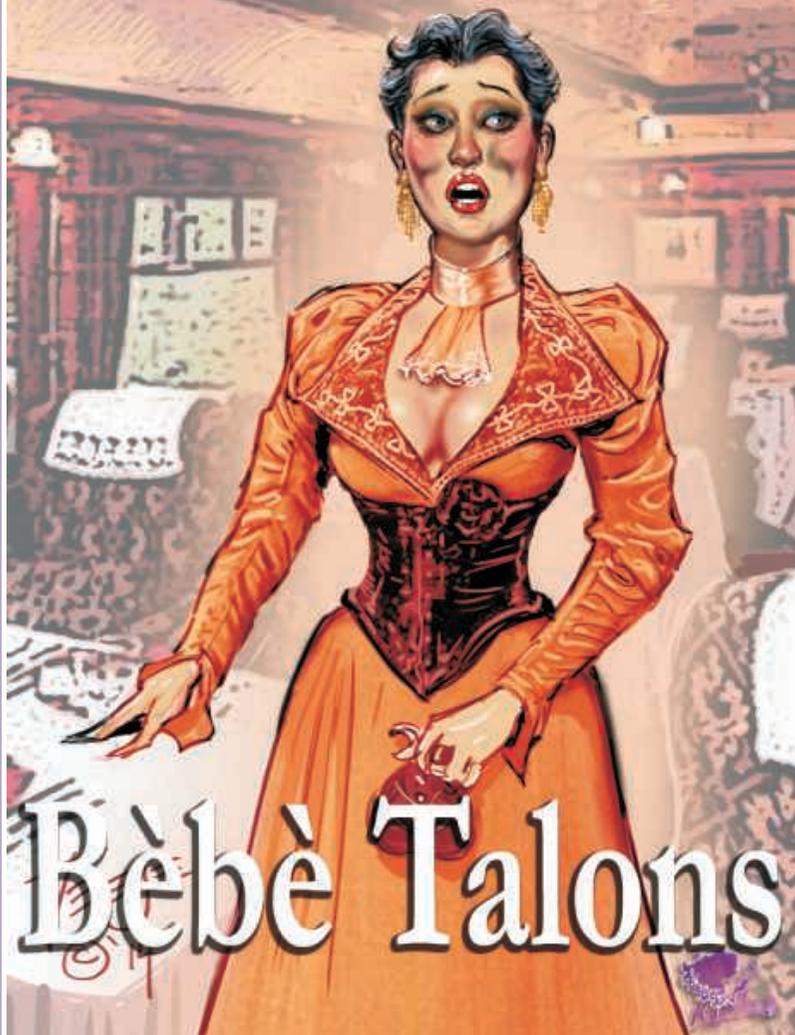


# VIVIAN



# Bèbè Talons

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# VIVIAN

**By B  b   Talons**

Miss Vivian Fauntleroy Walker, a soon-to-be newly minted bride, stretched silk encased legs out to the foot stool, resting the smallish white satin pumps with their impossible, five inch high heels atop its plush surface. Steel anklets, with a dainty, ten inch long steel chain stretched between them, encircled slim ankles and Vivian glanced at these impediments to walking with an amused tolerance. These were as nothing when compared to the waspish waisted corset pulling an already miniscule waist in to a mere eighteen inch diameter! Or the stiff white satin covered neck brace that kept one's head held high, chin in the air, with never a chance to lower said head for relief! Or the shiny steel bracelets encircling those smallish wrists, keeping hands safely out of the way when clipped to the

rings in the tightly drawn leather support belt fastened securely about said smallish waist!

With the restrictive corset, Vivian wore several stiff petticoats, all wide and fluffy, except for the one hobble skirt-slip of stiff muslin that produced a pretty mincing step and wriggle of the plump cheeks hidden in the pink satin bloomers that Vivian detested with a passion (the bloomers, not the cheeks!)!

It was both Vivian's wedding day and fifteenth birthday, a day filled with anticipation; a day filled with a fearful lack of knowledge of that which was to come to any virgin bride, especially when that most fateful of times would finally arrive, the wedding night, the night when the union was duly consummated!

Nothing could compare to a wedding day, nothing! It was at once greatly desired and at the same time, greatly dreaded! What horrible things women would tell a brand-new bride about the bridegroom's salacious desires and the perverted things he would demand and expect as his rights as any bridegroom on his wedding night! It was enough to scare any girl right out of her desire to become a bride!

Vivian admired the white satin wedding gown and veil, a gift from the groom's own aged Mother (why, the woman had to be in her mid-eighties at least!), Lady Dolores Queen Farthingery, to her new daughter-in-law to be. 'It's a wonder she's so nice to me now,' Vivian thought, 'and all the time I thought she didn't care for me at all!'

A deep sigh, eyes closed momentarily, then a rough shaking of a soft shoulder. "Vivian! Vivian! Wake up, dearest one! It's almost time!"

Dreamily, the soft strains of the Prelude to the Wedding March penetrated the sleep befogged brain as it struggled back to consciousness.

“I must have dozed off for a moment, Miss Gloria,” Vivian alibied, long blonde curls flying about wildly after a vigorous shake of the head.



“I’ll say you did!” Gloria laughed. “If Lord Farthingerly had seen you like that, he’d have torn your dress and bloomers straight off and raped you for sure, and where on earth would we find another proper wedding dress for you at this late stage of the game if he had ruined this one?”

“Oh, Glory! He would not have!” Vivian protested. Then, weakly, “Would he?”

“He’s *your* husband-to-be,” Gloria giggled. “What do you think?”

“I think you have much too vivid an imagination!” Vivian laughed uncertainly.

Gloria took her friend’s lace covered hand in hers and pulled gently. Vivian came erect, teetering unsteadily atop the unfamiliar heels.

“You’ll find out,” Gloria promised, giggling. “I have been frequently introduced to that mammoth monster dangling between my dear uncle’s legs! That first time I thought he would split my pussy wide open! And believe you me, he’s going to tear your pussy wide open tonight!” She smiled at her fond recollections.

Vivian shuddered delicately, but more in frightened anticipation than in abject dread. After all, it was only supposed to hurt the first two or three times. . . wasn’t it?

Gloria tugged impatiently. “Come on, girl! He’s got that thing all warmed up for you and from the way you’re acting, you can’t wait to taste it for yourself! Don’t worry, you’re going to love it!”

“Oh, Glory! That’s not true!” Vivian protested weakly, the soft tone betraying the anxiousness and trepidation behind the bold words.

Tottering dangerously, Vivian stepped to the fate that awaited him.

**HIM?**

Hold on there for just one second, please!

Did you say, **him**?

As in a **he** him?

Yes, I did say he **him**.

What of it?

Miss Vivian Fauntleroy Walker, the soon-to-be Lady Ardent Horace Farthingerly, n<sup>è</sup>e Master Vivian Fauntleroy Walker, was actually a genetic male (despite his miniscule physical proportions) under all his outwardly feminine raiment, accouterments and associated regalia! Miss Vivian Fauntleroy Walker who had been groomed from birth to become the wife of a virile male who would not only know his wife's deepest secret, but who would not have a care about what was hidden in his new wife's silken bloomers!

A **boy** wearing a wedding dress?

Well, what did you expect?

Another boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy finds girl, they marry and then live happily ever-after kind of story?

From **me**?

Gedoudahere!

Nevah hotchie, G. I.!

(There he goes again with those damned acronyms!)

Patiently, Vivian waited by the open door as Gloria kissed his lips, being careful not to muss his

golden curls nor the carefully applied cosmetics. Then she adjusted the heavy veil about his head and affectionately kissed his cheek through the concealing net.

“Go get ’em, girl!” she whispered fiercely and slapped his unsuspecting bottom soundly.

Vivian jumped, squealed in fright, but more startled than hurt by the suddenness of her attack and gazed at her in terror. He shook his head in denial. Gloria could see the terror in his eyes.

“Don’t worry, sweetie, you can do no wrong today! A bride rules when it’s her wedding day and everyone bows to her. Remember, today you are a royal princess, one of the chosen few!” She patted Vivian’s hand reassuringly.

“But, Miss Gloria,” Vivian protested weakly, “I’m a boy! I shouldn’t be marrying another man! A bride should be a woman! It’s not right that I have to be his bride!”

“Don’t let His Lordship hear you say that!” Gloria warned. “If he did, I’m sure he would have you up-ended over his knee with your bloomers down around your ankles while he whips that fat arse of yours to a fond fare-thee-well! After all, if anyone should be protesting your hidden wee-wee, it should be His Lordship and not you!” She giggled at her own joke.

“Miss Gloria!” Vivian hissed in shock. “I do not have a fat arse!” he protested.

“Besides, I think he rather fancies that little bird you have hidden away in those silky bloomers!” She grinned knowingly at Vivian, ignoring his protests completely. “Tell me, sweet Vivian, is your little ca-

nary standing tall?" she teased, her palm touching his groin fleetingly.

"Oh, Miss Gloria!" Vivian protested, wincing visibly. "You should never ask me such intimate things!" The boy blushed right down to his tippy-toes.

"Who better than one who knows you?" she asked with a gentle smile. "Don't worry, Vivian, His Lordship will know what to do with you! I promise, he will make your little birdie sing with joy!"

"Oh, Miss Gloria!" Vivian stammered through his blushes. Then, softly, "Yes."

Gloria glanced sideways at Vivian. "Yes, what, dearest?" she asked, mystified.

"Yes, my little canary is standing tall," he whispered, blushing furiously at the admission.

Gloria giggled. "See? You do approve, no matter what your mouth denies, your little canary is anxious and willing and excited and can't wait for tonight!" she teased knowingly.

"Oh, Glory, no! No!" Vivian stammered. "I'm a boy!"

"A boy who can't wait to be a wife!" she whispered and squeezed his hand in comradship.

"No, Glory, no!"

But, it was too late, the Wedding March started and Gloria was waltzing down the aisle with little Darlene Jean tripping along merrily behind her, the little hands trailing the rose petals every which way. Nana's strong hand took his hand and placed it over her own arm.

"Ready, Fauntleroy?" she asked gently.

Vivian gazed out at the assembled guests, amazed that so many people had come together to see him get married. He smiled wryly to himself, his heart fluttering madly.

“Yes, Nana, I’m as ready as I ever will be!” he replied, hating himself for saying it.

Imagine, a fifteen-year-old boy wearing a white wedding gown and veil being given to another male some fifty or more years older than he as that male’s intended bride. . .

Could this be happening in this year of our most gracious Lord, nineteen hundred and one?

In, of all places, the United Kingdom?

The answer was an emphatic, **yes!**

Not only was it happening, but it was happening to Miss Vivian Fauntleroy Walker!

Née **Master** Vivian Fauntleroy Walker. . .

And he had nothing to say about it!

Not one single thing!

Minor children, male or female, did as they were told to do.

No matter what it was!

In that by-gone era known as The Gay Nineties or Turn-of-the-Century in America and either The Edwardian or Victorian Era in England, children were never considered little humans. In true fact, they were little more than the property of whoever, be it parent, grand-parent, guardian or craftsman who had guardianship. For despite the late War Between the States and the European turmoil, minor children had no rights other than those permitted them by their elders, teachers, parents or mentors! Child

abuse, child marriage, pedophilia, pederasty, legal slavery in the form of apprenticeships, all were accepted practices, though not all were necessarily overtly practiced. And even though Polite Society was fully aware of what was happening right under their noses, few persons cared what happened to these unwilling (for the most part) recipients of these practices thereof.

Children were taught early to obey those in charge.

And Vivian well knew the punishment for disobedience!

He sighed with resignation.

Whatever was to happen, would happen!

With or without his full cooperation!

He would become the blushing bride of the detested Lord Ardent Horace Farthingerly IV. . .

Grand Duke of Norwichshire. . .

Lord of the realm. . .

Confidant to His Most Royal Majesty, King Edward VII. . .

Widower!

Lecher!

Child abuser of the worse kind!

Devout pederast!

Who had waited years to bed Vivian!

And would, after their marriage, do so without interference of any sort!

Vivian would be his bride!

His unwilling bride!

His *virgin* bride!

And Vivian had no idea of what to expect from this horrible male who was to be his husband. . .

Nor what was expected of him as the man's bride!

"Sex" between males and females was not a subject to be discussed.

Ever!

Virgin brides were expected to be ignorant.

And such were highly prized in some circles.

Such as His Lordship's. . .

Delicately, Vivian shuddered and Nana's hand tightened on his arm. . .

His mind drifted. . .

\* \* \*

II

"Come along now, Fauntleroy," his GrandMother called from the front room. "We don't want to be late for your fitting."

"Oh, Nana," Vivian complained as he entered the room and gazed at his GrandMother. "Do we have to go there? I mean, isn't it bad enough that I have to wear this velvet suit without having to wear a too-tight corset and bloomers under it too?"

"Now, darling," the woman explained patiently, "we've been over this a hundred times. I want you to be at your fashionable best at all times." She gazed

at her embarrassed grandson and smiled at him knowingly. In spite of his most vigorous protests, she knew that in his most secret heart, Master Vivian Fauntleroy Walker loved his velvet clothes and would have felt quite at odds with himself were he to be dressed otherwise!

“Come, Fauntleroy,” she urged gently, taking his lace gloved hand in hers and tugging insistently, “we must freshen your make-up and then we’ll be on our way.”

“Yes, Nana,” Vivian relied in defeat as he followed her lead. As she freshened his rouge and lip-stick, Vivian thought, ‘Boy, you just wait until I’m big enough to do as I please! The first thing I’ll do is get rid of this stupid little Lord Fauntleroy suit and wear proper trousers like regular boys do, I will, I will!’

The problem, as Vivian well knew, was that all of the boys he was allowed to associate with wore the same dumb clothes! Imagine, velvet short pants with buttons at the side of the waist for closure, not in front like a real boy’s did! And the dumb silken shirts that were called blouses, not only buttoned in back, but were loaded with gobs and gobs of lace all up and down the front! Not to mention the slippery muslin bloomers and the silky breast covers! And then to have a wide silken ribbon tied in a huge bow under one’s chin, like a little girl, just to hold on that ridiculous wide brimmed picture hat! And a girl’s rouge on one’s blushing cheeks! And a girl’s lip-stick, always bright red glistening brightly on one’s plump, parted lips! And a girl’s delicate perfume! And blatantly feminine jewelry! He shook his head and felt the huge, dangling silver hoops caressing his soft neck maddeningly! Unconsciously,

he glanced out at the tall GrandFather's clock in the hallway and saw that it was getting late. It would soon be time to go.

Oh, it was so embarrassing!

In the year 1893, as a boy of just seven-years-of-age, he was still being treated like a mere child! Oh, why couldn't he wear long trousers like some of the other boys did instead of these ridiculously short, velvet pants that buttoned up the back or on the left side like girls' clothes did?

Not to mention the short, velvet, bolero style jacket that was not a real jacket at all! Why, when its single huge button was fastened, it barely covered anything at all, it was so brief! The lace of his silky blouses showed in all their glory! And the white silk stockings and the darn garter belt to hold them up, and God forbid his stockings should become wrinkled or that his bloomers showed!

And he'd better take care that his button boots with their chunky heels didn't get dusty either! And don't dare soil his white lace gloves or let the huge brimmed hat slip from its perch atop his golden curls!

Surreptitiously, he pulled the elastics on his bloomers up a bit so they wouldn't show quite so much beneath his pants legs! It might not have been so bad if they had not been a bright pink in color!

Yes, it would have!

Real boys didn't wear such outlandish clothes!

Geez, it wasn't his fault that his GrandMother had been a personal friend of Mrs. Francis Hobson Burnett who had had her novel, ***Little Lord Fauntleroy***, published in 1886, the very year of

Vivian's birth. The women had met while both were living in the Washington, D.C. area some years before and they had soon become fast friends.

'My good God!' he thought, 'that was so long ago and no one dresses their boys like that in these modern times!'

Except that he knew that was not strictly true because all the boys in the special school he was forced to attend wore those sissyish clothes, whether they wanted to or no! 'Heck fire!' he thought with contempt, 'some of those sissies even like being dressed like fairies and work at it!'

He blushed as he realized that he was one of those "fairies" who worked at it!

Some years before, at the advanced age of five or six, he, Vivian Walker, had learned that there was a whole world out there that lived in completely different circumstances than he did! The luxuries he took for granted were not available to the common herd (as GrandMother, Lady Harriet Walker, called them – meaning those who weren't of the proper social class – the class that Lady Walker moved in!).

Which puzzled him greatly because everyone he knew had anything and everything they ever wanted. All one had to do was ask and it would be forthcoming almost immediately!

In Vivian's closed circle, the world and its varied ills seldom touched the boy and his little friends. Their parents and guardians saw to it that their charges were well insulated from all those mundane things that plagued others every day. Their English countryside was as much removed from reality as though it were on another planet.

Vivian's parents had removed themselves from their American friends right after Vivian's birth in 1886 and had returned to their roots to take up residence in Cambridge where the elder Walker, a titled medical practitioner, had begun a successful medical practice while his Mother, Lady Walker, started teaching at an exclusive girls' finishing school in a small near-by town.

At first, he had had a series of nannies to watch over him while his parents worked and he stayed with his maternal GrandMother who had immediately immersed him in her idea of proper attire for young boys, little girl frocks and corsets and bloomers, until he reached five when she introduced him to the Little Lord Fauntleroy look.

And even though he rebelled somewhat when he was six and seven, by the time of his tenth birthday, he had resigned himself to the life of a titled gentleman fop and became the very epitome of his sissified nemesis, Little Lord Fauntleroy!

He was so used to the velvet pants that he didn't even notice when the pants legs became fuller and fuller until if one hadn't known they were supposed to be short pants, one would have thought that they were either a full bloomer-style pant or a very full and short skirt. And as it was bound to happen, one day Vivian put both legs through one pants leg and his GrandMother immediately took notice.

"Why didn't you tell me that you wished to wear skirts instead of those vulgar pants, Fauntleroy, dear boy?" she asked slyly.

"But, Nana," he had insisted, "it was an accident! I didn't mean to. . ."

“Well, accident or no,” the woman decided, “from now on you will wear proper corsets and skirts and petticoats and slips and blouses, and we can get rid of those ugly chunky heels for some more suitable spike heels on your button boots and silken stockings instead of lisle!”

And suiting deeds to words, the next afternoon, she took him on an over-night excursion, riding the train, to go shopping at some of the better dress-makers in London where he was meticulously measured for all manner of clothing and new boots.

While in London, he met other boys at these shops who were also being feminized by their Aunts, Mothers, Grand-Mothers, and even one or two by Female Cousins. With two exceptions, all the boys had resented their female relatives ordering them about, but like Vivian, were in no position to do much about their humiliating situations.

His GrandMother acquired some ready-made items and in one of the shops, after he had been measured to within an inch of his life, he was re-dressed in his new finery, thereby taking his first high heeled steps out in public! The dress she chose for his debut was calf length with a fitted bodice and a full, swishing skirt with layers of lace petticoats beneath. His new shoes (“operas,” Nana called them) were very difficult to manage at first, but he soon became quite adept at walking on his tippy toes in the high-spike heels. With constant practice, he became much more at home in heels than he ever had with flat heels, and in time he forgot that he was even wearing spikes in the first place!

The one thing he liked about the longish skirts was that there was no danger of his bloomers showing, no matter how active he might be!

Back at GrandMother's home, nothing was said about Vivian's new mode of dress, much to his vast surprise, not knowing that his GrandMother had informed his parents of her plans to feminize him long before they went to London! Should the truth be known, his parents were glad to be relieved of the responsibility of raising their son and had abandoned him to the wishes and desires of his GrandMother.

Three weeks later, they had returned to London and he spent two days trying on item after item, all of which fit his rounded, suggestively feminine figure perfectly!

Upon the day described earlier, Vivian had been dressed in the hated Little Lord Fauntleroy velvet suit and was preparing to travel into London for the stated purpose of acquiring a proper corset to control his "fat" waist. It seemed that GrandMother took particular pleasure in showing him off to utter strangers, especially making him wear spike heels with the boy's outfit, which made him look like the biggest sissy in the world, to his way of thinking. It was as though she went out of her way to let everyone know that he was a boy wearing girlish clothing. He writhed impotently as she tugged on the reins fastened to the tops of his shoulders on his "safety harness," guiding him as she might her obedient horse.

'All I need is a bit and bridle and a harness so she could hitch me to a small dog-cart!' he thought rebelliously, then giggled at the very thought of being treated as a horse! 'Wouldn't that be something to have, a twitching, swishing, horse's tail?' he thought.

Nevertheless, Vivian did as he was ordered because he well knew the penalty for any outright disobedience, a sound smack-bottom on the bare and always with an audience, usually one of her maids or shop girls at the shops his GrandMother frequented.

Many a startled shop-girl had tittered with barely suppressed enjoyment and embarrassment while Evelyn was being corrected!

As if he could prevent anything!

At the Corsetiér's, he was laced into a formidable garment that left him breathless when it was finally laced in to its utmost. And before GrandMother had redressed him for the street, she took him over her lap and paddled him to a fond fare-thee-well for his initial reluctance to accompany her on her errand.

Of course all the shop girls witnessed his humiliation and their giggles and barbed remarks did nothing to relieve his embarrassment and humiliation.

Two weeks later, they were back in London and Vivian found himself laced in even further than he had been in his first visit.

"To celebrate your eighth birthday," his GrandMother told him, "we shall attend the ballet tonight with Lord and Lady Farthingerly."

'Oh, no,' Vivian thought, 'not old fumble fingers and slobber lips!'

To his further embarrassment, Vivian was dressed in his new feminine finery from the skin out by the giggling girls at the dress shop. He was blushing with embarrassment long before the girls had him dressed for the street. His new lingerie was

all silks and satins, unlike the rayons and taffetas and velvets and cottons of his former clothing.

His new corset was so tight around his waist that the flesh on his chest was squeezed upwards into the tiny cups at the top of the garment. Vivian was mortified to realize that he now had baby breasts, just like any other young girl, except that he was not a young girl.

He wasn't.

He wasn't!

He wasn't!

To further add to his misery, his white satin, floor length, snugly fitted sheathe gown was strapless and barely covered the top of his corset so that the bulge of his new breasts made themselves blatantly obvious to the whole world! He marveled at the smoothness of his front and blushed inwardly as he thought of the tight cache sexe that now contained what was left of his shrunken boyhood!

A twinkling tiara was set atop his curls, a diamond choker fastened around his neck, huge, silver hoops fastened in his ear lobes and bracelets snapped around his wrists over the elbow length, white kid gloves. A white fur wrap went around his shoulders and they all stood back to admire their new creation.

“Oh, she’s smashing!” one of the shop girls whispered.

“Coo, I’ve never seen the likes!” another added breathlessly.

“I am extremely pleased, Madame,” his Grand-Mother told the shop keeper. “You can be sure that we will be frequent patrons of your shop!”

The shop keeper beamed. "Thank you, Lady Walker, I am here to please."

GrandMother turned to Vivian. "Come, dear," she ordered, tugging on his reins, "mind your step and do not tread on the hem of your lovely gown!" she warned.

"Yes, Nana," Vivian replied sheepishly as he swished and swayed along beside her.

The chauffeur helped him enter the town carriage, surreptitiously caressing the boy's rounded, protruding bottom, then drove them back to their hotel where Vivian was forced to wait while GrandMother got dressed, standing facing a corner with hands clasped behind him so that he wouldn't muss his gown, nor see what he "shouldn't see" (her words), while she dressed.

Finally, they were off to the ballet and much too soon for Vivian's liking, they were being seated in the loge where Lord and Lady Farthingerly were waiting. Vivian was soundly kissed on his reluctant lips by both, thereby smearing his lip-stick and bringing a sharp rap on his knuckles from GrandMother.

"Fix your lip-paint, Fauntleroy!" she ordered crossly. "You look like a common trollop!"

He wanted to protest that it hadn't been his fault, that it had been the fault of His Lordship, but he knew better than to protest as that would surely earn him a sound smack-bottom on the bare upon their rearrival back at the hotel, unless Nana should decide to up-end him on the spot, right before her two guests! Vivian shuddered at the very thought of being exposed to Lord Farthingerly!

Vivian knew that the lecherous Lord would insist on getting in his licks too, so to speak, and he was determined to avoid that at all costs!

Dutifully he repaired his lip-paint and smiled brightly at the three adults.

“He is such a darling boy, Lady Harriet,” Lady Farthingerly gushed.

“Still, being a boy and all, he should have much shorter hair and more suitable clothing to a child his age!” the old gentleman harrumphed.

‘Oh, no!’ Vivian thought with a start. ‘Then everybody would know that I’m a boy wearing skirts and they would all laugh at me and make fun of me and call me a sissy and tease me unmercifully!’ He cringed visibly and his GrandMother nodded knowingly.

“I have often considered that very thing, your Lordship,” she murmured thoughtfully.

“Were he mine, I would insist on short hair!” the man persisted.

“Now, Horace,” his wife cautioned.

Vivian felt his heart sink into his shoe-tops.

“And that dress is surely much too old for his tender years,” the man continued, adding to Vivian’s embarrassment and consternation. “Short, full skirts with plenty of petticoats and snugly fitted, low-cut bodices worn over his corset, and of course, silk stockings tautly gartered to the base of his corset and silken bloomers and high-heeled shoes and feminine jewelry and girlish make-up with bright red lip-stick and brightly polished nails and a delicate perfume and leather gloves and wide-brimmed hats held on with wide ribbons tied loosely about the

neck and hat pins to keep it firmly in place, that's the way this lad should be dressed!" the old man rambled on and on. "Since he looks so much like a girl, he should be dressed as a girl in any and every way possible," the older male continued his tirade. "Except for the hair, of course. He should have short hair so that he never forgets that he is still a boy in his silky bloomers!"

'Yeah,' Vivian thought resentfully, 'you want me in shorter skirts so you can get your feely fingers inside my bloomers easier! Oooh, I hate you!'

"And should the lad become too loud in his objections, he should be appropriately restrained and gagged and befittingly punished as well!" He patted Vivian's rounded bottom with an easy familiarity.

"Yes, Horace," Lady Farthingerly sighed in resignation, "so you've said so many times."

"Bears repeating, m'dear," the old man brushed her objections aside, "bears repeating often!" To GrandMother, "Have you given a thought to fixing him?" he asked.

GrandMother nodded. "Oh, yes, we took care of that little item the last time we were in country at our estate. Mr. Jenkins, our shepherder attended to that little detail."

Lord Farthingerly brightened considerably. "That's top rate, m'dear!" he boomed. "I was so afraid you were going to let him attain male maturity!"

GrandMother blushed. "Heavens, no!" she whispered, her face coloring brightly. "And Mr. Jenkins gave me a medication that helps the sheep produce nourishment for their yeans."

“Yes,” Lord Farthingerly exclaimed, “I thought I detected an increase in chest size! They should be quite adequate in no time!” he smiled knowingly at Vivian.

Vivian knew they were discussing his breast growth and he hung his head with humiliation.

“Good for the boy!” Lord Farthingerly boomed anew.

Vivian just knew everyone within ear-shot could hear every word the man uttered! That he had been “fixed” when last at the country estate had been explained to him as an unnecessary growth that had to be attended to before his tenth birthday! Whatever “growth” GrandMother meant was never adequately explained, but Vivian noticed immediately that his cache sexe fit him much closer and that his bloomers fit much differently. The small bulge he had had formerly was now smoothed out and he suspected that his “fixing” had had something to do with his sex, but he was never told.

About then, the stage lights lowered as the performance was about to begin.

“Here, lad, come, sit here on my lap,” Lord Farthingerly invited, patting his lap for Vivian. “You will be able to see much better here.” He tugged suggestively on Vivian’s reins.

Vivian blanched, but did as he had been ordered. Well he knew the penalty for refusal, a sound smack-bottom on the bare and then be forced to sit on the man’s lap anyway! GrandMother had twice subjected him to such an ordeal in Vivian’s memory and he did not wish a third exposure! His rouged lips creased in a forced smile, Vivian slipped into the man’s lap and draped an arm around the man’s

neck. As he had known would happen, His Lordship's one hand began to caress the tops of his thighs while the other hand went under his skirt to caress and cup his bottom possessively.

"Give us a kiss, m'sweet love," the old man whispered in Vivian's ear.

Blushing to his roots and hating himself for obeying, Vivian turned his head, parted his red, red lips invitingly and suffered the older man's slobbering French kiss! A sneaky hand fumbled with the hem of his gown and Vivian felt it move, baring his silken legs to the man's attack.

In the darkness and seated two rows behind his GrandMother and Lady Farthingerly who were totally engrossed in the performance on stage, Vivian had no choice but to allow Lord Farthingerly to have his way, and in spite of his best resolves, Vivian started to react positively to the man's unwanted attentions and caresses, and he eagerly, willingly, turned his lips up for the man's now-welcome assault.

Long before the end of the ballet, Vivian's skirt was well up around his waist and his baby breasts had been bared to the coolish air so that his nipples had erected when nibbled by the man's greedy teeth, leaving Vivian begging for the man's attentions. He squirmed with arousal as the man's probing fingers sought intimate places insistently. The probing fingers caressed the front of his bloomers and cupped the small mound between his thighs possessively. Vivian panted and thrust his middle forward to facilitate His Lordship's access! Soon, his bloomers were well down his legs giving His Lordship full access to Vivian's rampant sex toy that was restrained by the wide leather cache sexe fastened so cruelly between

his soft thighs! The man's hand slipped between his gaping limbs and caressed the smoothness there.

"Ah, so nice and smooth, my dear boy! How very like a girl you are!" he teased.

Long since, Vivian's soft hand had been thrust down the front of His Lordship's trousers to grasp the rampant erection and squeeze and caress it lovingly. His Lordship squirmed and panted with arousal as Vivian continued to squeeze and caress the man's erection, and Vivian felt a sort of deep satisfaction that he was able to make His Lordship react in this manner! Unconsciously, Vivian turned his parted lips up to be kissed while he played avidly with the man's huge erection, his breath loud in his ears.

Suddenly, the man hissed through the mist in Vivian's ear, "Cover yourself, you f\*\*\*ing little slut! The ballet is almost finished and you're fully exposed like some common street whore! Cover yourself, I say! Do you want the world to see you?"

Vivian barely had time to slip the top of his gown back into place and stand quickly to replace his bloomers and to let his skirt drop protectively around his thighs before the lights came back up.

If Nana noticed anything awry with his wrinkled skirt, she said not a word.

Outside the theater, they bade good-bye to the other couple and rode back to the hotel in silence. In their room, Nana helped Vivian undress, leaving the corset and cache sexe in place, and helped Vivian into his new silky nightgown.

She saw the pinch marks on Vivian's thighs and bottom and she soothed some sweet oil into his rav-

aged skin, but said nothing about how he had acquired his bruises.

Then he slid into bed and closed his eyes.

Moments later, the bed sagged as his naked GrandMother slipped in beside him and took him into her arms. She pressed his cheek to her bared breasts and patted his back lovingly as he captured her offered nipple between his puckered lips.

He sucked expertly.

“You were such a good little girl tonight, Vivian. I’m sure they enjoyed your company immensely. It was the quietest I’m seen Horace at the ballet in years! Why, it’s almost as if his mind were somewhere else than on the ballet! Anywhere else!” she stated emphatically.

‘You’d be surprised if I told you!’ Vivian thought fleetingly, blushing to his roots.

But, he said nothing aloud, and in moments, he was sound asleep, still sucking diligently.

GrandMother soon drifted off to sleep, Vivian clasped in her loving embrace.

Vivian’s dreams were terrifying. . .

\* \* \*

III

“Ah, Fauntleroy! There you are!” GrandMother greeted from the parlor as he entered the house, just returning from a day at school. He removed his wide brimmed picture hat and hung it on the

hat-tree stand in the hall before hurrying into the parlor.

“Nana!” he whispered softly, curtsying as he presented his parted lips for her welcoming kiss. “I hate school!” he exclaimed. “It keeps me away from you too long!”

“Oh, my, what a sweet little sissy you are!” she scolded affectionately. “Come, kneel next to me.”

Obediently, he sank to the floor between her knees and lay his head in her lap, face down, as he knew she expected of him. Her hand caressed his hair passively. Vivian sighed and inhaled deeply.

“That bad, darling?” she asked gently.

“Yes, Nana,” he replied drowsily.

“I have a delightful surprise for you, my dear,” she murmured absently.

“Yes, Nana?” Vivian knew he would probably not like her “surprise” at all!

“Yes, dear, we have been invited to spend the week-end with Lord and Lady Farthingerly at their estate in Norwichshire. Isn’t that lovely?”

Vivian’s heart sank. ‘No!’ he thought wildly. ‘It’s not lovely, it’s horrible!’ Aloud, “Must we go this week-end?” he asked softly. “It is, after all, moving up day for classes on Saturday and the Prom dance is on Sunday to which I have been asked to attend as the consort of your cousin, Duke Henry Aldrin. . .”

“Oh, yes,” GrandMother murmured in distraction. “I had forgotten all about that! I was so happy to be invited to the Farthingerlys’ that it had completely slipped my mind. Heavens, Lord F. will be so disappointed. You know how much he enjoys your

company. Why, he has planned some exquisite surprises to pass the time while Lady Farthingerly and I discuss her nephew Robin Wilbert. She is quite put out by the lad's sassy, disobedient attitudes and conduct of late and I think I can help her curb the lad's rashness by doing with him as I have done with you to curb your nasty maleness!"

'Great!' Vivian thought in satisfaction. 'That ought to hold the old goat for a while!'

"But, I see no problem. I shall merely have Lord Farthingerly escort you to your exercises while I travel down to Norwich to visit with Lady Farthingerly." She smiled winningly. "I'm sure His Lordship will be more than willing to escort you, and he can also attend your prom, even though you would ostensibly be Duke Henry's date. . . ." she mused absently. "That solves the problem neatly, does it not?"

Vivian's heart sank heavily. "Yes, Nana, as you wish."

"Do I detect a note of disapproval in your voice, little girl?" she asked suspiciously.

"Oh, no, Nana!" Vivian hastened to assure her as he curtsied deeply. "I will be honored to be escorted by His Lordship and Duke Henry!"

"I know his Lordship will enjoy your company, although I can't think why. It's almost as if he thinks of you as a real girl and treats you as such," she mused.

'Yeah,' Vivian thought. 'He just likes to get his hands under my silken bloomers and then tease me unmercifully with those inquisitive, tickling finger tips of his! He knows I'm a boy and he loves to humiliate me by making me kiss him like a real girl

does with her beau! I'm sorely afraid that if he gets me alone somewhere that he will make me do things for him that no boy should be forced to do for a man!'

"Don't worry, Fauntleroy dear," Nana soothed, "I shall make sure that you are well chaperoned when with His Lordship, although I don't think he will expect that! And I'm sure Duke Henry wouldn't mind sharing you. He likes you too, you know."

"Oh, thank you, Nana!" Vivian enthused. "I shall be ever so grateful to you!" Vivian promised fervently. "I love you," he whispered in gratitude.

"However, I would like to see a different corset used. . ." she mused with a sly smile.

Vivian gulped. 'Well, here it comes!' he thought. He knew well what she meant! If she gave him something, she expected him to reciprocate in kind. . . "Oh, yes, Nana, I was thinking just yesterday that this one is getting much too loose. . ."

'Liar!' she thought triumphantly. 'And I do know fully why His Lordship wants to be with you! Just remember, my dear grandson, I slept with your late GrandFather for fifty some years and I well know the almost over-powering urges that can titillate and arouse an older male to distraction!' Aloud, "We shall go see La Modiste before the week-end. I thought you might like a smaller waisted corset and I so informed that Lady some weeks ago. She should have your new corsets ready when we arrive. I shall write her to inform her of your decision."

Vivian feigned enthusiasm. "Oh, Nana, you are so good to me!" He curtsied anew and hurried into her welcoming embrace, his red, red lips parted and up-turned eagerly for her avid kisses.