**What Happened to Alice**

by[SikFuk](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1939459&page=submissions)©

Alice laughed to herself as she stripped naked and stepped into the sheer seersucker outfit. With spaghetti straps on top and breezy loose shorts on the bottom, it was the perfect ensemble for a summer day. Flicking her hair back, she was startled by the jiggle of her boobs in the mirror. She had never gone braless in public before, but today would be different, because today was Nude Day.  
  
She saw it on the internet, accidentally, while she was googling body image issues for a Sunday school class she was teaching at Pastor Bob's church. Alice wasn't the type to dwell on such prurient topics, but after two years of waiting for her dreamy Pastor Bob to notice her, she saw Nude Day as the perfect excuse to break out on her own, rid herself of her unhealthy infatuation with the handsome, young preacher.  
  
Her plan was to hike up to the hidden cove at the north end of the beach, which doesn't sound that exciting, except that she would be naked under her revealing outfit. No panties. No bra. No nothing. Once she got to the cove, she'd strip naked, assuming no one else was there, of course. She wouldn't stay naked, but at least she'd be doing something she'd never done before.  
  
Checking the mirror one more time, she let out a shaky sigh. What a shame Pastor Bob wouldn't be seeing her in the sexy outfit. She had purchased it last summer specifically for him, intending to wear it to the church picnic, but she chickened out at the last minute. But there would be no chickening out today. Today she would be working those spaghetti straps, finally taking charge of her life after years of standing by like a spectator. Yes, today, the spectators would be watching her for a change, marveling at her jiggling boobs and long legs, with her peachy ass like an exclamation point declaring her desirability.  
  
Living just a few blocks from the beach, she had made the walk many times, usually lugging her Bible and other necessities in her Banana Republic tote-bag. Sometimes she'd write in her journal, gazing out at the pounding surf, but today all she brought with her was her clutch purse and a water bottle.  
  
Striding down the slope towards the water, the wind fluffing her hair like the mane of a ship's masthead, she could feel her nipples puckering against her flimsy top. She glanced around casually, watching for the telltale signs that her almost-nakedness was obvious to the many onlookers, but no one was paying attention. They were all going about their weekend beach business, flying frisbees, walking their dogs, or dashing down into the crashing surf, whooping and hollering with abandon.  
  
She made it to the shoreline without incident, other than encountering the piercing gaze of a gray-haired old man, watching her every move. And what a thrill that gave her. She was tempted to walk right past him, stopping so he could peek up inside her shorts, but she chickened out at the last minute.  
  
Down at the waterline, she squeaked through the wet sand, her eyes darting one way and then the other, watching for signs of recognition. A few joggers passed, including a sinewy twenty-something with a goatee. He gave her a knowing smile, and she blushed. Could he tell?  
  
She turned and watched him receding into the distance, wondering if perhaps she should follow him, when suddenly, a soaking wet dog bounded up and planted his wet paws against her tummy.  
  
"He just wants to play" a voice said from over her shoulder. An older guy appeared; salt and pepper hair, pearly white teeth. "Here you go, Beevis" he said, flinging a piece of driftwood off into the receding water. "He probably thinks you're the neighbor who's always giving him treats."  
  
Alice smiled at the man, but his gaze was fixed on her torso. She looked down and her heart jumped into her throat. The dog's paws had left big wet blotches on her gauzy shorts, and now her wispy brown bush was showing through as if she was wearing nothing at all.  
  
"Oh my God," she gasped, clasping her hands in front of her. She spun on her heel and walked briskly down the beach, her heart pounding, waiting for the sickening thud of footsteps behind her. After a safe distance, she stopped and took a peek over her shoulder. Thank God the dog man was gone. Breathing a sigh of relief, she trudged on, hoping to reach the hidden cove before anyone else showed up.  
  
The trail to the cove was perilous, snaking along the edge of the cliff. The water was a good ten or fifteen feet below, broiling with white foam as the surge of the waves crashed up against the rocks. She stopped to breath the salty air, and that's when it happened. An unusually large wave rolled in, and with a slap that sounded like thunder, she was drenched with spray. Recoiling from the blast, she lost her balance, and suddenly, she was skidding off the edge of the cliff.  
  
In one of those slow motion moments, where time seems to stop, she realized if she fell straight down, she'd land on the rocks. In that split second, she managed to plant her foot against the side of the cliff and propel herself out towards the water.  
  
"No!" she warbled, sailing like a seagull above the swirling caldron of surf. She belly-flopped into the water with such force, it almost knocked the wind out of her. She closed her eyes, waiting for the bone-splintering impact of her body hitting the rocks below the surface, but it never came. The water was much deeper than she thought. When she recovered from the impact and tried stand, she promptly sank below the surface, getting a huge mouthful of foam in the process.  
  
"Help!" she gurgled, struggling against the powerful current as the water in the cove receded. She flailed, she splashed, and in a matter of seconds, her top was clear down to her waist, the broken spaghetti straps dangling like the tentacles of an octopus. But that was the least of her worries. The current was pulling her out towards the jagged rocks, and if the current won, she'd be bashed to bits. She grasped frantically at the seaweed-covered rocks, trying to get a hold of something, anything.  
  
Just before she was tossed out into the treacherous depths, the current sighed, and reversed directions. She found a rock to hold onto, but her feet were still dangling, as if they belonged to a broken marionette. The next wave came in, and although she was able to hold on to the rock, her one-piece outfit was no match for the current. The rush of the water was like fingers stripping the pretty white cloth down her hips, till suddenly, she was naked.  
  
She watched in horror as her new outfit floated out to sea, a pitiful little swirl of white in the choppy water. "I'm sorry, God," she babbled, "I didn't mean to, to..." she looked down at her nakedness, clutching her rock for dear life. Then it occurred to her. Perhaps it was just a dream. Everybody has naked dreams. She closed her eyes and then opened them again.  
  
Nope. Still naked.  
  
She waited for the last of the big waves to pass, and then there was a period of relative calm. Shivering with fear and exhaustion, she paddled back to shore. As she was pulling herself out of the water, she found her water bottle, but her purse was gone.  
  
"Now what?" she asked herself, hugging her knees to her chest. It occurred to her that she could wait till dark, but could she really walk all the way home naked without someone seeing her? Would she get arrested? Would she get raped?  
  
The feel of the sun on her back reminded her, she couldn't stay down here till dark; she'd get so sunburned, she'd probably end up in the hospital. She let out a sigh of resignation and eased to her feet. Perhaps she could find some kindhearted soul down at the end of the beach, someone who could loan her a towel, a shirt, a blanket, anything.  
  
After traversing the trail, she poked her head out from behind a huge bolder, and saw no one within shouting distance. Emboldened by the deserted beach, she hopped down onto the sand, and then it dawned on her: at least the water bottle could be used for a bit of modesty. Perhaps people would think she was only topless, carrying her water bottle in front of her. She'd heard of people going topless down here, although she'd never actually seen any.  
  
With the determination of a doomed prisoner marching to the gallows, she trudged up the beach, her tennis shoes squeaking in the sand. She could see people in the distance, but, so far, no one was staring. It reminded her of her high school days, when she was, for all practical purposes, invisible. But she was a far cry from high school, and she was certainly not invisible this time. A women of twenty-three with a good figure, nice breasts, a pretty smile, how could she go unnoticed? Especially wearing nothing but tennis shoes.  
  
A pair of joggers approached. She slowed her pace, like in a dream when you're walking but you're not getting anywhere. She looked out to sea, imagining herself floating away on top of one of the white puffy clouds coursing along the horizon. She heard the footsteps coming closer. Suddenly, they stopped.  
  
"Is this where the nude beach starts?" a voice asked, over her shoulder.  
  
She was afraid to answer. She was a afraid to move. But what did it matter? "Apparently," she replied, her back to the unannounced visitors. She heard a rustling sound, and moments later, out of the corner of her eye, she saw the two joggers sprinting lazily down the beach, their bare butts looking like marshmallows in the sun. It was a comforting feeling, knowing she wasn't the only one in their birthday suit, but she still had to try to get back home.  
  
Another set of voices broke her train of thought. She turned just in time to see an older couple peeling their clothes off. The lady turned her back so the guy could unclip her bra, and then her loose tits rolled out like flapjacks at the church breakfast. She couldn't help but watch as the guy stepped out of his shorts, revealing a shiny patch of silvery pubic hair. She didn't know whether to be repulsed or relieved by the sight of his shriveled member. The only one she'd ever seen before belonged to her first boyfriend, and it looked nothing like the crumpled peanut between the old guy's legs. She made a mental note to never, ever join a nudist colony.  
  
Heading on up the beach, her water bottle draped strategically between her legs, she was having no problem pretending nudity was normal. She had gotten really good at pretending in high school, telling herself she wasn't the homeliest girl at school, telling herself her prom date wasn't the most miserable geek to ever walk the earth.  
  
As she gazed around the beach, she was amazed to see everyone getting naked with her. It was like when they do the wave at the football game, except instead of standing up and cheering, they were standing up and removing their clothes. With newfound confidence, she strode down the beach, swinging her water bottle by her side. People smiled at her, she smiled back. She puffed out her chest, watching her tits jiggling gently in the salty breeze. She ran her fingers through her hair, feeling just like a movie star.  
  
The human imagination can be a very powerful force, but it cannot remove clothing from strangers. The reality of the situation was that no one was taking their clothes off: it was all in her mind, the same defensive mechanism she'd used her whole life. On she marched, totally oblivious to the hoards of interested onlookers staring and pointing and snapping pictures with their cellphones. It wasn't until Mrs. Ammerman from church accosted her that she realized her predicament.  
  
"Alice?" a quavering voice rang out from the crowd. "Oh my God, Alice, what are you doing? Where are your clothes?"  
  
Alice froze, her heart pounding, her knees shaking. "No!" she gasped, desperately looking for an escape route. As she turned on her heel and dashed towards the surf, there was an audible groan from the stunned onlookers.  
  
"Don't do it lady!" someone yelled. People were running towards her. She saw a woman holding up a beach towel, waving to her. A man peeled his T-shirt off and tossed it her way, but she would not be deterred. Fighting back tears, she dove headlong into the surf, the water stinging her naked skin like B B's from an air rifle.  
  
She could hear the commotion behind her, but it just made her swim harder. Once she made it past the breaking waves, it dawned on her: all she had to do was swim down to the other end of the beach, find some rocks to hide behind, and wait till dark. At that point, she could empty a garbage can and use the plastic bag for a garment. Yes, that would be an excellent plan.  
  
Out past the surf, the sea settled down to a reassuring ebb and flow, the swells buoying her higher, and then sinking her down into a trough, hiding the shore from view. She stopped to tread water and remove her shoes, which seemed to be weighing her down. As she did so, she felt something tugging at her leg. She looked down and realized she was at the edge of a seaweed bed, the long tendrils wrapping around her like vines. She gasped, craning her neck, trying to stay above the surface, but the vines seemed to be dragging her down into the dark green water.  
  
"Help!" she gurgled, as the choking sensation took over. Struggling with all her mite, her last thought was of Pastor Bob, parting the water like Moses at the Red Sea. "I'm sorry Pastor Bob," she blubbered, "it was stupid, and I'll never do it again."  
  
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When she woke up, she was still trapped in the seaweed, but now it was around her neck. She flailed wildly, hearing the sound of the waves crashing as her bedside table hit the hospital floor.  
  
"Ahhhh!" she gasped, suddenly aware of a seaweed tendril impaling her between the legs. She reached down and gave it a good yank. The pain subsided, but the seaweed around her throat was still trying to strangle her. She ripped at it, and as her hospital gown sailed across the room, she managed free herself from the viney beast.  
  
"Calm down girl" the nurse's aid said, grabbing a leather strap and fixing her forearm to the side of the bed. Immediately, another one ran in the room and restrained her other arm.  
  
"Hot chick, eh?" he said, his beady eyes feasting on her nakedness. "Look at those tits."  
  
"Dammit George, this isn't a joke. Get the sheet off the floor and cover her up, and then get the doc in here. We need to push some Valium."  
  
Unable to battle the seaweed, all Alice could do was thrash her head back and forth and wail, hoping Bob would hear her. "Ahhhh!" she gasped desperately, but the sound emerging from her throat was not what she had in her mind. It shocked her, and for a moment, she was puzzled. What had happened to her voice? Why couldn't she talk? Where did this bed come from? Did Pastor Bob arrive to rescue her in a boat carrying a bed? It made no sense. No sense at all.  
  
"Pushing ten of Valium," a deep voice said, and then she was floating weightlessly in the dark green water. She closed her eyes and succumbed to the rise and fall of the ocean as it carried her away.  
  
With Alice safely sedated and covered up, the nurse rifled through the clip board at the foot of the bed. "Is that Pastor Bob guy here? He might want to know that she's coming around."  
  
"I'll have the desk call him."  
  
"Good. Hopefully, he can take this nutcase home. I've never seen anything like it."  
  
"I know what you mean," the tit-loving nurse's aid said, lifting up the sheet to gaze at Alice's naked body one more time. "Want me to put the catheter back in?"  
  
"No, if she's mobile, we'll see if she can remember how to use the bathroom."  
  
When Pastor Bob finally arrived, Alice's sheets had been changed, her gown put back on, and someone had brushed her hair.  
  
"Oh God," Pastor Bob moaned. "Is she going to be alright?"  
  
The doc looked at his clipboard. "Now that she's out of the coma, it would appear that way, although at the moment she's suffering from sever associative disorder." He flipped to the next page. "Her brain function is pretty close to normal..."  
  
"Pretty close to normal? What does that mean?"  
  
"Her brain function is within the parameters of a functioning adult, but we don't know yet if there's been any permanent damage. Luckily, the water was cold enough to slow her metabolism, and it's entirely possible that she'll make a full recovery."  
  
At her bedside now, Pastor Bob took her limp hand. Of course, he was blaming himself for what had happened. Why hadn't he noticed that Alice was troubled, reaching out for help? The short answer is that she wasn't reaching out for help, but he still thought it was his fault.  
  
"Are you the boyfriend?" the doc asked.  
  
"No, I'm her Pastor."  
  
"Does she have family in the area?"  
  
"Not that I know of. No one responded to the newspaper article, and there's no contact information in her file, but we can ask her when she wakes up, right?"  
  
Pastor Bob's question was met with silence. He looked around the room at the sullen faces. Finally, the doc spoke up.  
  
"She's uncommunicative. She appears to have lost the ability to speak. Her associative disorder could end an hour from now, or a year from now. Or it could be permanent. The science in this area of medicine is still it its infancy.  
  
"Oh Lord," Pastor Bob moaned, sinking into the chair next to her bed. He bowed his head while the room respected his silence. Then a nurse breezed in.  
  
"Doctor?" she snapped, "room 203?" The doctor followed her out, and the others went with him, leaving Pastor Bob alone with Alice. He raised her hand to his lips for a kiss, and then placed it back by her side.  
  
"We'll get through this, Alice, I promise."  
  
As he was reaching for his chair, Alice started moaning softly, her voice a sickening monotone. Instantly, he was next to her, holding her hand. She opened her eyes wide and gasped.  
  
"It's okay Alice. You're safe now."  
  
The sound of his voice turned her gasp into a sigh, and tears flooded down her cheeks. Finally, Bob had found her. She so wanted to thank him for coming, but she had all the time in the world to thank him, so she just lay back and smiled. Or at least, she thought she was smiling.  Relieved that Alice was showing signs of recognition, Bob hustled out into the hall. "Nurse?" he bellowed, "she's awake."  
  
By the time he had returned to her side, she was frantic again, pawing at the air, kicking at the imaginary seaweed vines that had her entangled.  
  
"Alice! Calm down. I'm still here."  
  
She let out a quiet grunt, still unable to speak. If she was able to speak, she would have told Pastor Bob to not just up and leave her like that. It was rude and it hurt her feelings, and the least he could do was explain to her what the heck was going on.  
  
The nurse arrived, took her vitals, and then suggested to Pastor Bob that he wait outside while Alice used the bathroom. Alice would have none of it. As soon as Bob left, the thrashing commenced, and the nurse had to bring him back in to calm her down,  
  
"I think she's fixated on you," the nurse said, pulling Alice's gown back down enough to retain her modesty. "It's pretty common in these cases. Perhaps, if you don't mind, we could both walk her to the bathroom and see how she does?"  
  
"Sure," Bob said, setting down his notebook on the bedside table. With one person on each side, they eased Alice out of bed and across the room to the bathroom, but she wouldn't go in without Bob. She just stood there, her white ass sticking out of the back of the gown, her hand clamped on Bob's forearm.  
  
"Try giving her something of yours, an object that she'll connect with you. If the patient feels your presence through the object, then the separation isn't so traumatic." Bob thought for a moment, and then unclipped his white collar. "That's perfect," the nurse said with a smile. "Now hand it to her, and we'll see if it works."

Bob offered her the white collar, and she snapped it up like dog snatching a crumb off the kitchen table.  
  
"We're good" the nurse said, as she guided Alice into the bathroom and closed the door. A couple of minutes later they emerged, Alice holding the white collar tight against her chest like it was some kind of magic talisman.  
  
"See?" Bob smiled, "still here." He reached out his hand, and Alice gave him back the collar without even a hint of hesitation. Together, they walked her back to the bed, but as they sat her down, she grabbed her gown and tried to rip it off again.  
  
"Sorry," the nurse said, quickly flicking the sheet across Alice's exposed privates, "she doesn't seem to want to keep her gown on. Considering the fact that when her trauma occurred, she was naked, she's probably also fixated on that."  
  
Trying to ignore the image of Alice's nakedness, Pastor Bob tried to concentrate on the scientific aspects of the situation. "I'd like to read up on her condition," Bob said, grabbing his notebook off the table. "Are there any websites I could go to?"  
  
"Sure," the nurse replied, taking his pen and scribbling down the pertinent information. "Will you be her caretaker when she's released? As far as I know, she'll be good to go tomorrow afternoon, unless something unforeseen comes up."  
  
"Apparently, I will be her caretaker," Bob answered, checking the nurse's notes. "What time tomorrow?"  
  
"Call in the morning and they'll let you know. Will you be able to bring something for her to wear? Keep in mind, when she gets agitated, she takes off her clothes, so you probably don't want to dress her in anything you don't want to get ripped to shreds."  
  
"That bad?"  
  
"That bad," the nurse nodded.  
  
Sitting back down in his chair, he rested his hand on her forehead. "Did you hear that Alice? You're coming home tomorrow."  
  
Alice stared blankly at the ceiling, her hands poised at her sides, ready to rip off her gown again at the slightest provocation.  
  
"I'll give you two a moment," the nurse said, "and then we're going to put her down for the night?"  
  
"Put her down?"  
  
"Sedative. She's really not safe in her natural state."  
  
As the nurse padded out, Bob settled into his chair again, taking Alice's hand gently in his. "Alice honey, I have to go now, but I'll be back tomorrow, okay? No need to worry. Nobody's abandoning you." Then he leaned in and kissed her forehead, which elicited no reaction whatsoever.  
  
Before he left, Pastor Bob gave Alice the white collar, which she immediately clutched to her chest. She would have thanked him, but she was still not ready to talk. Why ruin everything by talking? There was entirely too much talking in the world, or at least that's how she rationalized her inability to speak.  
  
She was just about to remove her annoying gown again when the nurse returned and gave her the sedative shot. Curling up on her side, Alice drifted off into a sea of deep green, Pastor Bob's white collar floating before her like a life boat in the open ocean.  
  
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Seeing Alice in her wheelchair was heartbreaking, but Pastor Bob was used to adversity. Of course, he had an advantage most people lacked: faith.  
  
"Hey kid," he grinned, "ready to go home?"  
  
Alice was unresponsive, which was exactly how she wanted it. Why ruin a good thing? If she was well, would Pastor Bob be fawning all over her? Of course not. He would be off somewhere doing what pastors do. But he wasn't, was he? No, he was right here, as devoted as a husband.  
  
He held her hand as the nurse pushed the wheelchair down the sidewalk and over to Bob's Volvo. "In you go," he said, guiding her into the passenger seat. She complied while Bob buckled her in. "See? Not so bad?" He went back to grab the overnight bag he'd packed, which gave her just enough time to whip her T-shirt up over her head. Bob got back just in time to pull it back on.  
  
"Calm down alice," Bob pleaded as a pair of college aged dudes on the sidewalk pointed and stared. "I'm right here, okay?"  
  
"Not okay" Alice would have told him if she was in a talking mood. When would he learn that he wasn't allowed to leave her without a good explanation? Settling back in her seat, she felt the reassurance of his hand holding hers, and, for the moment, Pastor Bob's minor transgression was forgotten.  
  
With another meltdown averted, and Alice's boobs safely tucked away, they made the drive back to the church without incident. It was a little awkward trying to shift gears, since Alice didn't seem to want to let go of Bob's hand, but by the time they had pulled into the parking lot, she had figured out how to let Bob shift without trying to restrain him. He took this as a sign of improvement.  
  
"See," he said, "you're already getting better." He turned the car off and dashed around the front so that Alice wouldn't lose sight of him. "Remember the church?" he asked, as they walked up the flagstone path to the side entrance.  
  
When they entered the dark, musty confines of the church, Alice's grip loosened, and her step seemed to become less robotic. They ambled slowly down the hall, while Pastor Bob reminded her of the things she should have been familiar with.  
  
"Saint Christopher over there, right? And Saint Paul? And over here, we have Saint Francis. Anything ring a bell?"  
  
Everything rang a bell, but Alice had an image to uphold, so she continued her charade, determined to see it through to fruition. And now, entering Pastor Bob's living quarters, fruition was right around the corner. In fact, the quiet majesty of the place was overwhelming; the natural wood floors, dark, with a rich oily smell, the overflowing book cases, the lovely stained glass windows of vibrant red and purple and blue, yes, she could hold out for as long as it took.  
  
"Kitchen," Bob was saying, as they traipsed down the narrow hall, "Bathroom. And this where you'll sleep. It's actually my bedroom, but I'll be sleeping on the couch. How's that?"  
  
"We'll see about that," Alice thought to herself as she peered into the darkness of his room. The bed did look comfy, with the pretty quilt and the puffy pillows.  
  
"The nurse told me to make sure you to to the bathroom every two hours, so... um... here you go." Bob shoved her gently into the small tiled room, but she just stood there, motionless.  
  
"Please!" he begged.  
  
Nothing.  
  
Letting out a defeated sigh, he marched her over to the front of the toilet, turned her around, and jerked her sweatpants down to her knees.  
  
"Come on, Bob, you can do it," she thought to herself. "You've already seen me naked. What are you afraid of?" She waited patiently for him to pull her panties down, and then she took her seat, legs tight together, hands in her lap, just like a proper lady. A moment later, a satisfying stream of pee exited her body. When it was over, she opened her legs and waited, curious as to how Bob would deal with one of the most basic needs of a woman. Bob offered her a tissue, but she would not be tricked into using it. No, This was now his job.  
  
Bob dabbed daintily, and then stood her up and replaced her panties and pants. Although he had vowed not to look, how could he avoid it? Not only was her body perfect in every conceivable way, so was her pussy - so dainty and delicate, yet smooth, welcoming even. And the smell was rich and earthy, although perhaps a little over-ripe. Surely she'd have a more pleasing odor with a daily bath, something she hadn't had the opportunity of enjoying at the hospital.  
  
He marched her down the hall and sat her on the couch. "I'll be in there making dinner. See? You don't have to worry." He plopped a magazine in her lap and proceeded into the kitchen, which, fortunately, had a counter instead of a wall separating it from the living room.  
  
Alice took the magazine and stared at it, but she didn't feel like reading it. She didn't actually feel like doing anything at all, except holding Bob's hand, but she could tell he was busy at the moment. She gazed over at him and smiled, watching as he made interesting clattering sounds and pulled colorful items out of the big white box standing in the corner. That would be her job some day, making those interesting clattering noises, but not now. Now it would be Bob's job, because Alice wasn't up to doing anything in particular, other than holding his hand, of course.  
  
Bob was relieved to see that Alice hadn't forgotten how to eat, but she was rather sloppy, spilling food on her T-shirt and setting her slimy fork down on the clean table. He made a mental note to pick up a table cloth at the store, and then it hit him. How could he go to the store, or do anything at all, with Alice around? She was like an infant, totally reliant on him. In a fit of remorse, he buried his face in his hands, which was just enough to set Alice off.  
  
Up went the T-shirt, over her head and on the floor. Before he could get to the other side of the table, her pants were down to her ankles, and so were her panties.  
  
"It's okay, Alice honey," he stammered, standing her up and collecting her in a gently hug. The feel of her bare breasts pressed against his chest, the pressure of her firm tummy against his, it was not okay, it was torture. How was he supposed to remain a gentleman when she kept taking her clothes off? But holding her did feel nice, and would she even realize it if his hard-on was nudging her tummy?  
  
She did realize it, but it was perfectly understandable. Bob may have been a Pastor, but first and foremost, he was a man. Alice knew full well how weak a man could be when faced with the power of a woman. It was obvious he was already falling for her. Now it was just a matter of time.  
  
Bob didn't even bother picking up her soiled T-shirt off the floor, or pulling up her pants. He just marched her down to the bathroom and sat her on the toilet.  
  
"You ready for a nice bath, Hon?" he asked, trying not to stare at her buoyant tits as he turned on the water. She just sat there, her Mona Lisa expression driving him crazy. Did she have any idea what she was doing to him? If ever he needed the Lord's strength, it was now.  
  
With dogged determination, he fished her sweatpants and panties off, stood her up, and finagled her into the tub. Sitting her down was another challenge, but, remembering the way she had helped him with the gear shift on the drive home, he thought perhaps if she saw him sit down, she'd do the same. It worked like a charm. Now the problem was the soaping-up part.  
  
Feeling Pastor Bob's tender hands slithering all over her naked body was pure ecstasy. Alice especially liked it when he soaped up her tits, which seemed to be the only thing he was capable of doing right. How many times did he clean them, anyway? Four? Five? She also liked when he cleaned her pussy - so gentle and careful. Didn't he know how much abuse a pussy could take? Hopefully someday she'd get to show him.  
  
It was even better when he stood her up to wipe her dry. Not knowing exactly how to proceed, he jerked her hands up above her head and she held them there, like a statue. She liked the way it made her tits stick out, and she was certain Bob liked it too.  
  
Fortunately for Bob, Alice was one of those skinny-thighed girls with the big gap between her legs, so he had no trouble getting the towel down there to make sure her pretty flower was dry. Of course, he longed to taste Alice's womanhood, feel the nectar dripping down his chin, but he would not give in, at least not until he had her informed consent. It was troubling, dealing with the devil's desire, and it made him question his faith, but he was certain, with the proper amount of prayer and diligence, he would be able to deal with the situation in a manner befitting a man of his position.  
  
Oblivious to the torment Pastor Bob was going through, Alice was more interested in the fluffy robe he gave her when they were done. It was an autumn rust color, so soft, it was almost like wearing a garment made out of pillows. She snuggled up in it while he tied the sash, but as soon as he marched her out to the couch and sat her down, she undid the sash and opened it up again.  
  
"Oh God, Alice. What am I going to do with you? Do you know what you're doing to me? Do you know how stunningly beautiful you are? Especially when your tits are out? You're doing it on purpose, aren't you?" Bob leaned in, as if he was going to whisper in her ear, and she grabbed him gently and snuggled his face up against her neck.  
  
"You're so perfect," he whispered, his finger tracing a circle around her nipple. "If you ever come out of this associative disorder, I'm going to marry you, you hear me Alice? I'm going to make you my wife."  
  
Alice did hear him, but she was preoccupied. The feel of his breath on her skin, his fingertips touching her nipples, this was what it was all about. Marriage could come later. Right now, she just wanted to cuddle.  
  
Squirming free from her firm grasp, Pastor Bob dropped his white collar in hr naked lap. "I'm going to take a shower Hon, and then it's off to bed, okay?"  
  
Alice could hear the water running, It was a soothing sound, steady, dependable. In fact, Pastor Bob's mere presence gave her a steady, dependable feeling. It was as if it didn't matter that she couldn't talk. All that mattered was his closeness, his touch, his reassurance that everything was going to be all right.  
  
Finally, Bob lead her by the hand to the bedroom. "Should I even bother asking if you want pajamas?" Alice stood stoically while he removed her fluffy robe, and then turned the covers down. "Here you go," he said, patting the mattress like you do when you're calling your dog up on the couch. But Alice was no dog, and she would certainly not act like one.  
  
"Please?" Bob begged.  
  
Alice grinned. Inside.  
  
"Like this," Bob said, reclining on the bed. Alice joined him, face to face, and now he was trapped on the inside of the bed by the wall. "After I tuck you in, I'm going out to sleep on the couch, okay?"  
  
Alice ignored him, or rather, she ignored his comment about sleeping on the couch. He would definitely not be sleeping on the couch, and she was certain of that. How could she tell? Well, for one thing, he was already getting a hard-on. She could see it making a big bulge in his white jockeys. Obviously, he was the one who needed pajamas, not her.  
  
"Covers?" he asked, pulling the sheet up to her neck. She promptly whipped it back down to her waist. "Okay," he sighed, snuggling up in his pillow. She did the same, and now they were gazing into each others eyes, or rather he was gazing into her eyes. She was just gazing.  
  
"Do you want to spoon, Alice? We could spoon until you fall asleep, because I can't lie her looking at your tits any longer." Bob gently rolled her over on her side, and then snuggled up behind her. Perhaps, by accident, or perhaps on purpose, his hand landed on hers, so she dragged it up in the middle of her chest, pressing it against her breast bone.  
  
"Oh God," Bob moaned, his erection perilously close to Alice's' naked ass. "I can't take this." With a grunt, he planted his stiff dick up against her butt and started rubbing, ever so slowly so she wouldn't notice. But she did notice, and she liked it. A lot. She liked it so much, she scooted his hand down until it twas clamped on to her tit, and then she let out a guttural sigh.  
  
A few minutes later, she felt it, Bob's cock twitching against her butt, followed by the wet sensation soaking through his shorts. It was so gratifying, she fell asleep almost instantly, and in minutes she was dreaming of the pretty children they'd be having one day.  
  
Bob never made it out onto the couch. He did go in the bathroom and wash the jizz off his dick before putting on a clean pair of shorts and climbing back into bed with Alice. Of course he was torn, since they were perilously close to engaging in premarital sex, but what could he do? After all, he was not Jesus, he was just a man.  
  
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She awoke with a start, and instantly she was battling the seaweed that threatened to drag her to the bottom of the ocean. She kicked and flailed mightily, her very life at stake. It wasn't until all the bed covers were on the floor that she realized she wasn't on the verge of drowning, she was in a nice soft bed with comfy pillows and sunshine streaming in through the diamond shaped window panes.  
  
Hearing the sound of running water, she padded down the hall until she found the source of the sound. Without knocking she strode into the small room, and a faint inkling in the back of her mind told her to sit down. She did so, and a moment later, the satisfying sensation of pee leaving her body filled her with a sense of relief. It was then that she saw the silhouette behind the frosted glass of the tub. It appeared to be a man, a deduction she made after recognizing the dangling appendage that only men have.  
  
She waited patiently, sitting there on the toilet, until the water stopped. A moment later, the frosted door slid open and a man appeared. But this was no ordinary man, this was Pastor Bob. She looked up at him and smiled, the sense of joy flooding her like the piss flooding the toilet bowl.  
  
"Alice!" Bob exclaimed, grabbing his towel, "how's it going? Did you sleep okay?"  
  
Alice leaned back and opened her legs, waiting for Bob to... what exactly? All she knew was that she needed to open herself up for him. Suddenly filled with some primal urge, she opened her mouth, staring at his expanding male appendage. It was as if the secret of life was hidden inside Pastor Bob's pink member, and the only way to discover what the secret was all about was to suck it dry. Tentatively, she reached out her hand and cupped his balls.  
  
"Oh Alice," Bob groaned, his dick already puffing up, "are you sure?"  
  
Alice was indeed sure. She was sure that this was how a woman related to the man she loved. The woman devoted herself to the man, she accommodated his every desire, she treated him like God Himself. His cock filling her mouth, his hands cradling her ears, she felt so utterly at peace with the world, she wanted to laugh. Or cry. Or something. It was confusing. But that didn't stop her from devoting her soul to this very important mission of tending to her man.  
  
His thrusts coming quicker, his hands gripping her ears tighter, she could sense the impending event, something she had a vague feeling she'd experienced before. When her mouth was flooded with Pastor Bob's holy nectar, she finally made the connection. She had just administered oral sex to Pastor Bob. On the one hand, that was good, but on the other hand, why did it take so long to figure it out? Was her brain taking the day off? One minute, everything made sense, the next minute, her mind was as empty as the collection plate before Sunday service. It was frustrating, but having Bob's cock in her mouth was a definite calming influence, so she quit worrying about her brain - at least for the time being.  
  
"Oh God, Alice," he moaned, twitching his stinging cock, "I swear, I'm going to marry you someday."  
  
Feeling so connected to Pastor Bob, so complete and whole, she would have stayed there with his cock in her mouth all day long, but that was not to be. After getting her dressed in sweat pants and a fresh T-shirt, he explained to her how a church volunteer named Marriam was going to be visiting today, taking care of her while he was gone. Alice didn't pay him any mind, she just sat there eating her oatmeal, wondering how long it would be before she could have his cock in her mouth again.  
  
Miriam arrived a short time later, and after a hushed conversation in the other room, Bob and Miriam strolled into the living room. Instinctively, Alice reached out to give Bob his white collar, but he wouldn't take it.  
  
"Now listen Alice," he said, sitting down next to her and taking her hand, "I have to run across town and officiate at a funereal, but I'll be back later, okay? Miriam is going to make sure you go to the bathroom and she'll be fixing you lunch. Promise you'll be good?"

Alice would make no such promise, but this Miriam person seemed nice enough, so she thought she may as well just go with the flow. Isn't that how a woman pleased her man, by going with the flow?  
  
After Bob left, Alice settled down on the couch to read, which, she discerned from observation, amounted to turning the pages at regular intervals. She would watch Miriam, and every time she flipped a page, Alice would also flip a page. It was like a game, although how to determine who was winning or losing wasn't clear to her.  
  
Eventually, Alice dozed off, and upon waking up, she went through the predictable meltdown, tearing at her clothes frantically, trying to free herself from the treacherous seaweed. Miriam was shocked, but only momentarily so. She was able to calm the poor girl by getting her to focus on Pastor Bob's white collar, but getting her to put her clothes back on was a task she was unable to complete. When Pastor Bob returned, she apologized profusely, blaming herself for the incident.  
  
"It's not your fault, Miriam. It's just part of her associative disorder. She'll come around."  
  
"I don't know, Pastor Bob. Have you considered a professional situation for her? They know how to deal with these cases. They have medication, and therapies."  
  
"Yes, I know," Bob snapped. "They also have shock treatment."  
  
"Oh come on," Miriam huffed, "they don't do that anymore."  
  
Trying to hide his exasperation, Bob just nodded and opened the front door wide, inviting Miriam to leave. "Will you be able to stop by tomorrow Miriam? It would be a great help if..."  
  
"No, Pastor Bob, I'm afraid tomorrow is not going to work for me. Or the next day. Or the rest of the week, for that matter. And frankly, I don't think the congregation would approve of this... this situation, so I would encourage you to consider an alternate solution." Flashing him a frosty look, she turned to go. "Good day, Pastor Bob."  
  
"Good day to you to Miriam, and thank you so much for your help."  
  
Bob headed over to the couch and flopped down next to his precious, naked nymph. "I don't know what to do," he moaned, absentmindedly taking her hand in his. She cuddled up closer and snuggled her head on his shoulder, and Bob forgot all about the logistical challenge he faced. Her nakedness, her pointed tits, begging for him to suck a nipple into his mouth, her woman fragrance hanging in the air like freshly baked bread, it was too much to bear. He stuffed a pillow in her lap and then spotted her robe on the floor.  
  
"I'm going to make dinner now, okay?" he asked, retrieving the robe and handing it to her.  
  
With Alice safely ensconced on the couch, all wrapped up in her fluffy robe, Pastor Bob set about preparing dinner. In between peeling the potatoes and broasting the chicken breasts, he made a few calls, but he was coming up empty. No one in the congregation was interested in sitting with Alice tomorrow, and the home care services were way out of his budget. Not only that, but the regional director of the church had just called, demanding a teleconference for the next day, and there was no doubt what the subject of that teleconference would be.  
  
Ever the optimist, Bob could find no silver lining to this dilemma. He looked over at Alice, who was patiently reading a magazine - upside down - and he almost broke into tears. Would she ever get better?  
  
An unopened bottle of chablis caught his eye. He pulled it off the shelf, popped the cork, and poured himself a half a glass. When dinner was served, he poured a second glass, and after dinner, he had a third.  
  
"We're fucked Alice. Fucked" he said, lolling his head back on the couch. His hand clamped firmly in hers, sandwiched between her bare thighs, he was trapped. In more ways than one.  
  
"I should probably tell him," Alice thought to herself, "just tell him it's all an act. He'll be disappointed, but he'll get over it." She turned to him to speak, but changed her mind. "No, I shouldn't. Why ruin a good thing?" Scrunching back down into the couch, Alice realized she had to pee. Shoving his hand out of her lap, she crossed her legs and pinched, trying not to piss herself.  
  
"Oh crap!" Pastor Bob moaned. "Come on Hon, time for the bathroom." He jerked her up off the couch and dragged her down the hall, but it was too late. As soon as they got inside the bathroom door, she let loose, a gush of piss splattering all over her feet. "Dammit!" he grunted, whipping her soiled robe off and sitting her down on the toilet. She looked straight ahead, her lower lip quivering, tears welling up in her eyes.  
  
"Oh no, Alice," he sobbed, kneeling in the wet puddle on the floor, "I didn't mean it. I'm so sorry baby. I'm just mad at myself for not taking care of you."  
  
It was definitely time to tell him, but the only sound Alice could make was a low staccato, moan. "Uh uh uh uh" she sobbed as the tears rolled down her cheeks. Bob was holding her now, rocking her like a baby, and it seemed like he was crying too. Had she ruined it? Was it too late?  
  
They stayed like that for a while - a minute? Five? Ten? It was hard to tell. All she knew was that now he was down on his knees, wiping the floor with a wet towel, and she wasn't crying anymore. She watched him turn on the shower, and then he stood her up and helped her into the tub. She complied, anticipating his tender hands roving over her naked body. A moment later, Pastor Bob was pulling off his clothes, and then he was in the shower with her, lathering her up with soap.  
  
The strange part was that he didn't speak. Not even one word. He just ran the soapy washcloth over her body, giving her little kisses as he went. A kiss on the shoulder, a kiss on the neck, a kiss on her breast, but not on her nipple. Of course it was sensual, and tender, but there was an undercurrent of sadness in they way he fussed over her.  
  
After he dried her off, they lay down together in his bed, but there was no sex, just his body spooned up against hers.  
  
"I remember the first time I saw you," he whispered, his breath hot on the back of her neck. "You were in the second to last pew, hanging on my every word. The sermon was on altruism, remember?"  
  
She did remember. She was mesmerized by the wisdom in his words, and after the sermon was over, she waited by the door to introduce herself, but she chickened out at the last minute.  
  
"I was looking for you after the service," Pastor Bob continued, "but you disappeared. Then you started volunteering to teach Sunday School, and there were always a million things to do, and no time to do them, and now, here we are. Life is strange, isn't it?"  
  
Alice tried to speak, but all she could muster was a silent grunt. "I must be tired" she thought to herself, and indeed she was, because a minute later, she was sound asleep.  
  
She awoke with a start, the seaweed clawing at her, trying to drag her down. She could feel the tentacles wrapped around her waist and probing between her legs. She opened her eyes, but this time she fought off the urge to panic. After a moment, the dim light revealed Pastor Bob's bedside table. With a sigh of relief, she leaned into the warmth encircling her. His breath was shallow, clipped, his body strained, his hot cock wedged between her thighs. She could sense the desperation in his touch, as if he was holding onto her for dear life.  
  
She reached down between her legs and cupped her hand over the tip of his cock, hoping to comfort him, make a connection. As she pulled it up against her mound, she felt it, the pang of desire that always lurked just below the surface. His dick grinding against her now, she had the urge to open her legs wide and pull him inside her. It just seemed so natural, so perfect. She gripped him tighter, preparing to reposition herself when she felt it, the sticky cum shooting out of him.  
  
Relaxing her grip, she kneaded his throbbing cock gently, letting the slimy goo dribble into her palm and down her wrist. It felt warm, soothing, and she wished she could taste it, like before when it was in her mouth. But she knew, right here in this moment, it was more about Pastor Bob than it was about her. She waited for him to withdraw, or maybe kiss the back of her neck, but she was met with stillness. It was as if she had woken up with a ghost.  
  
"I love you, Pastor Bob," she said in her mind, wishing to God she could say it out loud. When he didn't reply, she closed her eyes, certain that the love she felt for this caring, patient man could bridge the gap of her silence.  
  
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"Alice? Wake up hon."  
  
Alice sat up with a start. Bob was already in his black robes. Had she slept late? Was it Sunday? He marched her across the hall and sat her down on the toilet.  
  
"Hurry up and pee, honey. We're already late. I'm going to get your things, okay?"  
  
She waited patiently for him to return, but something was wrong. Suddenly, she heard voices, and the clatter of footsteps down the hall. Bob returned, holding her clothes, but he looked terribly ill, like he had food poisoning or something.  
  
"Hurry up Hon, get dressed." He tossed the clothes in her lap, but she didn't move.  
  
"Is she ready yet?" came a deep voice from down the hall.  
  
"Give us a minute," Bob said, picking up the T-shirt so he could slip it over her head.  
  
Alice didn't know exactly what was going on, but she had a bad feeling about it. A very bad feeling.  
  
"Give me your arm," he commanded, but she refused. She crumpled up into a ball, sitting there on the toilet, making sure there was no way he could get that stupid T-shirt on her.  
  
"Alice!" he said in a stern voice, "quit fooling around. We've got to go see the doctor." He tried again with the shirt, but she wouldn't budge. "Dammit!" he said, under his breath, and Alice knew she was in trouble.  
  
Determined to straighten things out, she opened her mouth to speak, but it was just like last time - nothing. She stamped her foot. Still nothing. Closing her eyes and summoning all her strength, articulating the exact words she had formed in her mind.  
  
"Ahhhhhh!"  
  
"Oh no!" she thought to herself. "I can't talk." She tried again: "Nnnnnnn! Ahhhhhh!"  
  
Now Bob was kneeling by her side. "I know you're trying honey, but we don't have time. I'm going to ride with you down to the facility, and I'll be there when they check you in, and I'll come back every day so we can have dinner together, okay?"  
  
"Ahhhhhh!" she blurted, determined to explain to him that this was totally unacceptable and that he just need to treat her as an equal, not a stupid baby.  
  
"Please?" he begged, holding the limp T-shirt in his hand.  
  
Alice shoved him so hard, he fell over backwards. Then she dove into the corner, between the toilet and the wall, and curled up into a ball. There was no way she was leaving Pastor Bob's house. If they wanted her out, they'd have to drag her kicking and screaming.  
  
"I love you Alice," Bob said, his voice small and weak. "I'll always be here for you." He turned on his heel and left, and almost immediately, a stocky lady in blue scrubs entered.  
  
"Hi Alice," the woman said, in a fake, cheerful voice. "I'm Beth. I brought your new gown, the one Pastor Bob picked out for you. He wants you to try it on to see if it fits." She held it out, but Alice wouldn't take it.  
  
"Ahhhhh!" she grunted, her voice getting raspy from the exertion of trying to talk.  
  
"Come on," the lady begged, taking a step closer.  
  
Alice let out a hiss, like a cat, and took a swing at the woman, knocking the colorful gown into the tub. Beth left the room, and a moment later two guys dressed in white entered.  
  
"Alice, is it?" the big black guy said, kneeling in front of her. "I'm Torrence, and that's my partner Ollie. We're not going to hurt you, okay?"  
  
Alice ignored them. And anyway, this was just a bad dream, because things like this didn't actually happen in real life.  
  
"Here," Torrence said, holding out a bottle of water. "Take this."  
  
Alice just glared at them. It was a trick and she knew it.  
  
"Okay," Torrence said, "if you don't want it, I'll give it to Ollie. Here you go Ollie," he grinned, tossing the water bottle over his shoulder. Alice watched the bottle sailing through the air, as if it was in slow motion. In that split second, while she was distracted by the arc of the floating water bottle, Torrence reached out and snatched her ankles.  
  
"Got her," he barked, yanking her out of the corner.  
  
"Ahhhhh!" she bellowed, flailing, trying to grab the base of the toilet, but it was too late. Torrence had already dragged her, feet first, clear to the doorway. At the same instant, Ollie grabbed her by the wrists, and now she was suspended in mid air, like a hammock.  
  
"Ahhhhh!" she cried, but it was no use. She couldn't kick, she couldn't flail, all she could do was thrash her head back and forth while they carried her down the hall and into the living room.  
  
"Get the restraints, Beth," Torrence commanded as they flopped her onto the gurney. The woman was on her in a second, flipping the leather straps across her thighs and cinching them tight. Then Torrence ran around to Ollie's end, and with one guy on each side, the pulled her arms down to her sides and strapped them to the metal rails. While they were doing that, Beth was sticking a needle in her hip.  
  
Suddenly, Alice could feel herself deflating, like letting the air out of a balloon. "Ahhhhh" she warbled, but it was barely audible. She still struggled, but with less urgency. What was the point? Pastor Bob was having her forcibly removed, like a criminal. She was no longer human, she was just a mess of flesh and bones with no ability to speak. She was no better than a household pet, being carted off to the pound to be put down.  
  
They covered her with a sheet, and all Alice could do was stare at the ceiling as they rolled her towards the door. Succumbing to the floating feeling, she closed her eyes, feeling herself crossing over, as if she was leaving one dimension and entering another. In her dazed state, she considered the possibility that she was dying.  
  
"Oh God," she sighed, her tongue feeling thick and rubbery.  
  
The gurney stopped.  
  
"Alice?" Torrence asked, his eyes wide.  
  
"Yes!" she mumbled.  
  
"Oh fuck," he gasped, turning on his heel and trotting down the hall. A moment later, Bob was kneeling by her side.  
  
"Alice?"  
  
"Beach!" she blurted, as if answering questions in a pop quiz. "Seaweed!" She was panting now, trying to catch her breath, but it was hard to focus. "Swimming!" she declared, straining at the straps that were holding her down. "Swimming! At the beach!"  
  
"Alice!" Bob sobbed, collapsing on her chest, "You're back!"  
  
"Magazines!" she grinned, still trying to catch her breath. "On the couch!"  
  
"That's right," Bob cackled, tears streaming down his face, "magazines on the couch!"  
  
Alice could feel them undoing the straps, and then Bob was picking her up, just like he would on their wedding day, the sheet that covered her trailing like the lacy gown she would be wearing when she marched down the aisle. He carried her down the hall and laid her in his bed - their bed. As he set her down, her sheet slipped off.  
  
"Hey?" she whined, trying frantically to cover her nakedness.  
  
"You really are back," he chuckled, pulling the covers up.  
  
"Back," she agreed, hoping to make Pastor Bob happy so he wouldn't throw her out again. He sat down next to her and took her hand.  
  
"You really gave us a scare, kid."  
  
"Scare?" she said, warming up to this talking thing. "I was scared."  
  
"I'm sorry baby. It'll never happen again. I promise."  
  
"Okay," she sighed, the adrenaline draining from her system as the Valium kicked in.  
  
"Alice," Bob asked, draping his arm across her waist, "do you remember anything from the last couple of days?"  
  
She could feel herself blushing, as the taste of Pastor Bob's cum slithered into her consciousness. She smiled, but she didn't answer.  
  
"Tell you what," he said, pulling the sheet up to her chin, "how about we pretend it was all a dream, and start over?"  
  
"Okay," she sighed, snuggling deeper into the bed, "can I have some clothes?"