

Escape into Wonder

By

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Hello there, reader. Have I got a wonderfully weird tale for you! And kinky too! Though, I warn, it's not for the faint of heart.

The heroine of this story, no, scratch that, the exploited *victim* of this story, is a teenage girl named Allie. She has long blonde hair, big blue eyes, a cute smile, fair skin, and a bubbly personality in spite of her lowly station in life. Translation: Small town trailer trash.

Please allow me to provide a more explicit physical description. Admirers of nubile nymphs, pay heed to the following narration:

Allie's breasts haven't quite filled in yet, but her bottom certainly has. Her narrow waist and wide hips give way to a firm bubble butt that never fails to draw everyone's attention wherever she goes. With a frame so petite it borders on dwarven, she has no business walking around with such a fat ass. She only owns thong panties because all the other styles get sucked into her crack as if her asshole were a black hole in space. The fact that her wardrobe consists almost entirely of booty shorts and yoga pants is a sin against all men. Her step-father leers and her older step-brother flushes whenever she walks between the TV and couch when passing back and forth through the living room. She doesn't bother buying bras for the already stated reason. The outlines of her tiny nipples atop of her bantam boobies are nearly always visible, as she prefers wearing tight tank tops of light color, such as pink and peach. The majority of said tops are crop tops, and the others are cut-offs, because the only authentic piece of jewelry she owns is a belly ring, and damn if she isn't going to flaunt it. And yet, by some miracle, she has remained a virgin. Though, that's about to change.

The double-wide that she has known as home for all of her life is rather worn, to put it nicely. Some folks would call it ramshackle, and most often do.

The wall that originally divided her bedroom closet from her step-brother's was removed after being damaged from roughhousing years ago. Alex was using Allie's thick skull as a wrecking ball. What are big brothers for? When they were younger, it was fun sneaking into each other's rooms without their parents' knowledge for late-night pillow fights. But now that they are older, it's a daily annoyance. The rickety louvered doors don't provide much in the way of soundproofing, meaning Allie can hear Alex's every burp and fart and resulting chuckle, not to mention the lubed pumping of his nightly jerk-off sessions. They also catch each other in their underwear more often than not when retrieving clothing. The sight of Alex's morning wood bulging from his briefs always gives her a stir. It's frustrating enough sharing a cramped bathroom without sharing a joined closet too, but their step-father refuses to fix it. They're still being punished for wrestling in the trailer, apparently.

This twisted tale begins on a sunny Saturday afternoon with Allie lying on her tight tummy on a tri-fold beach lounge in the sliver of weeds and dirt and stray trash considered their modest backyard. The chair has, in fact, never seen a beach, same as Allie, and the hinges are so rusted, it can no longer be folded up. The plastic ribbons stretching across the frame, struggling to support her meager weight, had originally been purple, but the sun has bleached them bone white. Coincidentally, Allie's Brazilian bikini is the same shade of purple that the chair once was. The bottom piece of her bikini might as well be a thong, because her bubbled cheeks have devoured it completely. This wardrobe malfunction has not gone unnoticed by her neighbor, a balding middle-aged man and registered sex offender, who is peeking through his filthy blinds. You can imagine if you will, what he is doing while chewing his bottom lip.

Allie hums along with the pop music she is enjoying while wriggling her tiny toes and wriggling her round rump as she daydreams about an island paradise getaway with the sexy singer of the band.

When Allie begins to feel the burn on her bum, she flips onto her back, forgetting she had untied her bikini top, and her drooling neighbor's eyes go wide before rolling back under fluttering lids. It isn't until Allie decides she has gotten enough rays, that she realizes she has been topless for some time.

With her top reapplied, she saunters inside to the stench of Newports and Coors Light. Her step-father is sunken into his spot on the couch watching the NASCAR pre-game show. His eyes glaze as his gaze locks on her swaying tush as she passes through.

Her skin slick with sweat, Allie retreats into her bathroom to take a cool shower. She locks the door behind her so that if Alex comes home from roving the park with his buddies, he doesn't walk in on her. He never knocks before entering, as if he enjoys catching her sitting on the toilet. Boys are such strange creatures.

Dropping her top and plucking her bikini bottom from deep between her cheeks, she steps under the cool shower spray. With a soapy pouf, she gives herself a quick scrub. Then shaves a bit of stubble from her elfin mound for that smooth Barbie look.

With the bottoms of her cheeks poking out of her tattered towel, she prances from the bathroom into her bedroom. Her step-father yelps in surprised pain, having dropped a burning cherry on his round gut. Serves him right for ogling while her mother works a double shift at the diner.

Slinging her damp towel onto a door hook, Allie pulls open her closet to find Chester, the family furball, curled up on the top shelf. He knocked over most of the contains in the process of making himself a bed. She scoops him up and scoots him out her door.

As she picks the strewn items off the floor, she discovers a plastic sandwich bag packed with dried mushroom caps. It must belong to Alex. She knows she should put them back and pretend she never saw them, but an urge of curiosity decides otherwise. He won't notice if she only takes a few caps, is what she tells herself, not considering how her altered behavior may give herself away. She pulled a drag off of a joint one time and, once she awoke after coughing herself unconscious, swore she would never touch another drug. She is a definite lightweight.

Too excited to waste time getting dressed, Allie wraps her towel around herself and ventures through the living room to the kitchen, where she prepares a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, then hurries back to her room, giving her step-father a peep at the bottoms of her cheeks each way.

Pulling open the hastily constructed sandwich, she spreads a layer of mushroom caps in the peanut butter and recloses it. Smiling with eager enthusiasm, she wolfs down the entire sandwich. Then realizes she forgot to retrieve herself something to drink. Smacking her sticky lips, Allie returns to the kitchen for a can of Mountain Dew, giving her step-father yet another peek at her greatest asset.

As she attempts to return to her bedroom, her step-father reaches forward and grabs the front of her bare thigh. "Hey, sweetheart," he smirks, "why don't you sit your tushy down and watch the race?"

She glances at his hand still clutching her thigh, and gulps. "I, ah, have a project I need to finish. It's, um, it's really important."

Casually clutching the bulge of his crotch with his opposite hand, he glides his palm up and down her thigh. "Are you sure about that?"

A shiver surges up her spine, and she sputters, "Yea-yea-yeah, I have to get it done before Monday."

He reluctantly relinquishes her thigh. "Well, if you need help, just ask."

“Th-th-thank you.” She darts away and into her bedroom, her heart pounding in her ears.

After her ass grew plump at the onset of puberty, she knew from the way he gawked that he thought of her as something other than his step-daughter, but he has never been so aggressive. Teasing him in the towel must have triggered a temptation.

At the sight of the mushrooms, the whole experience is swept out of her mind. Anticipation returning her avid smile, Allie seals the plastic baggie and places it on the top shelf of the closet towards her step-brother’s side, and then replaces the other items that Chester had knocked down.

Tossing her towel, she slips on a white lace thong. Rummaging through her hanging clothing, she comes across a risqué baby-blue apron minidress that her step-father gave her for her last birthday, which her mother declared inappropriate for her age. If she is about to go on a magic mushroom trip, she might as well dress properly for the adventure.

Allie tugs on the minidress. Then digs through her sock bin until she finds the blue and white striped thigh-high stockings that came with the dress, and pulls them on. Next, she straps on her glossy black Mary Jane pumps. Stepping in front of her full-length mirror leaning against the wall, she giggles with glee. She looks like she climbed out of a fantasy storybook. A very naughty fantasy storybook. In fact, unbeknown to Allie or her mother, her step-father had to specially order the *stripper* costume through the local adult store, which didn’t carry it in Allie’s near-dwarven size. He thought *long* and *hard* about viewing her wear it.

Turning around and looking over her shoulder, Allie can see the ruffled hem of the skirt only reaches halfway over the curve of her bottom. Bending forward, the protruding lips of her tight slit become visible through her white thong.

Allie shoots upright at the smacking of the screen door springing shut, and rushes to close her rickety closet doors. Peeking through a missing slate, she watches Alex and his friend Brad enter his room. Though they speak in hushed whispers, she has no problem discerning each and every word.

Pulling down the sandwich bag of mushrooms from the top shelf, Alex picks a few out and returns the bag. “Two caps to party, four to blow your fucking mind.”

Brad hands Alex a bill in exchange for the caps, which he drops into a cigarette pack. “How the *fuck* did you afford all those?”

Alex snorts. “I didn’t pay for them upfront. I’m dealing for a dude. He’ll get me on the back end.”

It’s at this point that her step-brother’s first statement registers. She placed about twenty caps on her sandwich. If four will blow your mind, what will twenty do to you?! Perspiration sweeps across her brow as she ponders that question.

A note to the uninitiated to the realm of psychedelics: While you cannot physically overdose on shrooms, meaning they cannot kill you, you can lose your shit for several hours if you ingest too many.

Allie paces back and forth in her small room as her step-brother and Brad chuckle about random teenage boy bullshit. How could they possible laugh at a time like this?!

As you can see, Allie is already beginning to lose her shit and the mushroom trip hasn’t even begun yet.

She paces faster and faster as her anxiety ratchets higher and higher, until Allie makes the foolish choice to climb through her closet into Alex’s room as if it were the fantasy world of Narnia. She’s not big on books but she’s seen the movies. Don’t judge her, you’re not exactly reading high art yourself.

Allie bursts through the louvered doors on her hands and knees with a shocked expression, as if she were expecting to find something else completely. The sunlight spilling through the windows behind the boys wreathes them in halos of rainbow radiance. Her trip has begun.

Brad's lower jaw drops and her step-brother's Adam's apple bobs as he swallows hard as Allie ascends to her feet.

Allie blurts, "So you're a drug dealer now or something?"

Shaking his head and blinking, he eventually responds, "What are you cosplaying now or something?"

In her agitated state, she had forgotten what she was wearing. Glancing down at herself, she blushes, and then lies, "I need to do laundry. This is all I have."

Finally finding his voice, Brad dares, "Turn around and let me see that fine booty."

Her mind cloudy with confusion, she performs a slow spin without thinking, flaring the skirt and flashing them her bottom.

As if she couldn't hear him, Brad gushes, "*Damn*, your step-sister has the *finest* fucking booty in the whole park!"

To Allie's surprise and dismay, Alex replies, "I think you mean the whole high school."

Brad nods, "I stand corrected."

"*Alex*," hisses Allie angrily, "I'm standing right here, you know!"

Brad arches a brow with a slow exhale of acclaim. "Yeah, you are. Goddamn, girl."

"What," Alex shrugs, "can't I give my step-sister a compliment? Don't pretend you didn't know you had a banging booty."

Fists stout on her curvy hips, Allie takes a stomping step forward. "You're my step-brother! You shouldn't even be looking!"

Alex laughs. "Like I have a choice. Am I supposed to walk around fucking blindfolded?"

"He's right," adds Brad. "Your booty *always* be on display."

She scoffs, "Well, I can't help what God gave me."

"*Shiiit*," drawls Brad. "I didn't know your wardrobe was a gift from the almighty himself."

Alex explodes into belly-clutching laughter, falling backward onto his bed.

Allie narrows her gaze at Brad and discovers his eyes are glassy and red. They're both stoned. That explains Alex's blatant comments about her ass.

With a huff, she spins on a heel and marches toward the closet to leave.

Brad snickers, "I hate to see you go, but I love to watch your booty sway as you walk away."

Allie sinks to her knees and crawls through the closet, fully aware her bubbled bum is exposed for their viewing. Rather than her step-father.

Back in her bedroom, she closes her closet doors and overhears Brad whisper, "Bro, her pupils are *mad* big. She is tripping balls for sure."

Alex rejects, "She doesn't do drugs or even drink beer."

"Yeah," Brad snorts, "and you weren't a dealer last week. I'm telling you, she's tripping."

"No," Alex insists, "she's probably on her period or something."

"*Dude*," Brad chuckles, "you totally flunked health class, didn't you?"

Alex spats, "Fuck health class."

"How about I fuck your step-sister's big round booty instead?"

"Yeah, good luck with that."

Not wanting to hear any more talk about her ass, Allie puts on her headphones and plops onto her daybed. As she stares up at the poster of her pop band singer crush pinned to the ceiling, it feels like insects are crawling around on the inside of her skull.

I know I promised you a wonderfully weird tale and up until this point, I have failed to do so, but everything until now was necessary to set the stage for the madness to come. And come it shall, indeed! There will also be plenty of creamy *cum* as well.

For the next thirty minutes, with her eyes closed, Allie taps her heel against the decorative metal railing of her daybed while humming along with the upbeat music, completely unaware that she is sinking farther and farther into her mattress, as the bed itself descends deeper and deeper into darkness.

When the album concludes, she opens her eyes to find herself embedded in her mattress, looking up from a dark hole toward the distant dim light of her bedroom above.

The foot she had been tapping is free, meaning she can work one ankle, but the rest of her body is firmly stuck in place. She pulls and tugs, grunting with effort, but to no avail, and begins to weep, fearing she will never escape the fluff of her mattress.

She struggles internally with the thought of calling out to her step-brother for aid, but her anger and pride win out in that inward debate.

A sudden vibration silences her. Even through the cotton in her ears, she can hear a burrowing sound coming from the dirt wall beside her. The sound is growing nearer. She is not sure if this is a reason to panic or grounds for hope.

Clumps of soil spill onto her comforter and the head of a white rabbit pops out and looks her up and down with a smirk. His two front paws reach out and press against the wall, and he tumbles into a flip onto her belly. He shivers, shaking dirt from his white fur, and turns toward her with a grin.

Hopping onto her chest, he questions, "What is a nice girl like yourself doing in a dark dang place this?"

Rather than reflect on the ramifications of a talking rabbit, Allie replies, "I don't know."

Pink nose twitching, he asks, "How did you get here?"

Allie frowns. "I don't know."

He sits up on his hindquarters. "Do you know where *here* is?"

Allie sighs. "I don't know."

"You don't know much of anything, do you?"

She groans, "Can you help me? I'm stuck in here."

He scratches his chin in a very non-rabbit way, as if puzzling out a solution, and finally, he answers, "I don't know." He smiles, "But I do have an idea."

She exhales a breath of relief. "Thank you, Mr. Rabbit."

He bounds into the air, incredibly high, appears to hover for a moment as if building up momentum, and then slams down on her chest. With a loud echoing pop, she is shoved through the other side of the mattress onto the dirt floor below the bed. She crawls out from under, climbs to her feet and dusts herself off, none the worse for wear.

The rabbit utters a low whistle as she turns around. "I have never seen a rump more ripe for a thumping in all my days."

Allie rolls her eyes in annoyance. "Not you too. I'm more than just an ass."

"Yeah," he bobs his head, ears flopping, "you've got a nice pair of lips too. Plump and pink and puckered." He winks. "I bet they would look great wrapped around the base of my prick."

She recoils, “You can’t be serious. You’re a fuzzy bunny.”

He grins. “Looks can be deciding, sweet cheeks. Trust me.”

Allie huffs, “Never mind my lips and ass. How do we get out of here?”

“I might be a bunny,” he gives her a deadpan look, “but I know enough to try the door handle.”

She blinks. “What door handle? I don’t see any handles.”

He deliberately turns his head and she follows his gaze to a golden knob sticking out of the dirt wall. “That would be the one.”

She eyes him with suspicion. “But there’s no door there. What’s the point of a door handle with no door? That just doesn’t seem logical.”

The rabbit cocks his head. “Maybe it’s covered in dirt. Give it a turn. What have you got to lose?”

Allie thinks about that for a moment, glancing up at her bedroom so far above. Seeing no other option, she grips the knob and twists. A sensation like liquid lightning surges throughout her body and the world turns inside out.

Starburst galaxies and spiral nebulas swirl around Allie like her head has been dipped in a cosmic cotton candy machine. For a fleeting moment, all the mysteries of the universe are revealed in simple understandings. And then as if evacuated from the bowels of creation, Allie lands on steady ground.

The towering iron gates of a vast amusement park lay open before her, inviting her to enter the merry madness. Twirling spotlights and glittering fireworks of a multitude of vivid colors illuminate the night sky above an immense Ferris wheel and a convoluted roller-coaster track. A whorling and whirling pink mist carpets the mirrored floor. Midget clowns chase one another on roller skates with sparklers. Baby-faced clowns float through the air via bunches of balloons. Pudgy clowns on stilts belch billowing clouds of purple flames. A warped electronic version of carnival music gives the cheerful chaos a mood of menace.

A paw grips her shoulder as an arm wraps around her and Allie blinks up at the white rabbit, who has grown tall and muscular. He has taken on a human form, though he is still fuzzy with floppy ears. She gulps at the sight of his thick dangling member.

He gestures toward the park with a pink padded paw. “Welcome to your personal wonderland.”

Allie beams at him in awe. “All this for me?”

“Yup,” he nods with a smirk, “sure is. It was no trouble at all. A deity owed me a favor. Well, he’s a devil actually.”

This is the end of the free preview of [Escape into Wonder](#).
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