

## Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers | Chapter 58

### Chapter 58

CHARLOTTE

"The food was delicious, and I have had many pasta dishes in my time. You need to find a new career path. Paperlove isn't the route for you. Have you ever tried going to cooking school?"

Xavier stands. He is helping me clean the table off, and I catch him lingering by Tristan. Oh, my goodness, this is pure gold right now. Tristan moves away as Xavier reaches over to get his plate.

"Dude, I can hand it to you. Watch your fucking nuts." Tristan pushes him away.

"Sorry," is all Xavier says before looking at me with a smile on his face.

"Follow me," I tell him. Chase is right on our heels as we enter the kitchen. I don't know why though. He can practically see everything from the dining room.

I wonder once we get married, will he back off a little and give me some space? Most likely not going to happen.

"Are you going to tell us what you know?" Chase whispers to Xavier.

"Can we have dessert before we talk about this?" I look at Chase. He slowly slides his eyes to me, and I take a deep breath. "Chase is right. Xavier, let's just get everything over with. We can do it over the apple pie."

I hand the pie to Xavier, asking him to place it on the table, saying I'll be right out with the ice cream. I grab Chase's arm as he makes an about-face.

"Oh no," I say. "Don't you ever look at me like that again. I understand you want to get to the bottom of everything and so do I, but you will not treat me like some freaking child."

"A child? Don't start, Charles." He removes my hand.

"Excuse me? Chase, I don't know what happened to you, but whatever got in you in a funk doesn't mean you can take it out on me."

I grab the ice cream and slam the door. A few boxes fall from the top of the fridge and I couldn't care less.

“Looks like Mom and Dad are back at it again,” Tristan says, looking at us.

“You know you two are far from Snow White and Prince Charming. I can sense some Peter Pan and Wendy vibes from you two.”

Miguel turns around slightly in his chair. This is why I wish Chase could tone down his attitude and possessive behavior. The guys always have something to say, and nine out of ten times, I don’t want to hear the truth.

“No, you are off. Charles and Chase are like Beauty and the Beast when he takes her prisoner.” Austin smiles, and everyone agrees.

“I can see that,” Xavier says, and it gets quiet.

“I forgot you were here,” Darren looks at him. “Why are you here? Can someone explain that to us?”

I don’t say anything and look at Chase. He wants to be in control of everything, so hey, why not this? I go back to the kitchen for the bowls.

I want to scream at him and let him know he drives me crazy. I can’t wait until he and I are alone tonight.

I walk back and place a bowl in front of each of them and hesitate over whether Chase should get one or not.

I set his bowl down a little harder than everyone else, and he wraps his fingers around my wrist, pulling me down onto his lap.

“You are crying out for a spanking tonight, aren’t you?” He whispers in my ear, and like always, I shiver. “Keep it up.”

He kisses my neck, and I stand up. I don’t look around the table and take my seat. Mentally counting down from ten, I finally look up, and all eyes are on me. Leave it to Everett and Tristan to give me a smug look.

“Chase, please do explain Xavier’s presence here tonight.”

He shakes his head no. “I think Xavier should speak for himself.”

I want to choke him.

“First, I think I should give you all the backstory.” I take another deep breath. “As we all know, Xavier’s mother is Rebecca and—”

“That’s why he walks around the office thinking he can do whatever he wants, but that ass whooping should have put him in his place,” Darren cuts me off.

I don’t think I’ve ever seen him this pissed off. Yeah, he has a temper like all the guys, but this was a different level of disgust and anger.

“Before I say anything else,” I look at Darren. “Do you want to explain why you are so pissed off with Xavier? I cannot just leave this under the rug. What is going on?”

He shakes his head and leans back in his chair. “I have nothing to say.”

“No, you have a lot to say, and you are going to say it. If it’s about me, I don’t care. I’ve learned that it’s just words.

“You heard the saying ‘sticks and stones might break my bones, but words will never hurt me’—unless they are coming from Chase,” I add.

“You really want to know?” He props his elbows on the table.

“This fucking asshole over here was telling his buddy from IT how he was going to fuck you and all the places he was going to have your mouth, and he can’t wait to see you on your knees sucking his—”

“Stop,” I say quickly climbing into Chase’s lap. I felt his body shift while Darren was speaking, and I know once the word dick or cock left his lips Chase would have been out of his seat.

Chase grips my waist tightly, and I snuggle into his chest. A few times Chase has exploded, and I know physically coming into contact with him helps *a lot*. Chase is an Alpha male to the core.

“I would have been bothered by what you told me, but Xavier isn’t like that. Well, to me.” I smile, briefly looking at Tristan. I want to tell them so badly, but it isn’t my story to tell.

“Charles, just because we had dinner with him doesn’t mean that he is your friend,” Miguel speaks up.

“I’m gay,” Xavier waves his hands in the air. “Surprise.”

It gets quiet—too quiet. Chase’s hands relax on my waist, and I know he is just as shocked as the rest of them. Darren stands up and walks into the living room, mumbling something under his breath.

The table is pushed forcefully forward, and it takes a second for me to register it all. Darren is hitting Xavier. Chase scoots his chair back, moving me out of harm’s way.

The guys are trying to pull the two apart, but it's proving to be more difficult than they would like it to be. Darren is laying the blows onto Xavier, and the scene is brutal.

Miguel finally gets a hold of Darren and drags him into the living room, pinning him onto the couch.

I can see blood on the table and drops of it on the floor.

"What the fuck!?" Tristan runs his fingers through his hair, looking at the blood too. "What the fuck happened? Darren, what is your problem?" He walks into the living room, and Darren gets Miguel off of him.

"Is there a fucking problem?" he snaps at Tristan. I can see Darren is ready for another fight and doesn't care who it's with and that makes me nervous.

"Your dick isn't the one that got touched by him today. So, get the fuck out of my face." Oh, now I see what's happening. Xavier has been feeling on them when they fight him.

"Darren," I call out to him.

"Charlotte, not now." Chase points at me as he walks into the living room.

I have had enough of his crap. "You know what, Chase? Fuck you." I snap. He is not going to continue to talk to me anyway.

He stops mid-step and walks towards me. "Fuck me? You are always trying to butt into things that you can't defend yourself against. Darren is hot right now, and you trying to sweet-talk him isn't going to work."

He yells in my face. "You are always doing this dumb shit."

I push him as hard as I can, and he stumbles back, bumping into Vincent, who slams into Tristan, who reaches out his arm to catch his balance, only to touch Darren.

Chase makes me so heated I keep pushing and pushing him, not caring that another fight broke out.

"You are so pathetic, Chase!" I go to push him again, and he grabs my wrists.

"I am pathetic? You cook dinners so people like you. Yet, I am pathetic. Screw you, Charlotte!"

"Screw me, fine. Just to let you know your mom isn't the only person your daddy is screwing." I slap my hand over my mouth.

“Are you fucking my father?” he says with a disgusted look on his face. “Answer me.” He shouts, and a loud crash happens. I look to see Tristan and Darren have fallen through my coffee table.

“Charlotte, I am going to ask you one more time before I lose my shit. Are you fucking my father?”

“What? Of course—”

“What the fuck is going on in my house!?” Jasper’s voice is loud and angry. Everyone comes to a sudden halt, and I don’t dare look at Chase. His cold hand intertwines with mine, and he drags me down the hallway to the bedroom.

I don’t want to be alone with him, but I don’t want the others to hear what I have to say either. He closes the bedroom door and attacks my lips. This isn’t how I saw this happening.

“Chase, stop,” I say in-between the kisses.

“Fine. You are fucking my dad; you don’t want me to touch you.” A look of hurt flashes across his face before he gathers himself, and then I can’t see anything. He is back to his poker face self.

“Chase, that’s not it. You can’t think I want to have sex with you after you said all those things to me. That’s not how it works.” I take a step back.

“Just be with my father if that’s what you want.”

“I am not sleeping with your father! It’s Rebecca, for crying out loud. I haven’t had sex with anyone but you. I never looked at another guy the way I look at you. You are the one for me, but if you keep this up, I am gone.

“I got an email from RCA. They still want me, you know that? And I will get on the first plane to Cali if you don’t get your act together.

“We are a team, all of us, and look at us fighting each other, saying things we shouldn’t—hurting one another. I can’t argue with you right now.” I open the bedroom door and get as far away from him as possible.

“You,” Jasper looks at me as I become visible to his eyes. “What happened? None of these knuckleheads will speak.”

“Just a misunderstanding.” The apartment is trashed, and cleaning this up is going to be a pain. “I will clean the apartment if that’s what you are worried about.” I soften my tone.

"You call this a misunderstanding? My apartment...you destroyed it, and my daughter is out in the hallway because I can't bring her into this mess. Whatever happened here tonight, you all better fix it."

He opens the front door, and I see Skyla outside holding Autumn in her arms before the door slams shut.

"I am the only one who will be speaking; if anyone interrupts me, you can leave and never speak to me again." I look at all of them and their sad faces. My apartment is a mess.

"When I give the floor over to Xavier, I don't want anyone to interrupt until it's your turn to talk. After we are all done talking, you assholes will help me clean this damn apartment and then leave," I say through gritted teeth.

"Do I make myself clear?" No speaking, and I repeat myself.

"Are we allowed to answer that?" Vincent asks.

"Yes," I say. Chase comes into the living room and pulls me onto his lap, wrapping his arms tightly around my waist.

"I'm sorry." His voice is barely above a whisper, but I can still hear his voice crack.

I place my hand on top of his. "Now," I turn my attention back to the guys. "Today, I overheard Evan and Rebecca discussing their plan to have Chase and Xavier take over the company.

"They wanted the whole fiasco with Ember to go down. They knew she couldn't keep a secret, and they gave her a juicy but false one so she could run and tell me.

"Now, Xavier can shed more light on the situation than I can. Xavier, you have the floor." I stroke Chase's arm, and I can feel how tense he is. I know it's because of what I told him.

*Damn it.*