

# **Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers |**

## **Chapter 39**

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### **CHARLOTTE**

Mr. Tucker is pissed off.

“Chase, you need to just go back to Georgia. Having you here will only upset Father.” Jasper isn’t backing down. I can see by the look in his eyes, the bad blood between the two has been going on forever.

“You sure it’s me who makes dad upset? If I remember correctly...when Lily and you decided to—”

“Remember that time back in high school I came over to you guys’ house and pissed in the hot tub...” Everett chimed in.

“Oh yeah, I remember that and Mr. and Mrs. T got in right after,” Austin adds, shaking his head.

“I wasn’t allowed back over there for months. I am still sorry about that Mr. T.” Everett gives him an award-winning smile.

Nicely done.

One thing is for sure, these guys are masters at creating a diversion. Mr. Tucker cuts his eyes at Everett and Tristan tosses his head back in laughter.

Now Tristan's laugh is the kind of laugh you laugh at. How can I describe it? For one, it's loud—very loud.

Two, it's sort of high pitched for someone with such a deep voice, and three, he snorts while laughing. Like a domino effect, all the guys start to laugh.

I cover my hand over my mouth, fighting back my own laughter. This meeting is going to be full of jokes with these guys.

“You have got to be kidding me.” Jasper sighs loudly. “Father...Chase.” Jasper walks out of the conference room, his father behind him.

Chase doesn't miss a beat and he is out of his seat exiting the room, closing the door behind him.

“Well...that went better than I expected.” Austin props his elbows on the table.

"Dude, did you really pee in their hot tub?" Vincent asks.

"Sure did. I was crossfaded that night. Their parents weren't supposed to be home that night, but they came back and I had to rush out of there quick.

"I was fucked, and if they would have seen me like that, my parents would have grounded me. That night I saw things I can't unsee, and—"

"Please don't finish your story. Not everyone here wants to hear it." Ember finally speaks, and she isn't hiding the fact that she is annoyed to be here...in the room with us. She is really full of herself. *Seriously.*

"And you are?" Tristan leans forward to get a better look at her.

"Ember Cunningham, I am the PR assistant, and this is Matthew Garcia, the beauty editor assistant." She rolls her eyes.

"Right..." Tristan doesn't seem to be hiding his annoyance either. "You lost me at 'assistant.'"

"Excuse me?"

Uh oh...here we go.

"You're an assistant. Not saying you don't do much...you probably do, but I don't care. So, for you to have such a stink-ass attitude for a woman who's pushing forty, that's not cool, dearie."

"Dude, you must be stopped," Austin chuckles. "You can clearly see she is thirty-five."

"How dare you speak of my friend that way?" Matthew snaps. "She is a lady and you all should treat her as such."

"Are we really going with that line?" Darren looks up from his phone.

"You see, I don't know what you two have been told or what you think you know. But you see that lady sitting over there." He winks at me.

"I have a friend of a friend who works here and told me that you two weren't so nice to her. Yet, you want us to treat you like a lady, and you couldn't do that for Charlotte..."

*I wonder who is the friend of the friend.*

"Preach!" Miguel raises his hands. "Let the choir say, 'Amen.'"

"Amen," the guys say in unison.

My heart is about to burst. The amount of respect I have for each and every one of these guys—they never let me down, and that’s why I will always go above and beyond for them.

I met them in the worst scenario possible, but there is no denying the bond we all have. I literally gained six brothers in one semester, and I wouldn’t trade it for anything, not even RCA.

“You little boys are fucking idiots. You’re barking up the wrong tree here. I don’t care how you seven came to be on Tucker and Michaels, Inc. payroll, but you better watch yo—”

“Are you really doing this? Like seriously, Emily, we don’t care about your speech. We get it, you must be sleeping with either Jasper or Mr. T, to feel that entitled right now. No one here is trying to knock that hustle of yours.”

Tristan leans back in his chair while running his fingers through his hair.

“Guys...her name is Ember, and don’t be mean.” I glance around at all of them. After all, she is still a lady and doesn’t need to be ganged up on by men, no matter what she has done or said to me.

“Charlotte, you are too nice,” Vincent says. “I have to agree with the guys on this one. You give respect to get respect and she hasn’t respected you. So, in return, why should we give her the courtesy?”

“Because no war in anger has ever been won.”

“Did you just quote a Selena Gomez song?” Tristan’s eyes widen.

“Yeah. It makes perfect sense.”

“Bruh, why do you even know that?” Miguel side-eyes him.

“None of that is important.” Everett looks at the two of them before turning his attention to Ember and Matthew. “As you can see, when it comes to my cousin, we’re very protective of her, and the hate you two are giving ends now.”

“Wait a minute.” Matthew looks around the table suspiciously. “How come you all know Charlotte and not Chase? Seems a bit weird.”

“As a matter of fact, that does seem odd,” Ember adds.

*Oh no.*

"It's not odd... I just didn't have time to socialize with other girls when I had a girlfriend—she was the jealous type. Now that I'm single, I wouldn't mind getting to know Ms. Charlotte."

Chase stands in the doorway, Jasper behind him fuming.

"Leave my assistant alone." Jasper bumps Chase out of the way, walking back into the room. "Mr. Garcia and Ms. Cunningham, you two may leave. You won't be needed for the meeting. Have a good day."

He takes his seat. Ember looks like she wants to object, but doesn't.

Ember stops behind my chair. "I know something is going on here, and I will get to the bottom of it. Watch yourself." She whispers in my ear.

"I really do love your shoes," she says, plastering that fake smile on her face.

Austin raises an eyebrow at me, and I shake my head, letting him know it's nothing. Ember is just another Raven. The only difference is this time I am ready for whatever she is going to throw my way.

Chase closes the door after they leave and takes his seat next to me again.

"Will Mr. Tucker be joining us?" I ask.

"Nope, he had somewhere else to be. I will be conducting this meeting. If you don't mind, Charlotte, I would like you to sit over here to take notes." Jasper clears his throat.

"I think she can take notes from where she is." Chase stares at him.

"I don't want her distracted from doing her job," Jasper says.

"I don't think where she sits is a problem." Chase leans back in his chair.

"I want her to sit here and that's where she will be. I am her boss, not you."

"Umm, first off, my cousin's name is Charlotte. Secondly, can we stop with the '*my dick is bigger than yours*' contest? And lastly, where are the refreshments? I'm hungry."

Everett's facial expression looks bored and over it.

"You're right, Everett. With that being said, let's get down to business. I am only going to say it once, so pay very close attention, and Ms. Withers, please jot this down.

"My father and I have come to the conclusion that you seven can't work together due to all the horseplay that will happen..." He pauses, looking at each and every one of them.

“So that being said, you are all going to be split up throughout the building.”

“Fucking hell.” Austin drops his head onto the table.

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“Your brother is a fucking joke,” I hear Miguel say as I exit the room behind Jasper. There is no denying that he wanted the guys far from me—Chase in particular.

I don’t think that the guys are working in horrible areas. It’s just that we all won’t see each other like they originally had thought. If anything, I am the one still in a place I don’t want to be in.

Chase will be working directly with his father; surprisingly, Tristan was staying on the same floor as me. He’s going to work with a lady named Skyla, and the other five are going to work with the other CEO, Dr. Rebecca Michaels.

According to Jasper, Rebecca was working on something big, and the boys would be a perfect fit to help her and the team.

“Charlotte... my office.” Jasper stops me in my tracks.

“Uh, sure.” I look at my desk and make an about-face.

He quietly moves around his office, moving papers to the side before plopping down in his chair. You see, Jasper gives off a bad vibe to me, or at least a vibe that I know being alone with him just isn’t right.

I really need to find out more about this Lily person. She was his girlfriend, that I do know, but I feel like there is something I’m missing here. My phone chimes.

Chase  
Missing you already