

Charlotte and the Seven Frat Brothers | Chapter 59

Chapter 59

CHARLOTTE

“My mother and Chase’s father have been plotting this for a while now,” says Xavier. “Almost two years, but they never acted on it. You see, the business is doing badly. It’s in the red.

“No one wants to buy the company. So, they can either file for bankruptcy or just let it burn to the ground. There are thousands of people who rely on this company to help take care of their families.

“I don’t care for this business or the company. The people, however, I do.”

“So, what does this have to do with you and me?” Chase’s breath tickles my ear, and I wiggle on his lap. His grip tightens around my waist, stopping me.

“Our parents would like someone else to take the fall for them. I have the password to my mother’s laptop, and I can see that the company is standing on its last legs.

“Tucker and Michael, Inc. has about two more good months before it all comes crashing down. So, I can see why they decided to loop Ember into this. Her mouth spreads news like a California wildfire.”

Xavier reaches for the frozen peas Miguel left on the table for him. He brings the bag to his right cheek and winces. I hope he doesn’t rely on his face to get him what he wants, because it’s not looking so good right now.

“They have been milking the company for years and since they haven’t been making any profit all the money they took will never be put back.”

“Why have you never told this to anyone before?” Austin looks over at him. “You could have mentioned it to someone.”

“It’s easier said than done. No one is going to believe me. Our parents can do no wrong in their eyes.”

“You have the proof. So, you could have shown them so they would believe you. You just waited too long, and now look at the mess,” Miguel adds on.

“Guys, let’s not attack him. I’m pretty sure he had his reasons for not coming forward. Not everyone reacts the same in certain situations,” I tell them.

“Whatever happened before us we can’t control, but what we do with this information now is what really matters.”

Chase kisses my neck. “I couldn’t have said it better.” His breath tickles my ear.

“So, your mom and his dad are shady as fuck. They have been embezzling money from the company.” Tristan stretches out on the floor. “What’s the plan?”

“Plan?” Xavier looks down at him.

“Yeah, you know to stop them and help the thousands of people employed by them.” Tristan lifts his head and looks right at Xavier. “Come on, dude. I know Darren didn’t hit you that hard.”

“Tristan,” I warn him.

“Sorry.” He says lying back down. “Just saying.”

“He is right, we do need a plan, but tonight is not the night to come up with it. Let’s help Charlotte clean up and then we can meet back here first thing in the morning.”

Chase pats my thigh before sliding me off his lap. “Does anyone have something to say before we start cleaning?”

“I want to apologize,” Xavier speaks up. “To all of you, especially Darren and Tristan.”

“Me? For what? You didn’t touch my dick.” Tristan’s eyes widen.

“Darren, I shouldn’t have done that. It was wrong of me, and I shouldn’t have said those things about Charlotte to provoke you. I knew you were listening, and I took the conversation too far. Gay or not, it wasn’t cool.”

“I’m sorry for bashing your face in. It won’t happen again.” Darren nods at him, and Xavier nods back. It wasn’t the apology I was expecting. But now I hope there won’t be as much tension between the two and we can all move forward.

“And why are you saying sorry to me?” Tristan asks.

“Oh, for liking you, of course. I think you are very fuckable.” Xavier tries to wink, but it looks like he is just in pain.

“Dude, don’t say shit like that.” Tristan stands up and moves far across the room. “Can we just clean up so I can get the fuck out of here?”

He grabs the broom and starts sweeping quickly. “Xavier, stay over there.” He points to the opposite side of the room with the broomstick.

We work in silence mostly. The guys poke fun at Tristan now and then. Xavier even joins in on the fun a little.

Xavier taps me on the shoulder asking if he can speak to me in private. I see Chase looking my way briefly before continuing to mop.

“Sure,” we walk to the corner of the room. “What’s going on?”

“I owe you an apology more than anyone. I shouldn’t have said those things, and I shouldn’t have pursued you so much to the point of hurting your relationship with Chase.

“I know you don’t want to hear this from me, but I was wondering, is Chase the one?”

I am taken aback by his question. My first instinct is to say yes, but it isn’t coming out. I look over to Chase, and he looks at me and winks. I know we are good together, but when we butt heads, it’s like a war zone.

Our relationship can barely handle the first argument before we get thrown into another one. But I love him, and you fight for the people you love.

I know from the outside looking in people might consider me stupid to chase after Chase, to keep fighting for someone who drives me insane. But they don’t see how he brings out the best in me.

He makes me want to do better, and I know I make him want to do the same. He is me, and I am him, in a sense.

“Yes,” I turn to Xavier, smiling. “Yeah, he is the one.”

“I heard you two arguing amid all the chaos that happens tonight, and I think you owe him an apology. I don’t think anyone wants to hear that their parent is cheating on their other parent. As you said, it was fucked up.”

“Wait...you’re not mad?”

“About my mom sleeping with his dad? Oh, hell no. I knew those two were sleeping together since I was ten. It has been that long.” He shrugs. “Make it right with him tonight.” He sings and walks back to help tidy up the remainder of the apartment.

I look at Chase, and he is looking right back at me.

“Alright, Charles, we are all done.” Everett yawns.

"All the blood and glass are gone." Austin yawns too. "I am calling it a night, and we are going to push back the plan, making it for the afternoon. I am not waking up early to come here to make plans."

He pulls me into a hug. "Night, Charles." He walks to the front door.

One by one, the guys say their goodnights and leave, leaving just Chase and me. I turn off the lights heading down the hallway.

I look over my shoulder to see Chase standing at the front door. *Come on Chase don't make me ask*, I say to myself. I walk a little slower, swaying my hips from side to side. He isn't budging.

"Chase," I call out, and he looks at me. "You want to come tuck me in?" My voice is soft, almost baby-like.

"You're a big girl. You can tuck yourself in."

"I can't. I need my Chase to lay me down." I give him the most seductive look I can muster and the air around us shifts.

I shouldn't play the sex card with him, but I don't want him to leave upset tonight either. Chase locks the door and stalks towards me. I giggle, running into the room. He scoops me up, tossing me onto the bed.

"I know what you are doing," he hovers over me, slowly sucking on my bottom lip. "Are you sure this is what you want?" He swipes his tongue in between my lips and I gasp. "Is it?" he repeats.

I get goosebumps up and down my arms. "Yes." My voice now barely above a whisper.

He rolls off me, lying on his side, just looking at me. "Not tonight. Like you said, I can't screw you after treating you that way."

Is he seriously doing this right now? I turn on my side to look at him. "You know, I'm sorry about what I said earlier."

"You mean about my dad cheating on my mom?"

"Yeah," I bite my bottom lip.

"You aren't sorry, Cupcake." He kicks off his sneakers and closes his eyes.

"But I am." I reach out and stroke his cheek. "I shouldn't—"

"You're sorry how you said it but you aren't sorry for saying it. It's cool though, I suspected something, but never thought it would be with Rebecca."

He brushes it off like it's nothing. "And I'm sorry about going off on you. I shouldn't have said those things. You are seriously the best thing that has happened to me."

"Chase?"

"Hmm?"

I move closer to him, placing a kiss on his lips. We haven't had any physical contact for some time, and now that's all I can think about.

With all the drama that's been going on, all I want is his hands to roam my body. I move my hand to his belt and he stops me.

"Cupcake, go to sleep. We have a long day ahead of us tomorrow." He lets go of my hand. "I love you."

"So now you are denying me?"

"Charlotte, you don't have to seduce me to sleep with you. I am not mad nor upset anymore. It was the heat of the moment, and everyone said something they wish they could take back. I am fine without it tonight."

Chase opens his eyes and looks at me. "Are you about to cry?"

I close my eyes and turn my back to him. "Of course not." I want to. In a way, sex tonight will benefit us both. I'm stressed out, and I need something to take my mind off of things, even if it's just for a few hours.

"Do you want to have sex because you want to or because you feel that I need it so I won't be upset with you?" He plays with my bra strap.

"I want to. I need you physically," I say and mean it. Chase and my physical relationship is much stronger than anything. His touch makes me forget the world and all the bad in it. "But—"

He turns me over, capturing my lips with his. "You won't be getting any sleep tonight if this is what you really want."

"Don't act like you don't want to." I deepen the kiss, reaching for his belt again.

"Of course, I want to. I'm always ready to take you down." He swats my hand away and hovers over me once more. "Tonight is about you. Let me take care of you, Cupcake. It's my turn to apologize."

He kisses my lips and apologizes for yelling at me, then he kisses my neck and apologizes for being so controlling.

He kisses a part of my body and then apologizes for something he has done. I don't know how much more I can take before I lose my shit.

He is slowly teasing me, and my body is on fire, wanting him to put out the flames.

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