

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers |

Chapter 6

CHARLOTTE

I wake up thinking I should have a massive headache, but the ibuprofen has worked wonders. I don't think the guys understand why I am leaving the house.

I honestly wish they did, so they can see I am at fault too. I pull the last suitcase out of my room, bumping into Chase. He looks like shit this morning.

"Hey," I say.

"Can we talk?" he asks.

"Umm, sure." I walk back into my room, and he follows.

"Are you redecorating?" He looks around my room. It wasn't much to begin with, but the posters and family pictures were off the wall.

"Not quite. I am actually moving out." I look at the bare walls.

"What? Why?" he leans against the doorframe.

"Last night was crazy and things were said and done. I don't think I should be here anymore. I am going to go back home until the school finds me a dorm room. I should have done that when I was first told where I was going to be staying."

I look down at my nails. The black nail polish is chipping off.

"I really don't remember much from last night," Chase says. "All I remember is coming back home from the bar with Natalia. Everyone was staring and then everyone was grabbing on me—last night was pretty much a blur to me."

I give him a confusing look and he looks back at me the same way.

"So, you really don't remember what happened?"

"No."

"You came into my room," I say, staring him down. "You told me you wanted me. You kissed me like it was all you'd been thinking about. And then I slapped you."

"You slapped me? Why did you slap me?"

“Because when Natalia barged in,” I say, arms crossed. “You dropped me like I was nothing and blamed me for the kiss. Like I forced it on you. And let’s not forget—you made my head bleed, Chase. If you dropped the football like you dropped me, you’d be cut.”

He shifts awkwardly, eyes dropping for a second before meeting mine again. “Yeah... maybe that deserved a slap.”

“Do you really not remember kissing me?” I ask, my voice quieter than I want it to be.

Chase doesn’t answer right away. He gives me that look—the one that makes it hard to breathe, smoldering and unreadable. Then he just shrugs, like I imagined the whole thing.

I stare at him, heart twisting. I can’t tell what’s real with him. And that might hurt more than if he had just said no.

“Last night was completely out of my character. Me being the president of the house, I should follow the rules better than anyone. Don’t leave for what took place last night. The guys enjoy having you here. I would like for you to stay as well.”

Did I just hear that right?

“The guys came to me last night and told me that you are getting kicked out for two months. I tried to convince them to change their mind, but they said it was a house rule. So, I’m leaving as well. I think what happened last night was just as much my fault as it was yours.”

“Charlotte, don’t leave.”

“Chase, my parents already know I am coming home. I will come back in two months just like you or if they found me another room by then, that’s where I’ll be. Like I told the guys last night, my decision is final. You leave and so do I.”

He nods his head. I’m guessing he is trying to understand why I am doing this. Footsteps descend down the hall, and then Miguel stands in the doorway.

“Sorry, am I interrupting something here?” He looks back and forth between the two of us.

“No, did you need anything?” I ask, giving him a small smile.

“Uh, Chase, you ready to go?”

“Yeah, I’ll meet you downstairs in a sec.” He runs his hand through his hair.

“Are you leaving now?”

“Yeah.”

“You found a place already?” I was actually shocked that he did so soon.

“Uh—yeah. I am going to be staying with, umm, a friend on campus.” He looks around the room once more before clearing his throat. “I guess I should be going. Just think about what I said—about staying here.”

“I think I will be fine at my parents’. Thank you though, and sorry for slapping you.”

“I’m sorry too. I’ll see you around campus?”

“Yeah, of course.” I bite down on my bottom lip. This sucks really. I feel like we are breaking up without even being together.

I watch him leave and give myself the count of twenty before leaving the room. I have one more suitcase to carry down, and I will be home free.

LUKE