

# Spice And Sugar

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A young girl Charlotte has learned love and had it ripped from her very self. Entangled in grief and sadness she decides to never trust men again...



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In a time long forgotten, there had been a kingdom. A kingdom where the royal prosper and the peasants live like sewers rats. A young lass, known by the name of Charlotte was the daughter of one of these wealthy aristocrats. She was born in luxury and was as beautiful as the sunset horizon. Charlotte had many a men crawling at her feet, but she felt none for any of them. One day in the drafty castle, she walked the spacious halls in a fleece veil to shade her from the chill. There he was, a man of high reverence in the royal castle. He was not bound to her by kin but was the young son of a friend to the king.

He was a motley man, tall and far from pale. His name was Cain. He turned to Charlotte and right then; Charlotte became entranced by his figure. She was astounded that a man like this exists. Compared to all the squatters she had gotten, she felt warm looking at this man. "Are you lost, madam?" he questioned.

"N-No. I am not. What is it you are doing out here so long into dusk?" Charlotte was curious. No, more over she just wanted to speak to him. "Me? Well I was just looking at the moon." Charlotte walked over to him to gaze out the window and see the shining moon casting its lustrous glow upon the earth. "It's beautiful."

"Yes it is. But not as beautiful as you Charlotte"

Months have gone by now. Charlotte developed a great affection for Cain. He was kind to her, protected her, and sheltered her. There wasn't a time Cain wasn't with Charlotte. Charlotte was extremely happy, she was in Heaven. But too much of heaven can bring you underground. Charlotte had seen him, eloping with another woman. She was devastated. Her joy came crashing down so fast, all the happiness and joy was ripped straight from her heart and torn from her body. She became like a hollow carcass, empty, devoid of emotion and always alone.

Charlotte was lying in her bed, salted with tears of past and present. She was saddened, alone and cold. She didn't want to trust men anymore. She came to that solution. That every man is a liar, a betrayer and a luster. At that time, someone had knocked on her door. "Why would someone be here at this hour?" she thought. She got up, wiped her tears and clicked the door knob. There was an eccentric smiling man; he was of the same height as Charlotte, burning red hair and in casual clothing. "Greetings!" he joyously said. "What do you want?"

"I heard there was a lass here so I decided to explore for myself, but it seems I had gotten myself lost in this labyrinth of a castle. What is with this man Charlotte thought? Why is he happy he got lost? Why is he looking for me? He's probably like Cain!"

"Ah! That's right my name is Allen. Your name, what is it?" Allen huh? "My name is Charlotte." "Charlotte? What a nice name indeed. Well then Charlotte, we should go out of the castle sometime into the herald square. What is with him?" "I do not associate myself with the poor; I do not need to sully my name and my family. And you, Allen, what do you want from me? My luxury? My virgin body? My home? My life?" Allen stood there with a shocked face, that she would say these things. He had heard rumors, which she began to show great disdain towards men. He hadn't known why but he was beyond curious now. "Charlotte, why you ask? I could care less about money, your body is your own and you give it when you are ready to do so, your home is yours I seek not to reap it from you and your life. Your life is yours, I will not steal it or destroy it but rather" Allen paused. He seemed to be looking for the correct words.

"What is it? Speak!" she demanded. "Well as for your life, I want to be with you. His words were weak but were strong to her mind. "With me? He's definitely after something, I can't trust him! He'll act all nice and kind but really he'll be like"

"H-Hey what's wrong? Your crying, did I upset you?" He said worried. Tears were swimming down Charlotte's cheeks. "Why? I never cried when I thought of him. Why, why am I crying? It won't stop." Charlotte shut her eyes and felt a warm tight embrace, she opened them to see Allen was hugging her, she wanted to push him away but her tears stopped her. "I don't know if I

## Spice And Sugar

upset you or someone else did, I apologize. Please, do not cry. Your face is too beautiful for that. She stood up much to Allen's surprise. Stop it! I know you just want me for my beauty; all men are lecherous this way! Go away!

He stood there, unfazed by her words. She had figured by saying this he would have gone, but he didn't. Charlotte. You can be mean to me, but I will never go away. I want to be with you and more importantly, you to be with me.

You'll just use me! she screamed. No, I won't use you, if anything we will use each other, together.

She was stunned to hear these words. Charlotte, I believe that behind every spice is sugar. Like you, despite your appearance you show to other men I believe there is someone softer and kinder. But I'm willing to be with the spice and the sugar. Charlotte I would like a cup of your sugar.

Charlotte cried a new form of tears, salt less non bitter tears. They were tears of happiness, tears of glee. She burst out in a crying explosion not able to contain her emotions any longer. Allen I would be glad to give you a cup of my sugar. She smiled profusely as she uttered this thinking she would never say this ever before and embraced Allen in a warm hug, knowing this hug is more binding than any ceremonial wedding ring.

The End

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