

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers | Chapter 36

To: Matthew Garcia

Subject: New Girl

Date: November 10, 2016, 9:52

I still can't believe Jasper! How dare he tell her she can do the interview? Everyone knew for months it was me taking on the next big issue interview. She probably is throwing herself at him! What a whore!!!!!!

Ember

PR Assistant, Paperlove

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From: Matthew Garcia

To: Ember Cunningham

Subject: Are You Crazy?

Date: November 10, 2016, 10:05

He can't do that. That's not how things work. Kole Bellinger isn't even that big of a star to demand such things. He's like a secondary character on a TV show that gets a little extra screen time.

Don't worry about it. I swear Jasper has been losing his mind since that accident.

Speaking of accidents, doesn't that new girl resemble Lily? Creepy. Anyhoo, I have to go fetch the dragon lady's coffee. TTYL

Matthew

Beauty Editor Assistant, Paperlove

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CHARLOTTE

I look at my phone contemplating. I should hear him out and figure out what our next steps will be. After all, this is the guy I thought I would be saying "I do" to in the years to come.

I move my untouched chicken bowl forward, propping my elbows on the table. I count to ten and turn the phone on. Notifications are popping up on the screen and none from Chase.

I click his name.

"Hello..."

"Chase, I'm just going to come out and say it. Did you cheat on me?" I hold my breath.

"Do you trust me?"

"I did—I do, but—"

“There are no buts. I would never cheat on you. I don’t cheat, and I believe I told you that before. If I wanted other women, I wouldn’t be in a relationship...hold on.”

I hear him tell Darren to be careful before he breaks something. “Charlotte, you still there?”

“Yeah...it’s that I heard a female’s voice in the background and you said you were in bed, and I don’t know, I just thought the worst thing you could ever imagine.”

A lone tear falls down my cheek and I quickly wipe it away.

“I figured. You have to stop jumping to conclusions. I fell asleep with the TV on. Some chick flick was on.

“Do you really think I would cheat on you, and more importantly, do you think these guys would even allow that to happen?”

“Hell no! We will beat his ass for you, Charles,” I hear Darren shout.

A smile breaks out on my face. I was relieved, but I also need to apologize. “I am sorry, Chase. I was angry with your brother and how he talked to me an—”

“What the fuck did he say? I will beat the shit out of him.”

Chase’s voice rises, and Darren asks him what the hell is going on. Chase ignores him and asks me once more what his brother did. I tell him exactly what happened, and he is silent.

“Chase?”

“Did you book your flight back yet?”

“I was going to do it when I get back to the apartment. I’m not sure if I’m going to Georgia or LA. RCA is still my dream...” To be back in my own comfort zone is all I want at this point.

“No, I understand. LA is probably for the best.” He sounds sad, and I would love more than to be back with him and the guys, but this is RCA.

“I just...” I look out the window and see that oh-so-familiar sleek black SUV pull up in a no parking zone, and I roll my eyes. Jasper must not have gotten rejected before. To my surprise, it wasn’t Jasper.

“Hello?”

“Sorry... I was saying...” I tilt my head to the side, squinting my eyes at the guy who got out of the car. He seems familiar, but I am not too sure where I’ve seen him before.

“Charlotte, is everything okay?”

“Uh yeah, sorry. What was I saying?”

“I don’t know, you never said anything besides what I was saying. Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Yeah.” The guy comes into Chipotle, and he doesn’t head to the line. He looks around a bit, and his eyes land on me. A smile pulls at his lips. “Chase, I am going to call you back once I book my flight.”

“Wait, don’t book anything just yet. I should be there soon, and we will figure this out. Where are you staying again?”

“New York by Gehry penthouse, and I have to book something. I just can’t quit and still expect them to keep me in that apartment.”

“Why are you staying at my brother’s place? Are you sure that’s where you are staying?”

“Yeah. Your brother isn’t living there. It’s just me.”

“Charlotte, I have to make a few phone calls. Don’t worry about staying there for a few days. I will figure this out. Oh, make sure you call your mother.

“That woman is a fiery one when it comes to you. She has called every one of our phones asking if we spoke to you. You’ve got to stop turning your phone off.”

“Crap! I told her I was going to call her this afternoon too.”

I can hear him trying to contain his laughter. “She is going to ground you.”

“Oh, shut up. I’ll call tonight.” I want to question him more about his brother, but now the mysterious guy is walking my way. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” I end the call just as he approaches me.

“Didn’t think I would be seeing you here, of all places.” I’m not sure if he is forcing the huskiness in his voice or not, either way, I am most not interested.

“Do I know you?” I finally look at him.

He is muscular; even I can see that underneath his blazer he is sporting a jacket in this weather. His hair is shiny and looks very soft, like 2008 Nick Jonas.

He takes the seat next to me, and I don't know if I should run or stay. There are enough people here just in case he does something stupid.

"We met a few weeks ago. Croakington? A party?"

I stare at him, dumbfounded.

"You were serious when you said you wouldn't remember anything. I guess I should reintroduce myself. I am Xavier Michaels. We met at a frat party, and you were one more cup away from being slammed. Nothing rings a bell?"

"Sorry. I have attended many of those frat parties. Well, Xavier, it was nice meeting you." I stand grabbing my chicken bowl.

"No, you stay. I didn't mean to intrude on you, Charlotte. I should be going." He stands up and heads to the line.

I try my hardest to think at what party we have encountered each other, but I got nothing. He knew my name without me telling him so maybe we did meet. But it's too much going on with Jasper.

I wouldn't be surprised if he sent this guy to talk to me. Not in the mood to eat, I toss my food and head back to the apartment. I look around everywhere as I make my way back. I don't have time for any more Jasper pop-ups.

I get back to the apartment and look around to see if I can find any sign or trace of this being Jasper's apartment but I can't. This place is brand spanking new, and why would Jasper go through all this trouble?

It just doesn't make sense. The Tuckers seem famous enough to have something about them on Google. I should have done this beforehand. You never know a person until you Google them.

Making myself comfortable on the couch, I search Jasper Tucker. The first thing is an article about a car accident. Oh, my goodness.

BREAKING NEWS

Jasper Tucker In Horrific Car Accident with Girlfriend Lily Nelson

There is a knock at the front door, startling me. I close the laptop quickly and quietly walk to the door. I look through the peephole and then open the door.

“Everett, what are you doing here?” I open the door further so he can come in. I peek in the hallway to see if anyone is with him, and he is all alone.

“Nice place you got here.” He whistles looking around.

“That doesn’t answer my question.” I close the door.

“Right, why am I here? Because of you.”

“Me?”

“Yeah, you say you’re my cousin and then Chase’s dad calls my mom and my mom calls me. Good thing Mama Sawyer used to be a felon before meeting my dad.

“She covered for us—not even knowing why or what the hell was going on. Long story short, my mother told me to get my ass out here and fix the situation—whatever it may be.”

I don’t think I heard anything else after his mother used to be a felon. However, I am not the one to judge. After all, she has turned her life around, I guess.

“How did you come out here without the guys knowing?”

He plops on the couch, putting his feet on the coffee table. “Oh, they know. I left bright and early this morning. Let me tell you, I hate layovers with a passion. Why were those even invented?”

“I don’t think layovers were invented.” I sit next to him on the couch. “So, what are you doing here? I quit the internship.”

“Yeah no, you didn’t quit.”

“What are you talking about? I did this morning.”

“So that whole telling Jasper off thing...yeah, I know about it. My mother called me *again* while I was waiting for my connecting flight.

“Anyway, that got back to Chase’s dad, and he is very impressed by an intern telling his son off so he has offered to make it a paying internship, and wants to talk to you tomorrow.

“And since he was talking about money, my mother, unfortunately, told him you would be back at work tomorrow. Now it’s a good thing I got here when I did. I will be coming with you to the office tomorrow morning.”

He pulls his phone out, searching for something online.

“Does Chase know about this too?”

This is what gets to me. Every time I think I am doing something for myself, something happens and then other people get involved.

I don't want to take it out on Everett or his mother, because I was the one that dragged them in it, but for Chase to know all of this and not tell me about it just pisses me off.

I can just say screw it all and leave, but who am I kidding? I'm so indecisive about everything and curious to know more about Chase's family. I will end up staying here.

Maybe taking a break to explore myself and options before heading to RCA can't be all that bad.

“Yeah...I told you, everyone knows.” He looks up from his phone and pats my thigh. “Look, I am staying one floor down, and I need to refresh myself for tonight—you should do the same.” He stands.

“What's going on tonight?”

“You and I are going to hit the bars...we haven't had any bonding time. I think this is the perfect chance to. After all, you chose to be my family.” He walks to the door. “I'll come get you at nine. Don't wear anything like that.”

I look down at the outfit I wore to the office today. “What is wrong with this?”

“We aren't going to a funeral, that's what's wrong with it. Come on, Charles, you are attractive, dress like it.” He walks out the door and leaves me stunned.

“I do dress nicely,” I shout, whether he could hear it or not. I do dress nicely, right?

Next Chapter

Continue to the next chapter of Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers