

Dreams of a Flower Boy

by HallowsEveWrite

Florian (Ian) Flint has agreed to his Aunt to be her flower boy for the wedding. Ian spends his time helping his Aunt and having wild dreams about what his life is like as his Aunt's flower boy.

The Costume Box

2022

Chapter 1

Dreams of a Flower Boy

Ian was sitting at the kitchen table with a large bouquet of roses sitting in front of him, attached to them was a card with the name Florian Flint written on it in golden calligraphy. “These are for me?” The young boy of eleven asked incredulously. He had never received flowers himself.

“Yes, please read the card!” His Aunt Rose, who had brought the flowers, encouraged.

He picked up the card and opened it to pull out another beautiful note also in gorgeous golden calligraphy. “Florian, on April 1st I will be marrying my soulmate and would love to have my whole family by my side. I want to take a moment and give everyone a special role for the big day, will you do me the honor of being my flower boy? Love Aunt Rose” Ian read the card out loud.

“Well what do you think?” His Aunt eagerly asked.

“What is a flower boy?” Ian asked his Aunt.

“Well you’ve heard of flower girls right?” She questioned.

“Yeah, they sprinkle flowers down the aisle.” He mused.

“It’s just like that, but it’s a boy!” She grinned. “This way you and your Mom will stand beside me, I’ll have my favorite people by my side!”

He didn’t know what to think, the whole thing sounded very

girly, what would people think of him throwing flowers around? He looked to his mom who a few months ago had received a similar bouquet of roses, she was smiling ear to ear at him. He didn't want to disappoint his Aunt after all and it felt like everyone else in his family was helping with the wedding in some way except him. "Okay, I guess I can do it." He said unsure of himself.

Both his Mom and Aunt started smiling and his Aunt gave him a hug, he felt even more unsure of himself now. "Great! So you can come with us to pick out outfits for the wedding then." His Mom insisted.

His Mom took the bouquet of roses and prepared them to go into a vase, a simple glass vase with etched flowers on it. "Here, take your roses up to your room since they are yours!" His mom said.

Ian carefully collected the vase and took it to his room. He looked around his messy room and tried to find a surface he could keep the vase on, finally settling for his bedside table. He rushed back downstairs to see his Mom and Aunt getting ready to leave.

"Where are you going?" He asked them.

"We are going to pick out wedding outfits, you're coming too since you're the flower boy." His Aunt told him with a sing-song voice making the boy blush.

"Oh, sure I guess that's fine." He told her and grabbed a jacket.

The car ride over to the store was filled with talk of what the colors for the wedding is, which turned out to be white and pink. Aunt Rose had also decided on a rose motif which made sense to Ian given her name. The car pulled up to a store called 'Gorgeous Gala', the windows were filled with mannequins wearing gowns in white.

The three made their way inside and were greeted by three other women, one of them seemed to be the store's attendant. "Welcome to Gorgeous Gala, I take it your party is now complete and we can begin?" Said the woman in a black dress with a name tag that read Fleur.

"Yes, Lily, Florian I want you to meet the bridesmaids Iris and Poppy." Aunt Rose told the group.

Poppy knelt down to Ian. "So you are joining us as our adorable flower boy?" She asked.

"Uh, yeah, I guess so." Ian said, not really sure of himself.

Iris giggled "It looks like we are a garden since we are all named after flowers, right Rose?" She told the group. The other three girls giggled with them and Ian was just confused.

Fleur took the four of them to an area with couches and brought everyone some lattes, Ian looked at his Mom before taking a cup and she just nodded allowing him to partake in the drink. He took a sip and winced at the bitterness of the drink, the other adults didn't seem to notice and he put the mug down beside him. His Aunt disappeared into the dressing room while he and the others waited on the couch,

the women just chatted endlessly about who was and wasn't invited to the wedding. In his boredom he somehow returned to sipping the latte. His Aunt paraded about in wedding dresses, each more expensive and elaborate than the one before, everytime the women asked his opinion and he just told them they all looked nice.

He looked around the shop looking from mannequin to mannequin and noticed that this store only sold dresses, there wasn't a suit in sight. He kept looking around and his eyes stopped on a younger mannequin that looked to be about his size. The dress the mannequin was wearing was a pink dress with pink roses covering it, it was possibly the girliest thing he had ever seen and he noticed it seemed to match every dress that his Aunt had tried on today.

"Mom? When do I get my outfit?" Ian asked. This caused a giggle from the bridesmaids.

"Don't worry honey, you will get measured for yours today but you don't need to try anything on." His Mom informed him. "Do you need a new latte?"

"Oh, I guess." He said putting down his now empty mug, which was quickly replaced by one of the staff. He took a sip and was surprised at the sweet taste of chocolate mixed in, he looked at the staff member and she just winked at him before leaving.

After watching his Aunt walk out in another variation of a white dress Ian's eyes wandered back to the girly dress worn by the smaller mannequin. The dress had a tulle skirt

surrounded by satin roses in pink and white, the back of the dress was a large pink bow and had wide white satin straps that went over the shoulders. He kept looking at it, it was like he couldn't take his eyes off of it. He hadn't noticed but his Aunt had switched dresses a couple more times and he had finished his mocha. "Ian... Ian... Florian!" He finally heard his Mom when his whole name was spoken.

"Yes! They were all very nice." He spoke not knowing what he was saying. The bridesmaids were all laughing and his mom looked frustrated.

"You are going to sit with Aunt Rose now while we try on some bridesmaid dresses." His Mom explained to him.

"Yeah, okay." He said, eyeing his empty cup, wishing he had more, he thought these drinks were supposed to keep you alert. His Aunt sat beside him on the couch, now in her regular clothes. She placed some pastries down in front of him and he helped himself to them. He figured this bridesmaid stuff was mostly looking at dresses, eating and drinking.

"Tell me what you think of the pattern of these dresses." His Aunt asked him. They watched as the three ladies walked out in different style gowns with different floral printed outfits. Ian tried to build an opinion but only ended up offering that one of the floral patterns wasn't a rose, which they agreed made it a 'non starter'. Having given some type of helpful input he just focused on his pastry. The ladies bickered back and forth about which one was best and he lost interest and

found himself staring at the flowery girl's dress again.

"Okay ladies, let's finally get Ian measured for his outfit." Aunt Rose said, waving the other back to their seats.

Ian snapped out of his daydream and stood up, he followed Fluer to the centre of the room where there was a stool set out for him to stand on. "Please remove the pants and sweater." Fluer asked politely yet firmly. His cheeks blushed a little as he started to pull off his sweater and pull down his jeans. He heard a gaggle of giggles from the ladies as he pulled down his pants to reveal pink briefs, some of his whites ones accidentally got dyed pink in the wash and he forgot he was wearing one of them today. He started turning red from embarrassment and tried to cover up with his arms. "No, no, arms up!" Fluer demanded while pulling out a tape measure and measuring every inch of him, the arms, the neck, his chest, waist and legs. At the end she even measured his shoe size before allowing the red faced boy to return to his clothes, which he quickly put back on.

Ian sat back down on the couch, somehow drained from the experience. He hadn't noticed but they had been at Gorgeous Gala all afternoon and everyone was preparing to leave. His Aunt made a few more arrangements with Fluer and then they finally got back in the car to head home.

Later that evening after his Aunt had gone home he was lying in bed staring at the roses that sat beside him, the smell had filled his room over the course of the day and the bouquet reminded him of the dress from the afternoon. With his lights

out and nose filled with roses he gently fell asleep.

Ian walked down the aisle basket in his hand skipping and throwing flowers at all the guests. He was wearing the same dress he ogled all afternoon, the roses bounced around and he pranced down the aisle. The attention felt great while everyone was praising him and complimenting his pretty dress. As he kept moving down the aisle and continued to toss rose petals at the guests and started to notice they weren't wearing the nice suits and gowns for a wedding and his surroundings had changed to that of his classroom. He felt humiliated standing in the middle of his class wearing his rose flower dress carrying a basket of rose petals. He looked around and noticed the surprised look on his friend's faces and the snickers from the girls in his class. "No!" Ian cried out. "This was just for the wedding, not school!". He rushed out the classroom door only to be back at the ceremony standing with the beautiful bridesmaids, he felt a strange calm wash over him even though there were even more eyes on him now. He scanned through the crowd only to discover his whole class was in attendance all giggling at him, he felt like there was no escape from their glare. He woke up.

Ian snapped up when he woke up, he was breathing heavily until he realized everything was a dream. He took in a deep breath through his nose, the floral scent filling it. Ian looked at the roses that sat on his table and sighed deeply. "It was just a dream." He whispered to the empty room. His alarm hadn't gone off yet but the sun was already starting to creep into his room. He felt tired but didn't want to risk another

dream so groggily got out of bed and decided to spend the extra time he had having a long shower. Afterwards he got dressed in some jeans and a sweater and before leaving his bedroom he picked up the vase, he surmised the smell of roses in his room and the lattes from the previous afternoon is what caused the dream and left the vase sitting on a hallway table.

His Mom finally walked downstairs dressed for work. “You’re up early today.” She said,

“Yeah... I had trouble sleeping.” Ian told her while packing his bag for school.

“Oh, well maybe you should lay off the coffee then.” She smiled at him.

“Yeah.” He chuckled a little still thinking about his dream. “I’m heading out.”

Ian walked to school, he felt a little unsettled stepping into the classroom he just had a dream about. For some reason everything seemed off, like he hadn’t actually woken up yet, he just figured he was over tired.

Class hurried along and the people who were once laughing at him in his dream were now staring at the chalkboard listening to the teacher over explain math problems on the board. Ian caught himself staring out the window in boredom thinking about the dress store and the dream he had. He tried to occupy his mind with what dress his Aunt had chosen and which pattern the bridesmaids went with, he spent so long

spacing out yesterday that he missed the decision making, for some reason that annoyed him. He was thinking about his Aunt's wedding dress and figured it must have been the one with the big train of silk roses and long veil, she spent the most time in that one. He kept thinking about what she would look like walking down the aisle and he was thrown back to this morning when he was prancing down the aisle, only this time he was wearing a long dress with a train adorned with silk roses. There was fancy music playing and all his friends and family were standing watching him, everything was blurry due to the veil. He looked to his right and there was his mom standing in a light pink dress with a floral rose pattern on it, she was holding his arm as he stepped down the aisle. He felt like this was an important moment for him and didn't feel embarrassed at all as he marched down the aisle and found himself smiling. When the person he was to marry lifted off the blurry veil it wasn't his friends as family surrounding him, it was his classmates again all staring and laughing at him in the large over the top wedding dress. He looked for his Mom but his teacher had replaced her and the wedding hall turned back into his classroom and he started breathing heavily. "No, not the school again." He said.

"Ian," His teacher said, trying to calm him, but he collected up the rose covered train and ran for the door. "Ian" He heard his teacher call again, he saw the wedding venue at the end of the hall again and tried to run faster to get back. He woke up.

"Florian!" His teacher cried. His body shot up. Ian was sitting at his desk in the class with his teacher towering over him.

Now he heard the laughter of his classmates for real as he got caught for dozing off.

“Sorry! Won’t happen again!” He told the teacher, now wide awake. His teacher just handed him the worksheet for the day and moved on.

Ian stayed focused for the rest of the day still with the lingering embarrassment and thoughts of wedding dresses floating around his head, he was glad when the final bell rang and he could go home and get his mind off of everything.

Ian noticed his Aunt’s car in the driveway again as he walked up to his house, he opened the door and saw his Aunt and Mom in the living room. “Hey Mom, Hello Aunt Rose.” He told them as he put his things away.

He stepped into the living room and saw the two of them building little decorations with jars filled with various white and pink candies. “Oh Ian, you’re just in time to come here and help put these together with us.” Aunt Rose said

“Okay, these are for the wedding?” He asked.

“Oh yes we need a bunch for every table, it’s part of the centrepiece.” She explained.

Ian started to fill jars and hand them to his Aunt to get ribbons attached. “Hey, Aunt Rose. Which dress did you end up picking yesterday?” He asked, trying to get a clear answer.

His Aunt looked surprised at the question, given his spaciness yesterday. “I hadn’t picked yet, why do you ask?” She

questioned him.

Ian's face flushed thinking back to his dream in class. "I was just thinking I liked the one with the long train and the white roses." He said quietly.

He looked at his Mom who smirked and smacked her sister's arm. "That settles it doesn't it Rosy!" His Mom piped up. "He is your flower boy after all."

His Aunt threw up her hands. "I guess majority rules, the silk rose dress it is." She said smiling.

"What's going on?" Ian asked, confused.

"Your Aunt and I thought that your favorite dress was also the best but Iris and Poppy disagreed." She explained. "I think your vote just tipped the scales in our favor."

"Oh, uh, you're welcome. I guess." Ian said unsure of what just happened and focused on filling jars with candies. After they finished he carried all the boxes filled with jars to his Aunt's car and she went off on another errand.

The wedding approached faster than expected and over the course of the next few weeks Ian had helped with everything from selecting flowers, testing wedding cakes and listening to DJs. After a while he got used to helping out his Aunt on her wacky requests and he found them kind of fun, he ate as much cake as he wanted and met some cool DJs, his Aunt even let him help out with the playlist.

The day before the wedding his Mom was packing a bag for

herself and for him, she had just got off the phone and looked frustrated. “What’s wrong Mom?” Ian asked as his Mom rifled through his dresser while filling a small suitcase.

“I was hoping we could try on our wedding outfits before tomorrow but it looks like they will be delivered to the rooms on the morning of the wedding.” His Mom complained.

Over the last few weeks Ian had forgotten about his dreams with the dresses, getting measured at the dress store and hadn’t really considered what outfit would be waiting for him at the hotel. “Oh so we won’t see them until we need them?” He asked, curious about what dress he was going to wear as the flower boy.

“Yes they will be delivered to the rooms and we can collect them in the morning.” His Mom explained, she then zipped up the suitcase and left it on the bed for her son. “Take this to the car, we have a long drive ahead of us.”

Ian and his mother got into the car and started to drive to the hotel, after some general chatter between them about school and his Mom’s work she eventually turned on the radio to a talk show. Ian just stared at the passing cars on the highway and leaned his head against the window. He was thinking about the bridesmaid dresses and trying to recall the details of the previous dreams.

Ian found himself wearing a yellow sundress with blue dots, on his blonde head sat a large sun hat. He stepped onto the patio of a bakery, he recognized it as the bakery where he tried out all of the cakes for the wedding. Making his way

through the busy patio with people sipping tea and eating cake he found his Aunt sitting in a similar dress of her own. He waved at her and she smiled back as he joined her. "Cake for the two ladies?" A waiter asked as he placed multiple types of cake on the table, Ian blushed at being called a lady. Ian sat and enjoyed eating cake again with his Aunt, even if he was in a sundress. The two seemed to be having a good time until he looked around and started to recognize faces from his class, the tables around him were filled with his classmates. He tried to look back towards his Aunt but when he faced forward his classroom's blackboard appeared in front of him, he was no longer in a bakery eating cake but sitting at his desk in class. Ian looked down and saw the sundress and looked around at his classmates staring at the blackboard, had they not noticed his dress? Ian's heart beat rapidly, he didn't know what to do. He felt himself lurch forward in his seat and woke up.

Ian woke up as his Mom pulled into the parking lot of the hotel, he looked around in disbelief and took a deep breath. "Welcome back." His Mom told him.

He rubbed his eye to get the sleep away. "Sorry about that." he apologised.

"Don't worry about it." His Mom smiled. "We are just dropping off luggage and meeting Rose in the lobby."

The two checked in and went to their rooms, Ian was surprised he got his own away from his Mom. He left his bag and headed downstairs to greet his Aunt. He spent the rest of

the evening having his Aunt explain to him the hall, the decorations, where the ceremony is and where all the flowers go. She had it all figured out. Ian tried to remember the order of things but all he had to do was carry the basket of rose petals down the aisle and sprinkle them around. After the ceremony she explained they would be going to the hotel's garden for more pictures. After dinner Ian helped with arranging chairs for the ceremony, setting up different tables and generally doing everything he was asked, after all the work he was looking forward to tomorrow. His Mom and Aunt sent him off to his room to get a good night's sleep since he would be joining the bridesmaids before the wedding for photos.

Ian laid in his large hotel bed, he had spent some time freely watching TV and exploring the room. They had booked the rooms for two nights and he still couldn't believe the amount of privacy he was being afforded. He set an alarm for five in the morning, he needed to arrive in his Aunt's suite for six and that gave him plenty of time. He thought again about what he needed to do and realized he still hadn't seen the outfit he was wearing for the wedding. He figured as a flower boy he would wear something similar to what the bridesmaids wore or at least something similar to a flower girl. He thought about all the dresses they had seen at the Gorgeous Gala and tried to think of which one his Aunt would have chosen for him.

He inspected the dress on the mannequin again, this time running his hand over the material. "I don't know about that

one.” His Aunt told him standing beside him. “It screams flower boy, but it’s also very childish. I was thinking something closer to a bridesmaid.” Ian followed her through the shop and she pulled one off the rack. The dress was patterned the same as the ones for the bridesmaid but rather than a dress covered in silk roses it was just pink with the rose pattern, the skirt was an a-line and had thin straps for the shoulders, it looked more mature. “I think this is better, you’re still a young boy after all!” she laughed. Ian felt great about the dress choice, it looked nice and maybe he could even wear it after the wedding. He took the dress and went to the change room, returning to his Aunt and giving her a twirl. The two of them laughed. While modelling the dress he heard beeping and thought it might be the fire alarm, panicking he and his Aunt ran out of the shop while he still wore the dress. People were around but no one commented on his dress, the alarm was just as loud outside. He woke up.

Ian’s eyes snapped open and he slammed his hand on the digital hotel alarm clock, finally giving him some quiet, the time read 5:21 in large red blocky numbers. He took a deep breath, he still had plenty of time and wasn’t late. He got into the shower and thought about his dream and the dress, he wondered if that was the dress his Aunt actually picked out for him, his dreams seemed to be pretty good at guessing dresses. He threw on some random clothes from the suitcase, he would be changing into his wedding outfit soon anyway. He collected his keycard and headed for his Aunt’s room. It was a good thing he set an early alarm since he was right on time and knocked on her door.

The door was opened by his mother and it revealed a large suite with a sitting area, large bathroom and bed. Ian excitedly came inside, he was looking forward to finally seeing the dress he was going to wear. His Mom told him to sit on the couch and wait for a bit while everyone got ready. He watched as a photographer took photos of the makeup artist working on his Aunt and while her hair got done. He had breakfast in the room with the bridesmaids and eventually the makeup artist sat down beside him with some items.

“I think we need to have your flower boy join in on the fun, don’t you?” She asked the women.

“Only if he wants to.” His Mom told them while she was fussing with her sister’s jewellery.

Ian felt his heart beat with anticipation, Iris and Poppy were just looking at him wondering what he would do. “Yes!” Ian said, sounding too excited which caused a giggle from the women. He didn’t really care, he was starting to have fun.

The makeup artist applied some moisturiser and a very light foundation, Ian smiled through the process, he had never worn makeup before. She then applied a touch of eyeliner and just the smallest bit of blush to his cheeks, when looking in a mirror he could barely tell there was makeup at all. “This will make sure your photos pop later today and take away some of the shine.” The artist told them. The makeup made Ian feel like he was part of the party properly and made him feel special. “Now let’s clean up that hair.” She took a brush

and styled his hair so it looked properly groomed. “I think you're ready to get dressed.”

Ian shot out of his seat, this was what he had been waiting for, he could finally see his dress. His Mom picked up a garment bag from a rack, it was the last one sitting there as the bridesmaids had already gotten dressed in their pink satin dresses with a rose floral pattern running down it, their dresses were strapless. Ian saw in the little window on the bag and it had the same pattern as the dresses, he started smiling when he saw it, then he got nervous again. He thought about all his dreams where people laughed at him, he wanted to wear the dress but walking down an aisle in front of hundreds of people felt like too much. He started breathing deeply, which his Mom noticed as they walked to the bathroom for him to change.

“Is everything okay?” She asked him.

Ian tried to calm himself and eventually whispered to his Mom. “I don’t think I can do it, wearing this dress in front of all those people.”

His Mom hung up the garment bag on the door. “So you feel nervous and it’s because you have to wear a dress?” She asked him, sounding a little confused.

“Well, it’s just everyone will see me, I’ll look like a sissy.” He said looking down at his feet.

“So all this time, helping your Aunt you thought you had to wear a dress to the wedding?” She asked. “You were okay

with that?"

"Well we picked out the clothes at the dress shop, it had all those nice dresses and no boy clothes, that's where this is from, right?" He asked, looking very clearly at the branded Gorgeous Gala logo. "I already agreed and thought it wouldn't be too bad, it would be kind of nice, but not in front of all those people." Ian confessed to his Mom about wanting to wear the dress but was too nervous to wear it in front of everyone.

His Mom smiled at him affectionately. "So you want to wear a dress, but not today and not in front of everyone?" She asked.

"Yeah, like just for me and you." He confirmed shyly with a flushed face.

Ian heard unzipping and he looked up still wanting to at least try it on and maybe take a few pictures, the outfit that was revealed is not what he expected. It was a pair of dress pants with a dress shirt and a vest, there were also some accessories as well. The pants and vest were the same pink color and rose pattern as the dresses the women wore and that was the material he saw through the window, the dress shirt was a standard white. Ian stopped panicking since he realized he no longer had to wear a dress, in fact he never had to wear a dress. His panic changed to a feeling of disappointment and grief, he thought he would have been able to see what it looked like on him.

His mom looked as her son calmed down and looked

downtrodden. “Let’s see what we can do after the wedding.” She reassured her son, which made his blush at the prospect of going dress shopping with his mom. “Now, get changed, there is still a lot to do.”

Ian quickly got dressed in his formal pink attire and came out of the washroom and sat back on the couch. His outfit was accented with a pink tie, white belt and white leather shoes. The makeup artist opened a box on the table. “One final touch.” She said and took out a crown of roses, which had the thorns removed, and used a couple clips to attach it to his blonde head. “You’re flower boy is ready for his debut.” Ian blushed underneath his crown.

The rest of the morning flew by with photos, food and celebration. Below them in the lobby guests were streaming in and filling the hall. Eventually they took a service elevator down to the ceremony and prepared themselves in the back room. A wedding coordinator positioned the men in black suits next to the pink dressed ladies as they would be walking down the aisle together. A girl who matched his height stepped up beside him.

“Hello, you must be Buttercup.” Ian said politely, remembering her name from the wedding planning. “The ring bearer.” He pointed to the satin pillow wrapped in ribbon she was holding.

“Oh, don’t you start with the Buttercup thing.” She grumbled in her black dress with a pink belt wrapped around it.

“Isn’t that your name?” He questioned her.

“I hate that name!” She complained.

“I think it’s pretty.” Ian told her, causing her to blush and look flustered.

She rolled her eyes at Ian. “Sorry, it’s fine, you can call me Buttercup.” She relented. “What is your name?”

“I’m Ian.” He hesitated and decided Buttercup could use his full name, which he doesn’t usually let people do. “But you can call me Florian.” He smiled at her.

“Florian! Really! That’s fitting given your outfit.” She teased him causing them both to laugh.

Music started playing and the adult in front of them started walking out, behind them stood his Aunt. He stepped up to the door of the hall and he and Buttercup walked out. The music was loud and intimidating but for Florian it felt like he had done this a few times already. In his hands he held a large ornate basket overflowing with pink and white rose petals. He walked down the aisle and tried to sprinkle the petals but figured he was going too slowly. By the time he was halfway down the audience was looking at the pair of them and he was grabbing fistfuls of petals and tossing them in the air. He was having fun and even jumping a little into the shower of petals as he threw them. When they reached the end of the aisle both he and Buttercup had rose petals in their hair. The two giggled at each other, Florian rushed over to his spot with the brides while Buttercup handed the rings off to the best man.

More ceremonious music started playing as his Aunt made her way down the aisle with all the guests standing. She looked beautiful and it made him happy to see her like that. The rest of the ceremony went off as planned and Florian spent the reception talking to Buttercup and enjoying the festivities.