

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers | Chapter 34

To: Charlotte Withers

Subject: Morning Meeting

Date: November 10, 2016, 5:23

Charlotte,

I need you to come to the office early today, 6:30 to be exact. We are meeting with Kole Bellinger today instead of next week.

I will have a car waiting for you at 6 a.m. sharp. Please stop for refreshments for ten people this morning.

Jasper Tucker

Executive Editor, Paperlove

Seriously?! I look at the time and jump out of bed. I have ten minutes before the car arrives.

I can easily send him an email saying I quit, but this is Kole Bellinger we are talking about. An upcoming pop singer. I love his music.

After the meeting today, I will tell Jasper I can no longer work there and be back on a flight to Georgia. I don't have time to take a shower so a quick bird bath in the sink will do for now.

Opening my suitcase, I try to find something that will blend in with everyone—they're wrinkled. Crap! Five minutes to go. I grab my go-to black dress.

Long sleeve, stops right above my knees and pairs with sheer black tights and flats. Sheesh, I look like I am attending a funeral. Nonetheless, this will have to do.

From: Charlotte Withers

To: Jasper Tucker

Subject: RE: Morning Meeting

Date: November 10, 2016, 6:08

Mr. Tucker,

What refreshments would you like me to pick up?

Charlotte

I place my phone on my lap trying to do my makeup in the car. I made it to the car a minute late and once again it was Jasper's personal driver.

I tried to make small talk with him on our way to Starbucks, but he seemed more interested in me shutting up more than anything. I got the hint. I wonder if he is always this super serious and anti-social? Hmm.

*From: Jasper Tucker
To: Charlotte Withers
Subject: Business Card
Date: November 10, 2016, 6:11
Charlotte,
Whatever you like. Did you get the company card? Jimmy has it.
Jasper Tucker
Executive Editor, Paperlove*

So, the driver's name is Jimmy. He looks more like a Dominic to me—more suited to his personality.

*From: Charlotte Withers
To: Jasper Tucker
Subject: RE: Business Card
Date: November 10, 2016, 6:11
Mr. Tucker,
Yes, Jimmy did give me the card. And how does Starbucks sound? We are headed there now.
Charlotte*

He emails me back instantly.

*From: Jasper Tucker
To: Charlotte Withers
Subject: RE: Business Card
Date: November 10, 2016, 6:11
Charlotte,
Sounds perfect. See you in nineteen minutes.
Jasper Tucker
Executive Editor, Paperlove*

Nineteen minutes? It will at least take them fifteen to twenty minutes to get everything done. I look in the rearview mirror.

"Hey, Jimmy?"

He raises his eyebrows. Yup, I know your name, bud.

"Yes, Ms. Withers."

"Do you think I will make it to Starbucks, get the coffee, and make it to the office in nineteen minutes?"

“No.”

“I know...” I sigh.

“However, I called ahead as I was waiting downstairs for you. I have a friend who is the manager at the Starbucks a few blocks from the Tucker and Michaels building.”

“Really? Thank you sooooo much! You are such a lifesaver. Thank you...thank you.”

“No worries, Ms. Withers.”

Guess Jimmy isn’t so bad after all.

I make it to work with five minutes to spare. I would have thought the office would be dead at this time, but people are here.

“Charlotte Withers?”

I turn to see the young lady from yesterday. The one who didn’t seem like she was a total A-grade stuck up Barbie doll.

“Yes, that’s me.”

“Let me help you with these.” She grabs the coffee container and a box of scones from me. Happy someone offered. I knew one minute longer, and everything would have been on the floor.

“Thank you.”

“No problem. I saw you walking with the demon duo yesterday. How did that go?” She starts to walk off and I follow. I’m hoping she knows where these refreshments go. I do not need to be on anyone’s shit list today.

“Umm. Okay.”

“You don’t have to lie, I hate those two, too. My name is Birdie Smith. I’m the new Photography Director.

“I interned here last year and those two—mainly Ember, hated my guts. She swore I was after Jasper, but three months into my internship she came around.” Birdie walks into a conference room.

“How did you get them off your back?”

“When she found out I’m into women...”

“Ah, I see. Well, I have a fiancé—boyfriend, so she has nothing to worry about.” I place the remaining food on the table. “And today is my last day here.”

“Huh? You’re leaving already?”

“Yeah. I didn’t weigh my options thoroughly. I’ll tell Jasper after the meeting today.”

“Oh.” She seemed bummed. “I thought to have another person here who wasn’t a Barbie clone would be awesome. This is a really great company to work for...I’m just saying.”

“Yea—”

“There you are.” Jasper walks into the conference room. “Hello, Ms. Smith.”

“Mr. Tucker.” She nods. “Well, it was nice meeting you Charlotte...remember what I said. It’s a really good place.” She smiles warmly, walking out of the conference room.

I catch Jasper’s eye as Birdie walks out of the room. I know he wants to know what she is talking about, but now isn’t the time. I dig in my purse, pulling out the company’s credit card and handing it to him.

He takes it, sliding it into his back pocket. We stand there in silence for what seems like an eternity, but in reality, it’s only a few seconds.

“Jasper, I can’t find her. Do you wan—oh, she’s here.” Ember walks in rolling her eyes at me. “Good morning Ms. Walters.” She plasters a fake smile on her face.

“It’s Withers.” Jasper corrects her. He looks at me and maybe I’m seeing things, but I’m sure he just winked at me. I turn my attention to Ember once again.

“Good morning.” I smile at her. Even though I want nothing more than to slap that smile right off her face. “Mr. Tucker, you said I will be getting a cubicle today. Do you min—”

“I can show you. I am heading back up that way. It’s no problem,” Ember already walks out the door, and I look at Jasper before following after her.

I thought she would say something rude or snarky towards me... nothing.

I know she has some hidden agenda, and if she thinks I will let my guard down just on the strength of her doing this one kind gesture, it isn’t going to happen.

I thank her as she walks off, and I begin getting comfortable in my new space before the meeting.

I decide to kill time by sending Chase a quick text.

Charlotte
Good morning.