

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers | Chapter 37

Chapter 37

EVERETT

I make my way to Charlotte's apartment, hoping she changed out of that awful outfit. Bad enough I am here doing damage control.

Out of all people, me. I knock on her door and it takes her a few minutes to open it. She actually looks good, like, really good.

Knowing what Chase has done, it would only be fitting to get back at him, but Charles isn't like those other girls.

"Do I look that bad?" She bites her bottom lip, and I have to mentally shake those thoughts away. She has on a yellow crop top and high-waisted black jeans and some yellow heels.

"You look...good. Are you wearing a jacket?" I step into the apartment and watch her walk back into the room. Damn her ass. "Charles, make sure you wear a long jacket or sweater," I call after her.

"I have a denim one, or should I wear this one?" She comes out carrying two jackets. "Are we taking an Uber?" She stops holding them up. "If we take an Uber both would be fine, but I like this one." She shakes the long denim jacket.

"Yeah, that one is good." It's long enough to cover her ass. She heads back into the room and I plop on the couch. My phone chimes.

Juju

Everett where are you? I've been looking all over campus for you today. Can you talk to me, please? Last night was a mistake I am soooooo sorry.

I don't even respond. I can't respond right now. Placing my phone back into my pocket, I close my eyes trying to tame the beast that is burning inside of me to do something stupid.

I get Juju and I aren't an official couple, but I've been screwing this girl more than three times a week over the last couple of months. I didn't expect her to do something so fucking—I stand up, walking to the window.

I let out a heavy sigh looking at New York City's skyline. It is beautiful at night.

“I am ready...are you okay, Everett?” Charles stands next to me, looking at my reflection in the window. I wink at her.

“Always okay. Now let’s get going. I feel like these New York women have been deprived far too long.”

She rolls her eyes and heads to the door. “When are you going to settle down and stop this gigolo thing you got going on?” she teases as we exit the apartment.

I press the elevator button. “If you must know, I am no gigolo, and I will settle down when the time is right. Not everyone is you Charles...naive and gullible. I mean that in the nicest way possible.”

“Whatever.” She steps onto the elevator, clearly annoyed at me now.

“Do you wear makeup?” I ask and she rolls her eyes again. “Not poking fun at you, just asking.”

“Yes, but not all the time. I do have some now, very little, though.”

“You know I have a thing about eye-rolling.” I say after her third eye roll.

“Who are you Mr. Grey?” she laughs and looks at me. “What, you give out spankings for eye-rolling?”

“I’ve been known to hand out punishments every once in a while.”

My voice is serious, and she stops laughing. I watch her breathing change, and I don’t know if that is a good or bad thing. I don’t want her thinking I am hitting on her, and I definitely don’t want her scared of me, either.

I start to laugh at her facial expression, and she punches my arm with all her strength. “You should have seen your face...” The elevator doors open and she steps off, calling me a dickhead. Tonight is going to be fun.

The car ride was a bit awkward, but I finally got her talking and laughing. She wanted to talk about work, Chase, and all the drama, and I told her not tonight.

Tonight, we have fun and leave our worries for tomorrow. Reluctantly, she agreed as we arrived in Koreatown. I immediately walk into Karaoke City—I know this is my scene.

The ladies here aren’t too dressed up or down. I see a few cougars eyeing me as I walk in with Charles. We head to the bar first, grabbing a couple of drinks before claiming a table.

“A karaoke bar?” She speaks loudly so I can hear her over the music.

“Yeah, I thought you needed to let loose, and I can find an older woman to show her a good time.” I bring the cup to my lips, taking a sip. “Do you have another place in mind?”

She shakes her head no and looks around. I can tell she is nervous—probably hasn’t been out to a club or bar before, which makes me leaving her alone in here impossible tonight.

Shit! That fine redhead keeps giving me the eyes...decisions, decisions.

She follows my eyes and catches the redhead too. “You can go talk to her if you like. I am not here to stop your whorish ways.” She smiles at me.

“Whorish? You wound me, Charles. I’ll have you know, I am a great guy.”

“Really?” she sips her drink. “You pounce on anything walking and don’t think twice about the girls’ feelings.”

“Whoa, if you are just going to judge me and try to convince me to settle down tonight, I am going to need something a bit stronger.”

“Just teasing. Go and have fun...I’ll be fine.” She downs the rest of her drink.

“Are you—”

“Oh, hey. Sorry to intrude on your date, but we are down a couple in our karaoke room and you two look like a fun couple and around our age. Do you mind joining us?”

God damn, she was gorgeous. Her chocolate skin looks so smooth and that ass, though. I take my time looking at her face.

“I am sorry, we don’t sing.” Charles kicks me underneath the table. I look over at her and I know she is mentally choking me right now.

“Aww, it’s okay.” She smiles and walks away.

“Actually,” I call after her. “We are going to join you guys. I am sure with a few drinks in our system, we will open right up.” I hope she catches on to that. The things I can do to her.

“Awesome, we are in the third room to your left.” She continues to walk down the hallway.

“Seriously?” Charles huffs.

“What?!” I look at her. “I am sure you will have fun tonight. Let loose, remember.” I stand, taking my whiskey with me. “Let’s go, Charles.”

“You are really a dickhead, you know that? She is not going to sleep with you. Didn’t you hear a word that came out of her mouth? They are looking for another couple. As if there are couples in that room.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.”

We make our way to the third door on the left. There are eight people inside and Charles was right, they are all coupled up. The chocolate goddess gets off a guy’s lap and introduces us to the group as group five.

Charles doesn’t like that very much and reintroduces us as Charlotte and Everett.

The chocolate goddess didn’t seem to mind the snarky tone of Charlotte. Good. That’s the last thing I need to happen in this room of strangers is for Charlotte to get her ass beat.

The Asian guy, Ellison, hands us a shot glass. I down it in one gulp. I look at Charles and she shakes her head no, handing me the drink. I down hers too.

We settle down on one of the plush couches, and I can feel Charles tensing up.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah...”

“We can leave if you want. I can visibly see how uncomfortable you are getting. Come on, let’s go.” I attempt to get up and she stops me.

“No, let’s stay. Like you said, to leave our worries for tomorrow. And besides, they seem like a fun bunch,” she whispers.

“Whenever you are ready, we will go. *O-kay?*”

“Okay.” She downs the rest of her drink we came in with and took my whiskey, downing that as well. “Sorry, I need some liquid encouragement.”

“Don’t overdo it though. We are still around a bunch of people we don’t know.” I whisper in her ear. I pull back in time to catch her rolling her eyes again. I don’t know how Chase does it. I shake my head slightly.

“So, before we get to the karaoke, I want us to loosen up a bit seeing as we have two newcomers to this party. I was thinking a game of truth or dare, adult style.”

The chocolate goddess, Toni, grabs a couple of shot glasses, handing them out. "It's my birthday, and I want to have fun," she explains to no one in particular, but I think she is really saying it for me and Charles.

Whatever, I am down for anything that involves chicks and liquor.

"Okay, we can start off with something easy. You ask us something." Toni's boyfriend, Anthony looks to us. Charlotte jumps right in it.

"Truth or dare?" she asks Anthony.

"Truth."

"Umm okay, are you guys serial killers?"

"The hell?" I look at Charles and the room erupts in laughter.

"You...us serial...you are the—never mind..." Anthony tries to talk.

"Charles, you don't ask people that." I lean over to her.

"What I was curious about. They are so friendly. New Yorkers aren't normally this friendly," she whispers back.

"Some are when intoxicated," I reply.

"No, we aren't. We had a couple flake on us last minute and the manager here wants to move us to a smaller room so we had to find two people to come join us. Thanks for that. Now let's get into it."

Anthony explains, and he asks Ellison truth or dare.

The game went on for another twenty minutes and now we are all a bit buzzed, and Charles has made it to white-girl wasted, but she was still in touch with what was going on.

This is my first time seeing her carefree and not stressing over life as we know it. She tosses her head back laughing at something Kenny, another guy who was with his boyfriend, Gerald, said. This bunch was fun and relaxed.

"Okay, Charlotte, sweetie...dare or double dare?" Kenny winks at her.

"What happened to truth?" she laughs.

“You two have chosen truth every time. We know you two aren’t together, but the way he looks at you and the way you subtly lean into him, you’re totally into each other. Now dare or double dare?”

I look over at Charles and she is contemplating on what to choose.

“Yeah, we are done. Are we ever going to get to sing?” I add at the same time Charles says “double dare.”

“Double dare, you are a brave bitch.” Gerald reaches over to give her a high five.

“Charles, no.” She isn’t serious, there is no way in hell I am going to allow her to make a fool of herself.

“Relax Everett, don’t be a party pooper.” She sticks her tongue out at me. “So, Kenny, what is it?”

“I dare you to kiss Toni, and then kiss Everett. On the lips.” He gives her a sassy look and winks at her. I should have listened to Charles and stayed out by the bar. Liquor and Charles isn’t a good mix at all.

She moves a little closer to Toni and they start to make out. Chase is going to flip his shit when he finds out Charles is kissing another female.

I can’t lie, watching them go at it is a turn-on. A few seconds later they break apart and she looks at me.

“I think we should sing now.” I clear my throat.

“Everett...” she pouts “It’s just a kiss.”

“A kiss that you will regret in the morning. Actually guys, we are going to call it a night. She has work in the morning.” I stand gathering my things before pulling Charles to her feet. “Thank you all for having us.”

Kenny stands up asking for Charles’s number, and she gives it to him. I run my free hand down my face. This is not how I saw my night ending.

I quickly request an Uber as we wait outside, and I hope the cool night’s breeze will sober her up a bit. It seems to be working but then again, she had a lot to drink.

We all did, but I am a bigger guy so it takes more than a dozen shots to get me fucked up. The Uber arrives, and she sits quietly looking out the window.

“Can you turn this song up?” she tells the Uber driver and then turns to me. “Why didn’t you want to kiss me back there?”

“Charles... you are dating one of my best friends.”

“Yeah, who thinks I am so dumb to believe he didn’t cheat on me the other night.”

I have to bite my tongue and count to ten. She is going to make this thirty-minute ride unbearable.

“You don’t know that. He wouldn’t do something like that to you,” I assure her.

“Really? You guys have a guy code. You would say anything to defend each other,” she snaps.

“This is the liquor talking, I know it.” I shake my head, terminating this conversation.

“If in the long run I find out Chase did something, and you are protecting him, you are going to get cut off too.”

“Charles shut up, already! Do you want to kiss me that bad you would make up lies in your head to justify it?” I turn my body towards her.

“We both know...” she leans forward and what I thought was about to be a kiss turns into my worst nightmare.

“Charles, you are throwing up in my fucking lap!” I can’t believe this shit. The Uber driver starts yelling and I yell back. I don’t give a fuck what he says. As long as he doesn’t kick us out, I am fine.

“I will tip you extra man. Just get us to our destination quickly. The vomit is on my fucking lap, not your seats!” Charles sits back up and leans her head against the window, drifting off to sleep.

Fucking Charles!