

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers |

Chapter 28

TRISTAN

Tristan.Beckett

The party has been over for nearly 3 hrs and they still haven't come out. Think they're sleeping??

Miguel.Jackson

Probably

Austin.Kramer

Definitely not. Her fucking bed is scraping the floor again. Why is my room underneath hers

Everett.Sawyer

That's our girl D, she using all the swim trunks!

Darren.Reed

Yes! Atta Girl

Miguel.Jackson

Or you can get the broom and bang it on the ceiling. My moms used to do that to me. It worked for a few seconds tho.

Austin.Kramer

Imma let her have her moment, but I'll get her back. I'm going to crash in the living room for the night.

Tristan.Beckett

Is anyone else annoyed that Charles is getting her back blown out and we aren't blowing any backs out.

Darren.Reed

Speak for yourself. I'm getting that good sloppy topsey right now.

Austin.Kramer

Dude why are you on the phone then?!!! Asshole

Darren.Reed

She just staaaaaaarted.

Vincent.Beckett

It still baffles me that those two will always get pussy and with the reputation they have.

Nite dicks

Miguel.Jackson

Nite

Austin.Kramer

This living room is fucking trashed I can't sleep here. Vincent or Miguel, who room can I crash in?

Austin.Kramer

Guys? Helllllllloooo?

Ashanti.Anthony

There are about eighty girls who stay at Slivermist be more specific.

Evie.Valentine

I bet it was Ruby and Monica those two bitches love a good carpet munch.

Juju.Vasquez

Harsh much?! No, I stayed at Croakington again last night. Anyway, it was Chase and Charlotte were all giggles coming out the bathroom in towels DRIPPING WET.

Evie.Valentine

You think...they?? Are you and Everett official now??

Ashanti.Anthony

Of course they did. Oh did you see Raven Reynolds the other day? She was clearing out her room 🙄. I heard she is going to Paris to finish school.

Evie.Valentine

Lucky bitch! Umm Juju answer the question....

Juju.Vasquez

No! Everett and I are just fuck buddies. You can't take a guy like that serious.

Evie.Valentine

Whatever you say.

CHASE

The past two days with Charlotte have been everything and more. I finally have the girl of my dreams. Knowing that we will be separated from one another for the next couple of days is killing me.

Just the thought of not tasting her sweet bubblegum lips is driving me insane. One thing for sure is that I know I want to spend the rest of my life with her.

I asked her to marry me last night and she tensed up, staring at me. I don't know whether I should have asked her so soon or not.

She never gave me an answer, but she said she would soon. Maybe she thinks I only said it so I could keep her in my bed, or I don't know. Charlotte is a very unpredictable woman.

I check my phone, no calls or texts from her, and I know she landed thirty minutes ago. I lie down listening to the birds chirping, bringing back memories of Charlotte.

"I hate that they chirp so early," she groans, throwing the pillow over her head.

"It's not that bad, babe," I roll over on my side, pulling her to my chest. "Good morning."

She peeks her head from under the pillow and fake pouts at me. "There is nothing good about this morning. I have a massive headache, and I am sore."

I kiss her lips. "You wanted more rounds—I told you let's take it slow."

"Lies..."

"Hey, Chase, I think you need to see this." Austin runs into my room, interrupting my thoughts.

“What’s up?” I sit up on the bed.

“Dude, just come downstairs now.” He rushes out of the room just as quickly as he came in.

I’m right behind him, racing downstairs. I see all the guys huddled around the kitchen island. A note is placed onto a manila envelope.

I look at all the guys’ faces and they’re distraught. What the hell is going on? I move closer to the countertop, and I see Charlotte’s handwriting. I snatch the paper up.

My Dear Lovely Frat Brothers,

I didn’t know how to tell you this in person because I know two things would have happened. One, you guys would have tried to talk me out of it; and two, Chase would be absolutely pissed with me.

The papers inside of the envelope should explain everything.

P.S. Chase, I never gave you the answer that night because I knew what I was getting ready to do, but if it isn’t too late, the answer is YES!

I love you so much, I love all of you and this isn’t goodbye...just see you later. —
Charlotte xxx

Vincent opens the envelope, dumping the contents out on the countertop. The first thing I recognize is the letter my father sent me regarding him funding our business—well mainly my portion of it.

Next was the construction company letter about not going forward with any more work until they receive the final payment, which couldn’t happen until I got my money from my father.

Lastly, there were two papers I’ve never seen before.

“Whoa, what the hell is Charles doing? How did she get all of this?” Miguel asks, and we all would like the answers. “Look at this one...she emailed it last night.”

I stand there thinking of every little thing she did last night too. She cooked the house a nice dinner, and she watched some movies with everyone before she and I called it a night.

She was never out of our sight. When did she have time to do all of this? None of this is making any sense. I didn’t like keeping the secret about my father from the guys, because I was going to handle it.

“Guys, Charlotte turned down her acceptance to that academy.” Miguel looks shocked. “It’s an email she sent to the academy, declining it.”

“Look and this one is an email from your father’s company...Charles is going to be working there for five months as an intern, huh? Why would she do that? Chase, what the hell is going on?” Austin asks.

I pace back and forth, thinking of what to tell them, and most importantly, how the hell Charlotte found this all out.

No one knew about the funding issues besides Miguel, and I know he isn’t stupid enough to tell Charlotte, or is he? But he doesn’t know there’s a letter involved.

I can feel my heart beating a mile a minute, and everything is spinning. I brace myself, holding onto the countertop.

“Chase, you alright?” Vincent asks, but I can hear the anger in his voice. He probably is blaming me for why Charlotte has gone to New York.

“You are looking kind of sick right now. Do you need a bottle of water or something?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. Can I see the email?”

“Which one? She has so fucking many,” Austin snaps. “This girl thinks she can do everything on her own. Hasn’t she learned by now we are in this together?”

“To RCA.” I say ignoring his last question.

Whatever Charlotte is doing is because of me and my stupid secret. I should have just told the guys sooner what has been going on and maybe, just maybe Charlotte would be in LA.

To: admissions@RCA.gov

From: Charlotte.Withers@Walsh.edu

Date: Wednesday, November 8th 11:49pm

Subject: RCA Acceptance Letter

RCA,

Getting an early acceptance letter is an honor, but I have to withdraw my application.

I would like to thank you from the bottom of my little chef heart for accepting me, but I have other obligations, which give me no time at all to attend the academy. Once again, thank you for the opportunity.

Best Regards,

Charlotte M. Withers

“Chase, why did Charles accept an internship at your father’s company? It doesn’t make any sense. I didn’t know she knew your father.” Tristan is still going over the email.

“Look, the funding my father was supposed to send me, he didn’t. In order for the hotel to be complete, we needed the last payment, which was mine, and I can’t get it unless I do this work credit thing for him.

“My father is friends with one of the Board of Trustees and got that approved somehow, but I don’t want to work for him. I figured I could ask my mom, but she sent me right back to my dad.”

“So, what you are telling us is your father wanted you to leave school and work for him...and still get your college credits to graduate?

“While living in New York—dude you should have done it. Think of all the New York women at your disposal,” Everett says. He doesn’t get it. I swear it’s always about chicks to this guy.

My father is an asshole and wants to control my life any way he can.

“Everett, now isn’t the time. Charlotte is on her way to New York City to fulfill an internship to help us.” Darren slaps him upside the head. “Enough. Okay.”

“All I am saying is she is smart. She is going to be living the dream out there. Your father has hooked her up. This email his office sent her, I would have left too.” Everett taps the paper.

I pull my cell phone out and call her.

“Hey. Charlotte here...well not really...leave a message.”

I go upstairs and check her room.

Naked.

Bare.

Everything is gone.

“Check outside for her car!” I yell. Taking my phone out again I call her.

“Hey. Charlotte here...well not really...leave a message.”

And again.

“Hey. Charlotte here...well not really...leave a message.”

“The car isn’t here.” Darren stands in the doorway.

“Don’t pity me.” I snap.

“What? I’m not.”

“Yeah, you are, I see it in your eyes,” I pause. “You know I asked her to marry me last night, and she didn’t give me an answer. She makes me so happy and a better person. How could I be so stupid not to see this coming?”

“Man, don’t beat yourself up about it. None of us saw this coming, and she said yes in the letter...that has to count for something, right?”

I walk quickly through the joint bathroom and into my room.

“Chase, what are you doing?” Darren is hot on my heels. “Why are you packing—dude, hello? Talk to me!”

“D, I am going to New York to get my fiancée.” I start throwing random clothes in a duffle bag.

“What about school?”

“I’ll stop by the administration building to see what they can do. My main concern is to get Charlotte back. My father is ruthless, and I don’t want him anywhere near her.”

“I’m going too. Charlotte is like a sister to me, and family always looks out for family,” says Darren.

I stop throwing clothes around and look at him. “You don’t have to do this. I am fine going alone.”

“I’m doing this for Charlotte, because she is doing this for us.” He walks out of the room. “Guys, Chase and I are going to New York to bring back Charlotte...” he yells, walking down the hallway.

It was a brief moment of silence until I heard footsteps running and doors opening and closing. Followed by a lot of “me, too” and Everett saying New York women are about to be blessed with a real-life sex God.

I try one more time calling Charlotte.

“Hey, Charlotte here...well not really...leave a message.”

“Hey Charles, it’s me, Chase...we’re coming to get you...”

Next Chapter

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