

## Chapter 64

I finally land, and I've never been so impatient. Charlotte doesn't have a clue I'm coming back tonight, and I am here to stay.

Jasper and I have been busting our asses trying to find someone suitable to run the company for the next five years. We realized just how hard it will be to hand over the company to another person.

So, they will work there for five years, and then Jasper will take over. He wants to spend time with Autumn and Skyla beforehand.

The Uber pulls up to the campus, and I'm already out the door, du el bag in hand. The party started over an hour ago, and I know for a fact Charlotte is not happy about me not being there.

Pulling my cap down on my head, I make my way to the frat house. I can hear the music before I even see the house. Now I know why some of the students complain about us.

The music is extremely loud. But hey, it's a party.

I go around back, hoping they aren't playing that new game Hot Seat out here and thankfully they are not. I see a few girls lingering around back talking about what guy they want to sleep with tonight.

I've heard it so many times, the conversation just doesn't surprise me anymore. The old me would have probably flirted with the idea of taking at least two of them to my room, but now all I want is my wife.

I open the back door, stopping. I hear her voice over the music.

"...really." I caught the end.

"Chase is really only with you because I needed a break from him. I don't understand why you don't understand," Natalia says and it takes everything in me not to burst through the door.

"I doubt it." Really Charles, is that all you have to say? I tighten my grip on the doorknob. Natalia is starting to piss me off more than usual.

"There is nothing to doubt. It's the truth and if you think for once I will believe that fake marriage. you are more delusional than I thought."

"Natalia, just shut the fuck up," Charles hisses and a smile tugs at my lips. There we go, put her in her place.

"If Chase wanted to be with you, then he would. Chase isn't the type of man to take orders from others. That is, unless I tell him to get down on his knees and kiss my other lips."

My eyes widen and I smirk. Well played, Charles, well played.

"FYI, Chase made a bet with the guys about de owering you, so don't get too excited you slept with him. Also, he slept with the entire female population of Walsh University."

I hear a slap, and Natalia gasps. I rush into the kitchen, dropping my du el bag. Charlotte looks like she is ready to rip Natalia's head off.

I make my way in between the two. I wrap my arm around Charlotte, pulling her into my side.

"Hey, Cupcake." I look down at her.

"Hi." She smiles but it doesn't reach her eyes and she digs her nails into my side. What Natalia said is bothering her for sure. "I thought you weren't coming?"

"I wasn't going to miss this night for anything." I kiss her. At first she wasn't into it, but then caved in.

I taste a hint of vodka on her lips and tongue. Breaking the kiss, I look at her. "You're drinking?"

"Ahem, I'm still here," says Natalia. "You can drop the act."

"Did I not slap you hard enough the first time?" Charlotte tries to break free of my hold, and I pull her in closer. As much as I want Natalia to get her ass beat, I don't want Charles fighting anymore.

It's rare when she fights, but when she does, it's not pretty for the other party involved, and the fact that she could get expelled.

"Natalia, why are you here? The email said you were not invited. I'm surprised they haven't thrown you out by now."

I look out into the living room, and the place is packed. Too packed for my liking. Where the hell are the guys, and why isn't anyone watching Charles?

"I just got here, and it's because I want to see you and put an end to this stupid masco you got going on. You need to make it clear to everyone that you are not married."

She glares at me, crossing her arms over her chest. I don't know what I did to make her think she has this hold over me. I made it clear plenty of times in the past she was just a casual fuck and cool to hang with.

"I already told you, Chase and I are married. This is real, and whatever fantasy you made up in your head is just that, a fantasy," Charlotte snaps.

"I don't understand you, Natalia. You're going after a guy who doesn't want you. Why?"

"Chase, can we talk...alone?" She gives me the puppy look. I hate the puppy look. That look alone got me in trouble many times with her.

I've done some things I shouldn't have with that look. Charlotte looks up at me, and her features soften.

"Go ahead," she says, and I look at her crazy.

"What?"

"I say, go ahead. Maybe she needs closure." She rolls her eyes, letting me go. I walk after her. There is no way she wants me to talk to Natalia. It just doesn't make any sense. I wrap my hand over her wrist, stopping her.

"What's gotten into you?" I ask.

"Nothing. Clearly, she can't move on unless you two talk it out. As your wife, I don't want you to, but it's something that has to be done."

"Then I won't do it. You are my wife, and that trumps everything. I don't give two shits about Natalia. Cupcake, you are my world."

"You need to talk to her. At one point, she meant something to you, whether you admit it or not. Just talk to her. I'm going to go find Valerie or Vinny." She gives me a small smile, exiting the kitchen.

I let out a deep breath and turn around and look at Natalia. She is leaning against the countertop.

The usual smirk that she wears so well is gone, and in its place is a look I only used to see on Charlotte's face when I was a dick to her.

Hurt.

"Nat, Charlotte and I are married now." I scratch the back of my neck. This is so awkward.

"What happened to us? I thought you and I were going to be the ones exchanging I dos. What does she have that I don't?" She bites down on her bottom lip.

"It was us for the last two years and now." She looks away from me. I hand her a napkin from off the countertop.

This is not what I saw myself doing at my own newlywed party. The music is loud and she is speaking softly, so I have no choice but to get closer.

"I don't want to compare you two. You two aren't alike, and comparing is something I don't do, you know that."

"But you knew her for what, a month or two and got married. Is she pregnant? Like, I don't understand...you said you loved me."

"I never said that. I would never tell anyone I love them unless I truly meant it. I may be a dick at times, but playing with someone's heart is where I draw the line.

"If I did lead you to believe there was something more, I am really sorry."

I am. I would never think in a million years Natalia and I would be anything more than fuck buddies. So, this is all news to me. She looks at me with unshed tears in her eyes and turns her head once more, wiping her face.

"So, this is it." Her tone is harsh. "You're choosing someone you've known for two months over me?"

"No." I gently cup her chin, turning her head so she is looking at me. "I am choosing my wife over you. I will choose my wife over you and anyone else." I let go of her chin, taking a step back.

"I already apologized for unintentionally hurting you, and I think you should leave now. I have to go and my wife now." I don't wait to see her out.

I turn on my heels to find Charlotte. She's probably halfway to the airport or upstairs repacking her things to leave me.

Staying back to talk to Natalia is definitely driving her insane. Charlotte thinks she is fooling me, but I know better. She is livid, and I need to find her.