

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers | Chapter 33

Chapter 33

CHARLOTTE

“Charlotte, why?”

There are a million things I want to say to him. A million things are going through my head, and I know none of them are what he wants to hear—what he needs to hear.

It pained me to be away from him after everything that we have been through and all the memories we didn’t create yet.

“Charlotte, are you still there?”

“Yes... I’m sorry, Chase. I saw this as an opportunity to help you and the guys. I know how much the project means to you all—especially you.”

“I could have figured another way to get my funding. This is a business project for class, nothing to go crazy over. I just don’t like that you are there with my family. They aren’t the nicest people.”

“A business project you and the guys—minus Vincent—have been speaking so passionately about. Your family won’t be so bad. After all, I got the biggest and moodiest guy on campus to fall in love with me.”

I try to make light of the situation.

I hear him sigh heavily and the sound of paper being shuffled around. “Can you just come back? Did you sign anything just yet?” he sounds so defeated.

“I signed the paperwork today.”

“Charlotte, this is not how I saw the rest of my—our college days going. I can’t stomach being here knowing you are there. Where do they have you working? And how did my father react to you being my fiancée working there?”

Oh crap.

“I’m working at Paperlove.”

“My brother, dammit!” He’s angry. “Charles, babe...did you tell him you are my fiancée?”

“Well... umm... no.”

“This doesn’t sound good. Who did you tell them you were?”

“Funny story... when I was typing the email, I didn’t know who I was going to say and then I heard Tristan yell at Everett to keep the fucking noise down so I went with...” I pause.

“God, please don’t say Everett.”

“Yeah, is that a bad thing?” Now I am nervous. “Chase, is it?”

“You pick the most perverted guy in the frat house. Unbelievable. It’s not a bad thing, and it’s not a good thing either. I would have preferred you to say Austin or Miguel’s cousin by marriage.

“At least he would think you are some wholesome young lady. Almost all of Everett’s female relatives are known to be just as perverted and wild as the men. Everyone who knows the Sawyer family knows that.”

Great. I just categorized myself as a wild horny party girl without even knowing. Gosh, maybe that’s why Jasper was staring at me that way. He probably thinks we are going to hook up. Sweet nibblets, this is not okay.

I throw myself back on the bed, the phone still pressed to my ear. I can hear talking in the background and squint my eyes trying to hear better—like that really is going to help.

“Chase, are you still there?”

“Yeah—sorry about that. The guys want to talk to you. I’m going to put you on speaker.”

“Hey, Charles. The superhero none of us wanted, but here—nope, there you are. How is the Big Apple treating you?” Everett’s voice is light and playful.

“Good. Can’t complain, cousin.”

“Huh?”

Chase explains to the guys what he and I just talked about.

“You don’t think we could’ve been cousins? I am offended,” comes Darren’s voice.

“Oh, Darren, I wasn’t thinking.”

“Clearly,” Vincent butts in.

“Hi, to you too, Vinny. I am sorry, guys, but I want to help. You seven always help me when I need it, and I wanted to return the favor. I am still getting my college credits for this. I will be back in May for graduation.”

“Are there any hot chicks working there?” Of course, Tristan would ask, and right behind him is Everett cosigning. Oh, how I am going to miss the bantering every day.

Chase tells the guys that is enough for the night, and he would like to talk to me alone. A lot of groans and protests can be heard, but eventually, I hear a door close. He must be in his bedroom.

I close my eyes, picturing I am there, lying down next to him. I am doing this for a great cause, I tell myself. I do the internship, get college credits, and Chase gets his funding money.

“Chase,” I softly say.

“Yes, my love?”

“Why didn’t you just take the internship? It seems pretty easy, and you’d get your funding.”

“It’s not that easy. You might have taken the internship, but I won’t get the funding.”

“What?” I sit straight up. “The email he sent you said that if anyone takes the internship you would get the funding afterward.”

“Yeah, any one of the guys. My father knew I would never send one of them...it was like a trap to get me there. And somehow you ended up there. Taking the only internship position available.”

“No...no...no...that can’t be right. It didn’t state male or female—it just said, anyone. Chase, are you telling me...?”

“Yeah, you are doing this for nothing—but the great experience just in case you want to open a food magazine one day.”

I rush to my laptop, powering it on. I reread the email his father sent me. It doesn’t say anything about the funding, but I didn’t expect it to.

He should have known why I would take the position. Jasper’s words come floating back to mind.

We only sent out emails to family and very close friends. We try to keep positions at Paperlove Publishing House under wraps, so to speak. ~Crap, they thought I was one of the people applying for that position.

“My love, are you still there?”

I gulp. “I could have been at RCA...”

“You should’ve just come to me... I could have told you what to do and what not to do. I told you before that it’s okay to talk to me—ask for help. Charlotte, we are a team now... this is really frustrating.”

“What should I do?”

I hate that my plan to come out here and help them isn’t doing anything to help at all. The need to email Mr. Tucker back to tell him I can no longer do the internship is clawing at me, but then I would have to admit defeat.

I could always go straight to RCA from here if they still have my spot available. I know they would because of who my parents are. Yet I want to stay here in New York and at least try. Argh! This is so confusing.

“You have to finish your internship. I would say leave, but you signed the paperwork already.”

“But it’s just an internship.”

“Did you read the entire packet? I already know the answer to that... my father is a bit of a dick. In the packet, if you read it thoroughly, you would know you have to complete the entire internship or you won’t get any credits.”

“I haven’t started yet, so I haven’t accumulated any credits yet.”

“Hmmm that is true. So when you go in tomorrow let them know. Hey babe, I have to go. The guys and I are heading to the gym.”

“Umm sure—I’ll speak to you tomorrow about what happens. Goodnight.”

“Charlotte...”

“Yeah?”

“I love you and everything is going to be fine.”

My heart skips a beat at those three words. “I love you too.” I end the call and try my hardest to believe that everything is going to be fine, but deep down inside I know that leaving this internship is easier said than done.

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