



I can't believe this.




How is this even possible?

Simple.  
You said it  
yourself.

You're Alice.  
You can do  
anything.






Can I  
though?

Can I just  
call for some  
clothes and they  
magically appear  
on me?

Yes,  
you can.


What?





Okay, this may sound crazy, but if I try and go home through my parents house, will that take me home?

It might.

A woman with short reddish hair, wearing a white tube top and a black, high-cut, strappy skirt, stands in profile on a porch. She is looking down at a large, ornate, dark-colored door with intricate metalwork and brass handles. Her right hand is resting on one of the handles. The background shows a green lawn, a black metal fence, and trees under a bright sky. Two speech bubbles are present: one near her head and another to the right.

Okay,  
here goes.

Best  
of luck.



Who goes there?


Well, certainly took me somewhere.






Hi. I am Alice.

Sorry, I seem to have gotten lost somewhere.



Alice, you  
say?  
Ridiculous.

If  
you were,  
you'd not be  
lost.



How do you mean?


A character with dark skin, horns, and long red hair is seated on a red throne with gold trim. She has a stern, angry expression. She is wearing a grey long-sleeved top with a fishnet bodice and a black corset with silver buckles. Her hands are held out to the sides. The background consists of gold-trimmed marble columns.

Really?  
You don't even  
know that?  
Pathetic.



Yeah, I guess.

I was trying to go home, and kinda landed here.



And now you  
choose to  
grovel to me?

You disgust me.

OUCH





No,  
please  
stop.

I can go  
away again  
if I bothered  
you.





Silence, meat puppet!

**KICK**



Look  
at you.


Weak.  
Rotten. With no  
purpose.

Sporting that  
appendage, so easily  
manipulated.



There  
is your true  
reason for  
being.





A slave to  
this cock is what  
you are.

You are no  
Alice. You are  
meat.





Shit.  
How do I keep  
getting into those  
situations?



Do I  
just take  
her?

Is  
there nothing I  
can do?





Wait a second.

Depends, really. Wherever you want to go. Either way can lead you there.

All things happening to you from now on are because you decided they should.

It's fully your choice, and your choice alone.

You're Alice. You can do anything.



You forgot something.

Oh really?

You may manipulate the dick...



But you can't control me.



It's my  
choice in  
here.

I can give  
up on that  
cock.



ALICE?  
NOOOOOOO!

And I  
say...

A dramatic scene set in a Gothic cathedral. A large, ornate chandelier hangs from the ceiling, surrounded by a massive, intense explosion of golden light and sparks that fills the central part of the frame. The architecture features pointed arches and intricate stonework.

**КА-ВЛАММ**

BEGONE!

**TO BE CONTINUED...**