

# Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers |

## Chapter 14

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CHARLOTTE

F-in' hell, my head is pounding. I sit up slowly, taking in everything. Where the hell am I? This isn't my room or Raven's. How the hell did I get here? I hear light snoring, looking down I see Chase asleep, his back towards me.

Oh no, please tell me I didn't give away my virginity to him. I look down at myself. I'm wearing an oversized shirt and nothing else. Damn it! The last thing I remember was him pushing me up against the wall.

Did we make out? Was I a willing participant? Did he force me? I tried my hardest to think of what happened after but got nothing.

"Stop moving," Chase mumbled, rolling onto his back and throwing his arm across his face. "You're waking me up."

"Good, because I need answers."

I panic, and it's making my headache worse. I tell myself I am not going to, but here I am panicking like I lost my mind, or worse, my virginity. He groans, telling me not now, once he wakes up.

"No, Chase. I need answers now." I groan, rubbing my temples.

"There is no answer to give, nothing happened."

"That was it? Nothing happened to us? You didn't change me into this? We didn't have, you know...sex?" This wasn't like me to do such a thing. I swear, drinking isn't for me.

"Cupcake, you were drunk. I don't do drunken girls, especially not virgins."

I looked down at him horrified.

"Who told you that?" I move his arm from off his face. "I demand you tell me right now." I know I would never tell him or any of the other guys the truth.

"You did, when you crawled your ass in my bed. You finally confirmed it. Don't worry, I won't tell the guys." He yawns.

“I would never.” Would I?

“Charlotte, you threw up all over yourself and your bed. I had an internal battle to see if I should let you sleep in that shit, but the good reasonable side won. I helped you clean up and then made you a nice spot on the floor.

“You lay down there for five minutes before crawling your ass through the bathroom and up here.” He pats his bed. “And talking my fucking ear off.” He rolls back over, turning his back towards me.

“No more fucking questions. Either go back to sleep or get out of my bed. The choice is yours.”

My bed? Throw up? I stand up too quickly, losing my balance a little. Falling back on his bed, I apologize and take my time standing up.

Rushing through the joint bathroom, I see no vomit on my bed, and I don’t smell a vile odor of any sort, but the sheets are missing. I turn back around to wake him up, but he is already sitting up blankly staring at me.

“Where are the sheets and my costume?”

“It is outside the room, along with your clothes *and* mine. Now if you don’t mind shutting up and leaving my room, I would appreciate that.” He lies back down, covering his head with the pillow.

“Umm, Chase?”

“What now, Charlotte?! Are you always like this every morning? I am sleepy, and I know you must have a massive headache. Just lie down and go sleep it off,” he says, moving the pillow off his face.

“I just need some clothes to wear. Can I b—”

“Just grab something out of the closet and leave me alone.” He puts the pillow back over his face. “And do it quietly.”

I slip on his gray sweatpants, take a pair of socks, and head to the laundry room. The house is quiet, but sweet baby Jesus, it’s a disaster.

Opening the bag, I wanted to puke all over again. It looks like something straight out of the exorcist. Not bothering to separate anything, I quickly tossed everything inside.

With seventy minutes before the load is done, I am going to clean up.

My phone pings.

To: Charlotte.Withers@Walsh.edu  
From: Dean.Grey@Walsh.edu  
Date: Tuesday, November 1st, 10:50 am  
Subject: Halloween Party Conduct

Dear Charlotte Withers,

*I have taken the liberty of setting a meeting with you, the education advisor, regarding a party last night on campus. Please report to my office at noon. Tardiness will not be accepted.*

Dean Grey

*Party? Is he talking about the one here? Should I tell the guys?*

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I make my way to Raven's dorm room before heading to the dean's office. She isn't there. I message her countless times, and she doesn't respond.

Seriously, Rave? I say to myself. She is more MIA than Chase, and that says a lot.

Entering the office, I see Candace, my student advisor, and also Dean Grey's daughter. Her eyes are trained on me, making me rather uncomfortable. Next to her is Raven. Is she in trouble too?

"What is going on?" I take a seat next to Raven. "Have you heard anything?"

"Not much, just something about the party and some pictures that got emailed to Dean Grey."

"Pictures? What kind of pictures?" I am worried now. I don't want any of the guys getting kicked out for some stupid idiot at the party.

"I don't know Char, but I'm guessing we will find out." She shifts in her seat. *What the hell is her problem?*

In walks Dean Grey. His body language is stiff, and he seems upset about something. Perhaps the pictures Raven is talking about or the party. He looks my way, and I give him a small smile, but he doesn't reciprocate it.

His green eyes turn to slits, and his nostrils flare up. Before I can dwell on what in the hell is happening, he calls my name to sit up front.

"Do you know why you are here today, Ms. Withers?" His voice is sharp and cold.

"No."

He slides papers upside down and tells me to have a look. I'm hesitant at first because I'm not too sure what to think. I'm not too sure what all of this has to do with me.

Flipping the pages over, I am mortified. Five enlarged pictures of me. One of me standing on the table and someone has taken a picture up my skirt captioning, “Dean Grey, I’ve been a naughty girl.”

Another is me leaned over the kitchen counter, my ass yet again on display. There is another of me shaking my boobs in someone’s face.

The guy’s face is blurred out, but judging by the dwarf costume, it’s one of the frat brothers.

“Who took these?” I look up at him, blurry-eyed.

“It was sent to me from your email. Perhaps you sent them during your eventful night.”

“I didn’t. I swear I didn’t.” I protest and look around the room. Everyone is watching me, judging me. “Raven, tell them I would never do such a thing.”

“Charlotte, you were pretty drunk. You took a couple of smutty selfies last night, sending them to some of the frat brothers. I had to beg you to stop.”

“What are you talking about? That doesn’t even sound like me. Rave? Seriously?” I look at Dean Grey. “There has to be some mistake here. I would never do such a thing. I can prove it.”

Rummaging in my purse, I take out my cell phone, going straight for my photo album. “This has to be a mistake.” I scroll down, looking at selfies after selfies. “I would never take these pictures.”

“I’m sorry, Ms. Withers, but the school can’t have something like this attached to its name.

“If word gets out that a student sent the dean inappropriate pictures and actions weren’t taken, I could be out of a job, and the school will lose major investors.” He clears his throat.

“Are you kicking me out?” I don’t fight back the tears. My whole life is about to be ruined after one night, one party. A party I didn’t want to attend. Then there is my best friend, who isn’t even helping me.

I know she doesn’t want to get in trouble, but I am her best friend, and she can help me out. At least shed light on the situation.

“Ms. Withers, you aren’t being kicked out, but”—he pauses and looks at Raven. He thanks her for coming in and dismisses her. “So, Ms. Withers. The advisor, Candace, and I have come up with a solution to this problem.”

I scoot to the end of my chair, listening intensively.

“What I’m—no, we—are about to ask you to do is something no one can know about.” He makes the dramatic pause.

“Chase Tucker, Darren Reed, Everett Sawyer, Miguel Jackson, Austin Kramer, Tristan, and Vincent Beckett, you know who they are?”

“I wouldn’t say know the—”

“You live with them, right?” Candace cuts me off. The resemblance between her and her father is disturbing. While the chiseled jaw looks handsome on her father, it doesn’t go over so great with her.

However, her striking red hair and piercing green eyes make her look a tad bit better.

“I do—I did.” What kind of question is that? The whole damn campus knows I do.

“So, you know them?” She sticks her neck out.

“Because I lived with them doesn’t mean I know them. After all, I lived with you for an entire year and don’t know you.”

Candace and I were roommates freshman year, and I never even got to talk to her because she was never there.

Back then she was dating Tristan Beckett, and I was pretty sure she was always in his dorm room before he joined the fraternity.

“Ladies, let’s not stray from the topic here.” He slams his hand on the desk. “Do you know them, Charlotte?”

“I know what they tell me. Why are you asking about them, anyway? Are they in trouble?”

“There is a business project that those boys are working on.”

“I’ve heard them talk about it once or twice.”

“Perfect, so what I am about to ask of you shouldn’t be a problem, or you will lose your spot in the RCA competition.”

“What!?” I look at him as if he has three heads. “You can’t do that. This is illegal.”

“Cut the dramatics, Charlotte and have a seat. Daddy isn’t finished telling you the best part. Right, daddy?” She looks at her father smiling.

It is the most satanic smile I have ever seen. It's like watching Rumpelstiltskin and the Evil Queen with these two.

"Charlotte, in order to keep that spot, you need to bring me their final polished business plan."

"But why? Can't you just get it from the professor? Why bring me into this?"

"The business plans aren't due until the end of the year. And frankly I can't wait that long. You live in the house with them, you can easily take it. You have until Monday to bring it to me."

"I can get in trouble—what if it's not finished? You did say it's not due until the end of the semester."

My blood is boiling now and this hangover isn't helping. He seems like a natural at this and his demonic daughter is just smiling from ear to ear. What kind of crap is this?

"It's finished, trust me." Candace raises her eyebrows at me.

"So why can't you do it?" I snapped, rubbing my temples for what seems like the hundredth time.

"Why get my hands dirty when I can get you to do it?" Candace smirks at me. "Right, Daddy?"

I can't take this anymore. I can't believe the dean would do something like this. "Fine. I'll get you the business plan." I stand.

"You are evil, both of you. I can see the resemblance between you two, besides the chin." I look at Candace, with a faint smirk on my lips. Gathering my things, I stuff the pictures in my purse.

"I'll see you bright and early on Monday morning. Nine am sharp. Don't be late, Ms. Withers."

"I won't." I slam his office door.

What the hell am I going to do? I could tell the guys and lose my spot at the competition, or I could just betray them and move on with my life as it was before them.

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I take in a breath of crisp fall air, and I can finally breathe again.

"Hey." Raven appears to the left of me. "What else happened in there? Are you okay?"

“Cut the shit, Rave. What the hell was that in there with you? You actually made it seem like I would do such a thing. I don’t even remember what happened last night. How could you?” I stop walking and turn to her.

“What? You’re blaming me for being slutty?” she asks indignantly, crossing her arms.

“I wasn’t, and you know it. You’ve been acting like a b—” I won’t finish that sentence. She is my best friend, and it seems like she is turning on me. Why is everything getting so complicated?

“Like a *what?*” She snaps. “Come on Charley, I’ve been acting like a what?”

“Rave, just drop it. I can see we aren’t friends anymore.”

“You know what your problem is, Charlotte Withers? You think everything should be handed to you because mommy and daddy are international chefs. You’ve set this ridiculous life plan for yourself.

“You are pathetic, and I’m disappointed that someone as smart as you has taken almost a decade to see I wasn’t really your friend. Look around, Charlotte,” she gestures to the crowd starting to form.

“Everyone here knows that you are just a goody-two-shoes virgin.”

“Raven!” I snap.

“Oh, come Char, everyone knows it. You dress like a virgin librarian. It’s sickening.”

A lanky senior from my foodservice public relations class passes by.

“Speak for yourself, Rave. I like the whole librarian look. I wouldn’t mind getting punished for turning in a book late.” He winks at me before going back into the crowd of people.

I can’t take it anymore. The fact that people have witnessed my best friend, my partner in crime, tear me down is horrible. I guess what is hurting me the most is that I thought she was my best friend, and it was all a lie.

I’m numb right now. It was like a beat down after a beat down. I feel the sting of tears on my cheek.

“Aww, Char, Char, don’t cry.” She is patronizing me. “I’m sure after today you will have guys lining up. Hell, I am sure you have some offers right here.”

“Twenty dollars an—”

"I'll break your fucking jaw if you finish that sentence, bruh." Miguel walks up to him like a lion would stalk its prey. "Now apologize to my little sister. You know we don't like to see her cry. Ain't that right, fellas?"

Wiping my eyes, I see them now. Miguel, Everett, and Darren.

"Raven, I am not the one to slut-shame. Hell, I hate it. I have a twin sister and two younger ones in high school. So, get where I am coming from when I tell you this deeply pains me to do."

"And what would that be?" She tilts her head, not backing down. Everett seems pissed off.

"You were sucking mine, Tristan, and Austin's cocks last night, but wait, then we r—"

"Everett, don't." I stop him. "Don't do this. You're not like her, you aren't this evil person. Just don't do it." I sniffle. I look at Raven and the tears are back. How could I not see this? We did everything together.

I told her everything. She is my family. She was my family. "I have to go."

I run as fast as my legs will go. I hear them yelling after me, and I know if they wanted to, they could catch me in a heartbeat. Thankfully, they let me be.

After ten minutes of running from the horrid area, I find myself at the school's old library. No one comes here anymore since the new one was built. It still holds books, but not many.

This place is my thinking place. When times are rough or I can't figure out a recipe, I come here.

More dust has collected over the summer as I walk through the aisle of endless bookshelves.

I make my way upstairs to my zone, a room at the top of the library, one bookshelf, a comfy love seat black couch, and a not-so-sturdy coffee table. I stop short. Someone is here.

"Hello?"

"I'm starting to think you're stalking me." He doesn't turn around.

I come around the couch taking a seat on the other end. "Chase, you are the last guy I would stalk. What are you doing here?"



Few students know the library is still open, and the ones that do aren't jocks, that's for sure.

"I find that hard to believe. What happened?"

"Are you always going to do this?" I ask.

"Do what?"

"Answer my questions with questions."

"What happened to you? I can see you were crying, eyes are puffy and that cute button—ahem, your nose is all red. So, tell me."

He looks at me and I can't look away. It's that pull again.

"Are you still trying to cope with your hangover? If so, Charlotte, I don't think you should ever drink again."

"I don't want to talk about it right now." I gulp. My heart is racing as he slowly moves closer.

"What do you want to talk about?" His voice gets huskier.

The voice inside of me is saying to run for the hills. But love works like magic, and I don't want to understand it at the moment. After all the crap happening, I feel like life is giving me something back. Seize this moment.

"Charlotte..."

My kiss silences him. I wrap my arms around his neck as he grips my waist, pressing me into the arm of the couch.

"Hey." He stares at me.

"Hey," I whisper back, against his lips.

"How are you feeling?" he asks again, and I feel like I should tell him. I think he should know the dean wants his business plan, but RCA is my dream.

"Can I ask you for a huge favor?" I look into his eyes, willing him to say yes.

"Depends."

"I need to get my things from Raven's room, and I honestly don't want to be alone when I do."

“Did something happen between you two?” He sits straight up.

“It’s really nothing, I just have to get my things and move back in with my parents.”

He stares at me. I am convinced he isn’t buying my story, and his next sentence proves me right.

“What happened between you two? Don’t tell me *nothing* because I know something happened. Raven isn’t the type of girl you should be friends with anyway. I was never sure why you two were friends in middle school either.”

“Huh? You noticed me in middle school?” Wow. Way to play it cool.

“You always wore pigtails and nothing but green clothing. I thought it was cool that a girl was wearing green—my favorite color.”

“Yeah, my mom said I was going through a green phase—that lasted two years. Definitely something I regret. My mother brings it up every time we go shopping.” I laugh, playfully rolling my eyes.

“It looked nice on you—I noticed you, but you never wanted to talk to me.”

“You never came to talk to me.”

“I sent you letters saying how I like your clothes and you always ignored me. After a while, I gave up and you didn’t seem to care.” He shrugs his shoulders, looking off in the distance—probably thinking about the past.

“I never got any letters from you. Are you sure?”

“I am. Raven was the delivery girl—but that’s the past now. I guess we should get your things. I have somewhere to be soon.”

He stands and I follow. I guess this was the end of the conversation. I don’t want to end it. I also don’t want to push him either.

“Okay.”

“After you,” he gestures for me to exit first.

“Wait.” I stop short. “You said some things about Raven—she isn’t the type of girl I should be friends with.”

“A conversation for another time,” he yawns ushering me out the door.

Next Chapter

Continue to the next chapter of Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers