought so. Alice reflected now. Yes, he was forever making her new dresses and hats, and at every opportunity he would compliment her beauty, or would take her arm and remark on how fortunate he was to have such a beautiful woman with him.

Tarrant found her beautiful. Tarrant found her charming and funny and delightful. On the other hand, Hamish and the other young men she knew from Above merely found her tolerable at best. Well, perhaps they thought her pretty, but her curious nature and her thoughts were annoying to them.

Tarrant found those very qualities desirable.

Desirable. Alice paused her thoughts at that word and, unbidden, her gaze returned to Tarrant's sleeping form. Form. Now her thoughts turned to his body. He was pleasingly tall, and his limbs long and well-formed. She could even see the muscles of his arms and legs through his pajamas. The fabric was thin enough that the relaxed bulges of his hidden muscular strength still showed themselves. She had never thought of him as muscular before.

But he was. He was quick and nimble. He could make clothing and hats and even shoes and slippers. He could dance like no-one she could even imagine, and he could run so quickly that he could outrun nearly anyone or anything. Of course he was in marvelous physical condition. Why had she not noticed that before now?

Alice gasped softly in indignation at herself. The answer was because she had never stared at a sleeping man before!

But her eyes, her traitorous eyes, just wouldn't leave his body!

"I'm a woman grown," she whispered, "that's why. Alice Kingsleigh, you are a woman grown! Of course you would notice a handsome man!" She bit her lip. "But that doesn't mean you have to stare and be so improper!"

She stood, only to hear Tarrant's breathing change and deepen. She sat again, not knowing why. That was a lie. She knew very well why, though she hated to admit it to herself. She was in love with Tarrant Hightopp, and she was also...attracted to him.

"But he isn't in love with you!" she whispered, the words paining her to her very heart. But...perhaps in Time he could...

Tarrant swallowed and his hands, which had been crossed over his abdomen, now fell to his sides.
The gesture, so innocently done, seemed to Alice as if he were opening himself to her. She found herself moving from the chair to kneel beside him on the small rug by the bed. He was open to her, as if he was a flower and had just opened his petals.

How ridiculous! He had just relaxed his arms, was all! Yet she fixed her gaze on his chest. Between the buttons she saw glimpses of pale flesh extending down to his...never mind! She moved her gaze back to his face, peaceful in his slumber.

Well, surely it wouldn't be so bad if she just touched him once. Yes, just one small touch and she would leave him and go to her room.

Tentatively she reached out, her small hand hovering uncertainly over his face. If she were allowing herself only one touch, where should she touch him? His cheek? His chin? His...lips?

Yes, those lips. Those full crimson lips that were now so still instead of stretched in a smile or a laugh. Her fingertip lowered itself to his lower lip and she placed it lightly on its centre. He did not move. Alice pushed ever so slightly to feel him better.

His lip was soft and smooth, and cushioned gently beneath her gentle push. Alice smiled. He did not so much as stir! Very well, then, she would be brave and give him a quick and innocent kiss good-night.

Alice held her breath and leaned over him, removing her finger and gently, very, very gently, placed her lips atop his.

She closed her eyes and Tarrant's breathing stopped for a heartbeat, before resuming its slow and steady rhythm. For another moment she allowed her lips to enjoy the softness of his and for yet another moment she delighted in the mingling of their shared inhalation and exhalation. Oh, she did not want to stop the kiss, but she knew that she must.

Alice drew back reluctantly and Tarrant's breathing remained regular and undisturbed. The rising and falling of his chest captured her attention next. The top button of his pajama shirt was not fastened and the revealed small patch of orange hair left uncovered seemed to beckon to be touched.

She knew that she did not have to touch him, of course, but what was the harm? He was asleep, and she was a curious young woman. She may never have another chance to touch him. Or kiss him. Or even be so close to him in such an intimate way.

Alice sighed in sudden melancholy. She was in love with the Mad Hatter and all he would ever likely love was his Underland, his Queen, and his tea!

"Alice," he said suddenly.

Her eyes flew to his face, but he was still asleep. He must have uttered her name, one so familiar to him, in his sleep. Perhaps in a dream. A dream of...her?

Alice sighed again. She dreamt of Tarrant often. No, more than often. She dreamt of him always. Tarrant would be with her, drinking tea with her from a shared cup, or taking a walk with her and holding her hand. He sometimes would embrace her and look deeply into her eyes and then lean in slowly; and just as he was about to kiss her she would wake up. It was so frustrating! She couldn't even have a kiss with him in her dreams!

She decided she would take something now, while she could. Just a touch or two. What could that hurt? She passed her hand over the soft orange hairs at the top of his chest and carefully brushed her palm over them. She smiled as the sensation was slightly ticklish. She wondered how those
lovely orange hairs would feel ticking her cheek!

Alice studied Tarrant's face again. He was still fast asleep. She grew bolder and slowly lowered her hand to cover his heart. His chest was warm beneath her touch and she felt the steady pulse of his heart-beat. It was soothing and yet...arousing at the same time. She gazed at his lips and he licked them in his sleep. The momentary sight of his tongue flicking over the lips she had recently kissed brought a strange sensation to her; one she had never felt before.

Her belly began to radiate with an odd warmth and her mouth suddenly grew dry. She swallowed as she could swear that his heart rate accelerated slightly.

But...she could not be certain. She kept her palm on his chest, but could not feel a rapid pulse. She must have been mistaken.

Unbidden, her palm slowly traveled the length of his chest and stopped at the waistband of his pajama pants.

"Oh, Alice, you wicked, wicked thing!" she whispered, scolding herself. She was now staring at the...bulge of his...manhood! And, she noticed, there was nothing to really keep her from touching him there should she so desire. There were no buttons on those pants. There was only a slit, just as there was in her own bloomers.

Why had she thought there would be buttons? Why was she even thinking along these lines at all? Oh, she was so very wicked and improper, and Tarrant would be so disappointed in her should he ever know that she was even thinking of his...his...maleness!

The imp, the naughty, naughty imp inside her was causing these thoughts! It must be! Alice felt her eyes widen and her maidenhood begin to moisten as Tarrant's manhood suddenly began to swell.

"Ah, Alice, mah luvly Alice," Tarrant said in a low brogue, his head moving to one side. Alice stared at him, his eyes still closed, apparently still dreaming. But then she felt one of his hands seize hers and press it to that very part of him she was trying to stop thinking about!

Alice gulped and attempted to pull her hand back, but he held it firmly pressed against his growing erection.

"Lass, th' thins' yeh dew teh meh!" he burred, rubbing her hand up and down what now felt like the handle of a broom.

She never knew a man would be so large! That...male part...was absolutely enormous! But it was also quite warm and the moistness between her thighs and the heat inside her belly only intensified as Tarrant used her hand to continue to pleasure himself. Alice discovered, to her mortification, that she didn't mind as she ought! She was not behaving as a proper lady but she couldn't bring herself to care.

"Alice, mah Alice, please leh meh luv yeh!"

What? Alice gasped. Was his dream truly revealing of his real thoughts and feelings about her?

Alice no longer needed Tarrant to guide her in pleasuring him. She freed her hand from his at last but soothed his momentary flailing at its loss when she slid her hand inside the slit of his pajama bottoms and continued the ministrations; this time on his bare flesh.

He now moaned and sighed and tossed his head. "Alice!" His hips bucked upwards as Alice pumped him harder, now knowing what he enjoyed. She then stroked him slower, and when his
breathing grew frantic, she picked up the pace, now stroking him up and down and flicking her thumb over the silken tip that had a drop of slick fluid atop it.

His hands were now grasping her upper arms. "Alice, please!"

Alice flicked her thumb over his sensitive tip once more and suddenly his entire body went rigid with pleasure. Warm fluid spurted from his penis and covered her hand. Alice was pleased. She had brought him great pleasure! She had made him moan and sigh and...

And she had done something utterly wicked!

Alice gasped in embarrassment and slowly withdrew her hand from his organ. What would he think if...

And he was awake and staring at her, his eyes huge and emerald and flecked with gold.

"Alice," he said softly. "Yeh...yeh did...this? Fer meh?"

She swallowed, her lips trembling. "I...ah...Tarrant, I..."

Suddenly he pulled her to him and kissed her fiercely. "Ah've dreamt of this! Ah, Alice...are yeh..." He paused, his eyes suddenly clouding with uncertainty. "Are yeh...disgusted?"

Alice looked at the cooling seed on her hand and then smiled. Perhaps he...

"Tarrant, how do you feel about me?" she asked him, suddenly feeling bold.

"Ah luv yeh, lass," he panted. "Ah luv yeh an' Ah wan' yeh! Ah..." He hesitated again, studying her eyes, looking for any sign of doubt that she may be harboring. He found none.

"Ah wan' a life wih' yeh," he finished.

Alice smiled even wider. "I'd love that, Tarrant!" She kissed him, firmly and confidently, and Tarrant pulled her onto the bed with him to hold her close. As they kissed he wiped her sticky hand on his pajama bottoms and then pressed both of her hands to his heart.

"I love you," she whispered as she felt his pounding heart. "I've loved you for so long! But...I shouldn't have done what I did. I...took advantage of you!"

"Yeh did nuthin' o' th' kind!" he insisted. "Ah was awake th' momen' Ah brought yer han' teh meh cock!"

Alice gasped and he grinned and kissed her again.

"By th' way, nice job, lass!"

I hope you enjoyed this as much as I enjoyed writing it. Well, that's not likely, but I hope you enjoyed it nonetheless! All comments welcome.

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