

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers |

Chapter 27

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Date: Monday, November 6th, 4:45pm

Subject: We Don't Have A Dean No Mo' Party

To celebrate our shithhead dean and his daughter Candace, departure today. We at Croakington are throwing a party tonight. Tell a friend to tell a friend. Once again let's try to keep the sloppy drunks home.

We didn't like cleaning your fucking vomit out the kitchen sink AGAIN. (Noel—I kept you anonymous last time and you still fucked up...so I have to put you on blast this time.)

Natalia, unfortunately, you are not invited and neither is your squad of airheads Denver and Lakrisha (in the words of my sexy Latina Mami Demi Lovato would say SORRY NOT SORRY!)

Wolf my guy don't bring your bitch ass either.

As always upstairs is off limits to everyone!! I catch anyone trying to sneak up there imma beat that ass.

THIS IS A WARNING TO ANYONE WHO ATTENDS THIS PARTY TONIGHT.

YOU FUCK WITH CHARLOTTE AKA THE CAMPUS SNOW WHITE THERE WILL BE CONSEQUENCES AND NOT ANY YOU WOULD WANT.

On that note,

Peace out Fuckers!

JUUU

Juju.Vasquez

And how do you know this?

Tessa.Powell

Yeah please share.

Evie.Valentine

You know our dorm walls are pretty thin. I heard Candace mom bitching at her for even thinking that blackmailing Charlotte to get back at Tristan was so stupid.

Juju.Vasquez

Seriously?! Candace is stupider than her friend Lakrisha and that dumb bitch takes the cake.

Tessa.Powell

Wait so you are telling me Candace did all of this because of Tristan? What kind of demonic penis does he have? I'm interested now.

Juju.Vasquez

Oh come on Tessa that's gross—do you know how many girls he slept with? Gross.

Evie.Valentine

Says the person who continues to fuck Everett and he is the biggest manwhore on campus. Shouldn't throw stones when you live in a glass house yourself.

Tessa.Powell

Agreeing with Evie on this one lol. I am going to try and take Tristan down tonight at the party. Wish me luck.

Juju.Vasquez

I just pray you don't catch anything. See you bitches tonight.

CHARLOTTE

These guys party for every single thing. I can't even fathom how they can do this. I am pretty sure it's exhausting. It has to be.

All the cleaning they have to do afterward—right there, that should make anyone reconsider throwing a party.

Everett is always the mastermind behind the parties, and I think the guys just don't like telling him no, so they let him.

Which is stupid, but this is something they would do every year, apparently, and tonight I'm like fuck it, too.

"Knock knock." Everett enters my room. "You are looking very adorable." He leans on the doorframe.

"Adorable?" I turn to him then back at the mirror. "I don't want to look adorable. Ugh!"

I look at my choice of clothes and roll my eyes. I thought the dress was perfect. I guess it kind of looks like a church dress.

Maybe it has too many flowers on it or it could be the fluffiness of it? Why is getting dressed for a party so hard? Stupid society, of course.

"What are you aiming for?" He crosses his arms at his chest. "If you like the way you look, you shouldn't change."

"If you like the way you look, you shouldn't change," I repeat.

"Are you mocking me?" the corner of his mouth lifts slightly.

"I am sorry, Everett. I just feel like tonight might be *the night*, ~you know, and I want to look good. The universe isn't on my side—obviously."

I place my hands on my hips, staring at the dress I once loved and now loathe. Maybe I should just call Valerie or Skylar to come help me.

"Wait, what?"

I see a silly grin on his face in the mirror, and I just want to smack it off.

"I said the universe isn't on my side," I say in a duh tone. "If you aren't going to pay attention, you can leave, you know."

"I am paying attention. That's how I know you said you feel like tonight might be *the night*. Are you talking about having sex, my little innocent Charles?" Now he is showing his pearly whites at me.

"Everett...no." I can feel the heat on my cheeks and dare not look at him. I am so busted.

"Charles, don't feel embarrassed at all. You are in college, what? Twenty-one, almost twenty-two; it's natural to want to have sex, especially at this point in your life.

"College is where you find yourself...in other people's beds. It's fine." He winks at me.

I turn to look at him. "Thank you so much for your help, but you should get going. I think I hear people coming into the house now."

"Chill, Charles, there are six other guys who can get the party started. I am going to school you, so when you and Chase decide to rub skins, you won't look like Bambi learning how to walk for the first time."

"Huh?"

"Awkward..." He rolls his eyes.

"I am not. I've watched porn before, so I know," I whisper.

I saw one video freshman year in college. I technically didn't know it was porn...the title was like *Kitchen Wars* and I never heard of it before so I watched it, and sweet baby Jesus, I can never look at cucumbers the same.

"Really?"

"What, you don't believe me? I did, but I don't want to talk about it. This is weird."

"Right. Anyway, this is what you need to know about having sex for the first time. I am going to give you a few pointers."

He clears his throat, taking a seat on the edge of the computer desk.

"Number one, don't be afraid to swallow. It can actually be a lot easier for you and less messy. Number two, leave an air bubble at the top of the condom.

“This stops his liquid gold from breaking the condom once he comes. Trust me, you don’t want any pregnancy scares. Number three, please use the bathroom beforehand, it kills the mood if you have to go during.

“This last one is very important. Number four, you can stop whenever you want. Regardless of how turned-on Chase may be, you do not owe him sex, and I am pretty sure he won’t force you.”

“Umm, thank you for that, I guess?” I bit down on my bottom lip, wondering how I got into the sex talk with Everett, out of all people.

“No seriously, Charles, these four rules will help you out because it definitely helped me since I was fifteen.” He winks at me again. “The girls couldn’t keep their hands off me.”

“Fifteen? Don’t you think that is a bit too early?”

“Not at all, it helped me become the sex God I am today.” He says in a huskier tone.

Darren walks into my room holding a bottle of vodka. “I heard sex...who and where?”

This is not happening. I rebuke it. “Charles thinks tonight she and Chase will go all the way.” Everett takes the bottle from Darren, taking a swig.

“Well, look at you. Did you give her the golden rules? He gave you the rules, right?” Darren digs in his back pocket as I nod my head. “Do you have any swim trunks?”

“What?” I swear these guys’ slang words are falling upon deaf ears. I don’t know what the hell they are talking about most of the time. Like right now.

“Condoms, Charlotte. You girls need to have your own too, just in case the guy you are trying to sleep with doesn’t have any.

“Never let a guy go in the pool without his swim trunks. Are you trying to catch something?” he walks to me, with condoms in his hand.

“Take these. I have more than enough in my room and back pocket.”

I don’t take them right away, and he takes my hand and puts it there. I hold it up, watch as it comes undone. Did he not tear them apart? Just left them as is—I am learning so much about men now.

“Hey...”

My heart literally is about to jump out of my chest at the sound of his voice. I hide the condoms behind my back. Great, just great. Darren turns around facing Chase, greeting him.

Like I said earlier, the universe is not on my side. I look down at my dress, secretly hoping Chase will like it.

“Whew, Charles you are looking—”

“Don’t say adorable,” Everett cuts him off. I cut my eyes at him.

“No, I was going with beautiful. You look very beautiful tonight.”

He walks in and stops short, looking behind me and his face screws up just a bit. I look behind me too, and realize I am in front of the mirror with the condoms hanging in my hands...behind my back.

“I am missing something?” He looks at me.

I drop the condoms on the floor, kicking them underneath the bed. “No...now everyone out!”

I move my hands in a shoo motion. “Out...out...hey, leave the vodka bottle with me...now go.” Lord, give me the strength to make it through this night without embarrassing myself further.

Putting on my makeup and changing into something less adorable, I was ready to join the party...slightly buzzed. I believe I took five gulps of vodka or something like that. I am not sure why I drink—I can’t handle it.

Heading downstairs, I see the living room is already packed and by the looks of it the party is also happening outside. I make my way to the kitchen to make a drink...knowing I reached my limit, but I just have a taste for more.

“Do you need help?” A muscular guy with shiny black curls leans against the counter.

“I’ve never seen you before, are you new here? Like not new to the house because I know you don’t live here, but to the school.” I hope my words aren’t coming out slurred.

“Can you keep a secret?” he asks.

“Yeah, I can but to be honest, I don’t think I am going to remember this conversation anyway.” I laugh, pouring some brown liquor into a red solo cup. “So, what is Mr. Mysterious guy?”

“I don’t go to this school...well not yet.” He raises his cup to his lips.

“So how did you get here?” I raise my cup to my lips as well.

"I was invited by some girls who thought I was a student, and I thought hell why not. My name is Xavier Michaels, and yours..."

"Withers...I mean Charlotte Withers."

"Nice meeting you Charlotte, I believe your boyfriend is coming this way. I should get going."

"Huh?" I spin around, and there is Chase shooting daggers out his eyes at Xavier. I turn back to Xavier to tell him he isn't my boyfriend, but he was gone.

I drank the rest of my liquor as Chase approached me. I am going to need all the liquid courage I can get.

"You've changed?" he steps directly in front of me, running his fingers down my arm, sending a wave of goosebumps all over my body.

"Do I look funny?"

"No, I like this outfit just as much as the first one." He smiles at me. "Question, who was that guy talking to you?"

"Honestly, I don't know. I was in the middle of pouring myself something to drink." I smile back at him.

"How much did you have to drink?"

"What's with all the questions, Chase?"

"I just need to know...that's all." He closes the space between. Leaning down, his lips brush my ear.

"I would like to do the honor of using all the condoms under your bed tonight with you." He nips my ear, standing back up straight.

"Approximately three cups." I rush out and he takes my hand into his. We make a beeline for the staircase.

"Whoa, where's the fire?" Miguel stops us.

"Not now, Miguel," I snap. I'm getting hot all over and I don't have time for this. I can see Everett and Darren from my peripheral vision heading our way. "Miguel, move."

"You are feisty, how much did you have to drink—"

"I see you changed, Charles. This tight leather outfit is sexy." He lets out a weird growling sound.

"Look, guys... Charlotte and I would love to chat, but we have to call her parents really quick."

"Not that quick." I elbow him in the side. "More like an hour or so conference with them," I say maneuvering around the guys, pulling Chase with me.

My adrenaline is pumping and the way I want Chase right now is unbelievable.

"Remember the swim trunks, Charles." I hear Darren yell up the stairs, followed by Everett saying not to forget the golden rules.

So happy I am an only child, because if I had brothers like them, I would have died from embarrassment at age ten for sure.

Next Chapter

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