

## Chapter 0044

I walked out, stepped up onto the platform and all the guys looked up from their phones and just stared at me, frozen in their movements.

"Yes!" This is a great color on you. Sierra cries. "Spin, slowly, please." She indicates by twirling her finger. "I like it, but you don't look super excited. Next!" She didn't even hesitate to move on. I would have felt bad for not liking something someone else spent so much time designing, even if they had no idea I rejected it. Sierra had no such qualms.

I jump at her exclamation to 'GO!' and head back. She throws another dress at me when I give her the poofy one. This one is a bit more reserved on the excess skirt material. It has the same straight cut along my chest that extends to one inch wide straps hanging at the ends of my shoulders. I have a feeling they are more for fashion than for actually holding up the dress. This one is a deep teal color and the satiny fabric feels great on my skin. The slightly less poofy skirt also drags on the ground. I step out to the mirror and my waiting audience.

"The Luna was right, jewel tones are great on you. Spin." She twirls her finger again. "Better, but there's more, so much more." She taps the tips of her fingers together in front of her mouth like a cartoon villain. Oh Goddess, what have I

gotten myself into? She did plann everything to a T though. My ponytail was long and full enough that none of my scars were seen over the top of the dresses and the tattoo concealer did not seem to be rubbing off at all.

By the fifth dress I did catch on to a theme. She started with the most conservative dresses. Plenty of coverage and material to get me, and I'm sure the guys, comfortable with the real dresses she wanted me in. The more I tried on the more daring the necklines and skirt slits were. They also got shorter too. She made sure to take pictures of all the dresses she deemed worthy of contention, so I wouldn't have to keep going back and forth when we finally have to decide.

By dress, I have lost effing count, I was in a short black dress with a corseted lace top with a sweetheart neckline that laced up the back with a black satin ribbon. Sierra had to help me with this one. She had me tied so tight, this b\*tch wasn't going anywhere. The corset was lined with a thick, soft, nude material so I was completely comfortable and covered while at the same time looking sexy. My shoulders and arms were tan and on full display. My muscle definition looked great with the fit of this top. There was a wide satin panel that went around my torso, just above my hips dividing the top from the skirt. The black satin skater skirt was long enough to touch the middle of my thighs and I could bend over without showing off the goods. I totally tested it before leaving the dressing room too. In front of the guys was not the time to realize that mistake. It made

my legs appear longer paired with my high top platforms and I loved the illusion. I stepped out smiling.

"There it is," she says in a low voice to me. "That's the look I have been waiting for."

We both walk out smiling. The reactions come all at once when I step out.

"Oh, shit."

"Damn!"

"Holy Hell."

"F\*ck!"

"Nope, not happening. Absolutely out of the question."  
Mateo growls out. "Next!"

Sierra just laughs and moves me to the three way mirror and has me twirl. I can't tell if she's taking a photo or a video, but at this point I am having fun modeling all these stupid dresses.