Eight Rules for Wayward Victorian Girls

by Hopeful_Romantic

Summary

Manners are very important...

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*Cover art: None is mine, and I make no claims to any of the base images.

Title: Eight Rules for Wayward Victorian Girls
Genre: Alice in Wonderland; Alice/Mad Hatter; PWP
Rating: NC-17
Timeline: Long after the original novels (Alice is an adult)
Author's Notes: Okay...so... ummm... this... is... so... wrong... Seriously, I admit it, this is a wee bit twisted. *HR eyes the dark little victorian/goth muse smirking in the corner* And the format is a bit, odd... But *shrug* I write what she tells me to. *grin*

Notes on the "rules:"
#1, 4, 5, and 6 are from Emilie Autumn
#2, 3, 7, and 8 are actual "rules" from Manners, Culture, and Dress of the Best American Society; Richard A. Wells, A.M; King, Richardson & Co. Pub.; 1891

1. It was considered poor etiquette to leave lipstick marks on the china and an even worse breach, to wipe it off with a napkin.
2. It was traditional, particularly for outdoor teas, to play games like Blind Man's Bluff

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2a. Elise is the name Dodgson gave Alice Liddell's older sister (Lorina Charlotte -LC) in the book. Lacie is Alice herself.

Eight Rules for Wayward Victorian Girls

What boots it thy virtue, what profit thy parts, while one thing thou lackest -
the art of all arts?
The only credentials, passport to success, opens castle and parlor,
address, girl, address...

~Ralph Waldo Emerson (adapted)
Rule No. 1: Your maquillage is your mask. Your mask is your liberation. Apply it neatly and without vulgarity.

The Mad Hatter eyed the delicate pink smear of lipstick that was so provocatively painted just at the rim's edge of the nearly empty ivory white porcelain tea cup in his hand. He twisted it this way and that, heedless of the drops of fragrant liquid that fell from it and to his lap, staining the charcoal gray of his suit to a darker shade closer to ebony.

Despite herself, Alice, standing almost penitentially before him, took note of each careless drop, her eyes downcast. In her hands, she twisted a pale napkin with a matching pink stain that kept appearing and disappearing behind nervous fingers.

“I don't know how they do it,” she whispered. “Elsie would never...”

“You're not a little girl anymore, Alice,” The Hatter said in a voice that made the words mean a thousand and one secret little things that she had never realized before that they could...

Rule No. 2: A lady will always fail to hear that which she should not hear, or, having unmistakably heard, she will not understand.

The Hatter carelessly tossed the lipstick stained cup away and Alice startled a little at the sound of it breaking easily against a nearby garden bench.

“Time for games,” he pronounced as he rose smoothly from his chair. “Are there any games you'd like to play, Alice?”

“Elise said that they played Blind Man's Bluff at Laice's tea party,” she offered after a moment. “Though I don't suppose that we can really play that, since there's only us two,” she added thoughtfully.

“Oh, I believe that there are all sorts of games we can play with... just us two,” he replied, his voice so low that it shivered along her skin like the darkest velvet. “Come here, Alice...”

She hesitated only a moment before closing the distance between them...

Rule No. 3: Remember that, as valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

He drank every demurring protest from Alice's lips as if they were drops of bittersweet tea and patiently coaxed soft acquiescence instead until all she was left with were nonsense words. And even those were rolled intimately over his tongue until she was left too breathless to make a sound...

Rule No. 4: Your corset is your armor. Lace it tightly. Breathing is unimportant.

Alice closed her eyes, the delicate sound of The Hatter's scissors coming into sharp focus as she did so. For a moment, the silver clipping sound took all her attention, so much so, that she nearly forgot to breath.
“But what shall I do without the lacings?” She asked in a small voice as she felt her corset loosen, even as she reached for the top stays.

“Breathe...” he murmured, though whether it was an answer or an instruction, Alice was uncertain...

**Rule No. 5: Your stockings prove your virtue. Be certain they are clean, and free of tears.**

Alice’s eyes caught on the long flutter of lace near her knee, suddenly mesmerized by the movement and wondering when the delicate bit of trim had been torn loose from her stalking. She could see, with a distracted attention, where the initial rend had occurred and how, even now, the fabric was raveling loose upon the twisted seam.

Each time her foot shifted on The Hatter's shoulder, the rend grew a little longer, traveling down her leg on a purposeful journey to her toes.

“My stalking has torn,” she murmured, looking down to where the The Hatter knelt between her legs before gasping as he whispered his response into her curls.

“A stalking can be more easily mended than virtue...”

His tongue slipped into her once, twice, three times, before he continued, placing his words between her moans. “But both can be hidden just the same beneath a proper skirt...”

**Rule No. 6: When properly attired, invite yourself to the nearest tea party, or host one yourself. Guests are optional.**

Alice tilted her head, feeling the deliciously rough fabric of the table cloth brush her cheek even as strange shapes filled her dazed vision. It took a moment for her to recognize the tilt of a teapot knocked to its side, the quiet drip of fragrant tea spreading a rose colored stain on the white linen beneath it.

Drip... drip... drip...

She nearly laughed aloud when she realized that The Hatter's thrusts were unintentionally in time with the steady rhythm.

Drip... drip... drip...

Alice rocked with him, her own hips enthusiastically meeting his, her legs wrapped around him.

Drip... drip... drip...

She arched against him like a bow, nearly lifted from the table entirely, the teapot swimming out of her vision as her head tilted back. She heard it crash to the ground, joining its fellows in glimmering shards, wet with tea...

**Rule No. 7: Ladies should avoid talking too much.**

Alice bit into his shoulder when she came, her cries shivering silently over his salty sweet skin...
Rule No. 8: Upon taking leave, express the pleasure you have experienced on your visit.

Alice slid her feet over the side of the table, swinging them softly for a moment and watching the loose lace of her stockings flutter with the movement. She closed her eyes then, almost savoring the painfully sweet ache that pulsed through her with the metronome rhythm of her legs.

“Alice...”

She opened her eyes slowly, absently noting that he wore nothing but his tall hat. Without shame, she reached out to pluck it from his head and place it on her own.

“Alice...”

She looked up; met his eyes. Carefully then, she placed her feet on top of his to avoid the broken tea services strewn haphazardly about. Her arms twined immediately about his neck to keep her precarious balance.

“Thank you for the lovely tea, Hatter,” Alice murmured before brushing her lips lightly over his.

Carefully she untangled herself from him and picked her way through the broken pieces of porcelain, making her way to the garden bench. She grabbed his charcoal gray frock coat from the warm stone and slipped it over her shoulders, savoring how the rich fabric felt against her bare skin.

“I do hope I can come again soon,” she added, not waiting for an answer as she started to walk away, though she got one anyway that made her smile to herself.

“Soon,” he promised to her retreating back. “Soon...”

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