

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers |

Chapter 8

Wolf.Ballard

I would show her a fuckin great time at the bonfire tonite.

Dame.Robinson

That's the infamous Snow White...

Wolf.Ballard

The one Chase is threatening all the guys to stay away from???

Nixon.Moore

Yeah, that's her bruh.

Wolf.Ballard

She just walked past me. Damn she looks even better in person. I'm going in for the kill.

Dame.Robinson

Bruh...

Dame.Robinson

SMH...

CHASE

Chase Tucker has signed off Sunday, August 27, 11:26 P.M.

CHARLOTTE

Before heading back down to the beach, I stop at my car, dropping off my clothes but also on the hunt to find a cover-up. No luck, but thankfully Tessa let me borrow one of her coveralls.

It was a sheer robe, but at least I felt somewhat covered. When I stepped onto the beach, it was all eyes on me. Tessa told me to keep my head held high and walk like I owned the beach.

I owned nothing but the failure of knowing how to be confident in my own skin.

"What took you girls so long? I thought we were going to have to send a rescue party to find you." Dove emerges from the group, eyeing me. I don't think she cared what took us so long.

The only thing that matters at this moment is that we are at the beach, and I am in this damn swimsuit.

"Just wanted to make sure Charlotte here looks perfect," Tessa says.

"She looks fine." She eyes me. "You will look even better if you take that robe off."

Her eyebrows raise as if I am supposed to take it off because she suggested. Sorry to burst her bubble, but this damn robe is staying on. It's already sheer. Everyone can practically see the swimsuit.

"I need to go," I tell Tessa, and her eyes widen. Probably thinking I am crazy to say such a thing in front of Dove. These girls need to loosen up.

"Why?" Dove asks instead. Ugh.

"Hello ladies." Our attention is drawn to the newcomer. I've seen him around campus before, a real serial player. I think he was a part of the football team, but I am not too sure.

"What do you want, Wolf?" Callie snaps. I forgot she was still here.

"Care to introduce me to your new friend?" He eyes me appreciatively.

I can't be mad with anyone but myself for putting this swimsuit on. I should have just listened to my gut and walked away from this situation. I could discover who the RCA person is with the help of Raven. Too late now though.

"Not interested." Dove spoke for me, and for once I can say I am happy she did. My interactions with the male specimen are never good. "So run along, Wolf. Go find another victim."

"Come on Dove, don't make me out to be some criminal. I treat all my ladies with respect." He winks at me. "Hi, I am Wolf, and you are?"

"I said she wasn't interested, Wolf."

"Let her speak for herself, Dove." He gives her a look, and she crosses her arms at her chest, telling him to fuck off. "Like, I was saying, who do I have the pleasure—"

"Not happening." My body relaxes at the sound of that voice. Miguel throws his arm around my shoulder, pulling me into his side. "Anything else?"

Wolf looks at Miguel and smirks. "I believe she can speak for herself."

"She can, but right now I am speaking for her, and we are leaving."

Wolf raises his hands as if he is surrendering. "You got it." He pauses and steps closer in my direction. "I'll see you around, Snow."

"Doubt it very highly." Miguel tightens his arm around me. "We need to get going." He doesn't wait for a response. We walk off, leaving Wolf and the girls behind.

"Thank you." I look up to him.

"For?"

"Saving me back there."

He stops walking.

"I can't take all the credit for this. It was Chase. He sent me a message telling me to go look for you; you might be in trouble with Wolf. Now, I see why you would be in trouble. Do you always wear bathing suits like that?"

"No," I pull the robe tighter around my body. "Tessa let me borrow one of hers. I didn't know the bonfire was at the beach. Normally they are in the woods, from what I read online."

"You really don't go out much, huh?"

"Nope, and I like it that way."

He walks again. "Not going to lie, Charles, that bathing suit looks really good on you."

A blush creeps up my neck, and I know my cheeks will soon be crimson red. I glance down at my swimsuit. My curves help me out. If I didn't have them or these breasts, I would look more normal, as society would put it.

I never disliked my body, and I never will—I just don't like to put it on display. I don't know what to say to him but thank you, and even that sounds a little weird. No male has complimented me before on my looks.

"So...Chase sent you a text message? Is he here?" I change the subject.

"He is heading here now with Natalia."

"Is she like his girlfriend now?" I ask nonchalantly. It was eating me up inside to know if they were a thing or not. However, I don't want them to know that it is. I think I am playing it off *barely*.

"Not too sure. I think he is just using her for the next two months."

"Huh?"

"He is staying at her dorm until he can come back to the frat house. I thought he would have told you." Miguel shrugs his shoulders. "So now, if you were worried that he was sleeping on the campus lawn, he isn't." He laughs.

I don't find the humor in it.

I basically will never understand these guys and their way of thinking with women. I should have known Chase would end up with a female as a housing buddy until then.

I just wished it wasn't Natalia, or any female. I should have suggested that he crash at my parent's pool house—look at me being a love-sick puppy.

"There you two go—holy shit, Charles, what are you wearing?" We approached the other guys, and I wished Darren would have kept his mouth shut.

"Guys." Miguel shields me from everyone's eyes. "Stop staring, it makes her uncomfortable."

I peek from behind him. "Does anyone have a jacket or sweater I can wear?" I see there are a bunch of girls over here too. I internally roll my eyes. Wherever these guys are, girls will follow.

They all say no in unison, and I don't believe it. I could walk back to my car, but I don't want to chance it and bump into Wolf or any guy that's not mine.

"I think I have something." I see Chase sitting on the sand with Natalia on his lap. He taps the side of her thigh, signaling for her to get up. She fake-pouts but moves anyway.

I know Miguel told me he was staying with her and it bothered me, but seeing those two together like this was making my blood boil.

It's like a slap in the face, and I can only be mad at myself. I like him a lot, and I don't believe the feeling is mutual.

So here I am working myself up over something I have no control over.

"No thanks." I sharply say. "I'm going to go for a swim."

I walk away not looking back, but I can hear the commotion. I hear the guys talking. They don't want me to go into the water. They aren't fans of my swimsuit yet they don't want to seem like overbearing brothers, either.

"Charles, wait up. We are coming with you."

I look over my shoulder and see them all walking towards me, pulling their shirts off and tossing them to the side. It's like watching seven Zac Efrons from *Baywatch* slowly walking.

I look around and see they have captured everyone's attention. I keep walking towards the water. Once close enough, I drop the sheer robe entering the water.

I think it's safe to say I have gained seven bodyguards. I feel like the president the way they are watching over me. At first, I thought it was because they were ogling me in the swimsuit, but no.

They are making sure no one would come on to me. They are good at it too.

I swim further away from Darren only to bump into Austin, and it happens with several of the guys. I just give up and stay near the circle they've trapped me in.

I decide they should have a swimming contest amongst each other, and I know this will be my great escape. Nothing like a competition to keep the guys focused.

Tristan and Everett are racing against each other, and the other guys are cheering them on. I slowly back away. I pause every time Miguel or Austin look at me.

I pretend to adjust my top, and that gets them to look away. Once more girls came into the water, keeping an eye on me gets harder.

Finally, I make it back to the shore and the damn sheer robe is gone, and I am freezing.

"Crap." I look around, and it's gone. "Just great."

"Where are you going?" Chase sneaks up behind me.

"For crying out loud, Chase." I place my hand over my chest, "You scared the hell out of me. Are you out of your mind?"

"No, but I think you are. Where are you going?"

His eyes sweep across my body before landing on my face. The look he is giving me is setting my body on fire. I look away and back at him, and he still has that look on his face. "Charlotte?"

"Yes?" I say almost in a whisper. My body is betraying me and if I know it, I am sure he can see it.

I've never reacted this way before, this is all new, and furthermore, I can't hide it because I honestly don't know what I am supposed to be trying to hide.

He steps closer, and I involuntarily shiver.

"You must be cold." He reaches out and pulls me into his arms. "I think this should help you warm up. Where is your robe?"

I look up at him. "I don't know." Just kiss me already.

I want to feel his lips on mine again even just for a mere second. Like the Gods are hearing my prayers he dips his head but freezes when a flash goes off.

We turn our heads and I see Dove holding up her cell phone. I quickly push away from him and storm off.

Holy crap. I did it.

I make my way up the beach, where Vincent dropped off my bag, before heading to my car. I get catcalled the entire way there, but I ignore them all, moving quickly.

Tessa and Callie are leaning against the hood of my car on their phones. I wanted to cry so badly, but I wouldn't do it in front of them.

"You did great. I mean, I didn't think you would be able to pull it off with all of the guys surrounding you." Tessa looks up from her phone, acknowledging my presence.

"I thought only Chase would follow you, not the whole damn tribe. How did you manage to break free?"

"I don't want to talk about it. Dove has what she wants. Now tell me who is submitting their application."

"Buzzkill." Callie rolls her eyes. "Lighten up, Charlotte."

"Yeah, Callie's right, you need to loosen up a bit. How about you come back to our dorm room and smoke a little? I even have some brownies if smoking isn't your thing." Tessa smiles.

"OMG, look how cute they are." Callie shoves her phone into Tessa's face before shoving it into mine. "You two are sooo cute."

There I am, wrapped in Chase's arms, and he's about to kiss me, my eyes are half-closed and you can tell I want to be kissed.

"Tessa, you told me you would tell me who it was if I seduced Chase. I did it. Now tell me. I need to go." My voice rises with every word. I am sick of these girls already.

"Honestly, I didn't hear anything about someone submitting an application. I just said it so you cou—"

"You bitch." The words flew out of my mouth, and there was no turning back. "All of you are evil bitches. Now get off my car and away from me."

I open the driver's door, tossing my bag into the passenger seat.

"You know what, Charlotte, you aren't as pure as everyone thinks you are. You just manipulated seven guys to think you were so uncomfortable in that swimsuit, so they would give you the attention you oh so seek.

"Remember, I was in the restroom when you came out of the stall. I saw the look in your eyes. You love the way you look in that swimsuit, and sweetheart, you can't fool me." Tessa shakes her head.

"You are just as evil a bitch as we are. You seduce a guy who has a girlfriend all because you think you're going to benefit from the situation. Good luck with that whole good-girl personality."

I get into the car, slamming the door, watching Tessa and Callie walk off.

Maybe she is right. Maybe I am just like them.

Next Chapter

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