

“..Okay, the hole.. actually opened. That's *weird*. But.. Right, no. This is the whole point, Janet. You wanted to see if Grandma Alice's diary was real..”

Janet was still hesitating, she'd had to go and draw the circle in white chalk while setting up little stuffed animal totems – and that hadn't worked the first time either. No, she'd had to get the *costume* on, and frame the whole ritual and the hole in the broken shell of a huge mirror. The blue and white, puff sleeves, knee length and just layer upon layer of frills? All of it was bulky and strange and she *hated* it but the ritual was painstakingly specific. Now she had a big, black hole in the floor of her attic and its yawning emptiness wanted her to jump in..

Hesitating was natural.. it was a black pit, but..

“Wonderland, here I come. I can't *wait* to try those mushrooms~”

Stepping inside as if dropping into a pool, Janet felt a rush of air around her and a tingle in her.. well, everything. The rush of the drop, the fact that this was *real* and not some drug-fueled fever dream from her grandmother? They were *intoxicating*, even if that excitement was making her feel a bit sweaty and a little ripe. Janet made herself ignore that, or.. tried to.

As the falling continued and Janet felt the dress billow out under her like a parachute it started to look like she'd be in the air a *long time*. Which left her right next to that sharp funk rolling out from the collar of the dress. It wasn't *just* feeling sweaty though, Janet felt.. bloated? There was an odd pressure as she fell, like the air was heavier and more humid, and like all of it was seeping into her body. Of course.. it was pooling between her legs more than anywhere else. Enough that something was feeling.. wrong? Janet started to struggle with her fall and reach down for the dress hem, only to find that as she bent over she split a seam. And once that happened..

“Oh gawd.. Oh it feels.. It's h-hot, a-and.. in- *Bwurphhbb*- eugh! Wha..”

Something was swelling, and all of Janet's insides were writhing on her. The panties she was wearing stretched outward until a sharp moment of pain and then a *snap* released.. something? It wasn't easy for Janet to sort out, there was just too damn much sensation. Something thick and meaty pressing against her thighs and growing larger and longer, a wild itching across the skin of her legs, a shot of pleasure that didn't feel like anything she knew before.. And more of that sound of popping threads and seams to go with it. The dress was destroying itself, steadily and certainly.

That *itching* though.. it was *maddening*. There was no ignoring it, no tolerating it, Janet reached down to try again and started tearing at the dress in desperation to scratch at *something*

only to end up frozen when she finally got a rip through the layers and saw her legs. More specifically, saw the *fur* growing there. Lavender striped with darker purple, growing in patches that were gradually merging with each other all down her legs. Worse yet, as they got to her feet there was a kind of creaking sensation that paired with it – which was *probably* a mercy. One would expect one's bone structure spontaneously altering itself to *hurt*. All Janet got out of it was weirdness feeling her feet stretch and her toes turn to big soft pads wrapped in fur.. and then a burst of near *blinding* pleasure when the entire skirt fell off the dress, her panties going with it, and she saw the rest of what had changed.

Specifically, the way her thick furry hips had a *huge* cock dangling between them now. All that pressure and weird pleasure rooted in a long, throbbing shaft that the wind was buffeting up toward her face. Janet reached out to try and hold it back, but then- *Thwomp*.

Grass. She'd landed soft and in a heap of grass, out in what looked quite like a pleasant meadow on a sunny day. Though everything did look curiously *big*. Janet struggled to stand on her odd, feline feet and then found herself forced to contend with that giant dick and how it was getting stiffer by the moment.

“W-what.. in hell, no, come on! This.. This isn't supposed to b-be..”

That pressure she'd felt before went through a resurgence. It wasn't coming from around her this time, but inside. Janet felt her body bloating, thickening all around and splitting more seams while it was at it. Her right arm reached out and curled around the underside of that cock while parts of her relaxed, unbidden, and she let a bellowing *VwurumphhRRRRBBBPHT* out into the greenery behind her. Janet's lip curled as she felt that itching spread up her belly and toward her chest, with a fresh throbbing starting to take root inside of there.

“Well, *Wonderland* can't really be itself without the likes of me though.. can it? I mean-”

A tiny shriek preceded Alice dropping the newly grown dick as fast as she could, stepping backward, and trying not to fall on her unfamiliar feet only to be saved by the tail she was growing into helping her balance. Though the sheer intensity of the aftershock of a *Fwurrumphbb-frrpphbt- FRUWURPHHHBBT-* that hit her nearly sent her down again.

“Oh god, oh *gawd* what.. no, that wasn't.. I didn't mean to-”

A sharp 'twang' in her nerves left Janet stumbling again. This time it sent her over, down onto all fours, just in time to see her hands start to change on contact with the ground. Her fingers

ballooned out into big, useless pawbs with fat beans on the end and fur bursting out of her skin. Her round, feline body was almost completely grown in.. though cats didn't usually have *ridiculous* tits to go with their leg-sized cocks, and she still did. They were pressing against the ground, still swelling up well past the size of her head and starting to hurt from the weight pushing against them. At least, until-

“Stay away *nearly* so long. It's *good* to be home. Now, let's see, how did it work?~”

Alice shivered as she spoke again, words flowing from somewhere she couldn't quite figure out. Clawing her way back from that place took effort, and left the fur stalled around the edge of her neck and chin while the rest of her body just started acting on its own. She reared up on her hind legs, breasts still *almost* touching the ground, resting on either side of her cumberingly giant dick, and let out a fog-horn loud *VwwurrrumphhbbFRWURPHHRRRPHHTT-* that set a cloud of purplish, rancid vapor out around her.. and left her body floating upward on it. If nothing else it relieved the pressure, inside and out.

“N-no.. I didn't say that, I – oh god I stink.. why? This isn't w-what I was l-”

Still farting, an endless bellowing stream of noxious fumes spewing out of her, the cat floated gently and almost elegantly through the air while starting to paw at their tits and try to get their dick sandwiched between them. Try as Janet might, she couldn't stop the fur and the accompanying changes to the rest of her flesh from creeping up her face – through her bones – through everything left of her. The resistance withered, bit by bit, until that last impulse to beg and plead fell away to a rumbling purr of understanding.

“*Wasn't what I was looking for? B- **bwurphhb-** ut then, what does one find in a Looking Glass? Except the truth of yourself~”*