

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers | Chapter 57

Chapter 57

CHARLOTTE

Jasper was nice enough to let me leave early for the day, and I knew it had something to do with him and Skyla.

She stopped by my cubicle saying she was leaving early for the day, and ten minutes later Jasper calls me into his office to tell me to clear his schedule, and he was taking the rest of the day off.

I didn't hesitate, and asked if I could leave early. When he said yes, I flew back to my desk, clearing his schedule and finishing up anything else that needed to be done today before heading out.

The doorbell rings as I place the last of the silverware on the table.

"Open up, Charles. We are hungry." Tristan rings the doorbell at least ten more times within the second.

"Really?" I open the door glaring at Tristan. "Unbelievable."

"What? We are really hungry." He huffs.

"Sorry about that," Vincent apologizes, and I let the guys come in.

"Where is Chase?" I look down the hallway and there is no sight of him. "He is coming right?" I go back inside.

"Why wouldn't he be? Did you two get into another fight? If so, please make it right. We are sick of you two fighting over nothing all the time," Everett says, walking further into the kitchen.

"Shut up, dipshit. You were the cause of one of those fights," Darren chimes in. I don't think the guys are ever letting it go that Everett had intentions of sleeping with me to get back at Chase.

I honestly forgot about it because he was coming from a place of hurt, but at the end of the day, he respected me enough not to do anything.

"None of this would be happening if Miguel didn't tell Charles about Chase's financial mishaps with his father," Austin adds.

“Don’t blame me, it’s all Everett. He wanted her to help on the project. Thought for sure we would get an A.” Miguel defends himself. I wonder how their project is going.

Everett brings the beer bottle to his lips. “Now, wait a damn minute. This is all Charlotte’s fault.” He smirks.

“My fault? What the hell did I do?”

“You put Charles or Charley down on your dorm room application. That is not your name,” Tristan says, grabbing a beer from the refrigerator.

“And you didn’t check male or female. Who does that?” Darren shakes his head playfully. “Let me find out you wanted to be placed at Croakington.”

I grab the pasta out of the oven. “Yeah, right, like I wanted to be in a house with seven emotional guys. I swear you all are on your period every week.”

I laugh, turning around catching their facial expressions. I think I hit a nerve.

“Says the person who runs away all the time. Remember that night she and I got into over the damn video game, and she stormed upstairs and told Chase on me.”

Vincent grabs the salad bowl heading into the dining room.

“Hey,” I pout. “You cheated me. I was going to win that match fair and square.”

The guys burst out laughing.

“Charles, you weren’t,” Vincent deadpans. “Nowhere near it.”

“Whatever,” I say in defeat. It was true I wasn’t going to win, but he should have let me since it was my tenth time playing. Just saying.

“Speaking of *fair*. I hope you don’t make us wait until Chase arrives to eat. He is late, and it wouldn’t be fair for us to wait.”

Tristan takes a seat at the table and instantly gets back up. What is his problem? I watch him walk back to the kitchen to wash his hands. I mouth thank you, and he goes back to the table.

“Charles, what’s with all the bushes on the table?” Tristan looks at the plants I used as centerpieces. I thought they were cute. “Aye, Vincent,” he calls out and starts laughing.

“I think Charles is trying to help you reminisce.”

“Reminisce what?” I have no clue what the hell he is talking about, and the other guys are trying to hold back their laughter as well. I quickly walk to the table gathering the little bushes.

“Nothing, Charlotte,” Vincent says through gritted teeth.

“I actually like the bushes. You should leave them,” Everett says, his face turning a shade of red from holding in his laugh.

“Whatever you’re teasing Vinny about, I don’t want any part of, so the bushes are coming down.” I put the bushes in the cabinet underneath the sink.

“Apparently, any and everything goes down in the bushes.” Austin’s accent catches me off guard as he chuckles.

I know he is British, but lately, he has been really good at covering up the accent. I guess this bush situation is really bringing the guys to a point of no control.

“Hey Charles,” Everett takes a seat next to Vincent at the table.

“Yes,” I answer.

“Did you know doves love to go into bushes?”

What? I wave him off not, wanting to answer that question. I don’t know anything about Dove, and I will not answer that so they can all turn around and laugh at me. I pick my phone off the kitchen counter.

Charlotte

Where are you?

Charlotte

I don’t know.

Chase

You should since you invited him. What the hell Cupcake? I hope you have a great explanation for this one.

Charlotte

I do.

Chase

Good, we are heading to the door now.

I place the phone down and look at the guys sitting at the table. "Hey, guys," I say heading to the door.

"I invited Xavier to dinner. Please do not fight in my apartment." I quickly say opening the door. I hear the commotion behind me, and I see the death glare in front of me.

Chase pulls me into his arms placing a sweet kiss on my lips. He then places small kisses on my neck and stops at my ear.

"Even though I'm mad, we promised to always have a united front. We'll talk more about this when everyone is gone." He nips my ear and I shudder. "Hey fellas."

"Dude, did you kn—"

Miguel stops mid-sentence at the sight of Xavier entering the apartment, and I can hear the chair scraping against the floor. Why are they always so ready to pounce on him?

I push Xavier back outside, closing the door behind us. He looks nice tonight, very casual. Not in those overly expensive suits I see him in at the office.

"Sorry about that," I apologize and mean it. "You and the guys have bad blood that I don't think will ever go away."

"I figured. However, they are overly protective of you and I can't blame them. You have this pure aura about you. They love you a lot, and don't want anyone coming in contact with you."

"Yet, you are always popping up." I shake my head.

"I'm stubborn," he chuckles. "And I like to see the guys get all rattled over me." He leans a little closer to me. "I'm gay."

"What?" I take a step back. "But you and Ember? I thought you two were sleeping together."

"We are sleeping together—sharing the same bed at times, that's it. I've never had sex with her."

"She is just a good person to talk to and keeps my mother off my case about not having a girlfriend. Even though my mother hates her."

"But you were always trying to get with me." I am so confused right now.

"For appearances. You are not my type by a landslide. Now, Tristan is one fine piece of ass." He winks and the door opens. Chase eyes both of us before telling us it's safe to come in.

Now that I think about it, Xavier must really love when the guys manhandle him. Oh, the guys would have a fit knowing they have been kicking his ass, and it's all been for pleasure.

I watch the guys look past me to Xavier and I can see the anger in their eyes. The guys won't act like this for nothing. Xavier must have said a few things to get them to this point.

Chase pulls out a chair for me, Xavier sits to the left of me at the end of the table, and Chase to the right of me.

"So—"

"Why would you invite him?!" Darren puffs up his chest. "Are you insane?"

"You must be if you think you are going to talk to my fiancé that way. I already told you guys to chill out. There is a great explanation why we gathered you all here tonight."

The vein in Chase's neck pops out, and I place my hand on top of his, my fingertips stroking his knuckles.

"Guys, how about we eat first, before we jump into anything. I made pasta and I know how much you guys love pasta."

I look around the table, and for once everyone's face softens. I don't want anyone to say something they will regret. We are in the heat of the moment and emotions are running high.

"Guys...for me, can we have a decent dinner?"

They all nod their heads and Tristan digs into the pasta first. "Charles, tell Chase what centerpiece you had on the table." He winks at me.

"I am not partaking in this foolery. I told you guys that already. When I said let's make this dinner decent, I don't mean like this." I sigh.

"What was it?" Chase looks at me, eyebrows raised.

"I'm not saying." I shake my head.

"Bushes," Vincent answers, not amused and the guys start laughing, including Chase.

"Oh... Charles... bushes? Where did you even get them?" Chase is laughing harder. "He screwed Dove in the bushes awhile back."

My mouth dropped open, and I look at Vincent. I can see a faint smile tugging at his lips. Oh God. "Vinny, I didn't know."

"How would you know he is out here bush-fucking people?" Darren leans back in his chair laughing to the point of tears in his eyes.

"Guys, enough," I say and no one listens. Xavier is even laughing. This is so not funny.

"Guys! I said enough!" I slam my hand on the table, and it gets quiet. "We are not going to make fun of Vincent's choices. If he wants to bush-fuck, so be it. Don't make fun of him."

Man, these guys are like children.

Everett clears his throat. "She is right, we need to grow up."

"Thank you, Everett, that means a lot," I say.

"Can you pass me the salad, bushes?" He asks Vincent and the table erupts into laughter again. I bury my face into my hands, this is going to be a long dinner for sure.

Next Chapter

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