

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers |

Chapter 17

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CHARLOTTE

An hour and a half later, their track practice is wrapping up. Tucking my phone into my pocket, I head down the bleachers. Valerie is the first person through the gate, and I'm right behind her.

She is sweating a lot, which means she isn't going to want to talk. Because I know if it were me, I would be running to take a shower.

"Hey, Valerie." I walk in step with her. "Do you have a minute to talk?"

"And you are?" She doesn't look at me. Her eyes are focused in front of her.

"I'm Charlotte Withers. I stay over at Croakington. You might know me as..."

"Snow White. Yep. So, what can I help you with, Snow? If you want me to come to that stupid party tonight, it's not going to happen."

"Huh?"

"The party at your house."

"Actually no, I am here to talk to you about Miguel."

She comes to an abrupt stop and looks at me. Her eyes are icy, and I can see she is pissed. Maybe I should have gone with my first idea, butter her up on an amazing practice and then slide Miguel's name in.

"What about that asshole do you need to talk to me about? We broke up last month, and I am over it and him. So, if you want to talk to him, by all means go for it."

She can't fool me. Her words and body language are speaking two different languages to me. She still cares for him. I just need to play this cool. I need her to talk to Miguel.

I need to right my wrongs, and I wasn't going to let her get in my way of that.

"Oh gosh, no. Miguel isn't my type. I was just wondering, why did you guys break up?" We start to walk again.

"I broke up with him because I didn't think he was taking our relationship seriously. He always wanted to be with the guys.

"If Chase would text or call him, without hesitation, he would stop whatever we were doing and go to him. Do you know how that made me feel?"

"Like crap."

She nods. "Exactly! For a while, I thought maybe he was gay, I thought he was only dating me as a cover-up. I came up with thousands of reasons why he wouldn't stay with me when I asked him, instead of running off to Chase."

"So, you don't think he is gay, or you do?"

"I know he isn't, but at that time I couldn't think of any reason but that. You know he would use some lame excuse about his business class end-of-year project.

"No one starts that project until January. I haven't even thought about what I am going to do for it..."

She makes her way to the Slivermist dorms, and I know this is going to be a long conversation. She is venting to me more than anything, and I don't try to stop her.

I don't think she got to express her feelings to anyone about Miguel or her breakup.

That's another reason why I don't want a relationship: because you will never get that happily ever after. No matter how much you kid yourself, it just won't happen.

"...so why do you want to talk to me about him?"

"Well for one, I can vouch for him when it comes to the business plan. They are actually working on their project early. I am actually surprised because here I thought they only cared about football and girls.

"Also, I think you should give him a call or text..."

"Hold that thought." She opens her room door, peeking inside before letting me in. Her room has two twin beds against each wall and between them is a nightstand with a clutter of books and papers.

You can definitely tell the difference between her side and her roomie's. She has track magazines and tracksuits thrown on her bed.

Her roommate, on the other hand, is a neat freak. There is nothing out of place. The bed is made up and everything on her side has a home.

“Who’s your roommate? She is clean. Not saying you’re not but the difference between the two is noticeable.”

“Nah, it’s no big deal. I’m rooming with Skylar. She hasn’t been sleeping here much over the last couple of days so...”

Yeah, because she is at the frat house banging Tristan, and those two don’t seem like they are going to let whatever they have between them die down anytime soon.

“So, what I was saying is that I think you should just reach out to him. You don’t have to jump back in a relationship with him or anything like that.

“He misses you. Believe it or not, he does. I think it’s starting to hit him hard that you aren’t together.”

“Did he put you up to this? I know how his charm can be used to manipulate people to do things for him. It is something he is a pro at. So, if that’s the case, you can leave.”

“No, no, no. I am here because I want to help him and you. I never noticed the difference in his behavior until now.” She offers me a seat. “I think you were good for him.”

She grabs a towel from the closet. Is she going to leave me in here while she takes a shower? I hope not. Yup, she is. I must have “trustworthy” written across my forehead.

I like that, but then again, I wasn’t planning on staying here that long, either. She tells me she will be right back, and that I can use her laptop if I want to, or I can watch some TV until she gets back.

I do neither and play Candy Crush on my phone. I didn’t trust myself on her laptop. I would go from browsing the web to checking her files. It was a bad habit that I had since I was young.

My aunt never liked me over at her house because of that. Apparently, I uncovered her cheating ways to my uncle. I was ten, for crying out loud, how I was supposed to know what that folder meant?

“Roomie, I’m baaaaaack.” In walks Skylar, purple hair thrown into a messy bun. I stay still until she acknowledges me. I don’t want her to go into attack mode and kick my ass.

I’ve seen Skylar in action, and I am not the one to be fighting with her.

“Oh hello, Sno-Charlotte. What are you doing here, alone?” She drops her duffle bag by the closet. “How did you get in?” She kicks her shoes off, eyeing me suspiciously.

“Valerie and I were having a chat.”

“And where is she?”

“Shower.”

Skylar raises her eyebrows at me.

“Oh no, no, no. She had track practice. I would never date a girl, let alone screw one. I like guys.” I shout a little too loudly. “Not saying there is anything wrong with lesbians, but it’s just not my thing.”

“I am just teasing.” She throws her head back into a fit of laughter. “Charlotte, your face was priceless. I know you aren’t into girls. Chase is who you are very much into.

“So, are you trying to convince her to come to the party tonight?” She strips out her clothes right in front of me.

“Uh no.” I swirl around in the chair facing away from her. “Just trying to get her to text or call Miguel. He misses her a lot.”

“Girl, that is going to be a waste of time, trust me. I tried to convince her not to break up with him but she did anyway. Val is stubborn and hardheaded. She isn’t going to budge.

“Maybe if we persuade her to go to the party tonight, she will talk to him. How about it?” I can hear her shuffling through the dresser drawers.

“Umm, she was pretty adamant about not going. I don’t want to push that on her. I know how parties can get, and it’s not all that fun.” She turns the chair around, bending over slightly to look into my eyes.

“Listen, I’ve known Valerie for four years, and she needs to go to this party. This party will have her and Miguel back together for sure. I just have a gut feeling.”

She backs away, smiling at me. “So, you are going to help me convince my bestie that this party is where she needs to be, got it?”

“Are you sure about this? I don’t even know her like that, but she might not want to deal with all the drunken girls all over Miguel. I know I wouldn’t want to see my ex in that kind of scenario.”

I roll the chair back some, giving us some space.

“Come on, Charlotte. If she invited you to our room and then left you alone, she pretty much trusts you. Now please help me out with this. I promise not to make as much noise when I’m over at your place.”

And boy does Skylar make noise. I mean I think she and Tristan like everyone to know they are going at it. It's a wild cry type of moan she gives out, and that's how she got the nickname Banshee from the guys.

"Deal." I give her a tight smile. I hope this works, for all of our sakes.

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