

The Princes of Ravenwood

Chapter 4

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My brothers and I had been texting as usual during and between classes. The school had been sure to keep us out of the same courses, which was ridiculous. But whatever. It's just a hassle for us. Forrest told us that Riko has managed to work out three of us and even identify ways to be different. That's rare indeed. This makes her even more interesting. Too bad none of us have had a class with her since Forrest's 5th-period physics. Now it was my lunch period, the last lunch period of the day. It is ridiculous to have lunch at the end of the day. But I'm not the principal or head of the school board that decides such things. I managed to get through the lunch line without issue. Of course, since I sat down with some of the guys from the football, baseball, and basketball teams, Jane has been watching me. She's probably looking for an opening to try and talk to me after Elijah dumped her on my behalf during Gym Class. The guys were talking about stupid bullshit, none of them knowing which Frost I am. They seem to think the same Frost plays all three sports. They're not bad guys, just not the smartest. As evident when Lance reaches out and grabs a girl's ass as she passes our table. Two reasons this was dumb.

One, don't ever touch someone without consent. And two, as I hear the angry gasp and look, I see the girl he just grabbed was Riko.

"What the fuck!? Don't touch me!" Riko justifiably shouted, stepping away. "Couldn't help myself," Lance smiled like it was no big deal.

The problem is it is a big deal. And he realized it way too late. I had grabbed him by the throat and slammed him onto the table. I didn't care that he landed in everyone's lunch trays.

"F.. Frost.," Lance choked out. "Apologize. Now," I spoke calmly and coldly. "But..." he tried to protest. The entire table had gotten up and moved away. Riko was wide-eyed, clutching her lunch box to her chest.

The rest of the cafeteria was watching us, the monitors trying to make their way over. "No buts. You will apologize for touching her butt," I said, tightening my grip.

He's one of the baseball players. So, he's not built like the football team. And I may have the hair, eyes, and face of a Frost, but I got my build from my Spartan Greek maternal grandfather.

I could still squeeze harder if I wanted and do damage to Lance's trachea. "I'm...I'm sorry," he gasped. "For," I glared coldly at him. "For...for touching you. It...it'll never happen again," he wheezed.

I looked at Riko, who nodded ever so slightly. "See, that's not so hard," I said, letting him go as the monitors reached us. "Mr. Frost, what is

going on?" Mr. Fritz questioned. "Oh, nothing to worry about," I said calmly, smoothing my jacket.

"Just us jocks horsing around. Posturing and the whole caveman mentality of violence to show off to girls," I explained with a slight nod to Riko.

Mr. Fitz rolled his eyes. "If I were you, Miss, I would avoid a lot of these silver-spoon brats," he said with a heavy sigh walking away. Lance was coughing as he slid off the table to a chair rubbing his throat.

"What the fuck Frost. Was that necessary?" he coughed. I cut a hard look at him. "Yes. Touch her or anyone without their consent again, and you'll wake up in the hospital," I warned, grabbing my bag.

"I should press charges...," Lance threatened. I paused and arched an eyebrow at him. "I wish you luck in a legal battle against a Frost," I

stated before extending a hand to Riko.

"Come on," I said. I wouldn't force her to come with me. I'm not that kind of guy, and neither are my brothers. Only assholes like Lance are like that, and they need to be put in their place.

And while I can't say our dad would like the idea of having to deal with the legal side of any of us beating the crap out of guys like Lance, he wouldn't tell us we were wrong.

Riko looked at my hand, the same hand that had just choked Lance with uncertainty. "I don't bite, sweetheart," I assured. "Unless you ask

nicely," I added. The blush on her face was worth it, and I had to stop myself from even smirking at her reaction.

Timidly she took my hand. “You realize everyone is still watching,” she whispered, glancing around. She was right. We were still being watched, especially by Jane and her friends.

“I don’t care,” I stated and led her away from the cafe to the small outdoor area. No one was outside today as it was cold and overcast like it might rain or with the temperature snow.

“Why did you do all that? Create a scene like that?” she asked, letting my hand go. “The scene was unfortunate but unavoidable,” I shrugged, casually removing my school jacket and putting it down on one of the chairs.

“Here. Sit and eat your lunch,” I gestured, pulling the chair out. She furrowed her brow but set her lunch and bag on the table, carefully sitting, ensuring her skirt covered her ass.

“If you’d done nothing, had been avoided, and we wouldn’t be sitting out here in the cold. You without your jacket,” she pointed out, starting to eat.

“If I had done nothing, it would be as if I approve of that behavior.”, I shook my head, sitting down, our legs just touching under the table. Her dark eyes widened for a moment, and she looked at me. It seems close proximity affects her.

Very interesting. I’ll have to tell my brothers. “Did you have to be so rough with him? And now everyone in this school that wasn’t whispering about me is going to be,” she frowned.

“Riko, you are new to Ravenwood. So even if my brothers and I hadn’t noticed you first, they’d be whispering about you,” I shrugged. “As for being rough. Yes. He’s a thick-skulled neanderthal. Words don’t seep as deep as pain,” I answered. She frowned, and I watched as she used chopsticks to eat.

Fuck, that looked good. Sushi, tempura shrimp, a green salad, sashimi, rice, and teriyaki chicken. Ravenwood offers some tasty lunch options compared to a public school, but it looked nothing like that. I don’t know which was more tempting: the food or her lips. “Did you want some?” she asked, nudging the bento box in my direction. “It does look good. But I ate,” I assured her. She rolled her eyes, picked up a piece of sushi expertly with the chopsticks, and held it out to me.

“Try it. I made it myself,” she insisted. Did she make all that? No wonder Elijah was drawn to her. He’s the one of us that enjoys cooking.

I licked my lips, leaning forward to take the sushi, but Riko pulled it back just enough to keep it out of reach. “After you tell me which one you are. I know you aren’t Forrest since he wears the orange bag and is a goofy artist. You’re the one from my homeroom with the black bag and serious vibe. So which Frost are you?” she asked.

“Leveraging food to get answers? Devious of you, sweetheart,” I smirked. “Glad you approve. Now, who are you?” she asked. “I’m Darius,” I

stated and leaned forward, taking the sushi from the chopsticks before she could pull it away again. She laughed, and now I want to make her laugh more. I noticed her eyes look behind me before she quickly leaned back into her chair and looked at her lunch. Furrowing my brow and glanced over my shoulder. Great. Jane is coming outside. Did you save what I don't want to deal with. And based on Riko's reaction, she isn't thrilled either.

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