

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers |

Chapter 9

From: MiguelJackson@walsh.edu

Date: Friday, September 15th, 9:50 am

Subject: Are you ignoring us?

Charles? The guys and I are worried about you. We've tried emailing, texting, and calling you, and you haven't answered. What the hell is going on? You keep dodging us—what happened at the bonfire with you and Chase?

We are going to storm into one of your classes if you don't contact us by noon. We have given you two weeks of space.

A pack of girls in cheerleading uniforms are on the library steps as I wait inside my car. It's been four days since the bonfire, and I've become the talk on campus from my swimsuit.

And apparently, I am the reason for Chase moving out of the frat house—not for a *real* reason, but because I am sleeping with Miguel.

I cried about the rumors and skipped school the first three days. Now this entire week I've been sneaking around campus like a criminal to go to my classes seeing none of the guys.

This email proves just how incognito I must be going forward.

Dove and her evil tribe of minions have me off their radar after she got what she wanted. I still don't know what the hell the picture was for, and I don't care at the moment to find out. Having them leave me alone is for the best.

I had to worry about one thing at a time. When the time comes for the whole picture incident, that's when I will deal with it. Until now, keeping a low profile on campus is my main concern.

A tap on my window startles me. I lean towards the glass, seeing Everett looking down at me. He is in workout clothes and is drenched in sweat.

I thought the guys went jogging in the early morning. It's almost ten, which means they have their business class. I synced my schedules with all of theirs so I wouldn't run into any of them, and here we are.

“Are you going to roll down the window?” He taps the glass again. I slowly roll down the window—and I mean slowly. It was like watching Flashtalk on *Zootopia*—yes that slow.

“Hey, Everett, surprised to see you here.” I fake shock, and he knows it.

He shakes his head slightly at me and smirks. Everett wasn’t one of my favorites back at the house, but he makes for great conversation.

I don’t want to have one now—by the look on his face, we are about to have one.

“Are you really?” he tilts his head to the side. “The guys and I have been trying to call you for the last two weeks. Is your phone dead? Did you lose it?”

“Nope, I have it right here.” I pick up the phone, waving it in the air before placing it back on the passenger seat.

“So, you’ve just been flat out ignoring us?”

“No—I just have been very busy, that’s all. Living back with my parents distracts me.”

“You’re lying, Charles, why are you lying to me?” He shakes his head.

“I’m not lying to you.”

“You lied again, and you know how I know you are lying. You do this weird thing with your eyes. It’s pretty fucking creepy. So, tell me the truth.”

“My eyes?”

“Don’t try to change the subject. Why are you dodging us?”

“And before you think about lying, remember that not only do I know when you are lying, I also have connections with some cheerleaders who may or may not have told me already what happened two weeks ago.”

I froze in my seat. He knows. Does that mean all the guys know too?

“First of all, you’re lying. I don’t run in the same circle as the cheerleaders.”

He leans towards the car window. “Second of all, you are lying.” He chuckles.

“You are doing that creepy eye shit again. I’m not going to keep you, because I have to run, but stop by the frat house sometime. We even let Chase back in last week.”

“Really?” My eyes nearly popped out of my head.

“Yeah, he and Natalia got into a huge argument, and she kicked him out. We couldn’t just leave him, and since you aren’t in the house, we figured we could let him back in.”

So, they let him back in only because I wasn’t there? I’m not buying this story he is selling. I wonder if the whole he had to leave for two months was even true.

Maybe this was Chase’s plan all along to get me out of the house. But it doesn’t make sense really, he told me to stay. I just wasn’t going to because we shared equal blame.

“Oh.”

“Stop by the house this weekend.” He is already sticking his earbuds in.

“If I have the time.” I give him a tight smile, rolling up my window as he waves bye, jogging down the street. I grab my laptop and message the only person who wouldn’t lie.

Charlotte.Withers

When were you going to tell me Chase moved back in??

Vincent.Beckett

Hello to you too. You would’ve known if you picked up the damn phone.

Charlotte.Withers

How about sending a text that said hey Chase is moving back in the house, you can come back, too. Or was this some plan you guys came up with to get me to leave?

Vincent.Beckett

Charlotte, what are you talking about? We wanted you to stay but you insisted on leaving. If you would have picked up your phone then you would have known. Simple as that.

Vincent.Beckett

Added Darren Reed