

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers |

Chapter 19

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CHARLOTTE

“Charlotte, can we talk?” He enters the room, rubbing his chin with his index finger.
“What was that all about?”

“Nothing,” Chase’s eyes sweep across my body, lingering on my legs. “I was just headed back to the party.”

“That didn’t seem like nothing.” He stands in front of me, wraps his arms around my waist.

“I’m sorry you had to see that. She is drunk, so I put her to bed. Nothing was going to happen between her and me, honestly. The second and third floors are off-limits at these parties.

“The guys didn’t want her in their room because they are trying to have a girl stay over tonight.”

“Chase really... it’s fine. I’m going back downstairs so you can make as much noise as you like.” I step out of his grasp. He lets out a shaky breath and stares at me. “What?”

“You don’t believe me. You can go check for yourself. She is knocked out cold, and I was hoping I can crash into your room once the party is over.” He can’t be serious. Him sleeping in here—with me?

“It doesn’t matter if I believe you or not. We aren’t together, and no you can’t sleep with me. I mean in the same bed as me.” I force out a laugh.

“You’re giving me mixed signals here. One minute you are letting me taste your sweet cherry lips and the next you are putting up the Great Wall of China. Why?

“That does something to me, I might not show it but it bothers me a lot. I don’t know if you are playing the John Tucker game with me or not.”

“The what game?”

He rubs his fingers through his hair. “Have you seen the movie *John Tucker Must Die*?” I nod.

“Well, some girls on campus find it funny to John Tucker me and the guys. For example, Jamie Cullen, sophomore year. She was everything I thought I was looking for in a girl.

“She was perfect, and I was really considering marrying her after college.” He takes a seat at the edge of the bed.

“I did everything for this girl, took her places I have never taken anyone. Spent every waking moment with her, and she played me during an away game...”

I’ve heard something about that too. I wasn’t heavy into the gossip scene, but I did know something happened while the football and half the campus went to Florida State.

Jamie transferred schools during the winter break, and Chase’s interest in banging and leaving girls was at an all-time high.

“...I didn’t see it coming, you know? I thought she really liked me—or even loved me, but it was her friends who put her up to it.

“If she cared for me like she said she did, why didn’t she just come clean about the whole situation? I was one hundred percent faithful to her.” His voice cracks.

“Please don’t cry.” I’m standing in front of him so awkwardly. Like I don’t know what to do, should I hug him or just pat his shoulder? This is all new to me.

No guy has ever cried in front of me—well no guy besides my cousin Matt when he got a 97 in robotics class. He was so devastated. It was so annoying to be around him for those two weeks.

I go with the latter and pat his shoulder. “It will be okay. Just please don’t cry.”

He grabs my hand, bringing it to his lips. “Are you John Tuckering me?” The vulnerability is in his eyes, and I want to tell him the truth. I like him, maybe even love him, but I am betraying him and the guys.

“Charlotte?” He takes his time kissing the pads of each finger.

“No.” I watch as he pulls me in between his legs. His free hand caresses my bare leg.

“Then why aren’t you letting me in?” His hand slides up, disappearing under the shirt.

“Chase?”

I can feel the ache between my legs grow at a rapid pace. He lets go of my hand and lifts my shirt dress. He kisses my stomach to my hips over and over again.

“I can’t wait to be buried deep inside of you, Charlotte. Can you?”

My brain is overheating, and I am losing the ability to form words or even talk at the moment. I moan, tossing my head back as he dips his tongue into my navel.

Thankfully, he eases me on top of his lap or my legs would give in. Here I am straddling Chase. I don't know what to do or if I am supposed to do something. "Nervous?" he asks.

"Just a little."

"Don't be. You are the one in control here. If you say stop or no, I will do as you say and leave. I don't force anything on a woman unless she consents to a little rough play."

"Rough play?"

"One day." He smiles, pushing me down on his hard-on. At any moment, it's going to burst through his jeans. The ache between my legs has only gotten worse.

"Take off the shirt." He eyes me as I slowly pull the shirt over my head. Chase isn't wasting any time as he pulls the straps of my bra off my shoulders, tugging the bra down to my stomach.

"I need you to be my dirty Cupcake, can you be that for me?" he groans as I rock back and forth on his hard-on.

"Yes." I moan, loving the way the friction feels against me.

"Suck." He lifts his thumb to my mouth, slowly pushing it in. His skin is salty with a hint of Dos Equis. His favorite.

He brings his free hand to his mouth, licking his own thumb before rubbing it over my right nipple. It just adds fuel to the fire, and I am rocking against him faster and sucking his finger harder.

"Fuck, Cupcake, you are going to make me explode. Slow down, baby." He takes his thumb out of my mouth and smacks my ass. I don't yell or scream out of shock, but I moan in pure ecstasy, holy crap.

"You like that?" he smacks it again.

"Uh huh." I moan again.

"Take this off," I say about his shirt.

I want to feel and see him. I need to have him exposed just as I am. He helps me lift his shirt over his head. His tousled hair gets even messier.

I like seeing him this way. His chest, those abs, are everything. I lean over, kissing him, and for the first time, our kiss matches one another's hunger and want.

His tongue darts into my mouth. We battle for control, but eventually, I give up, allowing him to take me to cloud nine.

"Charlotte, have you seen—fuck my life." The door opens and quickly closes.

"Crap." I get off of Chase, putting my shirt on quickly. "Oh, my goodness, he saw us. He saw me naked. This is so not cool." I'm losing my shit right now.

"Why are you just sitting there? Get up and go after him—make sure he doesn't say anything to the other guys."

There is a knock at the door. "Uh, Chase, you are needed downstairs," Vincent says through the closed door. "Sorry about that, Charles." I hear his footsteps descending down the hallway, and my face is cherry red.

"You—you should go." I look everywhere but at him. He is so calm, cool, and collected, and here I am, freaking out. I watch him as he slowly puts back on his shirt and runs his fingers through his hair.

"Charlotte," he says my name as if he is about to say goodbye to me forever. I look at him, and he can't look me in the eyes. He looks down at the floor beside me. I am feeling a thousand emotions at once.

The strongest of them all is rejection.

"You stay, I'll go." I open the door and leave.

I don't look back. I don't dwell on the *what-ifs*. I make my way back to the party. As I make my way downstairs, I see Wolf and Natalia standing in the foyer with other students.

They almost looked like a couple. That's new. Wolf searches the room before his eyes land on mine, a smile on his face, and he waves slowly at me.

Natalia follows his eyes until they land on me as well. She gives me a sinister smile, and then it quickly turns into a frown as she looks behind me.

I don't have to look at me to know it's Chase. I can smell him. I can feel his presence wrap around me like a safety blanket. The hairs on the back of my neck stand tall as he stops behind me.

He places his hand on the small of my back, ushering me down the rest of the stairs. He moves us through the crowd with ease, approaching the other guys. Vincent and I make eye contact briefly.

“Why was I needed?” Chase’s voice was strained, and I think I can hear a bit of annoyance too.

Tristan looks over to Austin and Everett. “Care to tell him?”

“Someone better tell me—I was pretty busy.” His hand finally leaves the small of my back only to now be placed on my right ass cheek.

I tense, and he gives it a quick pat or two. I look around at the guys, but no one is focused on me, but on Chase and whatever he is saying.

I look up at him and see his mouth moving, but I can’t hear a word he is saying. His hand on my ass is distracting the hell out of me.

“...right, Charles?” Everett looks at me.

“Huh?”

“I said you didn’t invite Wolf, right?”

“Oh no—I wouldn’t do that. I don’t invite people to parties—well, I did invite Val, more to convince her to come with Skylar. That’s the only person, I swear.”

“It’s okay, Cupcake, the guys and I will handle this.” He lifts my chin slowly and kisses me. *Holy motherfucking cow.* Chase Tucker has done what I thought would be impossible for him and made it possible.

His lips are on mine, and all the guys are watching us—hell, I think the whole party is at this point. Chase breaks off the kiss, and I look like a statue for sure. My eyes are still closed, and I am stuck, savoring this moment.

Slowly, I open my eyes and sweep my hair behind my right ear, looking at Chase’s chest. Oh man, this is embarrassing.

“Pay up,” I hear Darren say.

“No fucking way,” Austin says.

“What the fuck? Nooooo,” Tristan’s tone of voice makes me look at him. Omg, he is channeling his inner Tyra Banks voice. “I was rooting for you. Miguel, Austin, and I were rooting for you. We were rooting for you.”

“You guys made a bet? About me, for what?” I am utterly shocked right now.

“It wasn’t a bad one, Charles.” Everett rubs the back of his neck. “We all can see the sexual tension you and Chase have with one another, and we knew it wasn’t going to be long before you two acted on it.

“Darren and I knew you two would make a move before the year was over. These three idiots,” he looks over at Austin, Tristan, and Miguel, “said you two would make a move sometime next year.

“Vincent was the only one who decided not to be a part of it—something about you being mad.”

“FYI, you guys are assholes. Thank you, Vincent.” I smile at him.

“Can we deal with Wolf now?” Chase clears his throat. I’m guessing he isn’t mad about this, but when I look at his face, I was wrong. He looks pissed off. “And then you guys and I will have a little chat.”

I follow behind the guys as they approach Wolf, asking him to step outside for a little chat. I had a gut feeling it wasn’t just going to be a little chat.

Someone grabbed my arm, stopping me from following them out of the house. I turn around to see Candace and her group of minions behind her.

“We need to talk,” she says.

“No, we don’t. I’ll have everything for your father on Monday.” I snatch my arm away from her.

“You really don’t want to make a scene about this. Let’s talk somewhere private.” She raises her eyebrow at me. I look around at her minions and then at her.

“Alone—not with your friends.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way—no one else knows about this but you, me, and Daddy. Where are we going to go?”

“The den,” I tell her.

“Nope, too crowded. Upstairs—your bedroom.” I take a real good look at her, and she is slightly intoxicated.

We are not going into my room. If she has to puke, she can do it down here or outside. I refuse to clean up someone else’s vomit.

“No.”

“No?”

“That’s what I said. Matter of fact, I don’t want to talk to you. I’ll have it on Monday.”

“You know what? You are a stubborn bitch.”

“Wow, the pot calling the kettle black. You need to drink some water, Candace. This conversation is over.”

We are already drawing in a bit of a crowd, and I need to remove myself from the situation. Candace could spill everything, and I would never be able to go to RCA.

“No, the conversation isn’t.” She grabs my arm. “You think you are so perfect and better than everyone else because you live with the frat guys. News flash: you aren’t. If they knew w—”

“That’s enough, Candy. I think your friends should take you back to your dorm room.” Dove stands beside me, her arms crossed over her chest.

“Your father wouldn’t like to know his daughter was being a sloppy drunk and picking fights. Or that video of you hooking up with some basketball players. That would be a shame if he found out.”

Candace rolls her eyes, “I will get you, Dove—sooner or later you will have a slip-up.” Candace and her minions push past us and leave the house. I turn to thank Dove and she stops me.

“As promised.” She hands me a piece of paper folded.

“What’s this?” I look at the paper as if it was contaminated.

“I found out who turned in their application to that RCA thingy.” She walks to the corner of the foyer, and I follow her.

“What you do with this information is up to you. I can see how much the guys care about you, and they trust you. Don’t do it.”

“What are you talking about?” Does she know?

“Candace has always been on my radar—her and Denver. So, I know everything that goes on here at Walsh. I have eyes and ears everywhere.

“I am doing you a favor because what you might do will for sure destroy the guys.” She shoves the paper in my hand. “Ciao!”

I stand there in silence looking at the paper in my hand.

"There you are, what's that?" Valerie looks at the paper.

"Oh, this—it's a new recipe Davina gave me." I stuff it into my bra. "A girl can never have too many recipes. Are you leaving?"

She blushes. "No, I am staying the night. Miguel—"

"I what?" Miguel walks up behind her, moving her hair to the side kissing her bare neck. "Hmm?"

"I was just letting Charlotte know I will be spending the night."

"Really?" Miguel and I said in unison.

"Yup, so do you want to go upstairs now or later?" She turns around, facing him.

"Right this way, mami." He grabs her hands.

"See you in the morning, Charlotte," she says over her shoulder.

"Where are those two going?" Everett appears next to me.

"You know—umm what did you guys talk about with Wolf?" I tilt my head to the side, looking at him. His long shaggy brown hair is pulled into a man bun, and he is now fully embracing his beard.

When I first met him, he was always shaving it. He didn't want to look too old—his words. However, I think he looks better with the beard.

"Just had to handle some football talk. Do you want to grab a drink?"

"I think I should wait for Chase," I tell him.

"Chase should be in the kitchen. Might as well walk there together."

And I wish I hadn't. I should have just waited in the foyer or gone upstairs to my room and read the paper.

I should have never let my guard down.

I should have never let him in.

Walking into the kitchen, I was welcomed by the most horrifying sight. Natalia and Chase making out.

“Dude, you have to be fucking kidding me,” Everett snaps. They break apart, and Chase stares at me.

“It’s not what it looks like.”

“Really? Man, you are a fucking dick...” I don’t stick around to hear the rest of Everett’s sentence. Natalia is just someone he keeps going back to, and there has to be a reason for it.

Their connection must be a strong one. Something I can’t and won’t compete with.

“Charles—hey, slow down.”

“Everett, let me go. I am going to go to bed now and forget this entire night.” I can feel the tears forming.

“Whoa, what the hell is going on? Why is she about to cry? Did some fucking body touch you?” Austin says, apologizing to the girl on his arm. He tells her he’ll be right back.

“Guys, I am fine. I am going to head upstairs. I’m tired.” I walk away, holding my head high.

“Party is over!” The music cuts off. “Party is over, everyone out!”

I can hear how furious Austin and Everett are. I just continue to walk up the stairs, not looking back. Chase seems to want to hurt my feelings, but I won’t allow him to have that power over me.

I’ve been wanting Chase to be someone I now know he can’t be.

Next Chapter

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