

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers |

Chapter 13

Tessa.Powell

No, I didn't think you wanted to know—I thought we were just hyping her up to do that stuff.

Dove.Dorothy

Find out.

Dove.Dorothy

Don't be stupid Tessa, helping a friend in need is the good.

Tessa.Powell

Let me guess, you are trying to get brownie points with Vinny. Don't answer it because I know you are. I was on my way to the laundry room when I saw him knock on your dorm door.

Tess.Powell

Remember safe sex is the best sex.

Dove.Dorothy

Just make sure you have that information soon rather than later. Ciao.

Tessa.Powell

Whatever later!

From: Everett.Sawyer@Walsh.edu

CC: Chase.Tucker@Walsh.edu, Darren.Reed@Walsh.edu, Tristan.Beckett@Walsh.edu

Vincent.Beckett@Walsh.edu, Miguel.Jackson@Walsh.edu, Austin.Kramer@Walsh.edu

Date: Thursday, October 26th, 2:45pm

Subject: Halloween Party

All right, ladies and gents, it's that time of the year again! Halloween Party at

Croakington starts at 10 pm MONDAY, liquor will be provided but we encourage you to bring more.

Let's try to keep the sloppy drunks home this time. We didn't like cleaning your fucking vomit out of the kitchen sink. (SHE KNOWS WHO SHE IS!!)

Also, don't teepee the fucking house (LACROSSE TEAM—FUCKING PUSSIES) ALSO, let's keep everything short and sweet talking about the ladies' costumes I intend on seeing!

Cheerleaders, please no tricks in the house. DOVE, you still owe us a TV.

Oh, upstairs is off-limits to everyone!! I catch anyone trying to fuck in my bed again; I am throwing you both out butt ass naked. The last party someone came all over my DAMN SHEETS! Fucking dicks!

We are also having a contest, best costume contest (LADIES ONLY) the sluttier the better. Winner gets seven minutes in heaven with her choice of Croakington frat brother. SORRY LADIES, AUSTIN AND VINCENT ARE OFF THE MARKET. HOWEVER, I AM MORE THAN AVAILABLE TO MAKE YOUR 7 MINUTES WORTH IT.

Peace out Fuckers!

“You look amazing. Absolutely amazing.” Raven smiles at me in the mirror.

“Yeah right, you will tell me anything just so we can go to this party.” I look at her through the mirror hoping to see anything that would indicate I’m right.

Raven squirts hair lotion in her hand and rubs it between her palms, working it through my beach wave curls.

“Oh, shut up, Charlotte. You know deep down inside you want to come too. No matter how hard you try to deny it. You want to see him.”

She is right. The guys are throwing a party and they invited me, even though I haven’t been staying there and haven’t been coming around either. After that night talking with Vincent, I needed to do what he said and not force it.

The drive from home to campus has been kicking my butt, and now I’ve decided to stay with Raven and her roommate Brett. It isn’t ideal, but neither complains.

“I don’t. Chase, the guys, and I...we just—I haven’t spoken to them in a while so I don’t know what is going on. You know what, I think it’s a bad idea for me to go.

“I would be a sore thumb there. You know I don’t do well at parties.” I give her a pleading look in the mirror.

“Just think of it as one of the cooking class’s events. You are literally the life of the kitchen at one of those things,” she jokes.

“Speaking of cooking, did you find out who the other person is? The event is in a week and I still don’t know who. I narrowed it down to three people. Natalia Cumbler, Caleb Montey, and Davina Jones.

“All of them magically just started to treat me differently in class and they are always so secretive.” I shrug my shoulders.

“Who do you think?” I enlisted the help of Raven to find out who—before the cooking contest. I’d rather know now than find out the day of the event.

“Me?” She wipes her hands on a towel. “Davina, she always looks like she is up to no good.”

“Right.” I chime in. “I’ll keep an eye out for her this week.” Davina has been acting pretty fishy around me lately in class. The guilt is probably eating at her.

“Okay. Now come on. I don’t want to show up too late. I think Darren is coming around, you know.”

I stand and give my sultry Snow White outfit a once over.

“Rave?”

“Yeah?”

“I think I should change.”

“No! No, you will not change that outfit. It practically fits your real life. Don’t spoil the fun in everything, Charlotte.” She hisses underneath her breath.

“I’m not.”

“Yes, you are.”

“No, I am not.” She is starting to piss me off. I don’t live at the frat house, so this costume is irrelevant.

“Really? Then prove it.”

I storm past her out of the dormitory, heading to the frat house. Thankfully, it’s not that far of a walk. These heels are already killing my feet.

I will prove I am not a fun sucker, and I most definitely know how to have a good time. Michael Jackson’s “Thriller” blares over the speakers, and the sound of werewolves howling fills the living room.

The guys went all out for this Halloween party. There is a dry ice machine and mist of fog seeps out.

I stop in the doorway and Raven stands beside me. “Are you ready, Snow White?” she whispers.

My eyes are searching the crowd for one of the guys. I don’t know what costume they were wearing because they said it was top secret. No one here at campus ever knows what they are wearing until that night.

I wouldn’t really know if it’s the truth or not because, well, I am never invited to these kinds of parties.

“Char?”

“Umm yeah, I am ready.” She intertwines our hands together and we walk into the house. “Do you see the guys?” I whisper in her ear. She shakes her head no.

“Are you sure about this?” I ask her for the thousandth time, referring to my costume once more. I can see how everyone is looking at me. I know the whispers are soon to follow.

“Yes. Charlotte, you look amazeballs.” She smiles at me. “We’re the hottest girls here. Snow White and Tinkerbell, slaying all day and night.”

“You aren’t outside of your comfort zone,” I whisper, looking down at my boobs on display. Raven dresses with barely anything there when she goes to parties.

I remember last year she attended a party with a sports bra and short shorts—saying it was the norm at parties nowadays. I was so thankful I found no interest in partying at college before.

“True. However, you should just live a little. This is your first and last Halloween party in college.” She turns to me with a serious face.

“Just keep a low profile and you will be fine. Also, don’t drink anything a guy gives you—unless you go with him to get it.”

“Snow White.” I snapped my neck to the right of me.

“Hello....” I gave him a small smile.

“Dopey.” Everett smiles at me. “That is a pretty fine costume you are wearing. I don’t think you should bend over for anything tonight.” He warns me. “I didn’t expect to see you here.”

I didn’t expect to come, either. “You guys invited me, so here I am.”

“There goes our princess, boys.” Darren drapes his arm around my shoulder. “I must say that outfit looks absolutely perfect on you.”

He dips his head, his lips brushing my ear. “We’re down a dwarf, but don’t worry, I’m sure a crossover of fairy tales never hurt anyone.”

“Huh?” I count the guys and one is missing. I have standing before me Dopey (Everett), Sneezy (Austin), Bashful (Vincent), Sleepy (Tristan), Happy (Miguel), and Doc (Darren). No Grumpy? No Chase.

Of course.

“When are you coming home, Charley? We miss having you around,” Austin asks me. I have no answer to that, because I don’t know.

“Not sure yet, I am having a blast over at Rave’s.” One hundred percent from the truth. I miss my bed and cooking for the guys, and I miss hearing their ridiculous stories over dinner. I just miss having my own space.

Vincent is the first to turn away from the group, and I am right on his heels. That kiss has done me in.

“Hey, Bashful, mind if we talk?” I tap his shoulder.

“I guess I would have to because after all, you are my *princess*. Do you want a drink?” He offers. I wanted so badly to decline, but I didn’t want him to think I was boring, a fun sucker, as Rave would say, *goody two shoes*.

I’ll have one cup and drink lots of water afterward. Raven told me that it helps, or eat lots of bread. I don’t see bread lying around here.

“Yeah, thanks.”

He walks off, and I follow him through the crowded living room. It has to be at least forty people inside and another seventy or more outside.

The walk to the kitchen took longer than I expected it to. The living room was a hassle to get through. I swear my ass got touched at least four times before entering the kitchen.

“What would you like?” he asks, and I’m stumped. I knew of one drink, but that always left Raven with a massive headache the next day.

Just have fun tonight. No thinking, just doing, and leave the worries for tomorrow.

“Snow White? What would you like?” he asks again, scanning the bottles covering the countertop.

“I’ll have some tequila...1800 if there is any.” Vincent smiles; shaking his head. Did I order it wrong? Say the wrong brand?

“Why are you shaking your head?” I move to the other side of the counter, watching him make my drink.

“I didn’t take you as a tequila kind of girl. Maybe a fruity drink or something. You want to talk before or after this drink?”

He poured pineapple juice into the cup before handing it to me. I swirl the drink around before taking a sip. Bloody hell, this shit is strong.

“Definitely before.” I cough a little. “I want to talk about that night.”

“About that night, there is nothing to talk about. Dove and I pretty much patched some things up and we are good now.”

“That’s great. You didn’t tell the guys about what I said, did you?”

“Nope, it’s not my place to tell.”

“Thank you so much.” I take another sip. Hell, I gulp the rest down. “Another one, please.” I’m in the clear.

“Are you sure? This drink will sneak up on you.”

“You know, Vincent,” I grab the 1800 bottle, taking a sip to the head. “I thought I really wanted Chase, but I don’t think I do.” I shake my head.

“Charlotte, what’s going on? I thought you were head over heels for him—”

“If you aren’t going to make me another drink, then can you leave me alone to drink—”

“Fine. I’ll make you one more drink, and after that water.” Is he trying to make a deal with me?

“No. Three shots and then water.”

“Charlotte, have you ever had this tequila? It’s nothing to play around with. Maybe you should slow down,” he warns me, but I don’t want to hear it.

“If I couldn’t handle it, Vincent, I wouldn’t have asked for it in the first place.”

I smile, dancing a little bit, handing over my cup. I’m in the clear, and that’s all that matters. Thank heavens Vincent can keep a secret.

“Up you go,” a brunette says, helping me get on top of the table. “Remember, if you mess up, you are out. Good luck.” She turns to the crowd. “Alright, cocks and cunts, we have a new contender!”

The crowd cheers and whistles.

“Snow White’s song will be ‘Crazy in Love’ by Beyoncé.”

I know this song. I smile at the crowd, and the music blares over the speaker.

I make it halfway through the song before slurring my words to the point of no understanding. Beyoncé is my everything! If anyone can give me life, it’s her for sure.

“Let’s give it up for Snow White!” Getting off the table, I make my way back into the kitchen for another drink. I wish I hadn’t. I finally see Chase. He is dressed up in a Beast costume.

His mask is tucked under his arm as he leans on the refrigerator, texting on his phone.

“I’m going to survive this night,” I whisper to myself. “Just ignore him,” I add. Turning my back to him, I grab the tequila bottle, pouring the rest of its contents into my cup.

“Cupcake, you aren’t drinking anymore.” I look over my shoulder to see him still texting on his phone. I reach for the pineapple juice, but Chase gets to it first.

“I said no more.” This time he was stern, and his tone left room for no discussion.

“Excuse me? Who the hell are you to tell me—”

“Don’t push me.” He spins me around, pushing me up against the wall. *Oh boy, déjà vu.* “Charlotte?”

I spin around too fast, and everything I’ve been trying to hold down comes right up and all over Chase’s costume and sneakers. I am going to die now. I rush to get a paper towel, apologizing to him repeatedly.

I expected him to be mad, upset, or angry with me. He stares at me with that poker face he is so good at. I wipe his shirt only to see I am making matters worse. He grabs my wrist, stopping me.

“Time for you to go to bed.”

“Hey, Chase, did you see Char—oh my sweet baby Pitt.” I hear Raven. I wish I could see her face. Chase is blocking us. “Is that vomit on the floor?” She is on my right side instantly, gasping. “Char, are you okay?”

“Holy fuck, Chase, what the hell is going on?” Everett says or it could be Darren. The tequila is playing voiceover tricks with me. “What the hell happened?”

“Not now, D, I am taking her upstairs, and I need to change. Can you and the guys call it a night for the party? She needs to sleep this off,” he says through gritted teeth.

“If they don’t live here, they need to be out in ten minutes or less.” He is mad. I ruined their Halloween party. I should have just drunk something fruity or never come to this party in the first place.

“I am so sorry,” I whisper as he tries to get us upstairs, before anyone sees us. Thankfully, he succeeds. “Chase?”

“What?” He sighs, closing my bedroom door behind us.

“Thank you.” I pass out on the bed.

Next Chapter

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