

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers | Chapter 49

Drew.Hughes

Heard she was out there punching the hell out of those bitches.

Marcus.Flint

Here we go with calling women bitches.

Drew.Hughes

Fuck off Marcus! In this situation these women are bitches. Juju is the worst of them all.

Steven.Starre

I am going to see if I can add Tristan. They haven't been on this damn thing since they left. But I have to tell him about this. I even got a video of the fight.

Marcus.Flint

Why are you guys like this?

Tristan.Beckett

Yo! Yo! What's popping pussies?

Drew.Hughes

Ayeeeeeee! It worked. What's happening...how's NYC?

Tristan.Beckett

It's good. Cold as fuck. What you guys wanna play 2K.

Marcus.Flint

Dude, shouldn't you be at a party?

Tristan.Beckett

Nah, Chase is having a little get together at his penthouse. No parties for you pussies?

Steven.Starre

Dude...Snow White...Got into another fight...

Tristan.Beckett

As in Croakington's Snow White? Are you sure?

Steven.Starre

Yeah my guy.

Tristan.Beckett

Fuck! Gotta go pussies...keep me updated if anything else happens.

CHARLOTTE

My father insisted that I not worry about what happened between us and our mother. I don't think he understands that I can't and I won't.

Tonight opened a can of worms to more problems than I expected. I honestly don't know how I boarded the plane back to New York with ease. Maybe because Austin was there or the fact that I was headed back to Chase.

Either way, the damage between my mother and I was done, but I know with time it will be fixed. I think she and my dad need to work things out first.

“Are you okay?”

I look over at Austin, who is trying to get comfortable in his seat.

“For now... yeah. I just don’t understand why my mother doesn’t want me to see my own niece. Autumn has done nothing wrong to anyone. She didn’t ask to be born into this world and now my mother wants to punish her for it.”

I dig my nails into the armrest, trying to get a hold of myself.

“Your mother is hurt, that’s all. Your father had an affair and a child was born and now that same child had a child. We may never know what is going on through her head, but just give her space to cool down.”

He wiggles in his seat, clearly uncomfortable that we couldn’t get first-class on such short notice.

“But she doesn’t want to see me anymore.” I clear my throat. I will not cry.

“Charles, you are her child. She will always want to see you no matter what. Your mother is just upset right now, and everything is coming at her at once.

“It doesn’t excuse what she did and said tonight, and all those years with your father, but she just needs time to process everything. She is going to reach out to you... trust me.”

“Thank you, Austin... I am happy you were the one who came to accompany me on this brief trip.”

“It wasn’t supposed to be so brief...” He looks at me with raised eyebrows. Of course, he knows I tried to take the entire week off to stay in Georgia.

Guess that email doesn’t seem so valid now. The flight attendant walks by and Austin stops her asking if there are any seats available up front.

“Austin, cut it out. These seats are fine,” I say, and the flight attendant excuses herself to help another passenger.

“Fine for you. You are tiny as hell. I’m a tall guy. I need extra legroom.” He looks dramatically down at his legs.

“I saw Raven.” I change the subject, and he looks at me with wide eyes.

“As in your best friend, Raven? The one who tried to pimp you out? That Raven?”

“Yeah,” I send him a tight smile. “That Raven.”

He is silent for a few seconds before he shifts in his chair getting a good look at me. "So, what happened?" he asks. "Wait no. I don't want to know, that was between you two."

"It's okay, nothing happened. She wanted to catch up and apologize, but I couldn't stomach it. I wanted to hug and slap her all at once."

Austin slides his hand down his face.

"Do you have a drama magnet attached to your body? I swear everything always happens to you and it all comes at once. I don't think I ever saw you not in some kind of drama. I think you need to lock yourself up in a bubble."

He is right. Ever since moving into the frat house, the drama has followed me like a second shadow.

No matter how much I thought I was doing the right thing to end the drama, I somehow created more than what originally was.

"Shut up, Austin." I roll my eyes at him. "Quick question."

"Yeah?"

"Did you remember to tell Chase about what happened with Juju?"

He stiffens beside me, and I've already got my answer. He pulls out his phone and quickly connects to the plane's WIFI.

Bad decision on his part. His phone connected and tons of messages were coming through. I take a quick glance to see Chase's name pop up over and over in the notification bar.

"Don't worry, I'll help you out with that," I smile.

"Oh no. Hell no. You will only make it a bigger problem. Didn't you just hear me say that a few moments ago? I am going to own up to what I did."

"Honesty is key...Chase and I have been best friends for too long. I'm not going to start lying to him now." He opens his text thread with Chase and types away fiercely.

"Good luck," I say snuggling deeper into my seat. "Night." I yawn.

"Night," he mutters underneath his breath.

Austin has been in a sour mood since we landed. I know it had something to do with whatever he and Chase talked about. In and out of my sleep, I could hear him curse every now and then.

If Chase was upset with Austin, he has to be pissed off with me. After all, I did lie to him. The car pulls up to the building and I see Chase waiting in the lobby, impatiently pacing back and forth.

"You go ahead." Austin lingers behind.

"You're not coming inside?"

"Yeah, but when you two get on the elevator, I don't have the energy nor time to physically fight my best friend. It's two in the morning. I just want to crash and go to sleep." Austin yawns and stretches a little.

"Chase wouldn't fight you, would he?" They are best friends and this situation isn't that serious for them to be fighting.

"Charles, when it comes to you, Chase is like a lion, and nothing and anyone, I mean it will matter when he feels like your safety is put at risk.

"So, hurry up and take him to your apartment. I need some sleep." Austin pushes me to the lobby doors.

I take a deep breath and walk inside. Chase's head snaps to the door and I smile but didn't receive one back. He is definitely pissed. He looks over my shoulder shaking his head.

I turn to see Austin waving a tissue in his hand.

"Chase, it wasn't Austin's fault." I turn back around. "He warned—"

"I know. It was you, but he should have told me, not Tristan, who heard from a bunch of guys on campus." He lets out a heavy sigh and pulls me into a bear hug, hugging me tightly.

"What if something would have happened to you? They could have jumped you."

"I don't think Austin would have let that happen. I hear he is a shaker." I try to lighten the mood, but it doesn't work.

I like that Chase is protective of me, but this is a bit much. "Chase, I'm fine. Come, let's go back to my place. I'm exhausted."

The elevator is quiet.

I wonder what is going through his head right now. He doesn't seem too pissed off now that he sees I am in one piece and no scratches. Poor Austin.

I see what he means about me running off doing things without telling them. Chase probably turns into the Hulk around them.

I've never caught a glimpse of the big bad Chase and I need to sort all of this out so I will never have to.

"We need to talk." We both say in unison as we enter the apartment.

"You first," I say.

"No, you go ahead."

"I insist, Chase, just go ahead." We head to the couch, but only I take a seat. "Chase?"

He kneels in front of me, taking my hands into his. "I love you Charles, and I care for you a lot." He squeezes my hand gently. "I asked you to marry me because you make me a better me, but..." he trails off.

"But what?"

"Don't take this the wrong way... but lately I've been feeling like we are on this Ferris wheel of lies, anger, no communication, and much more. I played a part in it by always trying to control you in a sense."

"Chase, what are you getting at? Just spit it out already... you're making me nervous." I smile at him, my vision going blurry.

"I think we should take some time apart. You know, figure things out within ourselves first. My anger when it comes to anything pertaining to you is hurting the people around me and I feel like..." He clears his throat. "I'm sorry."

"You're breaking up with me?" I don't believe I heard him correctly.

He nods his head. "It's one of the hardest decisions I ever had to make. You're getting into fights because of me and my anger is causing you to lie about everything. The relationship is toxic, Charles."

I snatch my hands from his. "Get out." I turn my head.

"Charlotte?" His voice cracks and I don't dare look at him.

"I said out, Chase." I bite down on my bottom lip. It's one thing after another. From my peripheral vision, I watch him wipe his face and stand up. When he walks to the door, I look the other way.

The door opens and closes, and I lose it. Taking the vase full of roses off the coffee table, I throw it at the front door and let out a piercing scream before dropping to my knees and crying.

Why didn't I just speak first? Maybe the outcome would have been different. I would be tangled up in his arms, telling each other how much we love one another.

One heartbreak after another.