**Rosehip, Laudanum, Silk**

* by **kemenios**

**Summary**

"She was his Alice, and he was her Hatter."

**Notes**

Another one written for a friend, short and sweet. The characters are ambiguous. They were written for American McGee's Alice and a borderline-OC book-based Hatter, but feel free to interchange them with whatever version you fancy.

The darkness in Alice's green eyes sharpened; a feral, vorpal blade not so unlike the one gripped white-knuckled in her hand. Silver-edged, shining in the darkness, dancing over every smooth, pale curve. Moonlight, firelight, knifelight. It was so difficult to distinguish which was what and where time had led them. The girl was a blinding beauty, tempting and dangerous and entirely too intoxicating.

"Come closer," she challenged behind vicious eyes.

And Hatter dared, closing the distance between them in two long strides. In a moment, she was devoured. Mouth, heart, and soul, swallowed in the slow burn of the man's silent demand. Gloved fingers curled into dark hair, holding Alice into him just when he knew she would try to protest. Clever girl, but always so stupid, always questioning when answers should be clearer than crystal.

Her blade clattered to the floor, falling useless along with the rest of the girl's resolve.

How could resolve exist between them? For that matter, how could pride? Alice tasted of rosehip, smelled of laudanum, felt of silk. Hatter could steep himself in this virulence, this subtle violence.
He could lose himself in it completely. Even as Alice knocked back his hat, pulled fingers through the dark waves of his hair, clawed him down to the bloodsplattered cobblestones of the kitchen floor, Hatter swore he had never known a baser desire, nor one he so ached to resolve.

Because stripping away her dress was finer than trimming herbs, absolving her defenses more intricate than clockwork. Her bared skin was softer than any fabric, her curves a puzzling question for his lips to answer. Between her legs, he tasted something sweeter than any tea, and hotter still when it slipped across his tongue. And when he sank within her, when she cried his name, she was calling out for her Hatter, her lover; it was her obscured command for more, deeper, harder.

And when he fucked her, he was fucking his Alice, his beloved, regardless of what had been before.

Hatter often found himself pondering her in those moments. The flush creeping from her face, across her neck and her breasts; white flesh painted red like so many roses. Sighs and keens more attuned than the song of any garden, and the embrace below more intoxicating than any drug. Alice was a Wonderland in and of herself, and one that only Hatter would know. He was confident of that, when at last she shook and cried her completion, and he found his own blinding release within her. Confident that no one else would taste of her, confident that she would never allow it, and that her blade was far more than an idle threat.

Because she was his Alice, and he was her Hatter. Entwined, embroiled, entangled they would remain.

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