

The princes of Ravenwood novel read online free

By Bryant

The princes of Ravenwood novel Chapter 1:

A new rank for my father means a new city and school for me. I hate all this moving. When I was little, I didn't mind as much.

But when I got into junior high, I started to hate it. I barely got to make friends before we'd move again. And don't get me started on trying to date.

Even if we stayed in one place for a couple of years, my dad scared every boy away with just a glare. And now I must spend my senior year in a new school. Worse yet, we moved three months into my senior year.

After I graduate, I no longer have to move—the only silver lining whenever the Air Force tells me. I'll be in college and finally free.

One thing that is always the same no matter where we are stationed, my dad always sends me to a private school.

Which means I always have to wear a uniform.

Ravenwood was going to be no exception. For the first time since primary school, I'll be in a coed school.

I don't know how often I told off some guy who saw me walking home from the bus stop and made some creepy comment.

I wonder if dad ever realized making me go to these schools with uniforms just play into the average boy's fantasy of Asian girls in a school uniform. They need to learn the difference between reality and delusions.

I sighed, looking at my reflection. This school's uniform was red, black, and white color palette. My red plaid skirt touched my knees, a matching plaid tie popped against the crisp white dress shirt under the black jacket with white edging and a shield with the letters RW stitched into the lapel.

"You can do this, Riko. This will be the last school uniform you need to wear," I tried to psych myself up as I adjusted the braid in my long black hair.

With that, I slung my bag over my shoulder and headed for the bus stop near our house. Dad is already on the base, not having waited to say goodbye or to offer to drive me. I'm used to it.

And he can't just be late to work to take me on my first day at a new school. The bus ride was at least uneventful. Yes, many people watched me and whispered since I was new. But I ignored them.

As much as I like to say I can ignore everything, there are some things that no one can forget. I'd just gotten my schedule from the main office and looked at it and the map, trying to figure out where I needed to go as I left.

I should have been paying more attention as it suddenly felt like I ran into a brick wall. I was startled as I found myself falling to the unforgiving floor.

"Watch where you're going, loser," a snooty-looking blonde girl spat, glaring down at me. She's a dime a dozen, interchangeable with every other arrogant bitch I've crossed paths with at every school I've attended. But she's not what I ran into. No, she's not the brick wall that knocked me on my ass.

I opted to ignore her. Instead, my eyes found a pair of icy blue eyes watching me under an arch blonde brow. While the brick wall was wearing the same uniform as every other guy in this school, they looked tailor-made.

No way an off-the-rack uniform would fit that well. The black slacks molded to what I was sure were muscular legs, the dress shirt and jacket had to be custom to accommodate his broad shoulders and chest.

I've been to plenty of schools and seen my share of good-looking guys, hell my father is in the air force, and I have seen my share of handsome older men too. But not a one compared to the Adonis standing above me.

The living barbie girl, which it's possible was more plastic, clinging to his arm. "Come on, Darius... don't bother with the trash," she whined, tugging on his arm.

Darius?

His icy blue eyes drifted to the barbie, and there was a sharpness to them. Annoyance? His gaze returned to me and briefly to the worn tan backpack I'd used sewn on patches to hide holes.

His lips turn up ever so slightly. "Uchiha," was all his deep voice said before he stepped around me and his barbie girlfriend had to struggle to keep up in her sky-high heels.

Uchiha? I was confused until I looked at my bag and remembered that I had recently patched it with the Uchiha crest from the Naruto manga and anime. Does he know it?

I would not have pegged him as the sort to read manga or watch anime. I shook my head and managed to get to my feet. Dusting myself off, I groaned as I heard the bell and rushed to my homeroom.

I just managed to slip into the room as the teacher shut the door. "I see you have chosen to grace us with your presence, Miss Shiraishi," the bored-looking middle-aged man sighed.

Of course, he knew who I was. I'm the new transfer student, and every teacher will know I'm new and, therefore, my name. "My apologies, sir. Got lost," I shrugged.

Glancing to figure out where I'd sit, I froze as the only empty seat was next to the Adonis. How'd he get here before me? I could have sworn he went the opposite direction.

"Mhm. Well, I trust you won't get lost on your way to your seat. It's the empty one by Mister Frost," the teacher instructed, pointing his finger.

I nodded and quietly made my way to the empty desk. Stealing a glance at the Adonis, I realized he was watching me from the corner of his icy eyes. Still, otherwise, he was sitting up straight facing the whiteboard.

"Um... hi, Darius. Sorry about earlier," I apologized, quietly getting on my textbook. He raised a perfect brow at me, but there was no recognition in his eyes. "Chapter five, page 194," was all he said as the class went into full swing.

I furrowed my brow but shook it off and quickly found the page he mentioned. At least he didn't give me a bullshit page number, and I could keep up during the rest of class.

Darius didn't say a word throughout class or when the bell rang. He's not the talkative type. I watched as Darius got up and slung a black bag over his broad shoulder, everyone moving to get out of his way as he left.

Didn't he have an orange bag when we ran into each other outside the office? I shook my head and left, finding myself in a sea of students.

Another two classes passed, and no one bothered to try to talk to me. I hadn't bothered to speak to any of them either, so no grudges. I groaned as I looked at my schedule and saw what my next class was.

"Gym Class..." I frowned. I may have been raised in a military household, but that doesn't mean I enjoy Gym class. I frowned seeing that same girl from this morning in the changing room.

No surprise here. Barbie had three fellow plastic-looking girls gossiping away. I thought, for just a moment, they hadn't noticed me as I found a locker. But of course, I was wrong. As I started to change, I heard their shrill laughs.

“You better watch yourself, skank. I’m going to make you regret that failed attempt to get my man’s attention this morning,” Barbie snorted as she shoved past me. Her friends giggled, following her.

“The fuck is her problem?” I grumbled, changed, and hurried out to the Gym Class. Everyone had to wear the same gym clothes, a white tee with the school crest on the left breast with red shorts like the uniforms.

But like the uniform, the fit can vary based on body type. I am well aware that I’m not that big, especially in the chest or compared to Barbie and her plastic gang.

As I got into the line of girls, I felt someone watching me. I looked across the gym where the boys’ class were lined up. And my eyes locked on the icy blue eyes of Darius Frost were watching me. There was something different in how he was looking at me.

Compared to when I ran into him outside the office and later in my first-period class. What is with this guy? Each time I’ve seen him, he’s acted like he’s never seen me before.

I clenched my jaw as I felt my braid tugged roughly. I didn’t even need to guess who. “Keep your eyes to yourself, chink,” Barbie hissed. “I’m Japanese, you racist, cunt,” I growled.

“I don’t give a fuck what you are. Keep your eyes to yourself,” Barbie said, pulling my braid hard again. I was about two seconds from flipping this bitch over my shoulder and showing her exactly who she’s fucking with. But that would be counterproductive and just get me in trouble on my first day.