

The Princes of Ravenwood

Chapter 7

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How did things end up like this? I had every intention of just quietly finishing my senior year. Sure, ice garnered attention at each new school

I've attended over the years. But nothing like this. It makes me wish the Frost brothers had just left me alone.

If they had, Jane and her friends would leave me alone.

But it just seems every interaction with one of the brothers escalated their aggression

towards me. They were culminating with an attack on me as I was heading for my bus. It's ridiculous. I didn't do anything wrong.

Okay, so maybe Jane could be mad about my lunch with Darius. I'll admit feeding him wasn't innocent. But it still isn't a good reason for them to

shove me, steal my bag, and continue to push me around as they encircled me.

They were looking for a fight. And I had enough and gave it to them. It was when that teacher stepped in, I considered I had made the wrong choice.

And once again, the Frost brothers got involved defending me. It was rather strange watching them manipulate the situation, and that teacher let me off with just the warning.

As grateful as I did not have to go to the principal and have my dad called, I was uneasy at how they decided to have me ride home with them.

But as much as I wanted to protest, hearing that one of those girls was on my bus shut me up. I didn't want to deal with that on the ride home

or, worse, Jane and her friends to know where I lived.

They'd make my life hell.

Though how that all ended with me sandwiched on the back seat of their Mercedes SUV, don't even get me started on how elitist rich kid is

between Elijah and Forrest, I'm not sure.

"You realize there's a front seat, right? Maybe one of you or I should sit in it," I suggested using my elbows to try and make room. It may be a

luxury SUV, and maybe if it were just the two of them or me and one of them sitting back here would be comfortable.

As neither seemed even phased by my elbows, I folded my arms and frowned. "Awe, she's even cute when she pouts," Forrest teased on my

right, poking my cheek. I narrowed my eyes up at him.

"Stop that, Forrest. Lord, how do people not realize which one you are? Your personality screams goofball," I rolled my eyes. On my left, Elijah

softly chuckled. "She's got you pegged, little brother," he smiled.

"I didn't realize Forrest liked to be pegged. I don't think I'm into that," I watched wouldn't have. I shouldn't have made a sexual comment. Not in this car with these three men.

I tried desperately not to blush, but I knew I was., I could feel my cheeks burning. "Oh damn. Someone's got a dirty mind," Darius taunted from the front seat.

Looking up, I made eye contact with him in the rearview mirror, and those ice-blue eyes had darkened, becoming more intense. I found myself shifting slightly, pressing my thighs together, trying to alleviate this growing need I felt.

I glanced to my left and right and realized all three of them looked at me with the same eyes. Crap! It was bad enough that one of them was looking at me like that.

"Well, it's a good thing that's not something any of us are into either. But now I wonder what you do like," Elijah questioned. His hot breath against my ear sent a shiver through me.

"I... we aren't discussing that," I shook my head. Getting into a conversation about sex with even one of them sounded dangerous, so it was probably the worst idea possible with all three.

And now my virgin brain is going to implode as the thought of all three of them kissing and touching me crossed my mind, wondering if they kiss differently.

Would each brother's touches feel different? Would I even be able to know which was touching me where? Yep, my brain is getting overloaded, and all they've done is look at me and ask what I like.

"You alright?" Elijah questioned, turning my head to make me look at him. And crap, there's a legit concern in those eyes of his. "I'm... I'm fine," I tried to assure.

"You don't sound or look fine," Forrest frowned, turning my head in his direction now. "I'm just. Can we not have this conversation? Darius, are we near my bus stop? I'd like to get out of the car," I asked.

"A couple more blocks, sweetheart. Just relax, okay. No one's going to make you answer questions you don't want to or do anything you don't want to," Darius assured.

"Guys, give her some space," he instructed. And surprisingly, they did. Elijah and Forrest both shifted to lean against the doors giving me some much-needed breathing room.

I smiled softly. At least the brothers aren't bad guys. Just a bit much at times, especially together. I could see the bus stop up ahead and felt conflicted.

Part of me couldn't wait to get out of this car and put much-needed distance between myself and the triplets. The other part wanted anything but space from these men. "A Frost always keeps their word," Darius said, pulling to a stop.

"Thanks for the ride," I nodded, making sure I had everything. "Anytime, sweetheart," Darius winked at me in the rearview mirror.

"We owed you anyway. If none of us had reacted or shown interest in you, they wouldn't have bothered you," Elijah sighed.

"So, what we mean is we're sorry for the trouble. But we also don't plan just to stay away from you, Riko," Forrest added, getting out to let me slide out.

"Um...okay. Apology accepted, I guess. Bye Darius, Elijah, and Forrest," I nodded to them, quickly getting out and heading for our rental house.

I didn't dare look back as much as I wanted to. Looking back would mean I'm interested in one or all the brothers. And I am not ready to consider that. Just the thought of being interested in one of them was dangerous.

Jane and her friends were already against me. And I've heard whispers around the school. The brothers were the most wanted guys there. I'm not sure I want to make every girl in school hate me.

"Sweetheart, that you?" my dad's voice called when I shut the front door. I cringed as he called me sweetheart.

Darius had called me that multiple times today, and suddenly, it had a new meaning.

"Yes, papa!" I called out as I removed my shoes. "You're home ten minutes late. Why?" he asked, coming out of his office still in uniform.

Crap. He's a stickler about time. "Sorry, sir. I missed my bus," I sighed. It wasn't exactly a lie.

"And how did you get home then?" he questioned, giving me a look that makes recruits shake in their boots. My back straightened, and I tried

to think about how to answer without causing trouble.

"Some classmates were nice enough to drop me off at the bus stop," I replied. It wasn't a lie. The brothers are my classmates.

My father came closer, inspecting me. "Classmates? Making friends already?" he asked before smiling. "That's good," he hugged me.

"You're always all standoffish for the first months at a new school. I'm glad you've made friends. Now go change and come help me make dinner," he said, letting me go.

"Um... thanks, dad. I'll be right down. Don't burn anything," I teased before hurrying upstairs to my room. I can only hope he doesn't ask about who drove me home. He would lose it if he heard about the triplets.

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