

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers | Chapter 38

To: Charlotte Withers

Subject: Meeting

Date: November 11, 2016, 8:01

Ms. Withers,

Your ten o'clock meeting has been pushed back to noon. Mr. Everett Sawyer will not be attending today's meeting due to another meeting he must attend.

I will see you at noon in Conference Room C. Please be on time.

Evan Tucker

CEO of Tucker & Michaels, Inc.

Last night is still a blur to me, but by the note Everett left on the nightstand, I knew I had a little too much to drink. He didn't sugarcoat anything in his letter. I am dreading seeing him at the office today.

Everett—I don't think I've ever seen him mad before, and I don't plan on it either. Getting to work this morning was a challenge in itself.

I barely make it here on time. Ember is already on my case once I set foot off the elevator. She doesn't waste any time giving me orders, and here I thought Jasper was my boss.

"...did you hear what I said?" She slams her perfectly manicured hands, making me jump a little. "You're not even paying attention. Do you want to get fired?"

"Excuse me." I stand up, rolling my eyes.

"And where are you going?" she snaps.

"To find my boss, you know, Jasper Tucker." I walk off to hear her mumble *bitch*. If I had to deal with Ember being my boss, I would have quit when I first encountered her in the lobby.

She is like an annoying ingrown hair. I feel sorry for her boss.

Jasper's door is cracked open, so I lightly knock on the door, waiting until I hear him acknowledge me before entering. I will never have another repeat of eenie, meenie, miney, masturbation again.

I will always see Darren in a different light from that situation. Almost a minute passes before Jasper calls out for me to enter. He is finishing up a call and gestures for me to have a seat.

His sleeves are rolled up to his elbows, and I can barely see his desk—it's covered with so many papers. I wonder if he went home last night.

He looks how I feel right now. I wish I could just crawl into a tiny hole and sleep my life away.

"Good morning, Ms. Withers." He hangs up the phone. "How are you this morning?"

"Good morning, I am fine. Just wondering what's on the agenda for me today."

"Did Ms. Cunningham not inform you of today's duties?" he looks puzzled.

"Umm...she did, but I thought—I didn't know it came from you. I assumed you would give me my task, not Ms. Cunningham, since she isn't my boss." I clear my throat. I pray it didn't come out wrong, like I'm a bitch.

"I see. Well, I do apologize. Ms. Cunningham has been helping me out for months now. Would you like for me to repeat what she has already told you?" He raises his eyebrow at me. Was he trying to be funny?

"No. I think I got it all." I try my damndest not to roll my eyes. "How would you like your coffee?" I grab a pen and notepad off his desk, waiting for his response.

Never in a million years would I have pictured myself as the errand girl. My headache isn't helping ease the attitude that has been brewing since Ember's encounter.

"How would you like your coffee?" I repeat with a little more sass, looking up at him.

He stares at me yet confused again.

"Did I say something wrong?" I place the pen and notepad on my lap.

"I don't drink coffee." His lips turn up in disgust.

"Ember—"

"Tea please, four sugars and two tablespoons of whole milk."

The hell is two tablespoons of whole milk? Who comes up with this stuff? I pick up the pen and notepad, jotting down what he just said.

"Anything else, like something to eat?"

"No, that will be all."

"Right." I stand up, heading to the door.

“Charlotte?” he calls after me.

“Yes?”

“Thank you.”

“It’s my job.”

“I know, but thank you goes a long way. Oh, wait, take this.” He digs in his wallet pulling out a credit card. Must be the company’s card.

“Charge our food to the card. By the look on your face, you are going to object to me buying you something to eat. Don’t.”

He stands up, making his way towards me. I don’t wait for him to make some over-the-top speech or try to close the space between. I quickly grab the card, fleeing from his office.

I’ve been through the whole too-close-for-comfort, inhaling-his-manly-scent before—not with him, but his brother, so I’d rather not go down that road.

Coming back from the store, Ember welcomes me. I swear she must be hovering around the elevator... I wonder if she even works.

“I can take Jasper’s things.” She extends her hands out, and I give her the drink and card with no problem. I didn’t want to deal with him again today anyway. She looks at me surprised that I don’t put up a fight.

I widen my eyes slightly. “Is there a problem?” I look at her.

“Uh... no.”

“Perfect.” I plaster a fake smile on my face. “Guess you should get going.” I move to the side, and she does the same, blocking me.

“What’s your deal, Withers?”

“Huh?”

“You know.”

“Uh, I don’t know, that’s why I asked.” I heavily exhale. She is so annoying I can’t even pretend anymore.

"You know...what's your deal? I've been here less than three days, and you have some vendetta against me. You don't even know me. Are you mad that I'm Jasper's assistant? I'm *only* his assistant.

"I don't want to warm his bed...I think *you* will always have that job covered. Now excuse me, I have to get some work done." I roll my eyes walking away from her.

"Sooner or later, you will want the job I have. They always do," She says, and I keep walking.

Me...sleeping with Jasper? Ha! Now that would be a story. I make my way to my desk, once again getting stopped. This time by the person I was dreading to see, Everett.

"If it isn't my drunken cousin. How are you feeling?" He throws his arm around my shoulders and continues to walk with me to my desk.

"I feel like shit."

"Whoa, you curse. That's new." He pulls me closer to his side.

"I've been here for an hour, and I am already contemplating quitting. That Ember chick is so freaking annoying. She thinks I want to sleep with Jasper or vice versa. I wouldn't dare cheat on Chase."

We make it to my desk, and he takes a seat at the edge of my desk. "So how was last night?" I take my seat.

"Let's say you can no longer drink with me. I don't do vomit, and especially on me." He flicks my nose.

"Ouch." I cover my nose. "What was that for?"

"My pants. So, are you ready for the meeting with Evan?"

"Not really, I don't know why you can't be there. I mean, after all, you were supposed to be there anyway."

"Evan wants me to sit in on a meeting that they have for new hires. Seeing that I got myself stuck here, I have to attend it. Evan is a stickler for the rules."

"I didn't have to do a meeting when I got hired," I tell him.

"That's because you are here working for Jasper. I will be on the top floor with Evan himself." He says in a *you should know better than that* tone.

"I'd rather work with Evan than deal with Ember or Jasper and his smoldering looks." I move the mouse, waking up my computer screen.

“Trust me, working with these guys is a walk in the park. You don’t want to be underneath Evan. He is the devil himself.”

“Speaking of the devil...” I look at an older version of Jasper and Chase heading my way. There is no doubt in my mind that this is their father. The man is like a Greek God.

His hair is cut short, but not short enough where you can’t see that he is sporting a head full of gray hair.

If Raven were here, she would categorize Mr. Evan Tucker as a DILF, and that I would have to agree upon. I wonder what the mother looks like. Pretty sure the whole family is beautiful.

“Oh shit. Play it cool and remember you are my cousin so act like it.” He stands up in time to greet him. “Mr. Tucker, it is so nice to see you again. I would like to introduce you to my cousin Charlotte Withers.”

I stand. “He’s hot.” I slap my hand over my mouth, *why?* “I am so sorry. I am still trying to get the whole ‘don’t speak my thoughts out loud.’” I say into my hand. I stand still waiting for him to respond.

“It’s quite alright. You are related to the Sawyers, so I wouldn’t expect anything less,” Mr. Tucker says, and I see Everett tense up. Wow, he is a dick. “I was coming to collect you for our meeting.”

I look at the time. “Oh, I thought it was at ten.”

“It was, but I have an important meeting at that time. Also, I wanted everyone in this meeting, including Everett. Shall we?” He walks off towards the conference rooms.

“What a dick,” I whisper to Everett.

“Told you.”

We head to the conference room, finding Mr. Tucker standing at the front of the room on his phone. We take our seats at the table. Jasper comes in with Ember and Matthew hot on his heels.

Who do these two work for, anyway? They are always with Jasper. Jasper sees Everett and gives him a quick nod. Hmm, I wonder if these two have bad blood as well.

“Oh, Mr. Garcia, don’t close the door. We have a few more people coming.” Mr. Tucker looks up from his phone.

“And who might that be, Father?” Jasper takes a seat at the other end of the table. I can tell he wasn’t happy not knowing who else was going to be here. Guess this was a surprise meeting for him as well.

“I didn’t know we had other board members coming to this meeting. I don’t think that is necessary, seeing that Mr. Sawyer will be working for you and Ms. Withers for me. We shouldn’t involve the board members.”

“I understand your concern, but—”

“Hope we aren’t too late...”

I didn’t think my head could snap so fast to the sound of a voice before. They are here...he is here.

“You invited Chase?” Jasper stands up and oh boy he is turning fifty shades of red.

“Hello to you, too, brother.” He walks in taking a seat next to me, and the others follow in taking seats wherever. Chase turns to me. “Hello gorgeous, I am Chase Tucker, and you are?”

“She is my assistant, so back off. I don’t want you interfering with people and their jobs,” Jasper responds for me.

“Big brother, these aren’t the cavemen days. I am sure she has a mouth and a voice to speak for herself.” Chase never takes his eyes off of me.

“Sorry about my brother back there. He can be a dick all the time, just like my father.”

Did he say that? In front of his father... I would never have the guts to do such a thing.

“I’m Charlotte Withers, Everett’s cousin.” I smile... a real smile. I am so happy to see him, to see all of them.

“Nice to meet you, Charlotte.” He smiles back.

“Seriously, Chase, back off,” Jasper snaps.

“Or what? You can’t beat me.” Chase finally turns around to look at his brother. “You never could.”

“Boys! Enough!” Mr. Tucker looks pissed off, and I can see why Everett calls him the devil. The look in his eyes as they landed on Chase made the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

What did I get him into?

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