

Chapter 13 – Riko

I cannot believe Forrest! Every warning my dad has ever given me about boys flashed through my mind. Rationally I knew I should have shoved his hand away when he started to go under my skirt. Yet I didn't.

I didn't try to move his hand or stop him till he moved to touch between my legs. And well, I only stopped him then because we were in class. I could barely keep it together when he was feeling my leg. I don't think I'd have managed if he touched me there.

These boys brought out something in me I didn't know was there. I was glad he at least stopped when I told him to. He respected my boundaries, and I can only think so would his brothers. He said they would, which was so weird. How could each of them seem so okay with this?

It's not normal. I may not have experience with boys, but I know this situation isn't normal. It's strange that none of them get jealous, just now when Darius pulled me to him and snuck a kiss against my temple. Forrest didn't bat an eyelash. And Darius said nothing when Forrest kissed my cheek.

These boys were going to be the death of me. I chewed my bottom lip as I glanced around and noticed others watching, judging me. I doubt they were passing judgment on the brothers.

Typical. No one thinks to consider the guy's actions, just the girls. We're expected to be these chaste demure creatures. [4](#)

“Ignore them. Now where to, sweetheart?” Darius pulled me from my thoughts, hugging me into his side. “Hmm?” I blinked. “What's your next class? We didn't go all stalker and learn your schedule yet,” he repeated.



"Oh right. English," I answered. "Come on then. I wouldn't want you to be late," he nudged me forward. "Why are you guys doing this?" I asked.

"Doing what?" he cocked his head, glancing down at me as we navigated the halls. The fluorescent lights were hitting his light blonde hair in such a way it shined, creating this almost halo effect. But I knew better than to consider any of them are angels.

"This. All of it. It doesn't make sense. You met me yesterday, and suddenly all three of you have set your sights on me. Why? And why are you all walking me to classes? Stealing kisses? Teasing me?" I explained, though; I said the last part quietly as I blushed, thinking of Forrest's fingers brushing against my panties. I was probably going to be thinking about his touch later in my bedroom.

"Teasing?" he raised an eyebrow, stopping just shy of my English class and gently pinning me between his body and the lockers. "What exactly did my brothers do during their classes with you?" he whispered, leaning in close.

I blinked, startled as I felt the cold metal of the locker against my back. Was he jealous? His icy eyes had gone dark. Maybe it was. I blushed, not sure I could even repeat it. "Tell me, sweetheart. I want details," he whispered.

"Are...are you jealous?" I asked, my voice barely a whisper. He smirked, leaning closer, mere inches separating us. I felt my breath hitched as his lips brushed my ear.

"I'm not jealous, sweetheart. I want to know what happened from your lips. I want to see your reaction. Not just you telling me but remembering it. When you blush, and your eyes darken with desire. You squeeze those thighs in need. It is the fucking hottest thing I've ever seen," his deep

voice whispered at my ear before losing just below my earlobe. 

I closed my eyes and suppressed a moan. "Darius..." I said breathlessly, not even recognizing my voice. "That's another thing that's got all three of us panting for you. You always know which of us is which," he said, kissing down my neck.

"Mr. Frost! That will be quite enough. The last bell has rung. Get to your class and allow Riko to get to hers," Ms. Riley interrupted. I went as stiff as a board.

Crap. He had me so out of it I forgot all about where we are. Damn these boys. "S... sorry, Ms. Riley," I managed to say, sure I was the same shade as a tomato.

I ducked under Darius's arm, unable to make eye contact with my teacher. "Elijah will be here to walk you to your next class," Darius said. "Bye, sweetheart. Bye, Miss Riley," he winked before heading to whatever his next class was. I hurried into the room and found my seat.

I knew people were whispering about me. I ducked my head and slumped on my chair, trying to hide behind my book. Thankfully Ms. Riley didn't say anything and called the class back to attention and started the lesson.

"Hey..." the guy behind me whispered, trying to get my attention. I ignored him, but he started poking me. "What?" I asked, keeping my voice down but not masking my annoyance. "It true?" he asked.

I groaned, rolling my eyes. I don't need this shit. "I don't know what you want to ask and don't care. So, shut up and leave me alone," I answered in no mood.

"Come on. I just want to know if you fuck all three Frost boys in the

school parking lot. And, if maybe you'd want to hook up after school," he asked, snickering.

I straightened you and, without a first thought, turned around and slapped him. "Kuso yarō!" I cursed, calling him a bastard in Japanese. "Miss Shiraishi! Mr. Jones!" Ms. Riley shouted.

"What is going on?" she demanded. "I don't know, ma'am. She just suddenly attacked me," he said, rubbing his face.

"Liar. He said some nasty and offensive things, including trying to proposition me. I don't care if I'm in trouble for standing up for myself. Suppose you only send me to the principal's office. In that case, you can deal with my father's wraith for allowing sexual harassment in your supposedly prestigious school," I said, getting my things.

"Both of you to the principal's office," she said, pointing to the door. "You'll regret this, bitch," he grumbled as he followed me out of the classroom.

"Fuck you. You deserved that slap and so much more," I glared at him walking on the opposite side of the hallway.

"I asked a simple question, and you assaulted me. The principal's going to take my side. You're just the new girl and a slut, unless the spare Princess paid you, and then you're a whore," he sneered.

I hate this school and the asshole students that go here. The brothers and Cassidy were the only bright spots.

"Riko?" Cassidy questioned, coming out of the bathroom. "Brant," she sneered at Jones. "Hey Cass, miss me?" he winked. Ugh revolting. "Like I would miss having a flesh-eating disease," she rolled her eyes falling

into step with me.

"What's going on?" she asked in a whisper. "That kuso yarō, bastard, asked if I slept with the triplets in the parking lot then propositioned me during English. So, I slapped him. Now we're both going to the principal. And he's lucky I don't kick his ass for calling me the brothers' slut or whore," I answered, not bothering to whisper.

Cassidy gasped. "You pig!" she shouted at Brant. "Whatever. You realize your feminist bullshit is why we didn't date long," Brant rolled his eyes. "Thank God. It took me a week to realize he was a pig," she rolled her eyes.

"I'm guessing the princes don't know about this," she whispered to me. I shook my head. "Darius said Elijah would be walking me from English to my next class. But well..." I shrugged. Cassidy frowned.

"Do you know what class he's in?" she asked. I shook my head again. "Not like it matters. I'm the daughter of an air force general. I can stand up for myself," I assured.

"Of course. But if Elijah goes to your class and you're not there..." she frowned. "Don't you like hate those guys?" Brant interrupted. Cassidy ignored him, flipping him off.

"You're right. Elijah will get worried and sometimes bound to tell him," I sighed. I dug out my phone and saw a few missed texts—some from before they cornered me in that empty room.

Then a running commentary between the brothers as they plotted out who would walk me between what class. Elijah got into an argument with Jane after study hall.

And I turned bright red as Forrest wrote in graphic detail what happened

Commented [Ma1]:

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in Physics from his point of view.

"Oh my God," I whispered. "What's wrong?" Cassidy asked, trying to peer at my phone. I quickly pressed it to my chest so she couldn't read the texts that had gotten dirty.

"The brothers have a group text they added me to. I think. Um, I think they forgot I'm in it cause they have been talking about private things," I explained.

"Okay. Well, text them quickly before you get to the office. I gotta head back," she said, hugging me. She flipped Brant off again then left. I took a breath and decided just to tell them.

Riko: um, you guys do remember I'm in this chat? Forrest, I'm going to flog you when I see you telling your brothers that, let alone in a text message.

Darius: Everything okay? Riley interrupted before you could tell me what he did. You'll need to tell us your side of the story.

Elijah: You okay, cupcake? Your texting in class?

Forrest: Sorry beautiful. But we don't do secrets. And, of course, we know this is the group chat with you. Transparency and all. What's up?

Riko: um, I'm going to the principal's office for slapping Brant Jones after he asked if I had sex with all of you yesterday, followed by propositioning me. *barf*

Darius: he's dead

Elijah: I'm going to throw fastballs at his testicles

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Forrest: not if I don't get to him first, he's in my next class

Riko: STOP IT, all of you. None of you will do anything. At least not violent. I can defend myself. I don't want everything thinking I need you to fight my battles. Now behave. I'm going into the office directly.

I put my phone away with a sigh. "Tell your boyfriends you're a bad girl? They're going to give you some kinky punishment later?" Brant taunted.

"If I didn't want to get expelled, I would break your arm and have you screaming for mercy on the floor," I glared before going into the office.

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