

Chapter 60

The next morning, I wake up before Chase and untangle our legs. I slip into the bathroom quietly, not wanting to wake him. I stare at my reflection, looking refreshed.

Last night wasn't what I expected at all. From the stringing her along to the whole embezzlement talk, I don't think anyone would believe us if we try to explain it.

I apologized to Chase numerous times last night. Xavier was right. What I did was wrong, and I shouldn't have told him like that. I think by the time he was finally sorry, he forgave me. I turn on the faucet and splash water on my face.

"Embezzlement," I say to myself, turning off the faucet and racing back into the bedroom. "Chase, wake up." I jump on the bed, straddling him. "Come on, wake up."

"What the hell? If you want another round, there are other ways to wake me up. Like a blow job to get it going." He yawns, sliding his hands up my thighs, and I stop him.

"I'm too sore for that, but I do have a plan for taking Rebecca and your dad down." I smile down at him. He gently yet forcefully pushes me off of him, rolling over on his side. "Hey," I sit up.

"Charles, I am going back to sleep. I do not want to hear about that."

"But you were just ready to have sex." I poke his shoulder.

"Yeah, sex. Not this," he yawns. "Wake me up in another hour or so—matter of fact, when everyone arrives, just wake me up."

"Unbelievable, you know that?" I bite his shoulder, and he swats me away. I slip on some sweats, grabbing my laptop and phone, exiting the bedroom.

I turn on the laptop and the notifications are just rolling in. I thought I'd signed out of my school email account. I click on the email app, and Chase's name is in the upper right-hand corner.

He must have gotten on the laptop when I fell asleep. I hover over the new email he just received. I don't want to click it... I trust him, and whatever he is talking about with her I shouldn't worry.

I exit the email, and the instant messenger pops up.

Natalia.Cumbler
Are you seriously ignoring me right now? I know you are online—I see it.

I exit the messenger, and another window pops up.

Natalia.Cumbler
Chase I love you. I want to make us work.

Natalia.Cumbler
I don't know what you see in Charlotte, she is a child, and you need to be with a woman—me. I can help you with the restaurant you don't need to keep stringing her along. I'm ready.

I read this message over and over. Was he using me at first?

Chase.Tucker
I was never stringing her along.

Natalia.Cumbler
Are you serious right now? You were stringing her along, are you that pussy whipped you forgot about our conversation?

Chase.Tucker
What conversation?

Natalia.Cumbler
What? Chase, I am not about to play this game with you. When you are done chasing Miss Virgin you know where to find me.

I exit the window, and I go snooping. Opening his email back up, I type Natalia's name in the search bar, and all the emails pertaining to her pop up.

I looked for the dates when I arrived at the frat house, and there are only a few emails. I click the subject "Charlotte."

To: Chase.Tucker@Walsh.edu

From: Natalia.Cumbler@Walsh.edu

Date: Saturday, September 9th, 2:45 pm

Subject: Charlotte

Are you seriously going to allow her to stay in the frat house? If you love me, then you should tell the school right now that she can't be there.

I will tell the school that, if you want. I don't like her there, and she is sharing the same bathroom as you no way.

~***~

To: Natalia.Cumbler@Walsh.edu

From: Chase.Tucker@Walsh.edu

Date: Saturday, September 9th, 3:05 pm

Subject: RE: Charlotte

Her being here shouldn't concern you. I am not fucking her, and I am barely fucking you. Don't bring this up again.

~***~

To: Chase.Tucker@Walsh.edu

From: Natalia.Cumbler@Walsh.edu

Date: Saturday, September 9th, 3:11 pm

Subject: RE: Charlotte

Un-fucking-believable. If I find out you are sleeping with her, you will never sleep with me again.

He never responds to her email after that, and the rest are about parties and so on. I run my fingers through my hair and close out the window. I feel horrible, invading his privacy.

I open the web browser and look up the things I need to. Another messenger pops up.

Juju.Vasquez
I need your help. Please.

Juju.Vasquez
Chase, I am sorry about what happened, but I need to get in contact with Everett. It's important.

Chase.Tucker
Don't ever message me again. My fiancée would not be happy to know you are messaging me.

Juju.Vasquez
I don't care about you or Charlotte, tell Everett to unblock.

I exit the window and sign him out altogether. I don't think I can take it if I see something that would potentially destroy us.

"About time," I jump and look over my shoulder. Chase is leaning against the wall looking at me.

"Hey," my voice shakes. "I thought you were sleeping." I close the laptop.

"I was going to, but you were excited about whatever it was, and I know I would hear your mouth if I didn't help." He takes a seat next to me. "Anything interesting?" he opens back the laptop.

"Uh—how long were you standing there?" I bite down on my bottom lip.

"Long enough to know you have no willpower. The third time was the charm, huh?"

"I wasn't going to respond, but she kept writing, and then I felt like I had to. Sorry."

I pout. Damn it, how did I not hear him coming? Typically, when I am sneaky, I can hear very well. I hope this doesn't put us in a bad place.

He reaches out, lifting my chin, placing a kiss on my lips. So, he is in a good mood. That's a great place to start.

"I have nothing to hide. Did you see something you didn't like? I know you checked my emails too."

"I'm sorry. You don't have to make me feel bad." I stand. I need a drink of water.

"I am not making you feel bad. I'm just asking a question." He says a little louder so I can hear him. I don't need to look at him to know he has that stupid smile on his face.

"I got caught, okay? Stop rubbing it in." I grab two water bottles. "Oh, and Juju messaged you. Something about...she had the best night of her life with you." I try not to smile.

"Liar," he pulls me down onto his lap. "Did you have the best night of your life last night?" he nips my ear. I blush, nodding my head.

"We can pick up where we left off." In one quick motion, he has me on top of the table and is placing wet kisses on my inner thighs.

"Chase, no. People eat here."

"And that's what I intended on doing after I get these sweats off."

I gasp, and he reaches for the waistband. A knock on the front door startles me, and I accidentally knee Chase. He scoots back quickly, holding his chin.

I jump off the table, rushing to his aid. He sticks his arm out, saying I've done enough and to answer the door. Opening the door, I let the guys in.

"What the hell happened here?" Miguel lifts one eyebrow at me. "Did you finally kick his ass?"

"You know it." I play along.

"Hell no," Chase says through his teeth, walking into the kitchen. "She kneed me because one of you knocked on the door, with her scary self."

"Were you two about to get freaky?" Everett wiggles his eyebrows at me.

"Shut up." I stick out my tongue. "Why are you guys here so early? I thought we agreed on noon-ish?" I grab the laptop and take a seat on the couch.

"Yeah, we did, but something Xavier said last night wasn't adding up. So, we broke into Tucker and Michaels last night.

These guys are crazy. "You guys did what?"

"I just felt like the whole embezzlement thing was off. He is only what? Nineteen? He doesn't know shit." Vincent sits next to me. "So, the guys and I went and checked out his mom's office."

"We were like 007 in there." Everett and Tristan start jumping on the furniture, reenacting what they were doing. Tristan rolls on the floor about ten times, and I look over at Austin who, indeed, backs up their story.

"You can't take these two anywhere. Dumb and dumber broke a chair and knocked almost everything off the receptionist's desk. We tried to put everything back, but yeah." Vincent shakes his head.

"Okay, enough about these two. What did you find?" I look up as Chase walks in front of me, gesturing for me to stand up.

I do so, and he sits down, pulling me onto his lap. I am starting to feel like some lapdog. I make a mental note to question him about this behavior.

"Well, the kid was right, they are embezzling money, and you won't believe where the money is going and whose name is on the account." Darren shakes his head, and now I am worried whose name is on the account.

"How did you guys get into the laptop? Doesn't it have a password? Did Xavier go with you?" Chase asks, and the room gets quiet. "What?"

"I'll say it." Tristan stops jumping around. "I may have used my charms on Xavier and we kind of found out that way."

"Dude, you sweet-talked the guy who wants to fuck you?" Chase chuckles. "Man, you are crazy."

"Shut up, and we will never speak of this again. You should be thanking me. I'm out here trying to save your ass." He nips Chase's ear.

"Okay, so whose name is on the account?" I move the conversation right along. The guys look uncertain if they should say it or not, and I keep poking until they do. Chase stands up, and I have to catch my balance.

"My mother? My mother?" he repeats, not believing. His father is one sick bastard. "Do you have proof?"

Austin holds up a cash drive. "All right here."

Chase pockets it and says he needs to make a phone call. I don't intrude, and let him be. I have to have faith in him.

"So, Tristan, what did you say to Xavier?" I question to get my mind off of Chase and who he may or may not be calling.

"Shut up, Charles. Anyway, we should leak the files to the media. I'm thinking *Forbes*, CNN, or the *New York Times*. We can take them down in one quick slice of the throat."

"Whoa there, Samurai Tristan." Darren looks at him. "We can't until we figure out what's going on with Chase's mom. You are stupid, you know that?"

"Enough of the name-calling. I'm the only one who seems to be coming up with ideas. I don't see any of you doing anything."

He gestures around the room, giving everyone the duck lips. I hate when he does that. Tristan can make something look so awful at times. However, he is right. None else has come up with anything.

Chase walks back into the living room this time fully dressed, and I stand up walking to him. "Where are you going?"

"To my parents' house."

"I'll come with you."

"No, stay here. I am just going to talk to my mother in person and pick up Autumn. Jasper dropped her off at their house this morning before he and my dad left for a business trip."

"I can go," I say again.

"No, you can stay. I will be back. Remember, we are babysitting Autumn together."

"That's this weekend, not today."

"My father had to make a sudden trip to the Bahamas, and Jasper tagged along."

"Did you say the Bahamas?" Vincent chimes in.

"Dude, that's where the money is getting wired," Austin starts pacing. "Bloody hell, this is bad."

Tristan jumps over the couch and rolls on the floor. "Call Jasper now!" he shouts heading to the front door. "Let's go, Everett. We need to get our battle gear on. Swim trunks and sunscreen!"

"Yeah! Bahamas, here we come." Everett runs out after, not before tripping over his own feet.

I shake my head. "Can one of you tell them we are not going to the Bahamas? That is just insane. We can do more spy work here."

"Knock, knock." Xavier walks in. "Why are those two rolling around out there making lightsaber sounds? Did I miss something?"

"You missed nothing. Chase is leaving, and the guys and I are going to find a way to save everyone's job. So, find a seat, and let's get to work."

I clap my hands together. Xavier nods and takes a seat wherever he sees fit. Chase wraps his arm around my waist, pulling me closer.

"I love when you get all bossy. It turned me on last in the bedroom, and it's turning me on again." He winks.

"Chase," I blush. "Go and hurry back."

"You got it, boss lady." He gives me a quick kiss and leaves, closing the door behind him.

"Alright, guys, let's do this."