

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers

| Chapter 41

Evie.Valentine

Croakington House is vacant!!!!!!!

Jessica.Carter

Shut the hell up! I jogged past the house last night and I saw Darren sexy-self working out on the front lawn.

Tessa.Powell

Are you high again Evie?

Evie.Valentine

No seriously. I overheard people saying how they went after Everett who went after Charlotte in NYC. I don't think they are coming back. NYC is the place to be!

Juju.Vasquez

Seriously?!

Evie.Valentine

Look at TMZ page. Chase was spotted in NYC this morning.

Juju.Vasquez

Do you think it's because...

Tessa.Powell

You want us to lie or the truth?

Jessica.Carter

I mean you did do it...but I don't think he would go all the way out there to hurt you.

Evie.Valentine

Nah he probably slept with her already. Let's be for real here. You fucked up and girrrrrr! I don't feel bad for you. Out of all people Chase!

Juju.Vasquez

I gotta go...I can't.

Jessica.Carter

Evie lol

Evie.Valentine

What?! I am not going to sugarcoat it. She slept with him and she fucked up. I just wish Charlotte and the guys were on campus...

Tessa.Valentine

Why?

Evie.Valentine

Because you saw what Charlotte did to Raven over an application. JUST imagine what she would have done to Juju. Ah, I would be dying of laughter. LOL

Jessica.Carter

Forever the messy one.

Evie.Valentine

Probably not...you know how the frat brothers' work...it won't come to light unless there is an argument between two of them.

DARREN

"Where the hell is Tristan and that guy?" Miguel takes another swig of his beer. I am doing the same thing.

The tension at the table is unbearable. I don't think I've ever seen Everett torn up over a chick before. A lot of liquor was in play that night, but it still isn't an excuse.

Everett had us all scared shitless when he flew out to New York. We didn't know if he was going to tell Charlotte or sleep with her. From the way she acted toward Chase this morning, he didn't do either. Thank the heavens.

"Look, before that guy comes here, can we just clear the air. It's so much tension." Vincent speaks up and I shoot him a death glare. Fucking asshole. "Everett we all want to know...did you sleep with Charles?"

"Bruh...no." Miguel coughs or probably choking on his drink. "We are not about to do this in public. Here is why...one I'm hungry, two I don't have time to break up a fight, and three I am fucking hungry."

"Is that what you all think? I came out here to fuck Charles? Not going to lie, it came across my mind several times last night." Everett looks straight at Chase.

"If you touched her, I will fucking break your neck." Chase pushes his chair back.

"Dudes, chill the fuck out. Look, Chase told him and Juju a.k.a. the bed hopper didn't do anything. I don't think he is lying to us," I say.

"So, what, you're taking his side because he fucked you too?" Everett looks at me and the entire table erupts in laughter. I can't even take him seriously right now.

"You know I would slap the shit out of you, but I think this is just the hurt in you talking." I shake my head at him.

"I didn't fuck Juju. She isn't even my type. I honestly don't know how she ended up in my bed. Hell, I don't know how I ended up in my bed. We were fully clothed and you would have known that if you didn't run away so quickly.

"Come on, E, you're my best friend. I wouldn't do that. Not to you and definitely not to Charles." Chase doesn't explain himself to people that often—hell, he rarely does. So, for him to do this means a lot.

“Juju is an attention whore and if she can take a story and run with it—the bitch becomes Usain Bolt.” Miguel shrugs.

“Do you not remember how you two became whatever you are? She basically told the entire campus you two fucked at a party and didn’t happen, and then might I add, went on saying your dick was little.”

“Oh yeah, and then you finally fucked her to just show her you are packing, and then boom you couldn’t get rid of her,” Vincent adds on.

Everything the guys are saying is true. Juju is one of those college girls you just don’t want to get caught up with. At the time she was harmless, you know, came over, got her back blown out, and went on her way.

Eventually, we started to see her more and more at the house, but again harmless. Now, this. I just wish these two could kiss and make up, because we have bigger shit to be worrying about than Juju.

“Honestly, did you touch Charles?” Chase looks hurt and I want to laugh, but then again, I have to take this seriously.

“I said no. I didn’t touch her, and I didn’t tell her. I’d rather it be you to make her cry, not me.” Everett stands up. “I got to piss.”

“Do you want Chase to go with you to hold your dick? Since you two made up...” Austin jokes and gets bread thrown at him by Chase.

“Hey, don’t get mad at me. I remember when you two were crossing golden streams together.” He laughs.

“That was one time, asshole.” Everett flips him off walking to the restrooms. I know this issue isn’t over by a long shot. But for now, this is a small victory.

“Finally,” Miguel throws his hands up in the air. “Here they come.” We all turn to the restaurant’s entrance. Tristan is walking in with the guy, and he looks familiar. I’ve seen the face before, but not sure where.

“Hey guys, this is Xavier, Dr. Michaels’s son,” Tristan introduces us to him and him to us. Damn, where have I seen his face before? “Where is Everett?”

“Restroom,” Chase answers.

“Chase, let me talk to you real quick.” Tristan gestures his head to one of the corners. Chase gets up, and the two walk off.

“For crying out loud...when are we going to eat?” Miguel whines.

"Damn, are you really that hungry?" Vincent laughs.

"Hell yeah. That airplane food did not do anything."

"Xavier, it was nice of you to take us out to eat...but we aren't into guys." Austin jokes.
"So whatever nightcap you think you're getting, it's not happening."

Why am I friends with these guys? I don't think we can ever be serious about things if it's not football, our privacy, our business, and Charles. My phone chimes, followed by the rest of the guys'.

Chase

Xavier did something to Charles, not sure what, but T said she was really uncomfortable around him.

"So, Xavier, do you have a girlfriend?" Vincent asks, placing his phone on the table.

"No, but I have my eye on someone."

"Cool, cool," Vincent adds.

"So, what floor do you work on, or are you in school?" It's Austin's turn to ask him a question.

"I was going to school, but my mother needs help with a project...so I've postponed my education for now. I heard you guys are taking your last semester off to help the company.

"Do you think that's a wise thing to do?" Xavier looks around the table.

"Actually, we didn't take off. So, do you think helping our parents' company isn't a smart move?" Chase takes his seat. He's pissed. The top of his ears is red as fuck.

"Not saying it's a wrong move, but come on. They need to sell it. Nothing they have been doing in the last two years is benefiting the company.

"My mother is working on some Manhattan project that is supposed to turn the company around."

"You talk as if you don't think your mother will do it." Tristan raises an eyebrow at him.

"Yeah, do you have a beef with your mom?" I ask. Guys who don't respect their mothers are bad news. Those types of guys are doomed, especially if your mom did everything in her power to make sure you grow up with a good life.

"No, I just don't talk to her like that. She is always busy, as am I."

“What do you do?” Miguel leans in, grilling him. “Don’t say help with the company because you don’t think it’s worth saving, and you’re not in school. So, what, you just stalk women?”

Before Xavier can answer, Everett has him out of his seat, yanked up by the collar. We have officially caused a scene.

“You fucking with my cousin?” He tightens his hold on Xavier’s collar. Damn.

“Wh-what?”

“Are you fucking with my cousin? You know, making her feel uncomfortable? Huh?”

Xavier is turning red now. I can see a waiter running towards the back, probably to go get a manager. I finish my beer because we are more than likely to get kicked.

I look over at Chase, making a face. Is he going to stop it or what? He shakes his head and looks back at Xavier and Everett. Is anyone going to stop this? I look around and nope.

“I can’t breathe,” Xavier manages to say, and Everett loosens his grip, but not letting him go. “Charlotte was coming onto me. I am not going to let someone like that slip throu—”

One swift motion, and Everett gut-punches. I look back over to my right and see the manager heading this way. I just stand up, putting on my coat. There goes dinner.

“You ever lie on my cousin again, come near her, or message her, I won’t be so lenient with you next time. Charles is off-limits, remember that.”

Xavier is doubled over, holding his stomach.

“I am going to have to ask you fellas to leave.” The woman looks so pissed, but not as pissed off as Miguel.

“You have got to be kidding me... I’m hungry,” Miguel complains, putting on his coat.

“Don’t worry. We’ll get something on the way over to Charles,” Austin says, putting on his coat as well.

“Fine.” Miguel grabs a couple of bread rolls out of the basket. He tosses one at Xavier’s head, calling him an asshole before leaving the restaurant. Everett warns Xavier once more before leaving as well.

Chase doesn't say anything, but follows the rest of the guys out of the restaurant and I am thankful for that. The way the manager is waiting around, looking at us, she will call the cops if something happens again.

A hostess comes to Xavier's aid, and I shake my head. Pussy. I head for the door when it all hits me at once. I know where I've seen Xavier before—a couple of times. He has been at our frat parties. *The fuck?*

Next Chapter

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