

Chapter 38

We didn't push the conversation over the next couple of days. There were moments when I wanted to. I felt like I had a right to know what I was competing against, but the idea just made me feel like I was being a jealous witch. Still, the signs that Sebastian was giving me terrified me more than I would like to admit. I had thought he wanted me at one point, but now we were going backwards.

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Ever since the first time I kissed him I wanted more. I could spend hours sitting on the couch with my finger tangled in his hair and his mouth on mine. I often thought about what would happen if I let him go farther. But I didn't even have a chance to get through the beginning stages.

It didn't matter what I did. I could wear plunging necklines and shorts around the house. Or I could wear his tee shirts and have my hands covered in paint. It didn't make a difference. He would look, but the second I would kiss him he would tense up. He would always kiss me back, his lips so soft, but if I leaned into him or moaned against his lips he would ease me away. If I was slow and gentle he would pull back and kiss my forehead before scooting around me.

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Each and every time he passed me by I would feel sick to my stomach. Was I not enough? Could I not compare to the countless women he had had before me? Was I just not his type? All so soft and squishy in the wrong places.

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Finally, after a week of awful thoughts plaguing my mind, I called in the big guns.

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"Keiko," I groaned into the land line.

"Oh lord, what's wrong?" she asked, her voice already so friendly.

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"I need help with something along the lines of seduction," I admitted.

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"Well, you've called the right person."

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Two weeks later Keiko was at the mansion. Sebastian and Ajax went off to do 'business' and we were given girl time, which Keiko really seemed to enjoy.

"Having this time together is just so nice," she gushed as we wandered through a mall. I had never been a particularly big fan of shopping and it didn't seem worth the hour drive to get here, but Keiko was delighted.

"Really? I kind of thought this type of thing would be below you," I confessed.

"I wasn't always a Queen," she reminded, her voice soft. "I love Ajax and I would give everything up all over again, but this life isn't easy and it certainly isn't what I wanted for myself. Shopping in a small city in rural Canada is a dream come true right now. No one is asking me about pack budgets or even knows my name. With the States always being in a form of unrest I'm so well known down there."

I gave her a half smile and entered the store slightly behind her, feeling like she was my shield from all things frilly and satin that suddenly had more meaning than they ever used to.

"This stuff is expensive," I whispered to her.

"Expensive is good, especially when someone else is paying," she teased.

"But the real reason we are here is not because expensive looks better, but because just from looking at you I can tell you've never had a real bra fitting."

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And her words I glanced down at my chest which looked the same it always did. I wasn't terribly thin, nor was I too big, just right in the middle. I was a moderate c-cup. You could dress it up, but it wasn't overwhelming on its own. Then, I surveyed the space around me and was a little stunned to find plus size mannequins cinched into intense looking sport bras, inserts that were for women who had lost a breast, a nude bras that looked like they could handle being a girl's old faithful for decades. Sure, there was all the seduction of a normal store, but so much more.

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Not more than a moment later I was approached by a young woman with a bright smile. When she offered to help I immediately dismissed her, but Keiko overrode me and insisted she help. After that I was placed in a change room with an assortment of bras, ranging from plain black to shimmering patterns.

Getting on the first bra was a struggle. It felt like it was squeezing my ribs.

"What's the point of this again?" I demanded over the change room door.

"You need a real bra, one that offers real support, Charlotte," she replied.

"Your support should come from your band, not your straps. Put a tee shirt on top and come out."

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I didn't understand, but did as she asked and left the safety of my change room to face her and the sales woman. They both nodded in approval and Keiko pointed out that my posture was much better in this bra, with less of the weight being on my shoulders. It felt nothing like the department store bra I had on previously and I certainly thought my chest looked a little more lively. And, to be fair, my shoulders were singing despite the angry red marks from my previous bra.

I rolled my eyes but did eventually settle on two bras, neither as sexy as I would've liked, but comfortable enough.

"I thought we were getting something, you know, racy," I pressed when we exited the store.

"I've known Hades for years. Ajax is the kind of guy that you wow with bright red panties and plunging necklines. Hades is a little more sophisticated than that. Besides, where you are going I'm lacking," she said, indicating her unremarkable torso. "For me it's more fun to dress it up."

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Then we were off to a clothing store and in a matter of twenty minutes I had ten new outfits to try on. Some had low necklines. Some were sheer. Some had open backs or short skirts. It didn't matter, every time I came out of the dressing room Keiko would shake her head, frowning or I would feel so unlike myself that I wouldn't even bother coming out.

We tried to go into a makeup store next. It was moderately successful, but mostly disappointing. Keiko insisted I try on stark reds or deep burgundies. She even pulled out purple toned shades when I kept denying everything else. To appease her more than anything, I settled on a sheer, shimmering lip gloss and a new mascara that I definitely didn't need.

"I'm sorry, this whole trip was a waste of your time," I apologized, feeling like a fool with my two, nearly empty bags.

"It was not a waste of my time. I really love shopping and I think you're really fun to spend time with," she insisted.

"But I called you for something and then realized that I just can't be sexy. I look awful in everything," I groaned.

At that Keiko stopped in the middle of the mall, frowning her brow. "I'm going to be honest with you because I don't like lying to my friends. You looked great in a lot of those pieces. You just didn't feel great in them. You knit pick yourself to death."

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"I didn't look great in anything," I protested. "I didn't have the ass for anything that short, my arms have batwings on them so I can't wear short sleeves, my skin looks so white with all those makeup products."

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"See? That's exactly what I'm talking about! You are beautiful, Charlotte. Do you know what it was like stripping with girls who had these massive boobs? Honest to God, some of them run the risk of suffocating in their sleep. Or this one girl was a fitness model with these incredible legs. I have small eyes and my hair has been curled like four times in my life. I could've ripped myself apart everyday. But I learned to love myself. Hades is probably already head over heels with the way you look, but until you love it just as much it doesn't mean anything."

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~~~Distraction Section~~~

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Hello everyone! Today was supposed to be the final day of our 12 day long spree. Boy, I am tired, but so excited for how Charlotte and Sebastian have progressed. Sebastian honestly will always have a special place in my heart and I'm really thrilled that we crossed 50,000 reads. So I added on one extra day of updates. Tomorrow will be the last update in a row. Then hopefully you'll be sated until next Tuesday so I can have a brain break.

Question of the Day: Describe your dream house!

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I would want a victorian style home, but with a more classic interior. I love all the little details and elegance. I would also want a giant office to fill with all the books I have and a big desk where I could write and get all my ideas out!

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