

WONDERLAN

TEE & A PARTY

OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN...

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW HARD IT IS TO HAVE THE ENTIRE WORLD REVOLVE AROUND JUST YOURSELF?

THE STRAIN IT MEANS TO HAVE EVERYTHING DEPENDENT ON YOUR CHOICES, AND THE HORRORS YOU FACE FOLLOWING THE MIND OF A MAD STORYTELLER?

Teysia






I FUCKING
HATE YOU.

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

A woman with black hair, red eyes, and glasses, wearing a black suit and high heels, stands in a server room. She is looking towards the camera. The room is filled with blue server racks and has a wet, reflective floor. A speech bubble is positioned in the center of the image.

HELLO, ALICE.
I NEED A NEW STORY TOLD.
YOU KNOW THE DRILL.



**YOU KNOW,
I'D PREFER TO
TELL YOU TO
FUCK OFF AND
DIE.**

**LAST TIME I
DID THOUGH,
YOU HAD THAT
GRINNING CAT
SKULL FUCK ME
FOR HOURS.**

**WHAT'S IT
GONNA BE THIS
TIME?**

A screenshot from a video game. In the foreground, the profile of a character with long, wavy blue hair is visible, looking towards the right. In the background, a woman with short black hair, glasses, and glowing red eyes is leaning forward. She is wearing a black blazer over a white collared shirt and a black skirt. A speech bubble above her contains the text: "OH, NOTHING SINISTER. JUST A SWEET LITTLE DANCE, AND SOME JOY FOR CONSUMERS." The setting appears to be an industrial or office environment with pipes and lights in the background.

OH, NOTHING SINISTER.
JUST A SWEET LITTLE DANCE,
AND SOME JOY FOR
CONSUMERS.



**YEAH, RIGHT.
LIKE IT'S EVER THAT
SIMPLE.**



ALRIGHT,
MY RED
QUEEN.

SEND ME TO
WHATEVER IT IS
YOU'RE
COOKING UP.

YOU KNOW,
YOU MIGHT ACTUALLY
ENJOY SOME OF THIS IF
YOU WEREN'T SO
SINISTER ALL THE
TIME.

FWOOSH!





OKAY, ALICE,
GET A GRIP.

FIND OUT WHAT THIS
WORLD IS ALL ABOUT.

IT'S THAT BODY MORPHING STUFF AGAIN.

LOOKS LIKE IT'S IN PURE FORM THIS TIME THOUGH, NOT DILUTED MIXED INTO FOOD OR DRINK AT ALL.



**AND WHATEVER
THE FUCK THIS IS.**

**DANCE
TIME**



I GUESS IT'S THE TRIGGER FOR WHATEVER CAUSES MY BODY TO CHANGE?



I'VE NEVER HAD THIS STUFF IN RAW FORM. I WONDER HOW IT'LL BE DIFFERENT.





FUCK ME SIDWAYS,
IS THAT A STRONG RUSH,
THOUGH.

OH, FOR CRYING
OUT LOUD.





HELLO, ALICE,
MY DEAR.



OF COURSE IT'S
FUCKING HIM.



PLAY NICE ALICE.

LAUGH AT HIS FUCKING BULLSHIT,
IT'LL BE WORSE IF YOU DON'T.



WHY,
HELLO AGAIN,
HATTER.

YOU HAVING
A PARTY ALL BY
YOURSELF THIS
TIME?



I WAS
HOPING YOU
COULD JOIN ME,
DO A LITTLE
DANCE?

Be Your Own Kind of Beautiful



WHY,
CERTAINLY.



I PUT A COSTUME FOR YOU IN THAT BOX.

OKAY, LET ME PUT IT ON.

WHAT A SHITTY
IDEA OF A
COSTUME.

YOU SURE HAVE A
TYPE, YOU SICK FUCK.

HOW DO I
LOOK?



A man with long, wavy red hair and a black top hat with a brown band is seated at a table. He is wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt, a dark tie, and a brown vest with yellow panels on the lapels. He is looking towards the right with a slight smile. His hands are clasped with the hands of another person whose face is not visible. The table is covered with a white lace tablecloth, and a floral-patterned plate is visible in the bottom left corner. The background shows a wooden floor and a grey stone pillar.

LOVELY, DEARY.

NOW, PLEASE
PERFORM A LITTLE
DANCE FOR ME,
WILL YOU?

A 3D rendered character, likely a female, is shown from the waist up, leaning against a vertical pole. She has blonde hair with a blue headband, blue eye makeup, and red lipstick. She is wearing a white halter-neck top with blue stripes and a blue skirt with a white floral pattern at the hem. She has a large tattoo on her left shoulder and a tattoo on her lower back that says "TRUE". A speech bubble is positioned to her right, containing the text: "OH, I KNOW JUST WHAT DANCE TO DO, DON'T YOU WORRY." The background consists of a pink curtain and a white lampshade hanging from the ceiling.

OH, I KNOW JUST
WHAT DANCE TO DO,
DON'T YOU WORRY.

MAYBE THIS WON'T BE
SO BAD AFTER ALL.





I CAN FEEL THE MORPHING SUBSTANCE CHANGING ME ALREADY.



**BUT IF IT'S JUST A DANCE,
AND NO DIRTY FUCKERY,
I GUESS I'M IN THE CLEAR.**



AT LEAST OVER HERE
I HAVE SOME SPACE
BETWEEN THE TWO
OF US.



I CAN FEEL THE STUFF
ACTING ON ME, GROWING
MY CURVES ALL OVER.

BOY HOWDY,
IS THAT A RUSH.





**FEELING THE
HORMONAL RUSH LIKE
IN PUBERTY AGAIN.**




MY BODY IS
STRETCHING ALL
OVER LIKE CRAZY.



THIS IS DOING A
NUMBER ON MY
LUST LEVELS.



I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW
FUCKING MASSIVE I'VE
BECOME ALL OVER.



FUCK, MY PUSSY IS
ACTING UP LIKE CRAZY.

I NEED SOMEONE
TO FUCK ME.



COME
OVER HERE,
HATTER.

FUCK MY
WANTING PUSSY
WITH YOUR MANLY
COCK.

OOHHH!!!

CRASH

CLUTTER

HUH?



OH, FOR
FUCKS SAKE.



TYPICAL MAN.



FWOOSH





THERE WE GO.
WASN'T THAT FUN?

FUN?
I'M GONNA WANK
MYSELF OFF FOR THREE
DAYS STRAIGHT TO RELEASE
THAT AMOUNT OF
SEXUAL TENSION.





BY THE WAY,
YOU FORGOT TO
CHANGE A FEW
THINGS BACK.

A woman with short black hair, red eyes, and black-rimmed glasses is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a white collared shirt under a black blazer. She has a necklace with a circular pendant. She is holding a large, textured black bag with a white stripe. A speech bubble is positioned above her head. The background shows a building with a window and some colorful graffiti.

I DON'T SEE
ANYTHING
WRONG HERE.



ARE
YOU FUCKING
KIDDING ME?

BYE, ALICE.
SEE YOU NEXT
STORY.

HEY
THERE, ALICE.
GOING BIG TIME
AGAIN?

ZIP IT,
BUNNY.

LIFE JUST
DECIDED TO
FUCK ME.



DISTRICT 18 >

AND HOW
ABOUT I FUCK
YOU AS WELL?

YOU KNOW HOW I'M ALWAYS COMPLAINING A LOT HOW LOADS OF BAD STUFF HAPPENS TO ME?

YES!
HARDER!





AMAZING,
ALICE. I LOVE
THIS.

EVERY
NOW AND
THEN...



...THINGS DO
TURN AROUND
OUT OF THE BLUE.

SMACK
SMACK
SMACK

BROKE

18 >

AND I DON'T HATE LIFE
AS MUCH WHEN THEY DO.

CUMMING!!!

YES!!!!

THE END