

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers | Chapter 46

Chapter 46

CHARLOTTE

I played with Autumn for an hour or so before driving back to the city with Jasper and Chase. I was and still am in shock when Chase suggested the three of us drive back together.

I was almost one hundred percent sure I was going to squeeze myself into the SUV with him and the guys. Thankfully, I didn't have to.

The ride wasn't quiet, but it also wasn't a very talkative atmosphere either. Jasper and Chase were talking with each other at times, while I sat in the back watching the trees pass by.

My father texts me all my flight details for tonight. By the time we arrive back in the city, I will only have an hour or so to change into something comfortable and get to the airport.

From: Charlotte Withers

To: HR Department

Subject: Time Off

Date: November 11, 2016, 8:01

Nancy,

Due to a family emergency, I have to fly back home for the week. I am not sure how long it takes to approve these things, but I will be leaving tonight and won't be back until the following Monday. Sorry for any inconvenience.

Charlotte Withers

"Chase, you don't have to walk me all the way to my apartment. I am fine." I turn the key in the door.

"I know, but I was wondering if we can have some alone time." He places his hands on my hips, pushing his front against my back. Now, I know what kind of time he wants.

"Not right now." He walks us into the apartment and turns me around. "Chase." I drag out his name.

"Charlotte," he mocks me. "All I am asking for is an hour." He nips my neck.

“No.” I push at his chest, and he lets me go. “Thank you.” I open back up the door, gesturing for him to leave.

“Really, Charles?”

“Yes, I will speak to you later. Right now, I need to get my things ready before my flight.”

He looks confused as to why I am still going to Georgia. See, the thing about Chase is that once he thinks I am back to my happy normal self, I shouldn’t worry about anything.

However, this is something I just can’t move on from without getting the answers I deserve and desperately will continue to seek out.

“Are you heading out for just one day?” he asks.

“Yes,” I lie. “I will see my parents tonight and fly back tomorrow afternoon.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, Chase I am.” I close the door a little. “So, I’ll speak to you tomorrow when I get back.”

“Do you need me to stay and help you pack—maybe take you to the airport?”

Jeez, is he really going to keep this up? This is a new side to Chase I have never seen.

“Bye, Chase,” I say, closing the door in his face, quickly locking it. I roll my eyes heading to the bedroom.

Knowing Chase, he will leave now only to come back in a few minutes, hanging around until I leave. I change into something more comfortable, grab my purse, and hurry out of the apartment.

The plane ride back home is calm, too calm for my liking. I remember my mom telling me if you are about to confront your troubles and all is calm, a storm is brewing. So, prepare for the worst.

“Char Char?” I stop dead in my tracks. I haven’t been called “Char Char” since...

“Raven.” I turn to look at her. She looks the same, except for the beach-blond hair she is now sporting.

“Oh Char,” she steps closer. “I’m so sorry about everything.”

"Excuse me." An older man waiting to get on the escalator grunts at me. I look from him to Raven and step aside. I feel every emotion coming at me all at once.

My vision gets blurry as I take a step forward wanting to slap her, but I catch myself.

"Char? Are you okay?"

"Raven," I repeat like some kind of robot.

"Yes, it's me. Is everything okay?" she reaches her hand out, gently squeezing my upper arm. All I want to do is book another plane ticket out of there quick. I honestly don't know what to say or do.

"I..." my voice cracks. "You—you hurt me, Raven." I shrug her hand off me. "You betrayed me."

"And I am truly sorry about that. If I could go back in time and change what I did, I would. I'm back in town for a few weeks. We should go out for drinks or maybe dinner."

"Raven, I can't. I'm not ready to forgive you. I thought I would be able to after reading your note, but I just can't. I need to go." I step on the escalator needing to leave the area. I can feel the walls closing in on me.

"Char! Char!" I hear Raven calling out for me. If I stay, I know it will only get worse.

Reaching the ground floor, I scan the awaiting drivers looking for my name. Did my parents forget to get one?

An older man walks into the lobby fiddling with his iPad. I watch as he flips it over, and I see my last name in bold white letters.

"Finally." I whisper underneath my breath and walk more like jog towards him. "Hi, I'm Withers."

"Sorry, ma'am. There was traffic," he apologizes.

"No problem. I wasn't waiting long. Two minutes, tops."

He nods his head. "Do you have any bags?"

"Oh no. Just me and the purse. Shall we get going?" I hope I didn't come off rude, but I don't want to deal with Raven again.

"Sure," he gestures for me to head out first. I do just that and not once look back. If I did and saw Raven give me the puppy face, I think I would have lingered behind to give her a chance.

Something she doesn't deserve right now, and I can't add another thing onto my plate just yet.

Next Chapter

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