

# Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers |

## Chapter 29

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*Evan Tucker*

*CEO*

*Tucker & Michaels, Inc.*

*November 1, 2016*

*Dear Charlotte Withers:*

*It is with great pleasure that I write to offer you the position of Editorial Intern with Tucker & Michaels, Inc. Your experience and enthusiasm will be an asset to our company.*

*Please review the attached document outlining your salary and benefits, and sign where indicated. Please genius scan all papers and email them back within five business days.*

*We will contact you once we have received the paperwork as to your start date.*

*We look forward to welcoming you as part of the TM Team!*

*Regards,*

*Evan Tucker*

*CEO, Tucker & Michaels, Inc.*

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## CHARLOTTE

Looking out the car window, I admire Central Park. The beauty of nature will never cease to amaze me. I watch as bundled-up families and couples walk briskly down the streets.

The coldness out here is a different cold than Georgia. A trip to Zara for a heavier coat is needed.

My phone buzzes for the fourth time, and I don't need to look down to know who it is.

I click decline.

I knew leaving an extra two hours early would be the best thing. The guys are dead to the world before noon.

I'm still in shock about how Chase didn't budge as I climbed out of his bed, falling into his nightstand. So much noise, yet he didn't move.

Taking numerous trips from my bedroom to the car was the real challenge. One wrong move would wake them, especially Vincent. He wasn't a light sleeper, but he usually wakes up a little earlier than the others.

The car comes to a slow stop in front of a sleek modern building. Thanking the driver, I gather my things and stand outside the building for a minute...just taking it all in.

People in expensive suits are walking in and out of the building, crap. I should have changed before coming here. I never thought I would ever say this, but I am having an *Ugly Betty* moment.

Not wasting another minute more, I walk into the lobby, my suitcase in tow.

"Oh no sweetie, I think you're in the wrong building." A tall ginger-haired man quickly walks across the lobby. "Are you lost, hun?"

This is definitely an *Ugly Betty* moment.

"No, I am in the right building. This is Tucker and Michaels, Inc., correct?"

He doesn't hide his distasteful look when it comes to my attire. The way his lips turned up, you could have sworn I walked in with dirty pajamas.

I don't think my suitcase and duffle bag are helping me out either. In my peripheral vision, I see a young woman making a fast beeline towards us. I don't like where this could be headed.

"Matthew, who is she?" She tosses her platinum blonde hair behind her shoulder. "Who are you? Who is she?" she continues to throw questions at him—us.

"Don't know. I think she is lost. Look at what she is wearing. Poor thing must be from another planet."

"Umm...hello—still here."

"Right." The blonde rolls her eyes at me. "Well, we need you to leave." She points to the door. "Why are you still standing here? Bye."

Is she for real? I am sure this is some joke to see if they can make the new girl quit or something along those lines. I glance around to see if anyone else is watching this disaster unfold, and to my luck no one is.

Everyone is in their own world going to and from. Taking my luggage, I walk around the two and head straight for the receptionist's desk. Matthew and the woman are behind me whispering.

Wondering if they should call security or not, at this point they should call security because if I hear one more insult, I might just hit her.

"Hello," I stop at the desk, smiling politely at the older woman behind the desk. "I am here to see Mr. Evan Tucker."

"Good afternoon, Ms...."

"Oh, sorry, Charlotte Withers."

"One minute Ms. Withers." She types on the keyboard and clicks her mouse a few times before looking at me.

"I am sorry, Ms. Withers. Mr. Tucker doesn't have an appointment with you. Are you sure it's Mr. Evan Tucker?"

I dig into my purse pulling out the email he sent me on the job. I hand over the paper. She reads it and smiles at me.

"You are actually here to see Mr. Jasper Tucker, Mr. Tucker's son. I think he sent his two employees to get you." She stands up scanning the lobby.

"Ah, Mr. Garcia and Ms. Cunningham, can I see you two over here please."

I look over my shoulder to see Matthew and Malibu Barbie heading our way. I don't want them to be the two employees, but I know it is. There is no other way to not believe it.

They approach the desk, clearly giving me the ugliest looks of all time. I smile back because I will kill these two with kindness if it's the last thing I do.

The older woman talks to them, letting them know that I am here to see Jasper, and their mouths drop.

"Are you sure, Meredith? I think Jasper would know better than this." The blonde is utterly shocked that I'm here to see Jasper.

I don't even know anything about Jasper. I only had enough time on the plane between sleeping to read up on Evan Michaels and Dr. Rebecca Michaels. Could Jasper be Chase's uncle? Maybe a cousin?

“Ember, I would watch what you say about others. You are a pretty lady, but the vile things that come out of your mouth make you very ugly.”

She says sternly before turning her attention to me.

“Ms. Withers, Mr. Garcia, and Ms. Cunningham will take you upstairs to see Mr. Tucker... you can leave your luggage down here until you come back. We will have it locked up, safe and sound.”

“Umm...” I look down at my things. “Uh, sure, thank you.”

I smile at her and catch up with Matthew and Ember as they are already at the elevators. There is always a little bit of high school wherever you go; there is no denying it or pretending it doesn't exist.

I get on the elevator just in time. I stand in the corner, watching the two of them. Ember clearly isn't happy that I'm a part of the team; she mentions it over ten times as I stand quietly just taking this all in.

I want to yell *News flash: bitch, I don't want to be a part of any team you two are on.* However, killing them with kindness is my new motto, and all I can do is think about how my being here is helping the guys.

My phone buzzes, and I get ready to press decline—it's my mother. Oh, man. She is expecting to see me in California. I stare at the phone, willing it to stop already.

“Are you going to answer that?” Matthew looks at me.

I send the call to voicemail, tucking the phone into my pocket. “Sorry.” The elevator comes to a stop.

“You might want to turn the phone off. Jasper hates it when they're on.” Ember shrugs, walking off the escalator.

I am right behind them both, just taking in the office space.

Everyone is dressed up and well-groomed. I see a young lady, probably around my age, talking on the phone, and she must have sensed me staring because she looks at me and smiles.

I mentally note that I need to find her name and become friends fast. She is actually the only person to smile at me besides Meredith from downstairs.

“Charlotte,” Matthew calls my name, and I realize I am walking the wrong way.

I quickly apologize and follow them down another hallway. The walls are painted a soft beige color, and oddly enough, it's soothing me.

My nerves are all over the place, and the butterflies in my stomach have now created a tornado.

"He is so going to lose his shit when he sees her," Ember whispers—well, tries to, because I can hear her loud and clear.

I look down at my choice of outfit, and I don't see anything wrong with it. Black jeans and a vintage yellow-looking T-shirt. Yes, it has holes in it, but that's the style.

I'm coming in today to work... I wasn't even supposed to be here at all today, but I received the email to come in at 2 p.m. sharp. I would have been late if I decided to change. So straight from the airport, I came here.

"I can still hear you," I say out loud.

"Good," she replies.

We come to a sudden stop, and I notice we are in front of a door. A golden nameplate on the wall reads, *Executive Editor, Jasper Tucker*.

Matthew knocks once and opens the door. I slowly enter behind them, not knowing what or who to expect. I can't believe what I'm seeing in front of me.

This can't really be happening, the guy sitting behind the desk—I just left him...

"Chase?"