

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers |

Chapter 18

Wolf.Ballard

Is everything ok with us? I haven't heard from you in awhile and idk—I would like to see you.

Charlotte.Withers

Everything is fine between us. I've just been busy. We can hang out after I come back from LA. If you like?

Wolf.Ballard

I can't see you before then? Like right now?

Charlotte.Withers

I am busy Wolf. I will see you after the competition and then we can hang out.

Wolf.Ballard

You know what fuck you!

Charlotte Withers has signed off Tuesday, November 8, 7:26 P.M.

NATALIA

Wolf.Ballard

Can I not just want to talk to you?

Natalia.Cumbler

Talking to you only ends up in two ways...

Wolf.Ballard

And they are?

Wolf.Ballard

This message could lead to the latter. Come over to my room.

Natalia.Cumbler

Not chasing Snow anymore?

Natalia.Cumbler

Make it quick. I am going out in a few hours.

Wolf.Ballard

Bring that maid outfit.

CHARLOTTE

When one door closes, another one opens. That is what I am calling these newfound *friendships*.

Skylar isn't all that bad when she isn't moaning, and Valerie, well she is an amazing girl and now I am having second thoughts about this whole Miguel thing.

I don't want to be responsible for her disliking him more than what she already does if things go horribly wrong.

I painted this picture that he is going through mood swings back at the house because she hasn't responded to his messages or calls. I don't know if the sudden mood swings were because of her, but I am using it.

We bonded over some simple boy-bashing girl talk, fashion, the hottest music, and movies out so far.

Building that friendship foundation—something I will have to do very carefully and wisely after the whole Raven situation.

"There's a party tonight. We should totally go," Skylar finally says after two hours of not mentioning a peep about it.

"You two can go. I think I am going to stay here. Plus, I need some sleep after that practice I just had to endure."

Valerie looks at me to help her out, and I can see Skylar in my peripheral vision, giving me the look.

"You know I think it would be a great idea if you came. I could really use some friends there. The guys are great to be around, just not when there is a party involved.

"So come on, Val, this would make my night if you could join us. You guys can even sleep over if you like."

"That sounds like a plan to me. We can get a white girl wasted on the brown liquor!" Skylar jumps on the bed shouting over and over.

Valerie rolls over on her bed, rolling her eyes. "Only going for moral support, but I am not spending the night."

Skylar screams with excitement. Persuading her wasn't all that hard unless you count the hour and a half bonding time, to get her to open up and enjoy some female company.

My phone rings, and it's my mother. Why is she calling at this time of night? I excuse myself from the room.

"Hi, Mom. You are calling pretty late."

"I've been swamped at the restaurant all weekend and this week seems to be just as bad. How is everything going at school? Did you book your flight to RCA?"

"Yes, Mom. Everything is booked, and I got a hotel near the area, a ten-minute walking distance. Are you and Dad still coming? And school is going great."

“Your father and I will be there waving our chefs’ coats for you.”

“Mom, please don’t. I will die of embarrassment. Remember you and Dad said you will keep a low profile there. Remember?”

“Yes, I remember. Look, sweetie, I have to get going. Your father and I will see you next week. Love you more, Buttercup.”

“Love you the most, Mom.”

“Hey, are you finished?” Skylar pops her head out of the room. “We need your opinion on what to wear.”

I never understood this about us girls. We can dress ourselves every day for class, but when it’s time for a party or date, we need every one of our friends to help us.

I will never understand and don’t think I will further inquire why we do it.

“Alright, but we have to make it quick. I need to change too.”

“You can just wear one of my outfits,” Valerie offers.

“Umm, that’s not going to work.” I point out. “You are more on the naturally blessed big ass and boobs side, and I’m just all breasts.”

“Right. Wear something of Skylar’s then. She is all tits too.”

“No, I’ll wait until we get to the house to change into my own clothes, no offense. I just like my own clothes.”

“No, you have to get dressed here. What if the party started already, which I know will be? It’s 9:50, the party has definitely started now. Come on. I think I have something in here you can wear.”

Skylar rummages through her dresser, tossing me a pair of cut-out jeans, and then she looks for a shirt. Nothing in her dresser or closet will do, she keeps saying.

Taking a look inside her overnight duffle bag she pulls out a shirt. “This is the shirt,” she says, and that shirt looks familiar.

“I think that’s Chase’s shirt. How did you get it?” I reach for it.

“It was in Tristan’s dresser. Thought it was a bit too big for him, now I know why. I snatched it this afternoon to wear it as a nightshirt but you can totally wear this as a dress shirt.”

“Uh, no, I can’t. Chase would freak.”

“I highly doubt that.” She winks.

“Guys love to see us in their clothing. It turns them on,” Valerie says, applying mascara on her eyelashes. “Wear it or I’m not going.” She looks at me in the mirror.

“Fine.”

Skylar’s fist pumps the air and searches for something on her desk. “Aha,” she says, holding up some fabric scissors.

“I am not sure about this,” I say for what seems like the twelfth time.

“You look amazing.” Valerie links her arm in mine. “And I’m glad we have the same shoe size. Your legs look amazing because of those heels by the way.”

“Easy for you to say. You aren’t outside of your comfort zone,” I say, looking at my boobs on display. When Chase sees me, he is going to kill me for sure.

Skylar did an amazing job cutting the shirt, but I think this is Chase’s favorite Snoop Dogg shirt. He was complaining about not having it after I did laundry, and I swore to him I hadn’t seen it.

Now he is going to think I bullshitted him. Life, what are you doing to me? We’ve just bonded.

“Just breathe and relax. Chase isn’t going to be mad. If anything, he is going to want to take you to his room and have his way with you.” Skylar smiles at me, linking her arm with my other one.

“I don’t want Chase to do anything to me.”

“Who are you trying to convince, us or yourself?” Valerie asks.

“Both,” I mumble under my breath.

“Just don’t think about it. Guys do this all the time. Screw him and go on with your everyday life. Didn’t you say that the school is going to find you a room next semester anyway?

“Just sleep with him already, trust me. Once it’s done, you are going to look back at it and be like, why was I so scared in the first place?”

Skylar's logic on things was rather stupid. I think the hair dye has gotten the best of her.

I am not going to give my virginity to anyone like it's nothing.

"Don't listen to Sky. If you want to screw Chase, go for it. If not, who the hell cares? It's your pussy, Char."

"Right."

The smell of alcohol filled my nostrils, and the sounds of The Weeknd blared out the front door of the house. Sweet baby Jesus, there are messy strings of toilet paper sprawling up the house and on the lawn.

The cleanup is going to kill me. There are a bunch of guys standing outside the door, checking out all the girls that walk inside.

Entering the house, I picture myself as Cady Heron surrounded by a bunch of Aaron Samuels and Plastics.

I seemed to be overdressed compared to everyone else. Miniskirts, Daisy Dukes, and little crop tops everywhere. It's freezing outside, for crying out loud.

"Whoa there, Ms. Snow White." I snap my neck to the right of me. "Hello." An olive-skinned guy walks up to us, taking me in from head to toe and back again. I give him a small smile.

"Back off, Damian, she isn't interested," Valerie intervenes.

"If she isn't, how about you? Word on campus is that you are still single." He is putting on the charm, but Valerie isn't budging. She rolls her eyes, telling him to fuck off.

He mutters "bitch" under his breath and disappears back into the crowd of people.

"Didn't expect to see you here," Miguel walks around us, his eyes landing on Valerie, and he takes a sharp breath. "You look absolutely beautiful, V. Can I get you a drink?"

"No, thank you. I'm not staying that long." She tosses her hair behind her back, exposing her naked shoulder. I think she is teasing him. She is teasing him. I read this in *Cosmopolitan*, too.

"One drink."

"Maybe later. I am with the girls."

He does a double-take. "Charlotte? How do you know Val—"

“I met her this afternoon. She is an amazing runner—”

“I’m sick of talking, let’s get drunk off that brown liquor,” Skylar yells over the music.

“Come on, you two.”

Miguel just looks at me shaking his head. Dammit.

“Alright, what are we having, girls?”

“Cranberry and vodka,” Valerie says, searching the countertop for the Vodka.

“I’m just going with water.”

“The hell!?” Valerie stops her search and stares at me. “No. You drag me out of my comfortable bed to come to this party. You are going to drink. Whether it’s one shot or two, you are going to drink.”

“Alright one shot, and I want you to know this is peer pressure at its finest.”

“Skylar, we are taking shots, grab me three cups.” She pours the vodka into the cups. I look into mine and this seems to be too much to be considered a shot. “Alright, you two wanted me here, and it’s time to have fun.”

She counts down from three and we take our shots. Shit. It’s strong. She fills our cups again.

“No, thank you.” I shake my head.

“Oh, come on, Charlotte.” Skylar pouts.

“I’ll be right back.” I have to find that business plan before consuming any more liquor. I walk up five steps, turning around, scanning the crowd below.

I count each frat brother. All present. Then I make my way up to Chase’s bedroom. I pray for strength, guidance, and sleuth as I make my way into his room. I start with his desk, nothing. His nightstand has nothing.

If I were trying to hide my most valued possession, where would I want it?

The closet.

“Shit! Where did you put it, Chase?!” I exit the closet on the verge of crying. Come on, Charlotte, think. Think—you got this.

Closing my eyes, I reply after thinking about what Chase did the night we watched the movie. I pace back and forth for what could be ten minutes.

The shot is starting to hit me and my adrenaline isn't helping much either. When I walked in, he was coming back over from leaning on his left side.

The fucking mattress.

My heels click on the wooden floor as I rush to the other side of the bed, sticking my hand between the mattresses, I felt a folder. Yes! It's the business plan. Oh no. I hear footsteps.

I take out my phone, snapping pictures of the pages. Hell, I don't know if they're good quality, but I have them. I look up as the footsteps come to a stop. Crap, I have one more page.

I snap the picture and quickly push the business plan back in its place. I can't make a run for the bathroom because then I would look suspicious. This won't look any better but it's worth a shot.

He enters the room, but not alone. A brunette is clinging to his arm. Just my luck.

He turns on the light. "Charlotte?" I swing my feet off his bed and walk through the bathroom doors. My heart tightens, and I don't know if I want to cry out for joy or frustration.

I shouldn't think that Chase would change his ways for me. I am not putting it out so of course, he is going to look elsewhere.

What an asshole.