

# Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers |

## Chapter 22

Drew.Hughes

Water fight??? Was it Georgi? Love to see her in a wet t-shirt. She has the best tits on campus

Steven.Starre

Nah Raven and sexy Snow White, but they were actually throwing down

Drew.Hughes

Fuck. My hard on has deflated. If there was no water involved I don't care.

Steven.Starre

Such a fucking perv. U still going to see Regina this afternoon?

Drew.Hughes

Hell yeah, if she doesn't give up the goods imma take it anyway

Steven.Starre

Dude that's rape lol

Tristan.Beckett

Hey dicks! Are we still on for 2k? I'm ready to win \$\$

Everett.Sawyer

Fuck the money. I wanna bet Steven's lil sister. That freshman lookin tasty.

Steven.Starre

Fuck off Sawyer.

Steven.Starre

Did you two hear about your vixen Snow White?

Tristan.Beckett

What about Charlotte?

Drew.Hughes

Hello?

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CHARLOTTE

After the fight, I go to the old library and take some time to reflect on what the hell is happening to my life. Seriously, this year has gone from bad to worse.

Setting foot in Croakington has to be the reason behind the sudden shift in my balance between good and evil. I just want to keep a low profile.

Just keep the house tidy, clean, and make dinner. Isn't that what the original Snow White did?

*It's 2016. Snow White would have never lasted one day in the real world. You're doing great, my subconscious kicks in.*

I close my eyes and lay my head back on the couch. I don't know what I am feeling. My emotions are coming in all at once. I should feel relieved that I finally gave Raven what she deserved, but at what cost?

Tears burning my eyes slide down my cheeks, and I don't try to wipe them away. It will be useless and I know it. I shouldn't be crying over anything.

I should be happy that I now know the truth. She never was my friend—Raven was a frenemy.

I think it's time I call my mother. She will know what the right thing to do is and how to handle Dean Grey. I can't fight all these battles alone.

It feels like I am losing myself—I am not being true to who I really am. I can finally admit I need help. I try to sit up, yet the pain on my side won't let me. I just lie back again and welcome the tears again.

What a disaster my life has turned out to be within three months.

"I knew I would find you here." I don't turn around. I won't turn around. I can't face him.

"Just go away, Chase. I don't want to see you right now."

"Ouch, Cupcake, I just want to talk to you." He takes a seat on the couch, pulling me into his side. I cry out in pain. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing—I just fell while running this morning and hurt my side."

"You don't have to lie to me. I know what happened, and that's why I am here. No one has heard or seen you in the last four hours. I knew where you were all along, but I know you wanted some time to yourself."

"Chase, just stop with this act."

"What act?"

I push off of him. "You know, pretending you care and you don't. You make me feel so special and loved and wanted, but you really don't feel any of that for me."

"I want to be with you, I always have, but Natalia will always be in the picture. You love her and I get it, she can do things I can't, and you two have this connection. I just—"

"Why must you insist on pushing me away or making me out to be the bad guy? I can never explain anything..."

I stand up, ignoring the pain. I just don't want to hear anything he has to say.

“No,” he stands up, grabbing my arm.

“You don’t get to run away from me again. That’s a nasty habit you have. You run away when you don’t want to face your problems or when you get confronted with things, whether it’s bad or good.

“Charlotte, you have to stop doing that.”

“You don’t get to tell me what to do.” God, the tears are about to burst through, and I don’t want to cry in front of him.

“You don’t get to tell me anything. I don’t trust Raven. I don’t trust you—I don’t even trust myself anymore. I don’t want to be hurt or hurt anyone else. I just can’t. Leave me alone, Chase.”

He pulls me into his chest. I try to tell him to let me go as strongly and confidently as possible, but the tears and sniffles prove it difficult. Yet, Chase stood there hugging me, soothing me.

He is right, I do run away, and it’s because I’ve never had to deal with problems like this before. Honestly, the only problem I’ve ever dealt with in college was what recipe I would make next.

I stayed in my bubble, away from guys and drama—I like it that way. I’ve noticed girls are vicious creatures when guys are involved or when they just want to be bitches.

And guys are just the same. But not the frat brothers, and here I am pushing them all away and about to do the ultimate betrayal.

“Chase, I have to tell you something.” I sniffle.

“No, let me tell you something first.” He takes a step back.

“I’m falling for you, and I don’t ever want you not to feel like you can’t come to talk to me about anything. It hurts me to hear that you don’t trust me. I want you to trust me...”

“I do trust you, but just not with my heart.”

“Tell me, what can I do to change that? I need you in my life until my very last breath. I thought I knew what love was before, but this—this feels close to it, and it scares me that after graduation I’ll never see you again...”

His words strike me right to the core. I feel his words, and I know I have to tell the truth. If his feelings are as deep as he says, then we can move forward from what I have to tell him. I can’t fight this battle alone.

“I have something to tell you, and I hope you will still feel the same way about me, because I feel the same way about you too.” I break eye contact with him and stare out the window.

“What’s going on?” He takes a step back from me, and I can already feel the regret of opening my mouth. He doesn’t look at me differently now, but I know when I tell him this, everything will change.

Next Chapter

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