

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers | Chapter 32

Chapter 32

CHARLOTTE

After being shown around the office and meeting some of the staff, Jasper lets me go for the day. He tells me to be back at the office at seven in the morning, and I want to protest.

I thought the work day starts at eight, but nonetheless I will be there at seven. I sit in the back seat of the car, fiddling with my phone. I'm contemplating if I want to turn it on or not.

I know once I do, Chase and my parents will be calling nonstop. I leave the phone alone and stare out the window.

A group of girls, maybe college students, are waiting to cross the street, and they seem so happy. Not a care in the world, and here I am with all the worries of many people on my shoulders.

The car makes a quick right turn, stopping in front of a building.

"Umm sir, why are we stopping?" I do not have time for impromptu pickups. This is the company car, so I don't think it should be picking anyone up, only dropping me off. He looks at me in the mirror.

"Mr. Tucker has given me direct orders to drop you off at the New York by Gehry apartment building." He steps out of the car, grabbing my things out the back before opening my door.

I slowly slide out of the car looking up at the building. This building is absolutely breathtaking and also by the looks of it, very expensive. "Ma'am." He nods his head.

"Thank you, I don't have any cash on me to give you, but I do have some Chick-Fil-A coupons if you would like one," I say digging into my purse.

"You guys have a Chick-Fil-A out here, right? I read somewhere it opened last year—"

"It's alright, ma'am."

"Are you sure?" I look at him.

"I am Mr. Tucker's personal driver," he pauses, looking at me like I should have caught a hint by him saying that. "He pays me well." He adds and walks away to the driver's side.

"Sir?" I call out after him.

"Yes, ma'am?" He comes back around the car. I can't see if he is annoyed because the sunglasses cover his eyes, but I sure can hear it in his voice.

"You said you are Mr. Tucker's personal driver—which Tucker?"

"Mr. Jasper Tucker."

"Right, thank you, again."

"No problem, ma'am. Have a good evening." He jogs off this time—probably didn't want to answer any more questions. *Awkward.*

Entering the building, a tall man, judging by the amount of grey hair on his head, I would say he is in his late fifties, comes my way.

Please don't be a jerk. Please don't be a jerk. ~I don't think I can take another embarrassing encounter. He stops in front of me, smiling sweetly.

"Good evening, miss. Welcome. How can I be of assistance to you today?" He takes my suitcase and duffel bag, walking to the desk.

"I believe I will be staying here for the next five months. Mr. Jasper Tucker should have set up the arrangements."

He nods his head and walks over to the computer. "Your name?"

"Charlotte Withers."

"Here you are. You are staying at one of our penthouse apartments." He does some more typing on the computer and then hands me a set of keys. "Would you like me to show you up to your apartment?"

I shake my head no. "Did you say penthouse?"

"Yes, Ms. Withers. Are you alright?" he looks at me.

"I am fine, thank you. I just wasn't expecting to be put up in a penthouse." I take a deep breath before gathering my things. "How rude of me, what's your name?" I look back at the elderly man.

“Craig Jamison.” He smiles.

“Thank you, Mr. Jamison, for your help today, and if—”

“If you need any help whatsoever you call down to the front desk,” he answers.

“Thank you.”

I fiddle with the keys, not knowing what is to come when I get off the elevator. My heart is pounding out of my chest as the elevator comes to a stop. I walk slowly to the door in front of me.

Unlocking the door, all I can say is wow. Breathtaking panorama of the midtown skyline.

Immediately, I am greeted by a sweeping grand foyer which leads to an impressive great room boasting floor-to-ceiling windows.

I drop my things and go check out the rest of the place. The oversized master bedroom suite features a private sitting area and a custom walk-in closet—just what I need when it’s time to go shopping.

The spa-like ensuite master bath has a glass-enclosed walk-in shower and Duravit deep soaking tub. This place is amazing so far, but I need the kitchen to be everything.

Saving it for last, I walk in the kitchen and *omg*—

The kitchen is a chef’s dream with a 48” Liebherr refrigerator, wine refrigerator, 6-burner Miele cooktop with wall-mounted pot fillers and a vented hood, Miele double wall oven, microwave, and a warming drawer.

This place is beyond perfect.

I’m settled in now, and I sit on the bed looking down at my cell phone. I’ve been this way for the last twenty minutes waiting to see who will call me first.

I open my messages—nothing. I decide to take a shower before giving anyone a call. I need to think. Running off the way I did wasn’t the brightest of ideas, but I believe it was the only way.

Now being here doesn’t feel right. I can hear my mother now: “Sometimes doing the right thing isn’t always the best thing.” Starting to understand what that actually means now.

I hear the faint sounds of my cell's ringtone. Quickly wrapping a towel around me, I jog out of the bathroom. Crap. It's my mother.

"Hello."

"Charlotte! Where are you?!" I pull the phone away from my ear.

"Mom, why are you so loud?"

"Where are you?"

"Mom, I'm sorry."

"You should be sorry, Charlotte. What were you thinking, heading to New York!? I can tell you right now you weren't thinking, and probably got yourself in some trouble."

"How did you know I am in New York?"

"That lovely boy Everett told me. When it should have been you. Your father and I have been worried sick about you. What is going on with you?"

"Nothing is going on. I just want to try something different before heading to RCA. Mom, don't worry so much about me. I am okay. I will be flying back home soon for the holidays."

"What are you doing out there? You need to finish college!"

"I got an internship and this is a work credit opportunity. I will be earning my credits and still graduate on time. Mom, can you please just trust me? I am grown up, after all."

"Packing your things in the middle of the night and fleeing to another state without telling anyone does not make you grown up. If anything, you look like a child. A foolish child."

"I am sure whatever reason you are in New York means a lot to you, and I will always be here for you, whether I agree or not with the decision you've made."

"I have to go, but your father and I will be calling you again tomorrow. I love you, sweetie."

"Love you too."

I end the call and my phone vibrates again. Chase's face flashes across the screen. Did they both plan to call me back-to-back?

Everything I was going to say doesn't seem like the best thing, after talking to my mother. I slowly slide my finger across the screen, answering the call.

“Hey.”

“Charlotte, why?”