

The Princes of Ravenwood

Chapter 6

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“That is just so not fair,” I grumbled as I got my stuff from my locker. “You’re so dramatic, little brother,” Darius rolled his eyes from his locker to my left.

“No, I agree with Forrest. So not fair. You got to have a full conversation with her, eat lunch together. Fuck she fed you. It’s bullshit. You are swapping lunch periods with one of us tomorrow,” Elijah chimed in from my right.

“Whatever,” he rolled his eyes. “Just keep in mind she will know the difference,” he added, shutting his locker.

“We know that. That’s why we like Riko. Granted, it is fun to fool people. But it would be nice to be acknowledged as individuals,” I pointed out.

My brothers both raised an eyebrow at me.

“What? I can have a coherent and deep thought. I’m not always joking,” I grumbled, rolling my eyes. “We know, baby brother. It’s just not often

you do,” Darius taunted, patting my shoulder. “Let’s head home. We can discuss this more later,” Elijah sighed.

The beginning and end of the school day were the only time the three of us were together. I couldn’t help wondering where Riko’s locker was.

Would we run into her in the parking lot? Or did she ride the bus?

It was strange that she was the focus of my thoughts, and I barely knew her. Thinking about her did help me ignore how people looked at the three of us as we walked side by side. You'd think they'd be over it by now. But no, we are still some abnormality or whatever.

Granted, today, much of the looks were confusion and anger. Jane and her pals were, of course, giving us the death glare. Lance and his friends didn't look thrilled either.

Not that I care. Darius did the same thing any of us would have. Lance and others like him needed to be taught a lesson about not touching people. Stupid fuck. Sexual harassment is no joke.

As we headed out the main doors, I raised an eyebrow at a crowd that had gathered. Nodding to my brothers, we headed in that direction to see what was going on. As we got closer, we saw what was going on.

Jane and her trio of airheads were throwing Riko's bag back and forth, using the fact they are taller to play an unnecessary game of monkey in the middle. "Have I mentioned I don't like your ex?" I asked.

"Not in the last twenty minutes. A new record," Darius grumbled. "So, do we get involved? This isn't like Lance. We can't just hit a girl. Mom would kill us," Elijah questioned, looking as displeased with this as we were.

“True. Too bad none of our cousins go here. I bet you money if Reese was here, she’d knock them all out,” I chuckled, thinking of our cousin Reese who lives in Brooklyn with our mother’s twin brother, his second wife, and her twin brother Clay. “Reese could beat up the football team. These girls she’d have to tie both hands behind her back to make it a fair fight,” Darius snickered. “We should do something, though,” Elijah commented. “Um, I don’t think that’s necessary,” I said, watching Riko. “What do you mean?” he asked. I nodded to Riko just as she kicked Jane in the gut and took her bag, swinging the bag to knock one of Jane’s pals away. “Leave me the fuck alone, you plastic bitches,” Riko glared at the other two. As if somehow finally sensing the fight, a couple of teachers rushed forward, helping Jane and her friend up. “What is going on here?” Miss Pethel asked. “She kicked me in the stomach and hit Katie with her bag,” Jane cried her crocodile tears. “Is that true?” Pethel asked, looking at Riko. “Yes. They stole my bag from me and started shoving me. So, I defended myself,” Riko sighed, fixing her clothes and slipping her bag over her shoulders. “Well, I think this might be something we ought to discuss with the principal,” Pethel said. Riko’s deep brown eyes went wide. “Will that be necessary?” Riko asked, frowning. Jane looked smug.

“I don’t think it will be,” I called out, pushing forward. The crowd quickly parted as my brothers followed me. Okay, so taking the lead like this was not my usual. But I wasn’t going just to let Riko get in trouble because of Jane.

“Mr. Frost... er Mr. Frosts,” Pethel blinked, realizing all three of us were standing there. “We and everyone here witnessed what happened.

Jane and her three friends attacked Riko first,” I said, gesturing to the crowd.

“Under Massachusetts law, if a person is attacked or reasonably believes that they are about to be attacked, they have a right to defend themselves. However, they are obligated to take reasonable steps, if available, to avoid physical combat before resorting to force,” Darius spoke up.

“Riko was surrounded and being shoved, given no way to retreat or avoid the confrontation. So legally, she had all rights to defend herself. And the school charter only pertains to incidents that result in blood drawing when it comes to violence on school property. And clearly, none of them are bleeding,” Elijah nodded.

Jane and her cohorts suddenly looked worried. Their false tears and game of playing the victim were over. “She deserves to be punished,” Jane challenged.

“Miss Pethel, you've worked at this school long enough to know when someone's bullshitting you. You've always been a very insightful

woman," I started giving my most charming Frost smile. Hey, if it can get dad out of trouble with mom or sway a jury, then it should work on a teacher.

"And this is Riko's first day here. You wouldn't want to mar that with an unnecessary trip to see Principal Walters, especially after the dismissal bell. We both know he doesn't like staying late," I smile, discreetly gesturing for Riko to come closer.

"And to ensure that nothing else occurs if Riko is on the same bus as her bullies, my brothers and I will take her home," I added. Riko moved closer to my brothers and me, though she looked unsure about it.

Miss Pethel's shoulders relaxed, and I knew we won. "You can't honestly buy that load of crap. They're manipulating you," Jane snapped.

"We're just honest. We aren't the one that started a fight then fake cried as soon as a teacher appeared," Darius pointed out.

"Miss Burns, that will be enough. Your shenanigans have delayed dismissal and therefore delayed the buses.

Everyone get on your assigned bus or to your vehicle if you drive to school. Any further outbursts today or going forward, all parties will be dealt with harshly by the principal."

Pethel announced. Students scattered quickly, not wanting to be in trouble.

"Come on, Riko. Our car's this way," I said, taking her hand. "That's not necessary, Forrest. I can ride the bus," she tried to protest. I couldn't

help smiling that she remembered which one I was. "What bus do you ride?" Elijah asked.

"Bus 25," she said, having to think for a moment. We all shook our heads. "No," Darius started. "Excuse me? You three do know you don't get

to tell me what to do," Riko scoffed, narrowing her eyes.

"That's Jane and her number one sidekick's bus," Elijah sighed. "Oh..." she frowned. At least she realized we were doing this for her benefit.

"Fine. But only today. And none of you are getting out of the car. Better yet, you just drop me off at the bus stop, and I'll walk to my house," Riko agreed, giving her terms.

"Don't want us to know where you live, sweetheart?"

Darius teased. "Yes. Also, I don't want to explain to my dad why three hot guys drove me home," she answered but blushed, covering her mouth with her free hand.

She didn't mean to call us hot, at least not aloud. "So, we're hot? Good to know," Elijah smiled. "Come on. We won't get you in trouble with your dad," I assured as we headed to our car.

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