

A Visit To Wonderland

By Nickylion

“You know, as days go, today is pretty much a perfect day to get lost in the woods.” The speaker, a young mouse by the name of Carrow mused aloud before kicking a rock down the small dirt path he found himself on. The mouse’ walk had started innocently enough with a path not taken. The path in question was an odd one; a small dirt road that headed off into the woods not far from Carrow’s home. The mouse had passed this innocuous little path countless times in his life and never once had he seen anyone go in or return. In fact, the path itself had barely registered, not until today.

Today, this morning in fact Carrow had been about his chores when he’d noticed movement outside on the main road to his house. The day had really been pretty nice too. The sun was shining, there was a cool breeze that had prompted open windows, and hints of spring flowers were drifting on the breeze into the house through said windows. And it was those same windows being open that brought this lost path to Carrow’s attention.

Carrow looked up and gazed out the window just in time to see the lithe figure of what looked like a well-dressed rabbit bounding down the road. As the mouse continued to watch with a mix of awe and confusion the rabbit approached the mouse’ house only to pull something out of his coat pocket, stare at it for a long moment and then bound down the dirt path, into the woods.

Thinking the rabbit in danger, the confused mouse pulled his green shirt over his soft brown chestfur and headed out the door in pursuit of the rabbit. He dashed out, the door to his burrow swinging shut with a bang from the force of his exit, and beat a hasty dash for that dirt path. Just as quickly Carrow’s idyllic farm disappeared from view, hidden away as the mouse ran headfirst deeper and deeper into this lush forest.

At first the mouse’ pace was frantic, dashing after every glimpse of the white rabbit trying to catch something more than the briefest sight of white footpads or broken twigs. As time wore on every glimpse of the rabbit came fewer and farther between. Eventually the mouse staggered to a halt, leaning on a tree and panting heavily, looking, really looking around for the first time since he had entered the forest. The trees loomed up heavily, thick green canopy blanketing the sky and letting only the smallest shafts of light through. Turning about Carrow found that the path he had started down had long since vanished during his frantic chase after the rabbit.

He was well and truly lost.

Carrow trudged about in the forest. Somewhere high up above, the light had changed, making it, in Carrow’s best guess, early afternoon, “I am so completely lost. And I bet that rabbit got along just fine without me too.” The mouse sighed and sat down on a nearby log. And that’s when he noticed the twinkle of something gold and shiny peaking out from beneath a pile of leaves.

Brushing away the leaves revealed an ornate gold pocketwatch, still bright and shiny new, yet impossibly old and intricate in design. With trembling paws, Carrow reached out to pick up this beautiful object, but just as he was about to, the watch darted up and out of his reach.

“Oh, you found my watch! Thank you good mouse!” Carrow looked up to find the rabbit staring him down. The rabbit was tall and slender, clad in a pair of khaki riding pants and a very trim black vest with which he was fiddling, hooking his watch back into.

“I..wait, you’re not in trouble are you?” Carrow stood slowly, brushing the dirt and leaves that clung to his own pant legs off. The rabbit turned and cocked his head, regarding the young mouse with a curious stare.

“In trouble? Why would I be in trouble dear mouse?” The rabbit began to swing the watch idly back and forth, something in the gold catching the light in just the perfect way so as to draw Carrow’s eyes right to it, “If anyone is in trouble I would wager that would be you. Drawn so deep into the woods that you’ve no way to retrace your steps before dark. No food, no water, just a lonely mouse stuck in the woods.”

Carrow crossed his arms and frowned, “I was looking for you. I’ve never seen you round these parts until today and, well,” he shrugged sheepishly, “I thought you were in trouble dashing off into the woods like that.” Despite his defiance, the young mouse’ eyes never left the swinging watch. There was something Carrow could not quite put his finger on about the watch that was familiar. Was it the way it sparkled and gleamed in the light or was it...it was something, of that he was sure! It wasn’t until the watch came up in a lazy arc and was snatched out of the air that Carrow came back to his senses, blinking and shaking his head.

“Oh, you are a most special little rodent, aren’t you my good mouse?” Carrow felt himself nodding despite his earlier defiant statement, “Well I suppose if you came looking to help me it’s only fair I return the favor, don’t you agree? Come along mousey, my burrow’s not far from here,” the rabbit bowed slightly and offerend the confused mouse a gloved paw.

“I, well, okay,” Carrow stammered out, gently taking the proffered paw, “As long as it’s not fa-aaaaa-“ his statement was cutoff as the rabbit suddenly bounded off, tugging the mouse along the same way one might see a small child running about with a rag doll. Carrow tried to catch footing, but the leaping strides of the rabbit barely gave him a chance. Then, just as suddenly as it started the rabbit skidded to a halt before a large tree,

“Ah, we’re here. Good good, and not too much time to waste either. Come along now, my good mouse, down the rabbit hole we go,” Carrow opened his mouth as if to speak but the rabbit was already gone down into an opening beneath the tree. The mouse gulped, then crouched down and very slowly crawled forward into the burrow. The burrow itself was dark and cramped, and just as the mouse was beginning to wonder how this gentleman rabbit could possibly live in such a space, his front paws gave way and he was falling, down into darkness.

Carrow squeaked, arms shooting out looking for anything, roots, rocks, walls, that might arrest his fall before it began. They found nothing. Panic truly began to settle in, now he was falling down some impossibly large hole in the middle of a forest following some insane rabbit!? How could this possibly get worse? The answer to these thoughts came in the form of the large mushroom he landed upon, bouncing harmlessly up and down for a moment before rolling off and onto a bed of soft grass. Next to the rabbit who

had, somehow, managed to produce an umbrella and harmlessly glide down to the ground.

“I...I...what’s going on?” Carrow looked out at a sun-filled grassy meadow while the rabbit helped him to his feet, “Where are we? I mean, how did I fall so far...what did I land on...who are you...” the exasperated mouse continued on this line for a time. All the while the rabbit calmly pulled his time piece and examined it. Then, when it was clear the mouse was running out of things to express his confusion about, the watch began to swing about in his paws. At first it just twirled, each twirl sparkling in the unusual sunlight. Just as before Carrow’s eyes found themselves locking onto it.

“You have many questions, young mouse,” the rabbit’s voice was low and soft yet laced with a strange sort of power that pulled at Carrow’s attention, “I’m sure that once you calm down and take some time to let me explain,” the watch was swinging side to side now, and the once irate and confused mouse was now raptly listening to the rabbit’s voice, his eyes fixated on the slowly swinging watch.

“Good mouse, that’s right, take a few deep breaths. I know it’s a lot to take in all at once, but trust me, just keep breathing nice and slow. In, hold it,” the rabbit paused for a moment, watching as the mouse held his breath without realizing it, “and out now. Good mouse, that was relaxing wasn’t it?”

Carrow found himself nodding. He was feeling relaxed, really relaxed actually. All of the aches of his abused muscles were fading, “Fading away, that’s right, pretty mouse. Relaxed mouse. Sleepy mouse.” The watch was swinging back and forth at a decent click now. Or was it. It was hard to follow, harder still to think. The rabbit raised up the pocket watch, holding it at eye level with the mouse.

“This better sleepy mouse? Yes, I thought so. Just keep watching, going deeper and deeper, so nice to be this relaxed isn’t it, mousey?” Carrow managed a nod. He was feeling so relaxed now, so much so that it was getting hard to stay awake. He took a step forward and wobbled, “Oh, mousey’s getting sleepy is he? Well, perhaps you should come along this way, mousey.”

The watch began to move backwards, urging the sleepy mouse to take another step forward. Then another. And another. Soon the mouse was stumbling forward, eyes half-closed and oblivious to the strange new world around him. Time passed in a blur. It did not matter. All that mattered was the watch and the rabbit’s voice. He had to follow the voice and the watch. Always watching the watch, never caring about the rabbit’s hand around his wrist tugging him onwards, never noticing the large table set for tea or the large chair at the head of said table that looked so comfortable and plush. He just followed the rabbit’s voice, watched the rabbit’s watch and stood there, perfectly relaxed and perfectly obedient.

The rabbit chuckled softly at the sight before him. What was once a confused and irate mouse was now a very relaxed and blissfully obedient mouse, perfectly willing to do as he was told. The white rabbit circled his catch, idly fumbling with the watch. He’d long since stopped swinging it, but he knew that within Carrow’s mind it was still there, always sparkling, always pulling him deeper into the rabbit’s power. The rabbit ran his paw down the front of the mouse’s body, the soft touch eliciting an equally soft sigh, then a moan as that wandering paw drifted lower. Smiling broadly, the rabbit pondered what to do next.

“Yes yes, I think that will do nicely. Now then mousey, aren’t you feeling warm on a day like this in all those clothes? Yes I think you are, so warm, so downright hot aren’t you.” Carrow’s brow began to furrow and a paw lazily drifted upwards to tug at the collar of his shirt.

“You would feel so much cooler, so much sexier if you let me help you out of those clothes, wouldn’t you pretty mousey?” On cue, the mouse nodded, “Good mousey, now just relax and let the rabbit help you, yes.” Paws deftly undid the belt and button on the mouse’s pants, tugging them down to reveal the mouse’s half-hardening member. One paw gently wrapped itself about Carrow’s cock, massaging that velvety soft skin, coaxing it up to a full erection. The other paw busied itself with removing the mouse’s shirt, revealing a large golden pendant. The large black stone in the center seemed to pull at the rabbit’s mind for a brief moment, but the rabbit pulled his head away, proving he was the stronger of the two minds here.

“Much better, my sexy mousey. Now, why don’t you have a seat and have some of my special carrot tea, yes? You’d like that I’m sure. Have a seat now, such a comfy chair, there you are.” The mouse had sat down, legs spreading unconsciously while the rabbit’s paw worked over his arousal. One arm floated down to each of the chair’s arms.

“And now my sexy mousey, won’t you have some tea?” The rabbit sat at the tail end of the table and picked up a teapot, pouring the contents into a cup and bringing the cup to the rabbit’s lips, “Oh, right, I forgot, you’ve been bound to that chair by all those ribbons I wrapped around you! How silly of me.”

Carrow’s brow furrowed, eyes opening dreamily and staring at his predicament. Ribbons of fine silk bound his body to the chair, criss-crossing him in a way that made it impossible to move even an inch. The bound mouse struggled, his body straining at the ribbons which, to him at least appeared quite real and quite strong.

“I...wait...how are you...when did you...” the mouse stammered, his eyes half-open, his mind trying to fight through a fog of arousal and ever increasing desire to serve, to obey this handsome creature in front of him.

“Oh hush now, my little mousey. Enjoy yourself.” The rabbit hopped up on the edge of the table in front of Carrow, legs dangling into the helpless mouse’s lap. With a look of utter smugness upon his muzzle he brought a cup of tea rather daintily to his lips and began to sip. To make matters ‘worse’ for the mouse, the rabbit’s feet began to deftly stroke and manipulate the captive rodent’s now burgeoning erection. One foot slipped his arousal between toes, the other began to softly nuzzle and caress Carrow’s balls. The feeling was incredibly soft, the velvet fur upon the soft exposed flesh made Carrow moan, distracting him from his ‘bonds.’ Smiling the rabbit continued to stroke and manipulate the mouse, the gasps and whimpers that began to come from him absolute music to the rabbit’s ears.

“That’s it, little mouse. Enjoy yourself. Give in to the pleasure. Let me help you as you tried to help me.” The rabbit set the tea down with a soft clink of glass upon wood. Confused, aroused and helpless, Carrow looked up at his captor only to come face to face with the rabbit’s pocket watch dangling in front of his eyes.

“I...no...wait..please..please...” whimpers escaped the captive mouse as his eyes quickly fixated again upon the gold filigree, already lost in the maze of the gold inlay.

“Ooh, begging already. You must be enjoying yourself mousey. I can bring you further, help you more...you just need to give in, to obey the watch. You want to be

helped don't you?" The watch moved up and down, pulling Carrow's head in a similar fashion, "Such a good mouse. Falling so fast now, so aroused and eager. You like my paws, don't you mouse, you like how soft they are, how nice they feel against your rock hard cock, don't you my good mouse. Give in to them, mouse. Give in to me. Obey me and surrender to the pleasure."

The soft words tickling Carrow's ears were too much in conjunction with everything else. A stifled cry and eyes that rolled back into their sockets signaled an eruption from between the bound rodent's legs, coating the rabbit's feet with streams of sticky creamy mouse-cum. Panting, Carrow's eyes re-opened changed, empty. Twin pools of glazed obedience, they followed the watch on its endless arc back and forth. The rabbit continued to speak and soon Carrow's body slumped forward, spent and happy to obey, freed of the ribbons that had existed only within the rodent's mind. A hot cup of tea was brought to Carrow's lips. He drank. He obeyed. He did as he was told.

The warmth of the tea permeated him, making his body feel completely liquid, so much so that the mouse slid right out of the chair, down onto his knees. As the warmth suffused his body and pulled him into a deep sleep, Carrow's last view was that of the rabbit's feet descending into his muzzle, his last thoughts those of the rabbit's words telling him to clean up his mess.

When Carrow's eyes next opened, he was staring not at feet but at a simple pounded floor ceiling. Blinking slowly he stood, shaking his head slowly from side to side trying to clear out cobwebs. Try as he might, there was a layer of fuzz around his thoughts that he could not shake no matter how hard he tried. The fuzz surrounded his thoughts, made it difficult to move and more difficult to think. Sitting up took a great deal of effort, especially when the mouse realized that part of his problem was a length of rope binding his hands together and linking them to the foot of the bed.

"Oh good, my new pet mouse is awake, is he?" The rabbit crossed the room smoothly, carrying a kettle of tea that smelled heavily of carrots, "Perhaps more tea, yes mouse? Days like you had can certainly take their toll on the body. Best to have some tea, yes."

Carrow opened his muzzle to protest, but no sooner had he done so than the teacup was tipped to his lips. The tea itself was surprisingly syrupy and sweet, not too hot, but just warm enough that the mouse could feel a flash of heat rip through his body. Before he realized it the mouse had drunk the entire offered cup, looking back at the empty inside before managing a soft squeak.

"What...what was in that?"

"Why, something to help you, my good pet." Carrow tried to stand, tried to pull at his bonds, but the weakness, the fuzziness that had permeated his body was back in force, making any effort aside from simply sitting up night impossible. "I've always wanted a pet for my burrow, and when you showed up and showed so much interest in my watch," the rabbit gestured to the watch hanging from a nearby root, twirling slowly in the light, "I knew I just had to have you. I knew I had to make you mine."

The rabbit began to remove his own clothing, each article revealing another layer of gorgeous snow-white fur. The now nude rabbit sat down next to the helpless rodent,

hands pushing him back down onto the bed, “And I know,” he whispered into the mouse’s ear, “that you want to be mine too. I can feel it in you, deep down. You want to be mine. Say it mouse.”

“I want...I want to be yours.” As soon as the words came forth, Carrow knew them to be true. His eyes opened wide, locking onto the rabbit’s own eyes as the lapine put paws on either side of him, pinning the rodent to the bed.

“You want to be mine.”

“I want to be yours!”

“You want to be my pet, my cute little pet rabbit.”

“I want to be your pet, your cute little pet rabbit...I...wait..” further protests were cut off as the rabbit leaned in and pulled Carrow into a deep kiss. As the pair’s tongues entwined, the soft white fur of the rabbit began to appear on Carrow’s muzzle, growing and swirlingly spreading up and around the top of his head. The rodent moaned through the kiss, this tingling sensation spreading up his head and out into his ears, not seeing said ears begin to lengthen and become more and more like floppy lapine ears. It was not until one ear flopped down over his eye that he gasped, breaking the kiss and struggling helplessly to scramble backwards.

The white rabbit’s paws held fast, “Oh no no, no getting away from this, my little pet rabbit. You’ll be so beautiful when I’m done with you, my perfect little pet.” Carrow looked down, seeing the white begin to wrap around his arms and spread down his chest. Everywhere the rabbit touched was a wellspring of the white fur followed by a light pleasurable tingling sensation. Carrow began to pant as the white fur reached the bottom of his stomach, the spread out towards his butt and groin and out through his tail elicited a moan of pleasure.

“Y-your perfect little pet. Y-yes sir.” Carrow’s eyes closed, then re-opened lazily, riding the wave of tingling that was now flowing down his legs and down into his feet, strengthening and reforming his simple mouse legs into powerful taught rabbit legs and feet. His once long and bare mouse tail tingled, folding down in upon itself until it was a small leaf-shaped little puff of white.

As the magic of the tea finished, Carrow let out another moan, finally feeling the strength return to his body enough to sit up again. His new arousal stood out amongst the white fur, the only trace of the once brown rodent was a small trace of brown patches about Carrow’s left eye and a ears. The newly formed lop-bunny knelt in front of his new owner, staring into the white rabbit’s eyes with his own empty mindless orbs, “Yours, Master...your perfect pet.”

“Oh, very good pet, such a wonderful little rabbit you’ve made,” the white rabbit took Carrow’s paws in one hand and undid the knot that kept him bound, “now, stand up and turn around. Show me the beautiful little body I’ve gifted you with.” His pet rose and obeyed, but could only manage to turn halfway around before the white rabbit pounced upon him, throwing him down onto the bed again.

“I do believe I am quite happy with your new form,” the rabbit hissed into Carrow’s ear, “but I believe that further testing of your body is required, don’t you?” The white rabbit’s arousal pressed between the lop rabbit’s cheeks, a bead of pre-cum forming at the tip.

“Yes, Master...please test me. Please fuck your pet.” The lop rabbit twitched his tail and leaned back against his Master’s arousal. Any trace of the confused mouse was long gone now, replaced by a horny pet, eager for his Master’s orders.

“Well since you asked so nicely pet,” without a further word the white rabbit pulled back, then drove home his arousal, spearing his pet and eliciting a squeak that devolved into a guttural moan. Slowly the rabbit worked his cock in and out of his pet’s rear, fucking him slowly, building a rhythm that both rabbits began to work at.

With each thrust Carrow could feel the mouse inside him sink slowly away. Little pieces of Carrow’s former life began to disappear, the black stone that still lay inside the pendant around his neck also beginning to grow lighter, fading from black to grey, lighter and lighter. Both rabbits could feel their arousal begin to build, and the rutting began to take on a more urgent, needy speed.

“It won’t be long now, pet,” even the white rabbit’s gentlemanly demeanor was beginning to give way as the animal he was began to show through. His thrusts were short but powerful, over and over, driving himself into his pet who squirmed and moaned beneath him. With one final push the white rabbit bit down onto his pet’s shoulder, driving his cock deep within Carrow’s body, then shuddering as the orgasm overtook him. Seconds later Carrow’s body shook in response. The last of the mouse within Carrow was lost in the pleasure that overtook him.

The white rabbit held his pet, riding out their orgasms for several minutes before pulling the lop rabbit down onto the bed and wrapping a blanket about the pair, “That’s my good pet. Such a gorgeous pet you’ll make, I can already tell.” As the pair drifted off to a post-orgasmic nap, Carrow could only think about his Master, and the wonderful future they had together in each others arms.