

The Princes of Ravenwood

Chapter 3

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I still don't know what to think about what Darius did during Gym Class. Did he break up with his girlfriend for pulling my hair? But possibly the weirder thing is I don't believe this was Darius.

He looked exactly like the guy Barbie... I mean, Jane was hanging on this morning and the guy from my history class. But there was something different about him.

All three interactions I've had with him have been off. Like he's three different people. There are three of him, which seriously the world couldn't handle that many of them or has multiple personalities, which also doesn't seem right.

I tried not to think about it as I made my way to my next class, physics. I could hear people whispering around me.

"I heard one of them set their sights on her." "I think it was Darius." "Who knows." "He dumped Jane for her." "No way."

The various whispers circulated and did clear something up. One of them. So, there is more than one Frost. I felt a fluttering sensation in my stomach at the mere idea of there being more than one Frost.

As instructed, I pushed the thoughts aside, found my classroom, and went to the table in the back. As I got out my book and notebook, I

wondered who my physics partner would be. I just hope they aren't some idiot that plans to make me do all the work.

"Hello again, Uchiha," a deep warm voice greeting. I blinked and looked up to see the shadow that had fallen over me belonged to him. But is this Darius or someone else?

I furrowed my brow looking at him. He called me Uchiha. That's what the one from this morning called me or said. I glanced at his bag on his shoulder and noticed it was orange, just like the guy outside the office but not like the guy in history. So, does this mean he is the one from my Gym Class, or are there three?

"Frost. Want to tell me which one?" I asked, putting my bag on the floor.

His lips slowly lifted into a devious and panty-melting smile. He was an Adonis when he wasn't smiling. This isn't fair. "The same one I was this morning," he shrugged, sliding into the chair next to me.

"Uh-huh. But not the one in my history class. And I also guess not the one that was in my gym class either," I commented, trying not to let his

proximity get to me. He must have known how he affected me as he casually slung his arm across the back of my chair.

"What makes you think that?" he asked, arching an eyebrow.

"Because I'm not an idiot. You have an orange bag, the one in my homeroom had a black one. I can't say what color bag the guy from Gym

Class had since it was Gym Class. But you also don't carry yourself the same. The one in homeroom was very serious, sitting straighter than my dad. And the one from Gym class was somewhere between. So again, which one are you?" I questioned "Gorgeous and smart. We like it," The teasing Frost grinned. "We? Like the royal 'we'?" I rolled my eyes. "You're new, and no one told you," He sighed. "Mr. Frost and Riko. If you are quite done, I'm going to begin my lesson," our teacher interrupted. I nodded and put my attention on my teacher. "Forrest," he whispered, his breath hot against my ear before he turned his attention to the lesson. I shivered, biting my bottom lip straining to focus. So, there is a Darius and a Forrest. What is the third's name? Was Darius the one homeroom or Gym Class? Too many questions. I glanced over at his notebook. He was following along but was also doodling. I stretched my neck to try and see what he was drawing. I blinked as I saw it was me. But me anime-style dressed in a female version of Sasuke Uchiha's costume in Shippuden. He's outstanding! "My breasts aren't nearly that big," I whispered. I was going to regret saying it. But the costume Forrest was drawing me in had more cleavage than I'd be able to supply. "Let me dream. Unless you're going to unbutton that top some to give me a better view to reference," he whispered back, his voice having a toe-curling effect on me.

I elbowed him and went back to copying what the teacher was putting on the board. "Worth a try," he said, only our bookbags identify us in school came to an end, I noticed he had his phone out under the desk. "You aren't supposed to have your phone out," I whispered. "They wouldn't do anything if they caught me," he shrugged. He pocketed the phone before I could look at who he was texting. The bell rang, and he gathered his things. "See you are, Uchiha. Or one of us will," he winked, leaving me there dumbfounded. As I headed for my next class, more whispers were swirling about me and the Frost triplets. I wasn't sure how I felt about being the center of attention like this. I didn't want this kind of attention. I just want to get through my senior year without issue. That doesn't seem like it will happen so long as the Frost brothers keep talking to me. Maybe I should take things into my own hands. Avoid them. Ignore them. But then again, they may be the sort that would find it a challenge. I managed to make it through my following two classes without seeing a Frost. Now it was lunchtime. Thankfully I brought my lunch, so I didn't have to go through the line. Instead, I had to find somewhere to sit. The cafeteria was crowded and being the new girl; I didn't have any friends. I looked around at the tables trying to see where there might be an empty spot.

I saw Jane and her table of plastic friends, a definite no to sitting there. I spotted an empty seat at a table of students that looked to be playing

Magic the Gathering. If I learned anything in all my moves, the 'geeks' and 'nerds' tend to be less stuck up.

Taking a breath, I headed for their table. However, as I passed a table of your average muscle-bound boys, things took a turn.

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