

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers

Chapter 31

To: Matthew Garcia

Subject: New Girl

Date: November 9, 2016 14:52

Matt,

Seriously don't like the new girl. How can we get rid of her or make her want to quit???

Did you see the way she looked at Jasper—how dare she! I am going to take a trip down to HR and see what I can find on her. I cannot have some stupid millennial try and take my man from me.

Ember

PR Assistant, Paperlove

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From: Matthew Garcia

To: Ember Cunningham

Subject: Are You Crazy?

Date: November 9, 2016 15:05

Ember, I seriously think you lost your mind. We cannot get that girl fired! Overheard Birdie telling one of the department editors that, that GIRL YOU ARE TRYING TO GET FIRED WAS HAND PICKED BY EVAN TUCKER HIMSELF! Make her life here a living hell. I am all for it, but fired no thank you. Whatever you had planned to get her fired might put us in jail and I am way too fabulous to be seen in orange—no thank you!

Matthew

Beauty Editor Assistant, Paperlove

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CHASE

The guys and I are waiting in the administrative building.

I tried to reach out to my father about taking the internship position, but as usual, the dick he is told me the post is already taken and he doesn't need any more positions filled.

I knew he was going to pull some stunt like this.

"Fuck!" I punch the wall, instantly regretting it.

"Chase, calm down. There has to be another way," Austin says, leaning against the wall. "There is always another way."

“Punching the wall isn’t going to help.” Miguel is perched on the edge of one of the black couches.

I’ve been unsettled the most with him. Something doesn’t feel right, and the way he keeps fidgeting is making my stomach turn.

I just keep thinking that I only told Miguel about the whole funding thing, and then boom, two weeks later, Charlotte is in fucking New York City.

“My fiancée is stuck in New York with my father and brother, don’t tell me shit.” I walk to him and he stands up.

“What the fuck is your problem?” he says, not backing down.

“Come on you two, enough. We are all mad Charles isn’t here, but beating the shit out of each other isn’t going to help. We need not do this here out of all places.”

Everett weasels his way in between the two of us. “Now cool the fuck out, both of you.”

“One question, though. Miguel, did you tell Charles about the funding?” I look him directly in the eyes. I knew the signs to watch out for if he was lying.

We all know what signs to look for if one was lying. Living with each other for years, we picked up on a few things.

“I’m not going to do this with you, Chase.” He huffs walking away.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa there, answer the question.” Darren tries to stop him from walking out of the building, but Miguel pushes past him and walks out, and we are all right behind him. “Miguel, just answer the question.”

“Yeah man, you are looking a bit suspect,” Vincent adds.

“Back the fuck off guys.” Miguel stops walking and turns around.

“Did you tell Charles?” Austin looks at him. I can hear the pleading in his voice. Austin knows how my father can be, and Jasper.

He has slept over numerous times at my house when we were younger. He has witnessed firsthand how things can go horribly wrong with my father and brother.

“Fine, I told her!” he spat out.

I charged towards him, tackling him to the ground. All I see is red. He broke my trust with him and for what? We are landing punches back and forth.

Miguel is a fighter and there is a fifty/fifty chance he is going to beat my ass, but it's definitely worth it. Charlotte means everything to me. The guys are pulling at us, but neither one of us wants to back down.

We're going blow for blow. His face connects with my face hard, and I know it's over.

"Guys, chill the fuck out!" I see Darren hovering over me, extending his hand out. I take it, standing up, and see Tristan and Vincent holding back Miguel.

"We can't do this here, or anywhere for that matter. This is not the fucking answer or way to get Charles back."

"Darren is right, you two beating the shit out of each other is going to do what? Nothing," Austin snaps.

"We have Charles running around like she is some goddamn superhero and then you two jackasses. Does anyone else have something to say, do, or confess? Might as well add more people to the Dipshit List."

He looks at each and every one of us. No one says anything, this is the first time any one of us has seen Austin go off.

His chest rises and falls dramatically, and he storms back into the building. It didn't take long for Everett to poke fun.

"Dude, he just went ba—"

"Don't do it." Tristan walks past him shaking his head. "For once just don't do it, Austin is right and we all know."

"Alright fine," he shrugs. "But what superhero do you think Charles is?" he asks no one in particular.

"Not everything is a joke, you asshole." I shrug Darren off of me and head for the building. I know he is just trying to cheer us up, but I will be happy when I have Charlotte back.

I can hear the guys behind me throwing around superhero names. I enter the building. Austin is pacing back and forth. He and I share the same fear.

"What if she gets caught?" Austin looks at me.

"She is smart," I assure him.

"But your father and brother are smarter. Charlotte doesn't know what she got herself into."

He is right, my family is the most conniving people you would ever come across. One of the many reasons why I want nothing to do with them at all.

My phone chimes and it's not just any chime. It's Charlotte. I quickly pull it out of my pocket and open the text message.

Charlotte

I'll call you later on tonight and explain everything. Please don't worry about me.

"Fuck." I quickly reply.