

## My Wonderland is Shattered

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# **My Wonderland is Shattered**

by [Lillielle](#)

## Summary

AU. The Dollmaker has almost shattered Wonderland completely. Can Alice wake up and realize what is going on before it's too late?

I've never been to the Dollhouse before. It sets me on edge, wandering through the broken toy blocks, the mismatched jack in the boxes, the patched-up dolls with misshapen faces and bloody stitches. I don't know where to go, or what to do. I'm lost. Lost in my own mind, and what a pickle this has been.

It's never easy in Wonderland, I know that, and even if I forgot, the bloody Cat would be sure to remind me. But it's different here. It's quiet, for one, except for the squeaks and whistles of the toys. There's nothing around, not for miles. Not alive, at any rate. And when I enter a doll house, crooked shutters askew from a broken window, the air is musty, noisome with some noxious breath that makes my lungs clench.

And the eyes are always watching. That's the most damnable thing about the Dollhouse, the eyes are always fucking watching, and I can't do anything about it. I've tried, believe me. I stabbed one with the Vorpall Blade, pulling it out with a thick, toothsome sound, but it did nothing. Even with a great bloody gash through it, the damn eye still watched me. I've given up now. Let them watch. Let them see Alice, lost and alone. And afraid.

But how can I not be afraid? I'm cracking up. The Infernal Train will destroy all. Destroy me. And what will be left of Alice when it has passed? Dr. Bumby would laugh. Claim that it's all because of my memories. Forget your memories, Alice! But I can't. They won't let me forget.

There's only one place left in the Dollhouse to explore. To find the truth. But I don't want to go into the Factory. I don't want to meet the Dollmaker. I think I know who it is, and I don't want to see. Does that make me coward? I'm sure the Cat would say yes. Mad Hatter, too, were he alive once more.

But they are not me and I am not they, and never the twain shall mock each other once more. But there really is no more reason to put it off and so I approach, hesitant, my boots crunching on the small plastic bones of dead children. The door is unlocked (of course--is it ever not?) and I slip inside.

The air is thick and musty here, and it is difficult to breathe. The machinery is everywhere. Dolls are everywhere, in varying stages of use and repair. All of them are naked. Formless. It makes me feel sick, and I have to take long, flat breaths through my nose to avoid spewing the contents of my stomach over the blueprint-papered floor.

To sleep, perchance to dream, but is this dream or reality or simply purest folly? I can no longer tell and my footsteps make no sound as I come ever closer to the center of the Factory.

The Dollmaker is there, his back to me. I can hear him humming to himself, some dark, twisted lullaby that makes my blood churn. There are so many dolls here, and their wide crystalline eyes seem to plead with me. Don't let him take us. Don't let him touch us. Don't let him hurt us. I cry out to them silently. Of course I won't let him! But I know the words are hollow. How can I save the dolls when I can't even save myself?

I approach, closer, and closer still. The Vorpall Blade is slack against my side, I cannot use it on him.

He turns, muttering to himself, and suddenly, for a brief moment, I am no longer in Wonderland, I am supine on Dr. Bumby's couch, and there are fingers touching me, fingers everywhere. And my dress is down to my waist and his hands are there, cupping my breasts as he leans closer and the stench of his breath ghosts across my lips. His kiss is like poison, but I cannot move. He whispers to me what a lovely girl I am, how like Lizzie I am, how much he enjoys this, breaking me, molding me. His perfect little Doll, and then I blink, and I am back in Wonderland.

And the Dollmaker has Dr. Bumby's face and Dr. Bumby's hands and he has a hold of me now, as well, twisting me, my bones now pliant as a doll's, and he plants a kiss on my painted rosebud mouth, and strokes down my naked plastic body, centered on the smooth featureless shell between my legs. And somehow I feel a shock of pleasure quiver through my body and I try to speak, but again, I can say nothing.

"Alice," the Dollmaker whispers, distorted, but I can understand. "My lovely doll. My beautiful creation."

Yes, I breathe, and I know somehow that something is wrong, something is badly wrong, I can hear the shriek of the Infernal Train's whistle growing louder and louder, the cacophony in my head splitting it open, but I can do nothing. I dangle limp, helpless, in his hand.

"Alice," Dr. Bumby says, pulling me back. "Tell me of your Wonderland."

And I fall.

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