



BLACK FROST ACADEMY

TATUM RAYNE

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*No matter how many times I fall,
I get back up and smile.
My strength isn't just my personality.
It's knowing what the best thing for me is.
I break, I cry, I pray.
But I will always get up and face my demons.
I know what I bring to my table.
Do you?*

-Bo Walker

CHAPTER ONE

This is a derelict shithole.

How anyone can work out of here is amazing. Potent ammonia wafts from piss stains in the carpet, mingling with other undesirable blemishes I'd rather not think about. A small stream of sunlight breaks through the yellowed curtains at the window. The whiney voice in the background grates on my last nerve. Sitting here for hours, listening to it, would piss you off too. I tune out the social worker's conversation with my aunt. Vaguely, I hear her talking about how concerned she is for my mental health, and how unstable and dangerous I am. I've seen many professionals and they all concluded I act irrationally, and that I should attend anger management sessions to curb my temper. But the thing is, if people would just let me be, I wouldn't lose my shit and deck someone. All I want is to be left alone.

My time here is going to be a struggle, maybe it's because of the way I talk. People say the clothes I wear support my antisocial persona. Why others think it's acceptable to judge someone based on their appearance, I'll never know. But I will stay true to myself with the ripped jeans and black tank top that's always my go-to. My platinum blonde hair is usually high up on my head in a messy bun, a ponytail or a sleek bun. Today I'm rocking the messy bun but my favorite non-negotiable thing is the thick dark eyes from the eyeliner that has me looking possessed.

I don't fit, even the guy in the drive-thru gave me a funny look as I tried to order chips earlier, he stared at me like I was talking another language. I am a bad-tempered British woman who swears more than a sailor, who's now moving in with my aunt, who I haven't met before and lives thousands of miles away from everything and everyone I've ever known. What could go

wrong?

The pair of women glance at me for a split second then my aunt snatches the chewed up black pen out of the social workers hand and scribbles her signature on the paperwork she had given her to read through earlier. Watching the woman I'm going to be living with has me in a state of all consuming anxiety. What is she planning on doing with me? Will we get on? Will she try to control me? I snort softly, fat chance.

"It's time for us to go," my aunt snaps.

I stare at the woman in front of me. We have the same silvery platinum hair, so light that when the sun hits the strands, it bleaches it of all its color, turning it white. Her eyes are a shade darker than my light green one's, but that's where the similarities end. Her outfit oozes wealth with the pressed immaculate white jumper and the beige pants that look like they belong to a suit. A tasteful, delicate, shiny necklace adorns her neck. I would guess they're diamonds, although I'm no expert. Hooked over her arm is the Bentley of all bags, a tan colored Birkin. I might not know jewelry, but I know bags. I used to see the rich folk in Chelsea on the TV show I watched, gush over the fact they owned one of them. So, I know her outfit cost more than a year's worth of rent back home.

Standing, I look at the social worker who has a pleading look on her face as she stares back at me. She knows how temperamental I am, and she's probably worried I'll boomerang my way back to her doorstep before the month is out. Can't say I blame her; I will try to be on my best behaviour, but I'm not known for getting on with people very well. The click of my aunt Cassandra's heels, has me grinding my teeth as we exit the building into the cool afternoon air. A shiver runs through me as I wrap my jacket tighter around myself trying to fight off the cold the best I can. How can women wear those torture devices? A sleek black car pulls up at the side of the road and a man in a penguin suit opens the door for her to slide in. She has a fucking chauffeur. What the hell?

The guy looks at me, while my aunt climbs in and huffs in exasperation as I stand frozen on the sidewalk gawking at the flashy town car. He eyes me up and down, before his brows drop into a frown. Yeah, yeah, I know I'm not worthy but c'mon man, I haven't got into the car yet, and she has a damn chauffeur. This shit is crazy.

I climb in, with less grace than her majesty. The door slams closed behind me and seconds later the guy is jumping behind the wheel and pulling out

into traffic. Huge looming buildings line the street, it's like living in a fishbowl. I'm surprised they don't block out all the light.

Turning in my seat to look out of the back window, I watch as the little innocent building we left shrinks into the distance. You wouldn't think that inside, is a cesspool waiting to infect someone. It fits perfectly within the street of sharp edges and perfect lines. People dressed up to the nines, in suits and sundresses scurry along the street, most of the women have someone following them looking like a pack mule with the number of bags they are carrying. I snort at the ridiculousness of it all.

"You're starting school next week, so I want you on your best behavior. You will be at the campus, Monday to Friday. Then possibly at home on the weekend or you can stay on campus if you choose too." Spluttering at her words, I fight to swallow down my saliva as I stare wide eyed.

"What are you on about?" Narrowing her eyes at me, she berates, "You will really have to learn to speak properly, Bo, we have an example to uphold."

"What? I talk properly. It's not my fault I grew up in the sticks, as some people call it, and in a shitty, old flat." How dare she tell me to speak properly. God, what a stuck-up bitch!

She doesn't bother to respond to my comment. Her false nails click on the screen of her phone as she becomes engrossed in whatever is going on there. Apparently, our *conversation* is complete. The silence in the car is only disturbed by my aunt's abrupt conversations on her phone. She doesn't spare me a glance, a kind word or any reassurance.

The car turns left and crawls toward a massive set of gates. A uniformed guard leans out of the window from a tiny shed-like structure. My jaw drops as the sprawling mansions peek out from behind the gates. They swing open as the driver moves forward, my eyes widen to take in the massive grounds between each building. Acres, if I'm not mistaken. The mansions turn into castles the further down the road we drive. Downton Abbey eat your heart out; this is where the rich and famous reside. My brain is struggling to reconcile what I see in front of me, with the concrete jungle that was my childhood. Don't get me wrong, we had fields to mess around in, but our houses didn't have gardens. They had little concrete yards, and your neighbor was so close you could knock on the window just by leaning over the wall. Being so lost in my own thoughts, I didn't realize that the road was becoming a hill as the car makes its way up. I spot three houses near the top; the one

furthest down the hill, has a long driveway and I am surprised when the car turns down toward it.

The house is a huge white mansion modernized by glass walls and balconies, it has the expensive modern-living vibe to go with it. The driveway is dominated by a monstrosity of a water feature, which has me fighting a chuckle. The car slows to a stop, and the chauffeur jumps out, whilst a matching penguin suit dude opens my door. My aunt gets out in an exaggerated way, flashing a whole load of leg. Making the drivers cheeks tinge red, I cover my mouth to dim the snort. The driver narrows his eyes at me as I slide out of the car with a wink. I grin at him, which seems to annoy him even more. He definitely has a stick up his arse. An older guy in another suit stands holding the door, offering me the granddaddy of all glares. *Who pissed in his Weetabix?*

"Your aunt has things to do. You need to be ready for dinner at eight," he spits at me as he turns on his heel and walks away.

"Nice to meet you too, Peabody," I shout at his retreating back. I'm going to have so much fun here. Everyone is so damn welcoming! My snort echoes around the grand hallway that is pristine, with white walls and marble floors. I grind my heel into the ground and smirk as all the mud and shit falls onto the floor. A scream fills the air. As I spin, a woman who looks to be in her mid-forty's stares at the mess by my feet with the same expression I'd wear if I'd discovered a dead body. Seriously, have I entered an alternate universe or something?

"Miss, what are you doing?" the crazy lady screeches as she shuffles to the wall under the stairs.

My eyes widen as she pushes on it and a door opens up. What the hell? I'm confused, but also mesmerized as she pulls out a dustpan and brush. She scurries over, shooing me out of the way, and sweeps it up. I'm pretty sure I lose my eyebrows in my hairline, as I watch it go from filthy to pristine in seconds. The lady huffs and puffs while throwing daggers at me over her shoulder, causing a smirk to tip the edge of my lips.

"Who are you?" she spits between her teeth. "Bo Walker," I spit back at the woman. Her eyes widen and a huge smile breaks out across her face as she climbs to her feet. Shuffling forward, she pulls me into a hug while patting the top of my head. My skin itches as she holds onto me like a damn life raft. Jesus, what's with these people? Some run before they see me, now this woman is clinging to me? I try to wiggle out of her hold without

knocking her on her ass, but she wobbles slightly as I manage to get free. She beams at me, which has another round of fire ants doing the conga under my skin.

"This way, Miss. I'll show you to your room." She beams as she makes her way toward the stairs.

You know in a horror movie, when you're begging the idiot that is about to die, to run like Lucifer himself is chasing them? Yeah, well, I have that same feeling which is making me want to run my arse to the nearest airport and go home. The way the walls and floors gleam have unease sitting in my gut. C'mon, man, I've never seen anything like this back home. I need to bleach myself so it's not disrespectful for me to walk across the floor. My limbs feel like lead as I follow the woman up the stairs. She looks to be in her mid-forties, but she walks like an elderly woman who looks unstable on their feet. Concern fills me as I watch her take each step with a sway, and I plot what I would do if she fell. Each scenario results in some sort of disaster, so with a silent prayer to God, I pray that she stays upright and doesn't test any of them out. We swing a right at the top of the stairs and make our way along the massive hallway. Expensive pictures of art, as some people call it, line the walls. People with money buy weird shit, take the white framed ugly as sin painting on my left. She probably paid thousands to have a picture of a beetle taking a crap on her walls, well that's what it looks like to me anyway.

"Here we are, Miss Walker," the woman mutters as she flicks her wrist toward a door. Dread fills me and I don't know why, maybe because we are in some random weirdo's house? The woman opens the door with a flourish, grinning from ear to ear. Taking a deep breath and closing my eyes, I step through the door. I really don't want to open them. Blowing out a breath, I crack open an eye and really wish I could close it again and unsee the horror before me.

"What do you think, miss?" The woman squeals with excitement.

"Um," I manage to say, her excitement is palpable making me feel like I'm about to kick a puppy. My mouth opens and closes like a fish out of water, horror fills me as I pivot three hundred and sixty degrees to take in the room. What. The. Ever. Loving. Care Bears. Fuck? I can't find anything to focus on as my eyeballs are assaulted with multiple shades of pink and glitter covering every damn surface. It looks like a unicorn had the shits in here. There's so much pink, every conceivable shade of the ugly color. I rub my temples trying to stave off the building migraine. The woman clasps her

hands in front of her stomach and grins.

"It's um," I huff, not really knowing what to say.

I scan the area again and then move down to my boots and ripped jeans with my fishnet's peeking through. A guilty twang pulls at my heart as the happiness slips off the woman's face. She takes a good look at the clothes I'm wearing. "If you don't like it, miss. We can change it."

"It's not really me, if I'm being honest." I mentally slap myself for being a snark.

Laughter cracks out around the room, as the woman's shoulders shake whilst she laughs at my face. I don't know what surprises me more, the fact she's cackling like this is the funniest thing she has heard in a long time, or the sadness that fills me from seeing her so happy and carefree. If the butler is anything to go by this must be the worst environment ever to work. Her laughter is infectious as tears stream down her face, a small smile tugs at the edge of my lips. Then the guilt hits me full force, stamping out the little bit of happiness as I remember my parents are no longer with me and I'm alone. I feel the tears build in my eyes as I try to stamp down the feeling, to not show any emotions in front of this stranger.

"Oh, honey." She quickly stops laughing and grabs my arm to stop me from turning away.

"I'm so sorry for laughing. It's just refreshing to have someone in the house who isn't afraid to speak their mind," she mumbles. "I am so sorry for your loss, my dear." I try my best to put on a smile to stop the pitying look that shines in her eyes. I huff out a breath of annoyance and compose myself the best I can, I smile slightly, pretty sure I'm just baring my teeth, but thankfully, she doesn't mention it.

"Your right, it isn't you," she mutters.

She looks me over in detail and smiles like she's actually seeing me for the first time. My shoulders relax, and the tension eases in my neck. Her eyes are so friendly, like she isn't repulsed by my mere presence here at all, and I find myself warming up to her.

"Sorry, what's your name?" I ask.

"You can call me Ms. Janette." She smiles wider at me.

"Thank you, Ms. Janette." She glances at her watch.

"Oh my." Her eyes dart to mine with a panicked expression. She moves around the room like she's looking for something.

"What's the matter?" I ask her.

"Its seven forty-five, my dear."

Dread fills me as her words sink in. Fuck my life, its feeding time at the zoo.

Bo

CHAPTER TWO

Classical music fills the house as I watch my aunt flit about the room, like her feet don't touch the ground. Horrified by my choice of outfit, she chastises me like a small child and ushers me back up to my room. Digging through my wardrobe, she throws a dress onto my bed while commanding '*I make myself presentable*'. Hence the reason I'm standing here, trying my hardest to pull up the front of my dress to cover my boobs, that are seconds away from making a bid for freedom. The dress is a blood red, skintight thing, that has me feeling like a lamb being led to the slaughter or the main attraction in some convoluted Pornhub movie – take your pick. One of the waiter's dashes past me, luckily, he doesn't notice the glass of champagne I swipe off his tray. Scanning the room, my eyes meet a few of the old gits staring at me with lust.

I shudder in revulsion—dirty bastards! With my head held high, I march through the room, trying not to break a damn ankle in these dumbass shoes as I make it to the glass doors. Looking over my shoulder to make sure I haven't been spotted, I step outside. My breath clouds in front of me as the cool night air skates over my flesh like a cleansing balm to the creepy old men. Dropping my ass in one of several plush chairs arranged around a glass table, I yank at each of the straps holding my feet in these god-awful things. As soon as my feet are released from the confinement of the things and the coldness from the flagstones hits my soles, it helps to relieve the ache that has been building, the relief has me moaning at the feeling.

"Well, I didn't know someone would be that happy to see me," a deep rumbling voice says from the darkness. I squint into the shadows. My annoyance must be clear on my face as a deep chuckle filters to my irritated

ears.

"Glad I amuse you, fuck-wit." Sarcasm drips from my voice as I glare into the dark shrouded edges. Probably another perverted daddy looking to park his dick in a girl no older than his daughter. Gross.

With a huff, I stand up, turning to make my way further into the garden, so I can avoid the idiot who interrupted my quiet. A hand grabs my wrist and tugs to stop me, my eyes are drawn to the fingers that have a firm hold of me. "What do you think you're doing?" I snarl as my gaze follows the arm all the way up to the shadows.

"As I said, you intrigue me." My breath hitches as the stranger steps into the light, my mouth drying like the Sahara, as my gaze connects with the bluest eyes I have ever seen.

They appear to be glowing. It must be from the light shining through the doors, but I am entranced, helplessly caught in their snare. They are the color and complexity of ice on a glacier after snow. His full lips lift in a cocky smirk as he emerges from the shadows and forces me to take a step back. My eyes drop to his shiny shoes, and rake their way up over his immaculate tuxedo, before landing on his face. Butterflies flutter in my stomach, he is gorgeous. No, seriously, this guy could walk the damn runway, he is that beautiful. My hand falls to my chest to calm my racing heart as I stand next to this sinful being.

"Oh, you do amuse me, but that fire in your eyes has me intrigued." The words rumble out of him, causing a shiver to roll down my spine. I never knew what the authors meant in books when the female character would go weak at the knees for the guy, but honestly, he is giving me serious alpha-hole vibes. Yeah, now I know! My ovaries feel like they are having a welcome party and he's the guest of honor. His smirk erupts into a full-on smile, showcasing pearly whites and letting loose a hint of whisky. Oh, he knows he's sexy, and he likes the effect he has on women. Asshole. Why are all the pretty ones' self-absorbed? I reign in my libido and apologize to my ovaries. Not tonight ladies, not with this guy.

"Go me, I intrigue you. Consider me conquered." My voice cracks out with a whole load of sass. "Now what the fuck do you want?"

"I saw a gorgeous girl sitting outside, away from the party, from all the money like it doesn't mean anything, and just had to get to know her." Ha! Does he actually think this works, that he can charm his way with anything and anyone? I know his type, they're the ones that are so used to getting

everything they want.

"Trust me, buddy, I'm not your type." Turning on my heels, I head back toward the sound of the party. "Everyone is my type, babe," he purrs, stopping me in my tracks. I look over my shoulder to find his gaze fixed on my arse, slowly he slides his eyes up to connect with mine and winks.

"Bo, where are you?" my aunt screeches from inside. A chuckle breaks out between my lips, my seemingly well put together aunt is being tested by me already. I've not even slept in her house yet.

"What's your name?" I ask, as I look over my shoulder.

My eyes widen, as I find myself alone. There isn't any evidence of him ever being here. Huh, we can add mysterious to the list of qualities he was rocking tonight. I take a deep breath and step back into my own version of hell. My aunt is standing in the center of the room looking like she's a second away from popping a blood vessel. Taking a deep breath to compose myself, I start to make my way over. But I don't even make it three steps before hands end up all over me, I growl at the disgusting perverts. Some even whisper disturbing things in my ear about wanting to make me their plaything for tonight, or for a little while if they can sway it to have me for a longer period of time. What the hell do they think this event is? A guy, who I've seen my aunt spend a lot of time talking too tonight, grabs my arse, squeezing it so tight pain radiates up my back as he grins at me with a look of a predator watching its prey in his eyes. My annoyance turns to anger as I snatch his hand and twist it hard, hearing the bones crunch together under my grip, it brings a sick sort of feeling of satisfaction as he yelps.

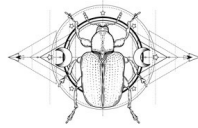
"Do you have a wife?" I ask, in a sickly-sweet voice and bat my eyelashes. He nods, his face turning red from the pain that must be shooting up his arm as I apply more pressure, gasps surround me as the people closest, watch on with a look of horror on their faces.

"Then keep your disgusting, sweaty hands to yourself." I drop his wrist and stalk away, the crowd parting like the Red Sea as they sense my mood. Nobody else approaches me, thankfully. It really doesn't matter if they're rich or poor, they will always try to take liberties.

"Where were you?" My aunt snaps, I look to the old guy hanging off her and my stomach rolls as she grins at him.

"I decided to get some air as I'm not feeling too good. I think it's because it's too crowded in here." She huffs and waves her hand at me. "Fine, straight to bed then. But don't go snooping." The guy whispers something into her ear

that has her giggling like a schoolgirl and blushing. I roll my eyes and begin to make my way through the party, trying not to vomit on the self-obsessed men bragging about how much money they earned today or how they are planning on trading their wives in for younger models. Shaking my head, I go back to the security of my barbie on steroid's room. *Welcome to the lives of the rich arseholes. Give me my tiny flat and a jam sandwich any day.*



I can't believe she talked me into this shit! Why am I having to do this anyway? Nothing makes sense.

How the hell have I gone from living my life in England and deciding what I wanted to do, when I wanted to do it, to attending a stuck-up rich-kid academy? Like what the fuck, man! A car horn blasts through my thoughts as I stroll along the Main Street in town. My feet slam down on the pavement as I try to remember what the hell it is I came for. I scan the shops like a store front is going to provide an epiphany. Instead, I'm met with offers on something called twinkies and chips, not the type I had on Fridays with mum and dad from the chip shop. These are crisps, bacon, chicken, cheese in these huge party packs.

Some of the shops seem interesting, like the music one a couple of streets back which specialized in vintage vinyl. I smirk as I think of the stuff I could buy, to really get under my aunt's skin. Wealth streams down the street like a river; further back you have your colorful jeans and T-shirt shops nestled amongst the knick-knack stores with cafes and sandwich bars, bustling with chatty people. The further away from the laughter I get, the higher the price tags rise. People scurry around like they're on a deadline with false smiles slapped on their faces, and fake laughter trickling from their mouths.

A blood curdling scream fills the air, causing me to jump as my heart lurches. My eyes widen as I realize not a single person has acknowledged the sound when it happens again. I begin running, as the self-obsessed bastards ignore the sound of something happening. Making no move to help or to investigate what is going on. But they pay enough attention to shout at me, as I nearly push a couple over in my haste to find the owner of the scream.

"What's wrong with you?" I snarl at them as I charge past. Trying to

pinpoint where it's coming from when the scream splits the air again. Echoing behind me, I realize in my frenzy to help, I have made it further down the street than I thought. I spin in a circle and retrace my steps back up the street, skidding to a stop outside a dark alley, as a noise catches my attention. I peer into the shadows, when the sunlight catches movement further back, making shadows dance across the wall like a puppet show. Cautiously, I stalk forward to investigate, trying to keep my steps silent, which is a hard task normally, but the alley is littered with waste and broken bottles making it even harder. Slowly I peer around the dumpster finding a sobbing girl about my age, curled up in a ball on the floor with blood dripping from her face. I'm about to ask her if she's ok...

"Fucking trailer-trash, you ruined my Prada!" a high-pitched voice screams at the girl, stopping me from speaking. That's when I see three other girls, dressed to the nines in designer clothes, sneer down at their victim. Two of them are further back as a blonde takes the lead. Whatever look is on her face, has the girl on the floor shaking in terror. She's definitely the usual rich bitch that takes center stage on the TV shows back home. With perfectly styled hair, her clothes pressed to within an inch of their life. They crowd around the poor girl like a pack of hyenas waiting to strip a carcass. A chuckle builds in my throat at the turn in situations, rich people where I'm from, avoid people like us because they know we aren't above cutting a bitch if we have too.

"I didn't do anything!" the girl on the floor screams. Queen rich bitch lashes out with her foot, kicking the girl in the forehead. The girl's head snaps back as she wails louder and clasps a hand over her head. She pulls her shaky palm back with horror etched on her pretty features. Blood spurts from the round puncture wound, left by the six-inch heel.

"Now, now, ladies. Don't tell me it's feeding time at the zoo already?" Sarcasm drips from my voice as I step out of my hiding spot, smiling as four sets of eyes land on me. Three of them throw daggers my way as the girl on the floor, blinks big wet eyes at me. Hope. That's what she's looking at me for. Hope. Fuck. I'm not a knight in shining armor. I can barely look after myself, but this is something I cannot stand.

"Fuck off, tourist. Your kind aren't welcome around here!" the preppy blonde bitch sneers. My hand flies to my mouth as I gasp, like I am horrified at her insult while trying my hardest to hold back the snort which is fighting its way out of my throat.

"My kind. OMG, what do you mean? I'm one of you." I look at the girl on the floor, a smirk tips the edge of my lip as I see the laughter in her eyes. With a quick wink at her, I turn my attention back to the three Barbies. "Can't you tell?" I ask, with a slight curtsy. "Or is it the lack of a stick up my arse that gives me away?"

"You. Little. Whore," one of the girls sneers in my direction. The venom in her voice is cute, and she looks like a pissed off Chihuahua the way her face is pinched. Laughter barks out of me, I bet she owns one of the demonic ankle biters, by the way her upper lip curls back in a growl, it causes another round of laughter from me.

"Listen, hood rat, it doesn't concern you, so move along," the blonde says. I wonder, is she a real blonde or dyed? Taking a step closer to the other two, their spines snap straight as one pops some gum in her mouth, chewing on it noisily with her mouth open. If she opened it any wider, I would be able to examine her tonsils from here. Wow and they think I'm common. The blonde folds her arms and cocks a hip in challenge.

"Get up," I command. My eyes never leave the blondes, as I challenge her with one of my own to see who will break eye-contact first. My words had the desired effect as the girl scrambles to her feet. Her whole-body trembles as she freezes in place, as the other two take a step toward her, making a growl rip out of my throat in warning. I smirk at the little fear that flashes across the ring leader's face as I keep my eyes on her. She manages to stamp it out as she looks me up and down in disgust.

"Stay where you are, trailer park!" *Fuck my life. The high-pitched squeal of this bitch is really starting to grate on me.* Honestly, what is it with these entitled bitches always thinking they are better than everyone else, do they forget they also eat, sleep, and shit the same way we do?

"What's your name?" The poor girl looks about half a second away from peeing her pants. A little fire has returned in her eyes, when I talk to her, but then she shrinks back like she's waiting for the hyenas to tear her to pieces.

"Jade." She stumbles through her words, with wide Bambi eyes. At least the blood dripping from her cuts has slowed. "Hey, Jade, you want to tell me what happened." I press her for answers gently. Underneath, I'm boiling with anger, I fucking hate bullies.

"Well, err..."

"Shut up, you freak!" the blonde bitch screeches once again. Fucking hell, do her parents have to wear ear plugs constantly with this girl! I flick my eyes

to Jade and give a slight lift of my chin to tell her to head out of the alley.

Her eyes widen as she catches my idea, trembling slightly, she slowly steps away from her spot beside me as all three of the clueless bitches have their eyes glued to me. Barbie's hand snaps out, grabbing hold of her arm. Jade stops in her tracks, my eyes narrow at the contact, and I can see the bitch's nails piercing through the skin. My anger snaps as a whimper escapes her from the pain, I grip the blonde's wrist that has hold of Jade and squeeze until I can feel the bones grinding under her flesh. She screams like I've just ripped her arm off, I apply a little more pressure, so she opens her hand and extracts her hideous claws out of the poor girl's arm.

Once Jade is free, she scrambles toward the sunlit street, I'm glad she doesn't look back. Keeping my hold on the bitch, I turn my gaze to her friends who are just about to step in my direction. My eyes narrow further as I growl again in warning. They back off and look at the Queen Bitch with apologetic faces. That's right, bitches, there's a new queen in town. I don't rock Prada, my nails are full of mud, I've never had a manicure, and I take a hard line against bullies. I turn back to the bitch I have in my grasp.

"You seriously are one stuck-up bitch, aren't you?" My tone has lowered. "Why do girls like you think your shit don't stink? Well, sweetie, I'm gonna let you in on a little secret," I whisper as I yank her toward me so are noses nearly touch. "You bleed the same as me." I push her back, not letting go as I throw a punch that connects with her nose.

Instantly, it explodes under the impact making her scream, the sound is echoed as her friends join in. They look at each other and back to the bitch, like they're distraught and care, but also at the same time are too scared to react. I wrap my foot around the back of her ankle as I push her back and tug with my leg. Her arms flap as she drops onto her arse, right onto the dirty ground. She grabs her nose and wails like a baby as blood drips onto her lovely white knitted jumper. Turning on my heels, I snarl at the other two as they run to help their friend.

I make my way back toward the end of the alley whistling '*If you go down to the woods today*' a smile breaks across my face at the whole situation I have found myself in, my aunt is going to be pissed when she finds out. I know she will, because girls like that don't deal with their own shit, they are the ones who press charges. But whatever, it's not like I haven't been arrested before, or threatened to be sent to jail because of my 'out-of-control' behavior. Getting to put a bitch in her place because she thinks she is

better than someone else, just because of how much mummy and daddy earn, is *priceless*. I can still hear the wails of the banshee from the alley. I chuckle, my mood feeling a lot lighter than this morning.

“Thank you.” I’m snapped out of my train of thought by a meek voice, my eyes widen as I notice Jade standing at the end of the alley, like she is waiting for me to emerge.

“No probs,” I say as I start to head down the street. I can’t remember what I need, so I may as well head back to the house. When people thank me for something, it’s like maggots crawling under my skin, setting it on fire, making me itch.

“So, what’s your name?” she asks as she runs to keep up with my long strides. I turn my head to her, lifting a brow. Why is she following me like a stray?

“You want to go for coffee? I owe you for saving my ass back there.” Wow, what sort of people are her friends, if she is thanking a stranger for defending her against a bully.

“I don’t like bullies,” I say, to try and get the point across to her that it wasn’t anything more. She smiles brightly, like I am her favorite person in the whole world, but now I feel uncomfortable at the way she’s looking at me, like I’m her hero.

“Please come for a coffee, it’s the least I can do,” she says again, the pleading undertone has me grinding my teeth. *You know you can’t make friends; it will make it harder when you get your arse kicked out of here. You said yourself, no connections, no ties, just freedom,* my inner voice snarls at me. I know what I said, but the girl is giving me damn puppy dog eyes, and I’m a sucker for a puppy.

“Fine, one drink,” I huff in agreement, as she nods in excitement. She grabs hold of my wrist and drags me down the street to God knows where.

CHAPTER THREE

The reflection staring back at me in the mirror isn't the one I am used to seeing, the one I have seen for the last eighteen years of my life. Normally I pull off a style combo of rock and hippy that's uniquely mine. But standing in this hideous academy uniform is ridiculous. Which old croaks decided this was a good idea? Seriously, college is meant to equal design freedom. In the UK, we were only tortured with a uniform up until the end of high school. The colors of the uniform aren't what has me horrified, it's the uniform itself. Black pumps with heels big enough to kill me, white knee-high socks with a thin blue ribbon, a black, blue and gold tartan pleated skirt to the knee. A crisp white shirt and matching tie, then the holy grail - as my aunt called it - is the black, blue and gold blazer that has Black Frost Academy written across the breast pocket. My hair is thrown up into a bun on the top of my head, loose strands falling around my face. My makeup is the same as always - because you can stick me in any clothing, but I will still be rocking kohl liner and blood red lipstick.

"Oh my, don't you look wonderful," a voice rasps from somewhere behind me. My gaze zeros in on Ms. Janette's smiling reflection in the mirror as she stands in the doorframe with a huge smile on her face, her hands to her chest. *Barf!*

"What is wrong with these people?" I pluck at the tightly pleated skirt with a huff. "Were they born in the 1900's? Who wears pleated skirts?" Ms. Janette bends at the waist and lets free a fit of giggles, like I'm the funniest person alive.

"Oh, sweetie, it's the way of these people," she says as a way of explaining their outdated fashion sense.

“Can I ask for a refund on my ticket? I want to get off the asshole express.” My words send her into another fit of laughter. Narrowing my eyes at the old kook, I yank the tie down, so it doesn’t feel like it’s strangling me.

Spinning away from my ghastly reflection, I take two steps toward my bag before my ankle twists in the skyscrapers and I nearly face plant the floor. With a growl I fling them off my feet and apologize to each sole vowing never again to torture them. Stomping across my room, like a pissed off wild cat, I stuff my feet into my combat boots and sigh a relieved breath at having my favorite shoes on.

“Make sure you take your shoes, sweetie. Your aunt will blow a gasket if she sees them here.” I smile at the maid who has been great since day one of entering this hell hole. She keeps my toiletries stocked, my room tidy, brings me drinks – but the best thing? This woman’s cooking is to die for. I guess she isn’t all that bad to talk to either. She gave me the rundown on my aunt, why she isn’t married, the reason behind all the house parties she throws, why she drapes herself across all the men in the room - whether they are available or not.

“The rest of your belongings will be transported later on today. Don’t forget your aunt expects you home on the weekend,” she says with a lifted brow.

The only good thing that has happened since I’ve been here is - I hardly ever see my aunt, she’s out at the crack of dawn and doesn’t come home until late. So our interactions have been limited. It’s just been me, Ms. Janette and Jenkins. Well that’s what I call him since he won’t acknowledge me other than to bark orders at me occasionally. The only pleasant thing out of his mouth was when he showed me the garage full of cars and told me to *choose* one. Apparently, my aunt thinks us beneath anything as uncouth as public transport. So she demanded I take one to campus, not that I’m complaining. A throat clears, as I remember my audience. Giving a coy smile, I grab my stuff and head down to the hall.

“Have a good day, Miss Walker, your car is out front,” Jenkins says from the bottom of the stairs. I jump and nearly fall down them. He’s like a freakin’ ghost.

“Fucking hell, man, were you a stalker in a past life or something?” He glowers at me, as I smirk back. He was totally a stalker. He has that whole hiding in the darkness thing going on. He grumbles something under his breath as he leaves the hallway. I look up to the top of the stairs finding Ms.

Janette shaking her head at me with a broom in her hand and the beginnings of a smile tilting her lips. I really need to figure out where she hides all that stuff, seriously it's like she can pull them out of nowhere.

"The house will certainly be quieter without you," she states.

"You mean boring. Try not to catch Jenkins' disease before I come back. I promise to keep you entertained on the weekends if you promise to keep that broom out of your arse." She rolls her eyes at me before disappearing off to find non-existent dust. Good luck, lady.

The rumble of a car engine has excitement coursing through my veins. I dash out the front door and let loose a sigh. She is a thing of beauty, waiting for her new mama to take her out for a spin. The sleek black paintwork of the mustang has my veins buzzing. Sunlight glints off the chrome work making me all giddy inside. When I saw this baby in the garage, I thought there was no way in hell I was leaving without it. My aunt waved my choice away with a careless hand and granted me the keys, so I practically screamed the house down in excitement. Now I finally get to drive my dream car, and didn't have to wait to win the lottery or save for a thousand lifetimes to get it.

Gravel crunches under my feet as I round the front of the car, skimming the tips of my fingers over the bonnet. I check my phone and panic hits me when I see the time. *Yeah idiot, piss your aunt off on the first day!* I climb in and put the address into the sat-nav, throwing it into gear before I peel out of the driveway in a cloud of dust and gravel. A *whoop!* escapes me at the power of this car.

The drive doesn't take as long as I thought, luckily the traffic was quiet, so I made it in time. Dread fills me as the gates of the academy swing open. Well here goes nothing. What the hell? I can't believe my eyes as I crawl down the road taking everything in. This isn't your normal academy. This is something you see on the fancy shows at home. It's got the style of a huge old-fashioned mansion-type building. With huge open archways, placed intermittently on the walls, where I can see people walking.

There is a huge grass area to the front with statues lining the walkways and concrete benches. I pull into a spot further into the student parking, my gut clenching as eyes swing around to follow of the car. This is my idea of hell—hordes of stuck-up people. Some younger students are wearing a slightly different uniform. They must be the high schoolers. It's the college students that stand out with the ice blue piping on their blazers. Lucky me - I stand out. Checking my reflection in the mirror, I lick my lips then take a

deep breath to steady my nerves. *Now or never.* I throw myself a cheeky wink in the mirror, then grab my bag from the passenger seat. Just as I'm about to throw my door open, a squeal echoes outside the car, my eyes widen as the door is ripped open and Jade stands there, grinning like a lunatic.

"Oh my God, you never said you were coming here," she squeals again, as I climb out of the car. A shiver dances down my spine. The vultures are watching and waiting to judge the new girl.

"My life has been kind of a whirlwind over the last few weeks," I admit. "I didn't think to ask."

"Don't sweat it, girl, this year just got a whole load better for me, now you're here." She hooks her arm through mine like we are besties. I'm just about to push her off when my mum's voice pops into my head. *'Don't be mean, Bo, you're as friendly as a pissed off alley cat fighting for a meal. Try to make friends and let them see how much of a badass you are.'*

Every damn time that happens I'm hit with so much loss, it nearly puts me on my arse. I can't breathe, my lungs feel like they have given up and don't want to work properly anymore. Murmuring pulls me out of my panic attack and back to the here and now, my senses return and I realize Jade has been talking to me, without realizing I was lost to myself.

"It's going to be so much fun when the gods and wannabes realize you're here," she chatters, like this is the greatest thing ever. But her words leave me confused. What the hell she is on about?

"Gods and wannabes?" I ask whilst frowning. She stops her in her tracks and snorts. In the midst of my meltdown we'd carried on walking, right up to a bunch of trust fund brats. A few of the guys are looking me over... my face is up here, arseholes. Whilst the girls throw death glares my way, I blow a kiss to a preppy girl with her skirt rolled up and boobs ready to burst out of her shirt anytime. She scoffs at me as I wave with a grin, making Jade fall into a fit of laughter.

"I got a feeling you're going to be trouble here, Bo, and I love it," she exclaims on another squeal.

"What am I walking into, Jade?" I ask interrupting her huge monologue.

"Right sorry, I get distracted easily," she explains. A guy walks past, and she tilts her head as she checks out his arse. Easily distracted – noted.

"You got some drool on the side of your mouth." Horrified eyes swing to mine as she frantically wipes the side of her mouth trying to get rid of the drool. A bark of laughter erupts from me as I fall apart at the expression on

her face. I'm laughing so much my stomach hurts.

"Very funny, bitch!" she shouts at me even as her lips twitch trying to fight a smile.

We start walking again, in the direction of what I'm guessing is the main building. Pulling my phone out, I check the time and I'm shocked to see its twenty minutes past the time my aunt said I had to have a meeting with someone called Mrs. Dewhurst.

"Erm, Jade, I'm late to meet Mrs. Dewhurst." I say as my eyes widen.

"Don't worry about it, she would have summoned you over the speaker system if she wanted you." I just stare at her, confused at how casual she's being about this.

"But -"

"Miss. Walker, please report to Mrs. Dewhurst's office in thirty minutes." Echoes around the area. I lock eyes with Jade who just grins with a knowing smile. My body starts to relax now I know I'm not late.

"Told you." She smirks as we continue on our journey, every now and then she tells me about some of the areas on the campus. The main one I listen for is the cafeteria. Food is life - I love to eat. Deprived of it, I'm known to become hangry, and trust me it's not a pretty sight.

A few people grab Jades focus, two guys and a girl. The girl seems like she's your quiet type, with a hoodie on over her blazer and the hood pulled up. The two guys are pretty to look at. One of them keeps flicking his gaze to me and smiling like a girl with their first crush. He's pretty cute in the geeky sort of way. He has glasses but his hair is expensively cut so it's obvious he comes from money. He isn't as built as the guys that play hardcore sports, he's lean - but not skinny. Raucous laughter fills the air, as my eyes are drawn to the front of the building. A huge group of people are blocking the doors, other students head in their direction but then scramble away at the last second.

"That's the gods and the wannabes," Jade whispers in my ear. I turn my head to her and she glares at the group by the door. "You see the four guys in the middle?" she asks. My eyes move back to the group and I spot the four of them instantly holding court in the center of the group surrounded by girls on every side, all of them fighting to get closer to the four.

"Miss. Walker!" a voice barks out of nowhere. "Please report to Mrs. Dewhurst's office immediately." A round of *oh's* ring out behind me, no doubt from Jade's friends. Speaking of her, I glare at her. She gulps at the

look on my face.

“Where is her office?” I ask Jade and she shudders slightly, as she lifts her arm and points in the direction of the crowd. *Time to enter the lion’s den!*

“C’mon,” I say to Jade as I take her wrist and drag her toward the group.

She tugs her arm, trying to break my hold. I laugh the more she resists going near them. She did say she would show me, so if I have to go into the lion’s den, so does she. The outer layer of the group is easiest to get through, but the closer we get to the doors, the crowd thickens. I spot the ring leaders out of the corner of my eye, they are openly staring at us as I push through the main group.

“Stop!” a voice bellows from somewhere on my right. I ignore it and continue to walk, well I would have done if I hadn’t of been yanked back by Jade stumbling. I throw a glare at her, surprised to find her gaze cast down to the floor, with a slight tremble racking her body.

“Look down,” she hisses as she yanks on my arm.

“What. Why?” I spit back. I look around at the group and they all have moved closer to me and her. *What the hell is happening?*

“I guess you’re new around here, babe?” a deep voice rumbles. I look for the owner. A snigger pulling at my lips as one of the four steps through the crowd, and they part for him like he’s a king.

“Wow. Captain obvious. Congratulations.” The sarcasm is thick as I grin at the guy. He continues to move toward us, like a shark scenting blood, making Jade tremble stronger. The guy must be over six foot, he’s freakin’ huge. I’m surprised to see the tattoos peeking out from under the collar of his shirt on his neck. His tie is half way down his chest, with half the buttons open, showing a solid chest underneath covered in tattoos too. He gives off the whole ‘don’t fuck with me vibe’. His hair is shaved on either side, with the longer part on the top slicked back with hair product. He smirks at me, as I look him over, like he knew I would do it.

My lips kick up at one side, making his eyes widen a touch, as I look him dead in the eye and slowly lift my brow. He drops his gaze slowly from my face down my body and back up, until our eyes connect again. Something I can’t put my finger on shines from within his. I’m itching to step closer to him to be able to get a better look at his eyes, they look to be either blue or green, but could be a mix of both.

“You got to pay the toll, gorgeous,” he states, like I know what he’s talking about. Jade mutters something that I can’t hear.

Moving closer, she hisses out, "Don't do it."

"Oh really, what is the toll for exactly?"

"For passing through the group. All newbies make that mistake. So you got to pay the toll, we don't like our group being interrupted." There's an undercurrent to his voice and I can't tell what the hidden meaning is. I lift my brow in challenge. A rumble happens in his chest as he steps into my personal space, his eyes shine brightly as he stares down at me. The temperature rises a few degrees as we glare at each other. Poor Jade sounds moments away from having a full-blown melt down, but I refuse to break eye contact with him. Give an inch and a predator will take the mile. A smile tips his lips a touch before he flattens it and puts the scowl back on his face.

"Fucking bitch!" a high nasally voice screeches from somewhere drawing my attention back to the *gods*. One of them steps aside and a head of blonde hair pops out from behind him, taking a step toward me like a pissed off albino looking Jigglypuff. Jade tries to muffle her laughter in her hand, then it hits me. "Is that, alley bitch?" I whisper to her and she nods her head.

I double over laughing hysterically with Jade, holding my stomach as tears stream down my face. The blonde from the alley, stops at the side of the guy trying to get me to pay his bullshit toll. I straighten up, wiping the tears from under my eyes, as I get my real first look at her and the laughter bubbles again. Her nose looks too big for her face and both eyes are black and swollen from the bruising. Bless her little cotton socks, it looks like she made an effort to try and cover it up with concealer, but all it's done is help draw people's eyes to the mess on her face.

"Keep laughing, freak!" she screeches at Jade, forcing me to have to stick my fingers in my ears with a wince. Jade laughs more, and I feel the laughter building again. The bitch takes a step closer to Jade, who luckily steps back. Barbie has murder in her eyes, making me step up with a growl.

She glares at me down her huge nose with a hoity toity expression, like she's the queen of the land and feels safe with one of the four next to her. *Didn't think someone could be so stupid.*

"Back the fuck off, barbie," I warn her. She scoffs at me. She's either got a death wish or is as thick as pig shit.

"Listen, little skank! You're in my territory now. I call the shots here, do you get it, bitch?" she spits the last words at me, stepping closer with a malicious grin across her face.

"Now, now, ladies," the one who stood in front of me purrs. "She still has

to pay the toll, Tiffany.”

She smiles. My head tilts as she shows all her perfectly white teeth. Clearly, me paying the *toll* has her doing an inside happy dance.

“The toll is...” he says as he circles me, moving so close, his front is flush to my back. He inhales deeply. *Is this guy for real?* Our eyes clash as he steps back in front of me.

“You and I find an empty room and you bounce on my dick like the good little slut you are.” I fold my arms and slow blink at his smug smile. Like him saying it will actually make me drop my knickers and bend over in some supply closet for his amusement. *Tiffany* cackles.

“Knox!” another voice says in a warning growl as the crowd parts like the red sea. Barbie’s eyes flair with excitement as the new addition stands behind her, and I get my first look. My eyes lift to the ice blue eyes that have been appearing in my dreams every night since the dinner party. He’s just as I remember, the only difference is the preppy academy uniform of a college student.

His icy gaze bores into mine, so intently, a shiver travels down my spine. He doesn’t seem to recognize me, which is a good thing, since I now know he is one of the four, well not just one of them – he’s clearly the leader. I turn my gaze back to Barbie and a malicious grin spreads across my face.

“I’m really digging the panda look you got going on there, Tiffany. It really suits you.” My grin widens as her nostrils flare “I got to say, it really is an improvement from the pig snout you had.” She lunges for me with a screech and I step closer laughing in her face, which forces her to back up again. Fucking spineless bullies are the same on this side of the pond.

Turning my attention to Knox, I coo, “You want me to ride your dick hard, baby?” He nods eagerly, his eyes sparkling as I purr in the back of my throat, running my hand across his chest.

I beckon him forward with my finger. He leans down, like I’m going to share a secret with him, my smile sickly sweet as I flutter my eyelashes at him. His roar fills the air as he drops to the floor while he cups his junk in his hands. Gasps erupt from the crowd.

“Miss. Walker!” an authoritative voice cracks through the air, making me stand to attention and snap my head to the front door.

A woman dressed immaculately in a tailored, pin-striped blazer, white shirt and form fitting pencil skirt. Her hair is slicked back perfectly into a ponytail at the nape of her neck. She stands on the top of the stairs with

narrowed eyes as Knox rolls around on the ground. Her gaze darkens as she turns her scary look to me. I lift my shoulder in a slight shrug, trying to act like I haven't got a clue what happened.

"Mr. Frost!" she barks, and I'm surprised to see my party buddy step forward. "What happened to Mr. Knox?"

"Don't worry, Mrs. D., I will find out what happened." He lowers his voice as he moves closer to her. She visibly gulps. "But I'm sure that it was an accident. Isn't that right, Knox?" he says to the friend, who's finally pushing himself to his feet with his gaze full of hatred and promising revenge. *Bring it on, buddy, you ain't seen nothing yet.*

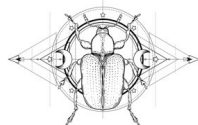
"Yeah, Mrs. D it was just an accident." His eyes drift back to me with a promise of violence. I return it with a sweet as apple pie grin.

"Miss. Walker, with me!" she barks, turning on her heels. I give Jade a wink as I barge my way through the gods, shoulder checking the ring leader as I go.

Once I'm in the corridor, Mrs. Dewhurst is nowhere to be seen. I search everywhere for her when I hear the click of heels on wooden floor. Following the sound, I find her striding down the corridor to my right. Scurrying after her, I get a couple of steps behind her when she looks over her shoulder at me. I try to give a friendly smile, but I probably look more like a serial killer. She scowls as she pushes open a heavy door, revealing a room filled with light. The office itself is filled with expensive wood furniture and numerous awards line the walls. She takes a seat behind the huge desk and her eyes land on me. I can tell instantly that we are not off to a good start when disdain fills her gaze as she looks me over.

"The heels are compulsory for the uniform here at Black Frost Academy, Miss. Walker, but after looking at your file and having a discussion with your aunt, we will let it slide for the today." I nod my head, like an idiot.

"Now, please, take a seat. We have your room placement and classes to go through." Rounding the chair I sit down as she starts to go through everything I need to know for my time here.



It feels like forever since I stepped into her damn office, my brain has

literally turned to mush, at all the rules and regulations I have to abide by in this place. Nobody told this cancerous old cow that people stop paying attention after five minutes. Thankfully I was excused for today's classes to get settled. Apparently my aunt was meant to have brought me here yesterday to go through everything. But she didn't, so now I am traipsing my arse up the stairs to the dorm rooms. Thank God I don't have to drag my luggage up with me, or I would be covered in sweat and sounding like a ninety-year-old who has smoked sixty cigarettes every day of her life. I make it a step into the hallway.

"Mm that's right, baby, swallow it," a raspy voice breathes out. The sounds that follow the voice has a shudder running down my spine.

My eyes widen and a small gasp escapes me as they land on a guy leaning against a wall in the middle of the corridor. He's grunting and groaning, while a brunette bobs her head up and down his cock like she's trying to become a part of his anatomy. He snaps his gaze to me and I am met with the darkest eyes I have ever seen. The girl looks up at him, because of the lack of noise, then her eyes land on me and she jerks back and screams.

"Don't you dare stop," he spits down at her. Color me surprised and a little embarrassed for female kind when she starts sucking his cock with an audience present.

"Sorry, dude," I say as I shake the shock off, and head further into the corridor. Unlucky for me the couple are directly opposite my room door, tapping my key card onto the scanner, I'm relieved when it turns green and the door unlocks.

"You're new?" he asks.

"Obviously, if you have to ask," I snark back wanting to get into my room, away from the sex show. I plan to be unpacked before I have to head to the cafeteria.

"Well how about me and Sarah here join you in your room and we can make it a lot more fun?" he purrs. Seriously, what the fuck is wrong with people in this damn place. I can hear the growl from the girl on her knees. I turn and look him dead in the eyes.

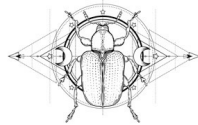
"I would rather stick my hand in a tank full of piranhas." His eyes widen at my words. I let a smirk to slip onto my face, as I close the door.

My back leans on the door, the noises from outside pick up again. Ugh, what is wrong with these people, why would you willing do that out in the open? My eyes scan the room, well if you wanna call it that, this damn place

is huge. There's a king size bed under the huge leaded windows, and a solid wood four-door wardrobe on the left side of the room. Little tables bracket either side of the bed, and a small desk is tucked into the corner on the left side next to a door. A pile of luggage sits in front of the wardrobe—someone must have brought it from my aunt's. Curiosity gets the better of me, I head over to the door next to the desk and swing it open to reveal a white marble-filled bathroom, complete with shower and claw-foot bath standing on the opposite side. The sink looks like its floating on air, and a mirror fills one whole wall. There's fresh towels piled up on the rack with a fluffy bathrobe, that looks like one of them you see in movies in the hotel rooms.

“You're definitely not at home anymore, Bo,” I mutter to myself. Pulling my phone out, I see a text from Jade telling me to meet her outside the cafeteria at one. I check the time on my phone, it's only eleven.

Time to get to work.



My whole body aches by the time I'm heading toward the cafeteria to meet Jade. My shoulders feel like they won't be much use to me for the rest of the day. I've got a sharp pain in my neck and my back feels stiff as a board. Ok, ok, I'll own up to it—the reason I hurt so much is my fault, I really shouldn't have changed the whole room around, but the bed being under the window really freaks me out. My brain wanders to the thought of food.

“We need to talk,” a deep voice, snaps out in front of me. I was so lost in the thought of food, I didn't notice them on the path in front of me.

“Why?”

Frost's eyes narrow on me, from the sass in my voice and I can't help the smirk, that tips the edge of my lip.

“I know you're new, but there is a pecking order here.” He steps closer to me and looks down his nose. “Stay in your place, Bo, or we will put you in your place,” he growls.

I have to admit, getting to see the guy in daylight has my body doing all sorts of weird things, as heat rushes straight between my legs. But, no matter how much I wouldn't mind finding out how good he is in bed, the arrogant air that surrounds him and his entitled friends is a serious turn off.

“Suck a fart out of my arse, Frost. You’re not a god.” I shoulder check him as I carry on my journey to meet Jade, leaving the four guys with their mouths on the floor.

Frost

CHAPTER FOUR

Her long toned mesmerizing legs carry her down the path, without any idea of what she has just done. I still can't believe she is here. When I saw her at the dinner party the other night I was overcome with the urge to talk to her. When I did, I was surprised at how easy it was to be in the moment and not wish time would move quickly so I could get out of there.

"She's trouble, Frost." I know what Deacon is saying is right. Bo Walker isn't just trouble, she's a fucking tsunami. She challenged Tiffany this morning and didn't care who was watching. Then after the incident with Knox, I find out that it isn't the first time her and Tiff have had an altercation.

Bo is responsible for the state of Tiffany's nose and eyes. I got a blow-by-blow account of what happened. Then Tiffany demanded that I have Bo removed from the school and taken to a place more suited to her class. The guys found this hysterical, because we all know the real reason Tiffany is so worried about the new girl. We aren't blind.

"Sorry, man, but that girl makes my dick hard," Rafe says with a chuckle, making me narrow my eyes at him and a growl grows in my throat. He shrugs, with wide eyes, like he's innocent and didn't really say it as a smile splits his face.

"What are we going to do about her?" Deacon asks.

"We do what we do best to everyone beneath us," Knox growls as he grins. "We put them back where they belong."

"You sure that isn't from your bruised ego?" Rafe laughs at him. "She did drop you in front of a crowd."

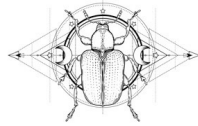
"Quiet," I snap. Their bitching doesn't help me to think clear. I need to be sure we play this smart. As if a light bulb has gone off in my head, a

malicious grin splits my face. The guys' eyes widen in eagerness, ever blood thirsty for the evil plans that my mind produces.

“Deacon, find out everything you can about our new student.”

He nods his head and whips out his phone to start his search. I turn to the others. “Tell the school it’s hunting season.”

They pull their phones out and send out the message to everyone in the school. The students closest to us stare as the smiles start to break out across their faces.



The boys and I are sitting at our usual table, front and center of the huge cafeteria, while that idiot Titan is trying to talk to his followers like we aren't the ones who truly hold the power here. The frantic click of keys starts to annoy me as Deacon searches through everything he can find on her. Chatter fills the room from the students, the cliques still apparent even if half of us are no longer in high school.

“Your girl’s here,” Rafe whispers in my ear. I lift my eyes to find Tiffany moving toward us with a huge grin on her face.

She rounds the table and drops herself into my lap. I smile my greeting as her lust-filled green eyes stare into mine. Too easy. Everyone here is too easy.

“We still going to the party this weekend, baby?” she purrs as she pushes her chest out and plays with the hair at my neck.

“Yes,” I snap. Her eyes widen slightly at my shortness making me roll my eyes. She won't challenge me, she's too invested in being queen. My gaze is stuck on the doors, as anticipation rides me hard.

The double doors bang open, and silence descends across the cafeteria as Bo and her friend walk through the door. My eyes narrow at the pair as they get stopped by the chemistry teacher, Mr. Vaughan. Her friend whispers something in her ear. Bo's bright green eyes snap to me. I lift my glass of water and tip it to her in a salute with a grin on my face, causing her eyes to narrow. A smile tips the edges of her lips as she says something to her friend, who looks terrified.

“Skank,” someone coughs out as Bo makes her way toward the food. A

chorus of coughs with a range of name calling echoes in the huge room, everything from skank to slut, they follow her all the way to the line. A tray of food is placed in front of me by one of the girls in the group, who smiles at me whilst fluttering her eyelashes. Tiffany notices and hisses at the petite girl, causing her face to redden as she scurries away.

“Behave,” I chastise, and she blushes at me with an eager grin.

Deacon snorts next to me at the blatant attempts at seduction. Meanwhile, I have to hold back my laughter as Knox has a tiny blond on his lap, and from my angle I can see his hand up her skirt. Anyone looking close enough will be able to tell what’s happening as the red on her cheeks deepens and she bites her bottom lip. Our eyes meet and his sparkle in enjoyment. He’s an exhibitionist, and could get the most innocent of girls to orgasm in a room full of people. Rafe lets out a groan from his position next me as he leans further back in his seat. I spot the head of brown hair, bobbing up and down on his cock. Their depravity should bother me. But it’s just a test of our power. They can have sex anywhere they want.

A huge crash fills the air. All eyes turn to the noise, as laughter breaks out around the room. The new girl is on the floor, sprawled across her tray of food. She stands with a growl as the crowd’s laughter grows at her white shirt smeared with meatballs and sauce. Bad choice, Bo. Should have got the salad. The friend hurries to grab some napkins and start to help clean her chest. Bo grabs the cloth and snaps her head to meet my gaze. If looks could kill, I’d be a dead man. A malicious smile spreads across my face. *This is just the start, little Bo.*

“Miss. Walker, go and get changed immediately,” Mr. Bowers shouts over his shoulder as he vacates the room brandishing his daily tuna sandwich. Knox roars with laughter and I can see he is enjoying this whole situation, but then his face darkens. Looking to the cause I find her stalking to the food line with her tray, slamming it down, she says something to the woman. Who nods and then slides another tray over to her, she turns and jerks her head at her friend before they make their way to the free table at the furthest side of the room. Knox growls and our eyes clash, him bouncing up and down in his seat pleading with me. I nod and he pushes the girl from his lap with a screech as he slinks through the tables. He taps a few of the guys on the shoulder as he passes and they all jump to attention as they head over to the lunch line, words are passed between him and the lunch lady. Who shakes her head, then her head drops, throwing her apron on the serving unit she leaves.

The laughter has stopped, and an eerie sort of anticipation settles over the room as the student body track Knox over the furthest table occupied by his prey. Game on, Bo.

Bo

CHAPTER FIVE

How old are these idiots? I thought all the childish bullying antics would be left in high school, but clearly not as some weirdo thought it would be hilarious to trip me with my food. Jade, bless her, looks horrified as I sit in front of her, pushing a meatball round with my fork.

“Just fall in line and they will leave you alone,” Jade pleads with me.

“For them, are you serious right now?” She has to be joking.

“Bo, seriously they control the whole school. Not just the students, the faculty too.” My eyes bug out of my head. *They’re a set of college guys. How much power do they really have?*

“Ahh, don’t you love the smell of rotten trailer park, boys?” My body turns to stone and Jade pales as a shadow covers our table. I look over my shoulder and I am greeted with six sets of eyes all throwing daggers at me.

A huge body forces mine forward as a chest is pressed to my back, I manage to tilt my head up to get a look. And the darkness in the eyes looking down at me has a little apprehension slipping into my veins. *Knox.*

“What do you want?” I ask him, my temper rising as he just smirks down at me. I notice poor Jade trembling across from me, as she looks down to her plate of food.

“The dress code clearly states all uniforms have to be clean and pressed each day,” he purrs, his eyes alight. “But you have broken this rule already.” *You’ve got to be shitting me! How did I end up here?*

“Fine whatever.” I drop my fork with a clank, and push to my feet “Jade, I’m going to get changed. You ok?” I ask, not wanting to want to leave her alone.

“There’s a penalty for breaking the rules,” he murmurs against my ear.

His hand skims across my hip before stopping underneath my bellybutton, then he pulls me back.

His dick is grinding into my ass as he purrs into my ear like it's sexy, a growl builds in my throat. Grabbing hold of his wrist I twist it, a surprised yelp happens from behind me.

"What gives you the fucking right to put your hands on me?" My words are like venom, as I squeeze his wrist tighter.

He growls in response, and I growl right back. This guy is seriously pushing his damn luck. I kick him in the shin and manage to slink between the other guys who were with him, my strides eat up the ground as I head for the door, to get out of this hell hole. Just as I get there two guys and two girls block the doors with huge grins on their faces.

"Move," I spit at them and they only grin wider.

Red hot pain sears through my scalp, and I yelp as my ass hits the floor. I get a little leverage to see a huge guy I don't recognize, dragging me across the floor by my hair while everyone laughs their heads off. A couple of girls snarl at me, and kick me as I pass but I didn't get to catch their faces. As I'm dumped at Knox's feet again, Jade is trembling in the arms of one of the guys, as she begs Knox to leave me alone. Hands grip me all over as I roar my anger at this whole situation, I kick out with my legs trying to get them off me. All their faces blend into one, Knox sneers down at me as he brings himself down to my level.

"This is where you belong, bitch!" he spits at me, lifting his eyes, he nods as his eyes sparking in enjoyment, dread fills me.

The hands that are holding me, change where they're grasping me, a gasp is torn from me as the sound of something ripping is heard. I thrash and scream even more as hands touch my flesh and I watch as my shirt drops to the floor in pieces. Leaving me in my skirt and bra. I fight off the blush of embarrassment that is trying to creep up my face, as I bite the inside of my cheek. A metallic taste fills my mouth and I know, I've drawn blood.

"Fuck me look at the body on her," someone says.

That's when I realize everyone is crowded around me, some seem to be enjoying the show, while others look at me with pity in their eyes. But not one person helps, and that is the saddest thing of all.

"Bo," Jade screams as she sobs. Lifting my eyes to Knox I see the glee in his eyes, looking past him I see Jade trying to get out of the hold she is in, like she could do anything about this situation. *You were warned to stay in*

line you idiot! my inner bitch chastises me.

A high-pitched cackle, makes me want to gouge my eardrums out as two people move closer to Knox. Tiffany and Frost stand behind him and then the other two gods stand behind them. With a growl I try to shake out of the hands, while pushing myself to my feet. Knox's eyes blaze with heat as everyone in the room gets a good look of what's hidden underneath my clothes. The jagged scar on my right side burns as I feel eyes burning into my skin, and the tattoo that covers my left side from armpit, and disappears under the band of my skirt. It's of a brightly colored phoenix, lifting itself out of a pile of ashes and stretching its wings for the first time. .

I look to Jade and give a small smile, trying to reassure her I'm fine and she just stares at me in confusion. The cackle happens again, that's when I spot Tiffany sneering at me from the safety of Frost's arms. I scoff as I watch her run her hand up and down his chest, to catch his attention but what the stupid bitch hasn't realized is he is staring at me. No he is looking me up and down, and I lift my brow in challenge as our eyes meet. He has a heated expression, but then as quick as a flash it's gone and now I'm here questioning if it was there or not.

Tiffany storms toward me, pain radiates through my left cheek as her gaze narrows further. I growl at her in warning, even though I want to rip her head off, but I can't since the arseholes still have hold of me. Something wet drops onto my chest, dropping my eyes. I see the little stream of blood, making a trail from below my collarbone toward my cleavage.

"What's the matter, Tiffany?" My voice is layered with disdain and rage. "You feel better for slapping me, just because your boyfriend can't take his eyes off my tits?"

Stepping forward the best I can, my shoulders scream as I stretch the muscles beyond their limits, as the hands on me tighten their grip. "You're afraid that you're going to be replaced. Is that it?" I smirk at her. "You think yourself better than everyone and think everyone adores you." Her expression turns nervous. "I bet secretly, they can't stand your prissy arse and would love to give you and your friends payback for all the shit you have given them."

Murmurs break out in the crowd, which has the queen bee shuffling her feet, my smile widens at her reaction. "You want to slap me while I'm being held? Tell the guys to let go and let's see what happens, hmm?" Terror flashes across her face, and I'm pretty sure the memory of the alley is playing

in her head. She fights to be unaffected by my words, but I know she is by the slight tremble in her bottom lip.

“I told you, Bo, you need to step in line,” Frost says as he steps to the front of the group. We are standing so close. “This is your last chance. Get in line or it goes downhill from here.” He lifts a brow at me, waiting on my answer. The air is cold in the cafeteria and a shiver works its way over me, causing goosebumps to rise on my skin.

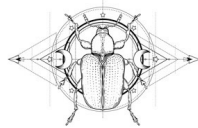
“I’m not one that likes rules all that much, Frost.” I smile sweetly at him.

“That’s fine, Bo, you can eat your lunch, as you are.” He smirks at me, the challenge in his eyes is clear and he must think I will run off in tears at the thought of people openly staring at my body. *Well fuck you, Mr. high and mighty, I don’t give a shit about the people watching!*

“Whatever you say, boss.” The sarcasm drips from my voice.

Breaking out of the hold all the hands have on me, I kick the remains of my shirt to the side and start to walk past Frost with my head held high. He looks at me surprised as I sit back down on my chair and start to dig in to what is left of my sandwich, the worker gave me on the other tray. Only a couple of bites in and Jade drops down in front of me, with murder in her eyes. I just shake my head slightly in a warning not to say anything.

I feel a lot of eyes on me, it feels like my back is on fire. But I just brush it off and continue to eat the rest of my sandwich. When the bell rings for the end of lunch, the silent room becomes noisy instantly as people grab their things and head out to go to classes. Rising to my feet, I grab my tray and leave it where Jade put hers away. I feel bad that she looks worried for me, I smile at her and pass her the piece of paper, I had hidden in the band of my skirt with my room number on it. Her eyes flick over it and she smiles. I give her a wave as I slip my blazer back on to try and get a little more coverage from the cold air outside, then I head back up to my dorm room.



I heave a sigh of relief as I step into my warm room, my body feels cold from the weather outside, but my face feels like I have been standing too close to the sun with the embarrassment I felt at walking through the school grounds without my shirt. Teachers passed me on my travels and not one of them

asked me what had happened. They either looked down or anywhere that wasn't in my direction. I strip out of the clothes I have on. Padding toward the shower, I switch it on and take a look at my reflection as I wait for it to warm up. My gaze is instantly drawn to the huge scar on my side and the phantom pain I get every now and then reminds me of what happened that night, the one where my whole world turned to shit. Dragging my gaze away, I notice the paleness of my face, but the look in my eyes seems, different somehow. I can't wrap my head around them tearing my shirt off my back, why would someone do that for not falling into line with the supposed kings on campus? What do they gain from it? Steam fills the room. Turning away from the mirror, I step into the shower and wash the earlier part of the day from my skin. My muscles start to relax and my mind starts to calm. Quickly I wash my long blonde hair and step out, wrapping myself in the big fluffy robe and my hair in a towel. I head to the bed and get comfy. I find the remote on the nightstand. Hitting buttons to find out what it's for, I nearly jump out of my skin as a part of the wall in front of me opens up and a huge flat screen TV appears from the wall.

What's even better is it has Netflix on. Finding my favorite show, I sit back and laugh at the stupid things Stiles says. Losing myself in the show, a knock at the door has me falling off the bed with a huge thud.

"Who is it?" I ask.

"Bo, it's me," Jade says through the door.

Breathing a sigh of relief, I pad across the room and open the door to find my friend smiling at me with a pizza box in her hand. The smells of a pepperoni pizza hits me and my mouth starts to water.

"I thought you might be hungry, so I ordered pizza," she says as she comes into my room. Locking the door behind her, I'm surprised as she whistles as she gets a look at the room.

"I thought housing was joking when they said you was up here," she says, as she drops onto the bed with the pizza.

I have to laugh as she gets comfy, kicking her shoes off and pulling her feet up. The full smell of the pizza hits me as she flips the lid and my stomach rumbles, making us both laugh.

"I'm sorry that happened today at lunch," she says, her voice full of sadness. "I have never seen them go at someone like that on their first day." Confusion lines her face.

"It is what it is, Jade. They love the power of bending people to follow

their bullshit rules.” I shrug, not really knowing what to say, bullies aren’t exactly new to me.

“I’m worried, Bo.” I know she is because the fear she is emanating is thick in the air. Guilt thrums to life as I watch my new friend stare off into space, the pizza left to the side. How have I gone from meeting someone in an alley, and helping them with their bully situation, to someone who is worried about me? I never really bothered with friends back home, preferring to have my own company, curled up watching Netflix or reading a good book.

“Jade, I appreciate it. But I will be ok, trust me.” I try to reassure her. “Worse things have happened in my life. This is a walk in the park,” I say with a chuckle trying to lighten the mood. She doesn’t seem convinced, and the guilt in my gut thickens.

“Girl, you bring pizza and don’t tell me what it is?” I lift a brow, as she looks at me and then to the pizza box.

“Shit,” she exclaims, making me laugh again. “I wasn’t sure what you liked so I grabbed a pepperoni and hoped for the best.” My smile is wide as I move to the bed and sit on the other side of the box, grabbing a slice, I take a huge bite and try not grin at the surprise on her face.

“What?” *Shit, have I got sauce around my mouth or something?*

“How?” she asks and I just stare at her not having a clue what she is on about.

She laughs then. “Dude, look at you,” she says as if that explains it. I shrug as I devour the slice of pizza.

“How do you have a body like that, and eat pizza like it’s a sport?” She laughs her eyes widening slightly as she realizes I’ve devoured half of my second slice.

“I work out.” She looks at me like I’m possessed, the look has laughter bubbling again. “I have issues with nightmares and a little bit of a temper problem, if you haven’t noticed.” Nervousness, has my stomach rolling as this is normally the time people run for the hills, when they find out how much of a freak I am.

“What do you mean?” she asks with a puzzled look. My hands start to sweat as she stares at me, waiting for answers.

Taking a deep breathe to mentally prepare myself, I look anywhere but at her.

“I have issues controlling my temper and I have a tendency to get violent

when I lose control.” Her eyes widen at my words, and her mouth hangs open. “That’s why I have to work out to keep my episodes to a minimum.”

Silence fills the room as she stares at me open mouthed in shock. It feels like time passes so slowly that a snail could move faster. I don’t know how long it’s been since my confession, but all she has done is stare at me opened mouthed. It should be comical as her slice of pizza is hanging in midair in her hand. My unease grows the longer she remains silent, my vision stutters as memories try to battle their way to the surface. The bullying I went through at the hands of a friend in junior school and then all the mishaps I had through high school.

“Violence makes sense after watching you junk punch a god.” She burst out laughing, like it’s the funniest thing ever.

“That wasn’t violence,” I mutter as I grab another slice of pizza. “That was a warning.”

A small thud happens, lifting my eyes Jade is staring at me with a frown on her face her pizza slice discarded back in the box, my heart sinks as I realize she heard my muttering. I watch with my heart in my throat as she wipes her hands on a paper napkin and shuffles across the bed. *You and your big fucking mouth!* my inner voice snarks at me. Yeah, I knew it would be a risk telling her. People my age give me a wide berth when they realize how much of a freak I really am.

“I don’t know how bad it’s going to get,” she says, shocking me out my inner thoughts, taking my hands in hers. “But, Bo, you need to be ready. Frost wasn’t lying when he said it will go downhill.” My brain is slow to understand her meaning and a frown pulls my eyebrows down as I try to work it out.

“You showed them up twice in the space of a day. They won’t let that go.” I know what she is saying is true, but I can’t bring myself to care.

“I won’t conform, Jade, but I will try keep my head down if that helps?” She snorts at me, her eyes growing darker. My defense setting kicks in and then she shocks the shit out of me by grinning her head off like a lunatic. She bursts out laughing as I look at her confused.

“What do you do for working out?” she asks, which throws me for a loop.

“Um.” It’s as if my brain has been shut down and having to reboot itself. “I train in kick boxing, running and lifting weights,” I say, as I wait for the judgmental look. She looks to be lost in thought when another huge grin splits her face.

“Give me your phone?” she asks holding her hand out, dropping my phone in her hand. Her thumbs start tapping away as she grins at something on the screen.

“There’s a gym on the grounds, you can do your kick boxing thingy there too,” she says as the tap of the screen fills the silence in between her speaking.

“I’ve downloaded this app for you. Some of the nerds here made it and it helps with your sprints. Best thing is, it’s fully loaded with the running track around the ground and woods, so you won’t get lost.” She beams and I have to admit, I’m curious what this app is. Jade bounces back on the bed and leans back into my pillows with the pizza next to her. I breathe out a relieved huff that my weirdness hasn’t put her off.

She didn’t dig for more information like most people do, she just accepted my answer as it was and for that, I am thankful. First things first, when I get some free time I am going to have to check out the gym and figure out this new app on my phone and see what it does. I think we’re going to be great friends.

Frost

CHAPTER SIX

Gravel crunches as my feet pound the ground. My breathing becomes heavier, my muscles scream for me to stop putting them through this torture. But it's been the same thing for the last few days, this is the only relief I get from my thoughts. The thoughts that have me waking up in the middle of the night, insubordination isn't something I take lightly. There hasn't been any issues since the incident in the cafeteria, but Knox is out for blood, because she got one over on him again.

"Dude, slow down," Rafe huffs behind me and a smirk tips my lips, yeah the guy is a track star in his own right, but he never runs long distances like this.

I pick up my pace, pushing my legs to carry me even though they feel like snapping in half, I keep going for another ten minutes when my phone pings in my arm strap. I double over and suck in deep breaths to slow my heart rate. Raff comes up the trail looking ready to keel over any second. He pushes a fist against his chest like he's trying to stop his heart from exploding. Checking my phone there is a text from Deacon, the single word on the screen has triumph coming to life.

"You ok there, man?" Rafe's eyes narrow at me. I smirk as he tries to straighten himself up and not look like he needs an oxygen mask.

"Why do you find it so easy to run miles?" Rafe asks, causing a chuckle to build in my throat. Him and I do the same thing, but instead of me wanting to be a track star, I run for fun. Rafe has his eyes set on the Olympics one day, and if he continues the way he's going, I don't think it will be long before he is there.

"We need to meet Deacon," I tell him as I set off back the way we came,

as it's the quickest route back to the main building on campus.

The run back is easier for us both, for me it's because eagerness is itching under my skin, but Rafe is curious. People move out of our way as we move through the grounds, some of the guys acknowledge us with a nod, the women look at us and are practically drooling.

"Watch it, asshole!" I slide to a stop as Titan Black glowers at me down the tip of his nose.

"Move, Black," I snarl, I can't be assed dealing with this idiot today, our rivalry is legendary within the academy. We have been at each other's throats since high school. We were friends once upon a time, then he went and got power hungry. He wasn't happy that we acted as a group—shared the power and responsibility. He wanted to be king, with us at his feet.

He made his own bed the night he slept with my ex-girlfriend, thinking she was the leg up he needed on the social ladder of the school. Since then, it's been us versus them.

"Make me, Frost," he sneers stepping into my personal space, he grins at me in challenge. I step close to him, so we are nose to nose.

My eyes narrow as I glare at the bastard, the edges of his lips tip up in a smile. "Don't push it, Black. You know you won't win," I growl.

"Always so sure of yourself, aren't you, Frost?" He chuckles, stepping closer to me with enough force to push me back a step. "How are you going to feel when I break your new little toy?" he barks out a laugh.

My hands ball up, as I clench them together. Anger roars underneath my skin, I can hear Rafe murmuring behind me to keep my cool.

"Back the fuck off, Black, now," Rafe snaps, I see him out of the side of my eye on the left. But I don't acknowledge him, because that means I would have to take my eyes off Titan.

"Oh, wow, the mongrel can speak. I thought it was your master that did it for you all. You know since you all jump to his command." I can see one of the teachers off in the distance and I know if I react, the way I want to it will draw too much attention.

"As I said, Frost, I'll take good care of your new little toy, just like my dad took care of your mother when they were fucking."

The crack of flesh hitting flesh snaps out as my fist connects with his jaw once. Gasps fill the area as people start shouting. Dodging the hook he throws at me, I taunt him with a finger, when a flash of blonde catches my eye. Roaring like a wild animal, Black takes advantage of my distraction and

slams my back into the gravel. His fists pound into any part of my body he can find, my laugh fills the air as he roars again in frustration. It's like music to my ears—fists and blood are flying everywhere. I don't know if it's mine or his.

A commotion happens somewhere close by. Ignoring it, I lash out with a kick to the shin and laugh while jumping to my feet. Black lays on the ground panting, holding his leg like it's been cut off.

“What's the matter, Black?” My voice is filled with a growl as

I look down at him. “You finally getting it through your head. You are a nothing. A nobody.” I smirk as he climbs to his feet.

“This nobody is going to take your crown, Frost, and I know just the way to do it.” He smirks at me as he wipes blood from his lip with the back of his hand.

Narrowing my eyes, I wait for him to elaborate on what he means, when I spot both Knox and Deacon running over. They flank me on either side throwing daggers at Black and his group that seemed to show up from out of nowhere.

“You planning on elaborating on what you just said?” Deacon spits to Black, who just grins like it's the funniest thing ever.

Unease settles in my gut, at the gleam in his eyes. He's cocky, more so than usual. He definitely has an ace up his sleeve. I should put him in his place now, before it spirals out of control. A hand lands on my shoulder to halt me in my tracks, the urge to wipe the look off his face is riding me hard.

“Frost,” Deacon mutters into my ear.

“You need to see this,” he mumbles pulling me out of my anger, he must have found something.

I shoulder check Black as I push past him and stalk away. A quick glance over my shoulder shows Knox is following us. He is the most unstable of our group, his anger rides him hard. He gets into shit a lot. My mind wanders to the dynamic of our group as I lead us further away from the situation. My skin burns with the ever-watchful eyes of the students as we walk through the grounds. No matter where I go or how I try to limit what the academy sees, they always manage to know what is going on. Can't say I'm surprised that news travels fast. Like the incident with Bo and Knox, it was around the whole campus by my second class. Knox hated it because whispers started and sniggers from some of Black's group. That's why he tried to bring her to heel.

“What have you found, Deacon?” I look over my shoulder to find him looking at his phone, chewing on his lip. Great, he’s nervous. It can’t be good.

“That’s the thing. It’s sealed.” His brows dip in a frown as his thumbs tap across the screen quickly.

“Sealed?” Rafe asks.

“Yeah, as in everything is sealed shut, which means she is staying with someone who has a shit ton of money or something is in there that they don’t want getting out.” His fingers tap frantically. A headache begins to build behind my left eye. Holding my palm to my head I try to take deep breaths to stop the migraine before it happens. Three sets of eyes snap to mine, with concern. I don’t get them often, but when I do they make me pissed off beyond comprehension.

“Fuck me!” Rafe exclaims, my brows furrow again as I notice his eyes are narrowed at the screen of his phone.

“What?” Knox growls.

“She’s Debra Walker’s niece.” My eyes widen at his words. I knew someone was coming to live with her, but I assumed she had finally decided to adopt. She’s been going on about it for years, then the news spread like a wildfire that someone would be living with her. God, how stupid am I?

“You sure, man?” Knox asks, his eyes are just a fraction wider than they normally are.

“Yeah, I found a post on her social saying she can’t believe she is getting to see her Bo-Bo again after so long.” He starts tapping away on his phone again.

“Frost, you know what this means?” Deacon asks.

Yeah, I do, it means pretty little Bo Walker has just made the biggest mistake of her life walking onto my campus.

Bo

CHAPTER SEVEN

The last few days have been a whirlwind as I settle into my classes and try to find my place in the background here. I did make a promise that I would keep my head down and stay out of trouble. Until I can get my arse out of here, I have to try and do just that. Thank god I haven't had any more issues with the gods or wannabes. But the queen bee makes a point of throwing daily daggers my way. I can't really blame her, I did break her nose. I know this is more than the incident in the alley, she clearly has a deep-rooted fear that I'm going to steal her man. I don't know how I can make it any more obvious, the bitch can keep him.

I can't help the niggling voice in the back of my head telling me I should be worried about the silence from the gods. It's weird how they suddenly went radio silent, and nothing has happened since. I try to ignore the feeling - living the philosophy of *don't worry about what you can't control*. If they are going to do something, then they best be prepared for backlash because I won't take shit lying down. I never have and I never will. They weren't at lunch today and I have only spotted them a few times around campus with their crew, which is unusual according to Jade.

"Ow!" Jesus, pain shoots up my nose and my eyes begin to water.

Realization dawns on me as a massive shadow casts out all the light in the hallway, lifting my eyes they connect with the same dark set of ones I have seen once before.

"Shit, sorry." I mumble. "I wasn't paying attention to where I was going." I try to side-step, but a hand shoots out and grabs my wrist.

"You ok there, gorgeous?" a deep voice rumbles at me. I'm dumbstruck as I realize who I've attempted to bowl over.

“I didn’t mean to walk into you,” I say quickly in apology. I try to pass again but he steps in my way blocking the exit.

“You can walk into me anytime, baby.” He smiles down at me. Don’t get me wrong, seeing him up close he is gorgeous, but the cocky arrogance that surrounds him is thick in the air.

“Does that shit work, seriously?” I ask, but then the memory hits me and I choke on my laughter. I lift my hand to stop his reply. “Sorry my bad I forget I saw you balls deep, down someone’s throat.”

“Ah.” His grin widens. “So you do know who I am?” he questions.

“Nope. You’d think I should? Given I’ve seen your preference for choking someone on your dick. But that’s on you, not me.”

Honestly what is with the guys here and their egos? They think everybody in the universe knows exactly who they are.

“You’re really going to hold that against me?” He tries his hardest to give me puppy eyes. Oh buddy, the girls here must be gullible if that works.

I cock my brow and fold my arms. His grin widens, past sultry and into genuine. I don’t think he has ever had anyone call him out on his bullshit. His charm must help him though.

“My name’s Titan Black,” he says as he extends his hand to me. I look down at it, then back up to him and keep my arms folded. I don’t know where his hands have been, and I would rather not play Russian roulette with unexplained sticky fluids. His name rattles in my head, then I remembered walking past a group of girls this morning, gossiping at something going down between the gods and a Titan. Ah! now it makes sense, why they were all spun out because of it.

“So I’ve heard.” I smirk at the surprise that flashes across his face “Any particular reason why you have stopped me from going to my dorm?”

“Can you blame me, babe, when you walk round like sex on a stick?” he throws back at me with a smirk on his face.

“It’s not exactly my choice of clothing and the comment of sex on a stick? I think you need to get laid more often, dude.” I smile as his eyes flash with annoyance.

“I’m trying to be friendly, Bo.” His voice drops an octave causing a shiver to travel down my spine.

“Let me guess, you have heard on the grapevine who I am?” I have heard the whispers about me. People here are curious about the little British girl who has had a run in with the queen bee and the gods all in the space of a few

days. Some think I am brave, others think I am mentally unstable.

The thing is, those who think I'm nuts, aren't too far from the truth. Yeah, I am a little flamboyant, with a shitty attitude - but that's just the sort of person I am. I don't need to stamp others down to feel like I rule the world, bullying is a pet peeve of mine and I despise it just as much as lying.

"Look, I know you have had shit with Frost and his minions," he states. I snort at the picture it paints in my head. It has me laughing out loud because I can imagine who the yellow ones would be and then the purple one's. He has his own multi-colored minion army.

"What of it?" I can tell he's building up to a point.

"I can help you." My eyebrows hit my hairline in surprise. " You see. We don't get on very well, but I rule the student body who don't agree with him and his asshole-ish ways. So stick with me, babe, and I'll keep you safe." He smirks at me. "I'll only bite if you want me too?" I'm struck speechless, his words seemed sincere but the feeling there's an ulterior motive started, then that comment at the end just confirmed it. How the hell have I got into this weird shit? It's like I'm a pawn being used in a game I don't know the rules to. Well they can fuck right off. I'm nobody's pawn.

"Fuck off, Black," a familiar male voice demands.

I spin and face the bane of my life. Frost and the other gods crowd around us, Malibu Barbie is absent, lucky me. Ice-blue eyes stare at me, and I have to hold my nerve at the way it makes me feel. I can't tell if it's anger or something else hidden in the depths of his gaze. I tense as an arm snakes around the front of my stomach, gently pulling me back into a rock-solid body. I look up to find Titan smirking down at me, the sparkle in his eyes, has me smiling up at him slightly. The mischief dances on his face, I don't know why he's got hold of me, but the urge to piss people off is clearly just as strong for him as it is for me.

"You mind, Frost," he spits. "Me and Bo were having a nice talk until you and your merry band of assholes came along." Knox glares at me, and I fight the smirk that has my lip twitching. Clearly, he's still tender from earlier and he can definitely hold a grudge.

"Bo's one of ours," one of the other gods says, which adds to the thick atmosphere in the air. *Hmm, so is this what people mean by big dick energy?*

"So remove your fucking hands from her," Frost spits between gritted teeth.

"Is that so?" Black asks with a cool, I don't give a shit, attitude. The

chuckle builds in the back of my throat as frost bristles.

“Yes.”

“That’s funny since she’s agreed to be my date to Marster’s party tonight.” My head snaps up to look at him. He grins down at me, the look in his eyes is both mischief and something darker.

“What!” Four voices fill the hallway at once.

“I don’t fucking think so,” Frost growls. He grabs hold of my wrist and tries to yank me from Titan’s hold, but the dude must be a football player or something because he doesn’t let go.

I growl at being man handled by these guys like it’s a damn sport, then stamp my heel down on Titan’s foot. He releases me with a growl of his own. Frost smiles with a look of triumph as I take a step forward away from Titan, but the look disappears instantly as I grab hold of his wrist with my free hand, and push my thumb against the pressure point. His eyes widen, then his hand releases mine and I remove my wrist from his open palm.

“Don’t ever grab hold of me again,” I seethe. Two of the gods’ eyes widen at the venom in my voice but Knox just deepens his glower. “I am not some toy.”

“You are ours, Bo,” Frost says, his jaw ticks as he grinds his teeth.

“I don’t belong to anyone other than myself,” I snap. Looking over my shoulder to Titan I see him grinning even more than he was earlier.

“Pick me up at eight. Don’t be late,” I command. His smile grows into one that I can only describe as a look of victory. “You can’t use the excuse of you don’t know where I am, since you was outside my room the other day.”

“You got that right, baby,” he purrs as I turn my back on the gods and step back to his side, his eyes shine down at me in triumph and then he winks at me.

Jade is standing at the end of the hallway with her mouth open. I’m pretty sure a truck could park in there, it’s nearly hitting the floor. Growls erupt from behind me. Why do men always seem to turn into animals when things don’t go their way? Jade is still there open mouthed when I make it to her side.

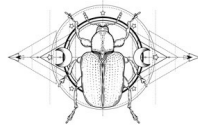
“Wear something pretty, babe,” Titan shouts down the hallway at me.

“Make sure you don’t look like a pompous asshole, and remove the stick out of your arse and you have a deal.” I laugh at him. He surprises me as he grins back not taking offence to my dig. The heat of four sets of eyes burn into my flesh. My gaze connects with Frost, and I give him a wink as I turn

on my heel, taking Jade's arm and steering her into the hallway.

"Spill, Bo," she screeches once we start climbing the stairs to my room. "What the hell went on back there?"

"We're going to a party." Her eyes widen, then worry seeps into her gaze as she stares at me.



I should have known he would skip out on picking me up. I'm glad because I couldn't handle the big dick energy bouncing around like they had the balls of Satan swinging between their legs. Jade gave me the run down on Titan as we got ready. Titan Black is the other god on campus, making Frost and his entourage their enemies. So when he text saying to meet him at the party, I was relieved. I might not be into bowing down to Frost and the gods, but I don't want to piss him off either. But then again everything I do seems to piss someone off, like earlier I couldn't help myself while they demanded I was theirs. Jade was just as confused as me when I gave her a rundown of what happened between us in the hallway.

"Will you stop fidgeting," I say to my friend, who looks like a family of fire ants are crawling under her skin, she's tugging at her clothes too.

"Why am I standing here like this?" she hisses at me. I have to bite back the snort of laughter at her wide eyes.

She asked for my help picking an outfit. She ran off and came back to my room with her arm's full of clothing. Her words were '*I want to change it up,*' so I did what any good friend does, I gave her a makeover. What she doesn't realize is, she's a damn knockout. The smile hurt my face when I watched her take in her reflection in my bathroom mirror. She stuttered - bless her, but I knew after five minutes she had self-esteem issues. Because she tried to get out of the outfit I chose and pick up a pair of jeans and a jumper. Nope, that wasn't happening on my watch. So here we are standing outside Jackson Marster's door.

"I can't go in like this, Bo," she hisses at me with wide eyes. I laugh as I waggle my eyebrows at her.

"You can and you will, Jade. Jesus, girl, you look on fire." I fan myself as I grin at her. "So fine, I think I might want a piece of that arse myself." I

wink at her and she snorts giving me a shove. I stumble back laughing as my back hits the door. It opens and I laugh harder as I fall through it managing to stop myself from falling on my arse.

My eyes bug out of my head. The inside is huge, but I should have known, the guy is a rich kid after all. But damn, I've got to give it to them, rich kids know how to party. The furniture is missing in the front room to make space for a dancefloor that has bodies grinding all over each other. A DJ is set up with lights flashing all over the place. Bass booms from speakers around the house. The decibel level is on a whole new platform to anything I have ever heard in the clubs back home.

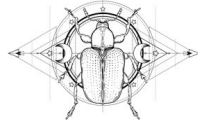
"Fuck me, is that Jade Mitchell?" I hear a guy mumble as we walk past. Jade blushes and I grin, giving her my best told you so look. This results in her rolling her eyes at me, and smirking.

I lift a brow in a silent question because the music is that loud I would have to scream in her ear to be heard. She just shrugs. Pride fills me as I watch her square her shoulders and stroll through the room with her head held high. Eyes swing our way as we head through the house. My eyes scan everywhere in search of the drinks table. We find all the alcohol in the kitchen. I laugh as I spot a group of guys doing a keg stand, I only know the name of it because Jade told me earlier that the guys have a tendency to do them at parties here. Back home our parties are similar, but a lot of the time we're out on the town. There are crates of beer everywhere and all the colors of the rainbow in top-shelf liquor.

"What do you want?" Jade asks as she shimmies along with the music. I laugh at how carefree she is at the moment. "Vodka and Red bull." I grin at her, as she gets to work on mixing the drinks. I'm surprised at how at ease she is here, for someone who doesn't like this type of thing or mixing with people.

With a drink in hand, I grab her wrist and drag her back toward the dance floor. She tries to stop me but I grin in encouragement until she relents and willingly follows me into the crowd. The music is amazing. We dance until we're breathless and a little sweaty. I haven't had the chance to go dancing for ages. I laugh hysterically as different guys approached Jade to dance with her. So now I am trying to silently teach her how to move to the beat so she doesn't look like a fish out of water. I know when she is starting to relax, her movements aren't as jerky and the smile on her face widens. I have noticed the guys have gone straight for her but given me a wide berth. I can't help but

smile at the thought. My permanent resting bitch face isn't helping, but hey ho, this is about my friend realizing she isn't a pariah and she can do the things she wants to do.



The drinks have been flowing for a few hours and Jade's drunk. Thank God she's a happy one or she would have been taken back to the academy by now. I've got a buzz going on that thrums under my skin. I snarl at a few guys to leave me alone. Which they do, but I am starting to wonder where the hell Titan's got too.

"Hey, babe." Speak of the devil, his hand snakes around my stomach in the same way as earlier. Pulling me into his body as he nibbles on my ear, I'm not a repulsed as I thought I would be as a shiver works its way down my spine. Honestly, I thought I wouldn't see him at all here or that we would give each other a wide berth as we managed to piss Frost off and that's what we wanted. Right?

"You look fucking gorgeous," he whispers, his hand moving up, trying to find access under the material of my skin tight top. I guess I misread the whole thing earlier and he actually wants to get to know me. I have to hold back the snort. No, he wants to get into my pants.

"Nice try, but you won't get your hands under this, sweetie," I purr as I grind my arse into the bulge digging into it. He grunts and I chuckle.

"Why are you mad at me?" he asks with a sad lilt to his voice.

"Why would I be mad?" I spin to face him. He pushes his thigh between my legs so the sway of my hips grinds my clit onto his leg and the friction from my jeans has lust buzzing to life.

"Yo, Titan," someone shouts, he takes that as invitation to twine our fingers together and drag me across the room.

"Poker game, you in?" a blond guy asks. Titan looks down at me and grins.

The guy takes off into a room behind the kitchen, Titan wiggles his eyebrows at me, making me laugh. He takes that as an answer and pulls me in the direction of his friend. The room has a poker table set up, it's dimly lit in here but the air is heavy with the stench of weed. Laughter fills the air from

people hanging around the edges, but what surprises me is the couples getting down and dirty in open view. One girl is clearly fucking the guy on the sofa as she bounces on his dick like she's reaching the finish line. Whoops and hollers are called in their direction by some of the guys.

A tug on my hand has me yelping in surprise and landing in Titan's lap. I narrow my eyes at him, he just grins at me again, then nuzzles into my neck making a girly giggle slip past my lips. *Fucking hell get a grip! The alcohol must have gone to your head if your giggling like a damn twelve-year-old.*

My inner bitch has a point. I don't act like a bumbling airhead because of attention a guy gives me.

"You ready, babe?" he whispers in my ear, something wet slides up my face from jaw to ear, I stare at him dumfounded as his eyes darken.

"Did you just lick me?" I ask.

"Welcome to the lion's den, gorgeous." He smirks, and I rack my brain trying to work out what he means.

He looks over my shoulder. Dread pools in my stomach as I twist on his lap. I smirk as he hisses because my arse is on his dick. I stop short at all the eyes narrowed at me, some in curiosity, while others - well there isn't a name for what shines in their eyes.

"Who's the hotty?" one of the wannabes asks Titan. My head snaps round to him. All he does is lean forward and chuckle in my ear.

"Hey," a high-pitched voice says from across the table.

When my eyes land on the owner of it, I nearly fall off Titan's lap laughing. What the actual fuck? Barbie is grinding into Frost's lap, with a huge grin on her face, as she looks at me.

"My name's Tiffany Weinstein, and this is my boyfriend Frost. It's lovely to meet you." Titan barks out a laugh in my ear, while I just stare at her like she's an alien.

"Yeah, I know exactly who you both are, Wankstein," I say, as I plaster a huge, sweet false grin on my face.

"Who do you think you are!" she screeches lifting herself off Frost's lap. I smirk at him as he narrows his eyes at me.

"Bo!" Jade shouts as she heads in my direction. "Come dance with me?"

Titan's body shakes, as I am wiggled on his lap. He's trying his hardest not to laugh at the horrified look on the bitch's face, but shit man, it's comical.

"See you around, Titan," I whisper in his ear, as I stand.

“What do you mean?” he asks as he keeps my wrist in his hand to stop me from moving away further.

I pry his fingers off my wrist, and step closer to Jade who looks seriously shitfaced. With a wink I lead her out of the room with murmurs following after me.

“Well thanks for that introduction, bitch,” I spit with venom, Jade looks terrified at my words, her bottom lip trembles and guilt roars to life.

“Shit, Jade, I’m joking.” I hug her, because seeing the look on the bitch’s face when she found out it was me. Priceless.

I switch Jades alcohol out for water, and tell her it’s vodka and lemonade. She doesn’t even think twice as she knocks it back in one go, damn that shit’s impressive. Jade told me she’d not drank before, which I find suspicious at how easily she’s been putting them away since we got here. My buzz has slowly been disappearing, so I knock back mine, closely followed by another, then another. Six drinks down and my buzz is back.

“I’m going to pee,” Jade shouts as she heads off down the corridor. I keep my eyes glued to her, as a few guys track her with their eyes, and the tugging in my gut has my feet moving on their own accord to make sure she is safe.

The hallway becomes darker as I move away from the party. I try door handles to check for the bathroom, and I have to avert my eyes on more than one occasion. The amount of people fucking like rabbits, brings lust roaring to life again, reminding me how long it’s been since I got laid. “Looks like another night with B.O.B,” I mutter to myself.

A scream fills the air. “Get away from me!” someone screeches. I take off running down the corridor.

Fucking hell, how big is this damn house? Another scream fills the hallway, forcing me to pick up speed. As I round the corner, a snarl is ripped from my throat at the sight in front of me. A big guy with brown hair has Jade pinned to the open door of the bathroom, tears stream down her face as he does something to her neck.

Grabbing a huge chunk of his hair I rip his head away from her, a malicious grin splits my face as he roars in pain. Jade yelps, her eyes widening as she realizes it’s me. I kidney punch the bastard who lets loose another roar, stumbling away from her. She drops into a heap on the floor, but I don’t have time to worry about her as the guy spins to look at me. His eyes widen a touch when he sees me but then he growls. I recognize him as one of the guys that was with Knox that day in the cafeteria, my anger goes

from pissed to molten in a matter of seconds.

“Who the fuck are you to touch someone like that?” I seethe, as we square up to each other.

“Bo. Come on let’s go,” Jade says but her voice is so timid.

“Bitch was asking for it,” he spits at me. It’s like a nuclear bomb goes off in my head.

My fist snaps out, connecting with his nose. He roars as I feel the crunch of bone under my knuckles. I know shit is going to go down tonight, thank fuck my aunt messaged to say she wouldn’t be at the house this weekend and I should stay on campus.

The brute charges me, lifting me off my feet. Jade screams as I bring my fist down onto his back and neck. Trying to get the sweet spot so he drops me. The noise of the party reaches my ears a second before screams fill the air, my mind doesn’t register anything apart from the weird feeling of being propelled through the air while being attached to something. Pain spreads like a bush fire up my back as I connect with something solid. Forcing the bastard to let go, his chest rises and falls rapidly as his mind clears slightly from the drunk induced rage he was feeling. My brain finally catches up and I feel eyes on me. As loud chatter starts around the room, we’re in the kitchen and I’m pretty sure without looking, the thing I was just slammed into was the island.

“What the fuck is going on here?” the bellow silences the crowd, my eyes narrow on Frost as he steps into the room. His gaze snaps from between me and the guy, I spot Jade over the guy’s shoulder trembling with tear tracks down her face. Her makeup is smudged and the neck of her top is stretched showing more cleavage than it’s designed to. My gaze zeros in on the guy that had his hands on her, I roar as I lunge at him. Knocking him over as he shouts in surprise. I scream as my fists batter into his face, not really seeing anything other than the terror on Jade’s face when I found her.

His arms are flying all over the place trying to stop my blows from landing—all I want is to make him bleed. Hands grab me and I roar my anger as I’m dragged off the guy who is laid out on the floor with his face bloody. It’s not enough, he has to pay. I fight with everything I have to get back to him. My back hits something solid, pulling a hiss from between my teeth. Eyes widen at the noise, my gaze finding ice-blue eyes staring back at me.

“What the fuck are you doing, Bo?” Frost asks. I notice a heavy feeling on my chest. Looking down, I see his hand is pinning me to the wall. A growl

starts to build as I look back into his eyes.

“What the fuck does it look like, idiot?” I seethe at the stupidity of his question.

“Why the fuck have you just started a fight with a football player?” Seriously is he dense?

“What do you think would cause a ten stone woman to want to rip a guy’s head off?” The snarl is like venom dripping on my tongue as I watch the surprise widen his eyes before they narrow on me again.

“That’s why I’m asking,” he growls back in my face, annoyance clear in his tone.

“Frost?” One of the other’s say. Looking over his shoulder I spot two of the three other gods. Thankfully Knox isn’t here, because I bet if he saw that we would be having another issue with each other.

“What?” he snaps in response.

“Let her go,” the one that normally has the cheeky smile says. I’m sure I’ve heard some of the other girls say his name is Rafe.

“Tell me what set you off, trailer park?” I scoff at the insult. I have heard it used in some of the American TV shows, but c’mon, what the fuck?

“You really wanna know, rich prick?” I answer, and smirk as anger flicks across his face.

“He put his hands on Jade and told me she was asking for it. But I heard her scream and saw the terror on her face, as the bastard had his hands all over her pinned to the door.”

The pressure on my chest eases as he steps back rubbing his fingers into his forehead.

“Why?” he says.

“How the fuck should I know? You guys seem to think you can take anything you want, so why don’t you answer that question yourself.” My words are like shards of ice, as I look between them.

I’m done with this shit. The silence stretches for a couple of minutes, like none of them have a clue how to reply to my words. Storming past Frost I slip between the others flanking him, glad to find Jade staring at me wide eyed and shaking. Bundling her in my arms, I lead her through the kitchen. Silence follows us as we make our way through the house. We’ve just made it to the front door when moans fill the air, my gaze following the sound. Disgust fills me as I find Titan balls deep in one of the wannabes from the cafeteria, our eyes connect and she grins at me.

Titan looks over his shoulder, his eyes widening as they connect with mine. The surprised look disappears and I see the realization dawn on him, that I've just found him fucking someone while we was meant to be here together.

"Bo?" he says as he pulls his dick out of the girl, tripping over his jeans as he scrambles toward me, falling. He quickly yanks his jeans up.

"Save it, Titan," I spit and drag my friend out of the front door, away from this shit show and back to safety.

CHAPTER EIGHT

My head's still pounding from Friday night. Jade stayed in my room, and I couldn't sleep with her being here so I was up most of the night keeping an eye on her. She did sleep, thankfully, but I know what happened was plaguing her mind as she was very restless. Anger still courses through my veins like it's a living being, because of what the bastard tried to do to her. My resentment is thick because a crap load of people watched as a guy and girl fought each other and didn't do anything about it—none of them made a move to help and just stood by. I could have easily had the crap kicked out of me if I was someone different and didn't know how to defend myself. Seriously, what the hell is up with that? The people back home wouldn't have put up with that. That's not even the thing that is fueling my emotions, it's the lack of reaction to him doing that to Jade. They didn't even bat an eye at it and that makes it worse. It feels like they think it's acceptable.

My anger flares again as my inner monologue stokes it another notch higher, making me glad I decided to come here at this ungodly hour on a Sunday morning. Jade bless her, showed me the gym on campus and the running trails, to help me when I have an episode. I still can't believe she is accepting of my issues, but that's what makes her a great person. The sounds of the gym fill the air, along with the smell of sweat as I step through the doors. There's more people here than I thought there would be. I spot a few groups of guys lingering around lifting weights. Their grunts fill the area with the strain of trying to do the movements, some more are doing what looks to be calisthenics at the far side, but what draws my attention is the mats lined up.

A couple of guys are sparring, I watch mesmerized at how fluidly their

bodies move to avoid each other. The bigger guy is filled with more aggression than the smaller one, his movements are harsher and not as precise as they should be, easily allowing the leaner one to avoid him, which pisses the guy off. I watch them until someone calls time on their sparring session, moving them off and two more step up into their place. Pulling my hair up into a tie so it's on top of my head, I push my beats in and look for a free rack. My muscles feel warm and relaxed from the run over here, I breathe a sigh of relief finding a rack and some other machines empty at the other side, their isn't many bodies nearby which suits me just fine.

Racking up a bar on the squat rack I start with my normal set, to build up. My workout playlist blares in my ears as the music helps to fuel me in my movements, bringing a sweet sort of enjoyment at the tug of my muscles as they begin to ache from the precise way they have to move; it has me feeling more content than I have been since arriving here. This is where I belong—just me, the music and my muscles working. My brain flows from one thing to the other, a light sheen of sweat is building on the back of my neck as the weight increases with each set. My sole focus is on what I'm doing, so when a shadow blocks out the fluorescent lights, I lose my grip on the bar and it drops to the ground with a clank.

“What are you doing here?” a voice asks. I'm hoping if I ignore whoever it is they will leave me alone, so I can continue to work through my emotions.

“I asked you a question,” they grumble. Should have known I wouldn't get any peace. Pulling out my headphone and looking to my new gym buddy, I stop short.

One of the gods stands in front of me in shorts, with thickly muscled arms, crossed over his chest making the lines of each muscle stand out more. Sweat covers his chest and gives his tanned skin a really nice shine. Our eyes meet and I lift an eyebrow, unable to speak at how tasty he looks in this moment.

“What, am I not allowed to be here?” I snap, my hormones making me erratic.

“Yeah. But girls don't normally come into the gym and start lifting weights,” he says as he looks to the side. Following his eyes, I notice a lot of the guys in here are openly staring at me. Some with heat in their eyes and others in surprise, as they look down at the barbell and back up to me.

“I'm not your normal sort of girl,” I say in answer to his remark.

“I'm starting to see that,” he mutters as he narrows his eyes at the guys

still staring. He doesn't look at me again until the guys who are openly staring look away and continue with their own workout

"I'm Rafe," he says, his eyes on mine.

"Yeah I know who you are, like I know who the rest of your gang is," I snark. With a grumble, I walk over to the bench where my bottle of water is.

He follows me over. I lift my brows at him as I sip on my drink, trying to put the moisture back in my throat that seems to have disappeared. I spot the air runner out of the corner of my eye, and a plan forms in my head. Putting my water back I head to it and get myself settled, the curve of the machine is new to me, but honestly I've been dying to try one of these bad boys out.

"What're you doing?" I ask as he steps up onto the machine at the side of me.

"Working out," he says like it's explanation enough.

"I mean what're you doing next to me?" I can feel a headache starting to build.

"Because I want to run and my machine is next to yours." He shrugs and smirks at me, mischief dances in his eyes.

"I didn't see you in here and then just as I'm working out you come over and then become my shadow. What the hell, Rafe?" My tone is sharp, but honestly I don't feel guilty, this is a relaxed area for me, and the thought of getting shit off any of the gods has the opposite effect I was hoping for.

"I'm just working out, Bo. There's nothing malicious in it," he replies on a shrug.

"Yeah, whatever."

Pushing my ear bud back in, I set the screen up and start off at a slow jog. Rafe does the same, his pace matches mine perfectly, even our feet land at the same time, like we are in unison. Trying my best to ignore him, I work through the interval program I chose, mixing between a relaxed pace to an all-out sprint. The timer on the screen tells me, it's getting close to the end of the program, my muscles are screaming at me for the punishment they have had with the sprint portion, but honestly I'm trying to ignore the machine next to me.

Thank god I have my headphones so I could zone him out. The timer hits zero too quickly for my liking, but I start to slow my pace down to a fast walk and then slower until I'm barely moving the belt below me. My breath comes out in broken gasps as I try to pull air into my lungs. My eyesight is blurry and the pain in them, has them watering from the sweat that is flowing

like a stream down my face. I grab my towel and clean my forehead off, dislodging a headphone, I watch wide-eyed as it plops onto the floor, and it decides to be a dick and roll under a bench. I growl dropping down onto all fours, stretching my arm underneath the bench to try and grab it. But it takes me a couple of seconds as my muscles scream in pain at the movement.

“H-How. F-Fast.” The erratic breathing of someone behind me, has me jumping and banging my head on the bench.

“What?” I ask over my shoulder with a glare as I try to find my prize.

“How fast are you?” he asks between big heaving breaths. My hand finally wraps around the bud. Yes! Pulling it out, I stand up and look him up and down. His chest rises and falls rapidly, his face is flushed and sweat is pouring down his face and chest like a river. I snort, trying to hold back the laugh; he looks a mess if I’m being honest.

“You’ve just seen for yourself.” I chuckle with a smirk as he narrows his eyes at me. A smile tips the edges of his lip as he chuckles with a deep rumble.

“Yeah, I know. Jesus. Bo, do you run track?” he asks with an eagerness to him, that has me feeling weird.

“No. Why?” Uncertainty fills me at the question.

“Fucking hell, you should,” he says, his attitude is like he is talking to one of his friends. “Damn, girl, I couldn’t match you on the sprint portion.” He chuckles again, with wide eyes and disbelief clear in his tone.

My face must show my surprise because he fully laughs this time, the sound doing something funny to my insides. “Why were you doing the same program as me?” I ask him, color me curious but I don’t understand what he’s up to.

“I was curious to see what you would do. As you can see there isn’t any girls here?” He gestures around the room with a wide swoop of his arm, to prove his point with each section being empty of any other female. “Honestly. I just thought you were here to try and pick someone up.” He shrugs then and my happy mood is soured, he thinks I’m here to hit on guys? Seriously what the hell is wrong with people in this place?

“I train because I enjoy it and it helps me.” I mentally slap myself for the slip up, praying he didn’t hear it. I know he has when his eyes widen as he stares at me more intently than before, like he’s trying to see something beneath the surface of my skin. It becomes itchy as a nervous feeling passes over me under his watchful eyes, which makes me feel like I’m under a

microscope.

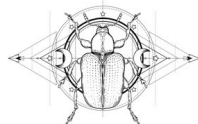
“What do you mean?” he asks.

“It doesn’t concern you,” I hiss. I hate that I’m showing my vulnerabilities, let alone to one of the arseholes in this place.

“It’s ok. You can tell me.” His tone is reassuring, but if he really believes I’m going to fall for his bullshit, not a chance.

With a huff I grab my stuff, wrap my towel round my neck and make my way to the entrance. So much for working out. “Bo, where you going?”

Looking back over my shoulder, my eyebrows shoot to my hairline. His face is drawn in with guilt, it’s as clear as the colors of the rainbow. I burst through the doors not even bothering to acknowledge him. I try to quiet my brain, the guilt I have been feeling since Friday night about Jade guts me, and the annoyance starts to show its face again. Looks like a Netflix day to try and sort myself out before I have to face the hyenas tomorrow.



“Will you listen to me, for God’s sake!” Jade screeches at me across the cafeteria table. It’s Monday, lunchtime, and the day has been quiet for once. The venom in her tone has me stopping short of saying something that will annoy her.

“What?” I have never heard her like this before.

“I don’t know what happened at the party but something is going on between the gods and Titan’s group.” I have to strain my hearing just to be able to catch what she says.

“And that has something to do with me because?” Sarcasm sits thickly between us as she narrows her eyes at me.

“They’re up to something, Bo, and I don’t like it?” Fear and uncertainty flash across her face. She’s been jittery since Friday night and I can’t really blame her.

Turns out the guy from the party and the cafeteria was one of the star players from the football team, and after turning up to practice this morning the coach went mad. Well that’s what I gathered from the whispers when I walked past the group talking about it. But they cut their gossiping short when they realized I was there, but I heard enough to tell me the coach wasn’t

happy. Some of the other members of the team apparently got themselves into crap situations too. But the thing is the one who had a run in with me, didn't tell his coach it was a woman who did it. No, he told him he was jumped in town and robbed. I knew it would be a dint to his ego but still I would have loved to have seen the coaches reaction.

"Heads up," Jade mutters, just as the chair at my side screeches across the floor.

"Hey, Jade, you mind giving me and Bo a minute please?" Titan asks her, my anger flares as she starts to do as he says.

"Anything you want to say, you can do it in front of her. She isn't going anywhere," I retort. Jade gasps at the tone of my voice.

Titan takes a deep breath, while taking hold of my hand in his. I can't work out if he's trying to pluck up the courage to say something or if he has a weird fetish for hands.

"Spit it out, Titan."

"I don't know what happened Friday night," he says, voice filled with remorse. My eyes nearly bug out of my head as I look at Jade, her facial expression mirrors mine perfectly.

"Let me guess," I snark. "You fell over and your dick ended up in her pussy is that it?" Jade snorts a laugh from the other side of the table, and I'm fighting a laugh of my own as he snarls.

"Bo. I."

"Look, Titan, you don't owe me anything." I hold a hand up to stop him from saying whatever bullshit excuse he's about too. "But I would have thought, since you asked me to the party, you could have waited until I left to get your dick wet." Jade is staring at me in awe, which is making me feel a little uncomfortable.

"Bo?"

"Bye, Titan."

I take a huge bite out of my sandwich, which has been sitting in front of me since we got here. The flavor of the chicken has me groaning, I forgot how hungry I was. The added bonus is my mind and mouth are too busy enjoying the food orgasm I'm being given to worry if I have offended one of the popular guys.

The screech of his chair legs, has me shuddering. That is one sound I hate, it's almost as bad as nails on a chalkboard. That makes me cringe, even with the thought of it.

“You are my damn idol.” Jade grins at me and I laugh.

I don’t know what he was expecting when he came over here, but I am not bothered. I knew what I was getting into agreeing to go with him, after seeing him in the hallway that day. Or even stupid enough to think I would be the one to change him. I didn’t feel any jealousy about it, just annoyance that he couldn’t have waited until I left. I really don’t want to see the dick that belongs to the guy I’m at a party with in someone else like they’re trying to play Tetris.

We finish up and make our way to the door, my pace starts to slow rapidly as the murmurs fill the air. Every table I pass, their eyes are on us. Well no, they are on me. Laughter breaks out and I haven’t got a clue what the hell is going on.

‘Oh. My. God! Is that her?’

‘What a whore!’

‘Could you imagine your mother meeting that?’

Laughter breaks out around the room. Me and Jade look at each other confused. The jeers ricochet throughout the room, unease builds as I look at all the eyes staring at me then looking at their phones.

“Bo, what’s going on?” Jade asks in a hushed whisper.

I shrug because I haven’t got a clue. The shouts and cat calls get louder, my palms and back of my neck are sweaty as we make it out into the hallway.

“Aww, look, it’s the little skank,” a voice hisses.

Queen bee and her friends step into our path. All of them have the same sneers on their faces, as their eyes narrow on me.

“What new thing have you thought up this time, Wankstein?” I hold back the laughter the best I can, as her face turns a bright red color. She almost looks like it’s about to pop off her shoulders.

“It’s Weinstein!” she screeches.

Jade and I both flinch at the noise.

“Hey, baby.” Her whole demeanor changes, as the gods just so happen to turn up like it’s a coincidence.

“What happened to meeting us?” I watch as he slips his arms around her waist and pulls her into his body, her face flushing.

“Just showing trailer trash here where it belongs in the pecking order.” She smiles sweetly at him before turning her eyes back to me.

“I’ll fuck you, Walker!” some random guy shouts from the other side of the hallway.

“Fuck you, Damien. She’s riding my dick tonight!”

“Nah, man, she’s having the special tonight with me,” another shouts, while he thrusts his hips with a huge grin on his face.

“Bo?” Jade hisses at me in a whisper.

I don’t know what she’s expecting from me. I haven’t got a clue, just like her. I know something is going on from the looks and comments in the cafeteria and now this.

“Do these look familiar skank?” le bitch says.

She passes me her phone and, horror fills me as I look at the picture on the screen. *How the fuck has she got this?* As I swipe through, image after image shows me in my underwear or completely naked. The only differences is the lack of scar and tattoo.

“Let me see that?” Rafe says, yanking the phone from my hand.

Shame and disgust swirls in my gut, as I’m assaulted with the memories of the night. My boyfriend at the time talked me into allowing them to be taken, for his own personal spank bank. I loved the guy something endless, but I learned the hard way, you will always remember your first love but they can sometimes turn into the wrong person. That’s exactly what happened between me and Matthew—he became my own worst nightmare.

“Tiff, how did you get these?” Frost asks her, rubbing small circles into her stomach.

“Aww, haven’t you noticed yet, baby?” she purrs, fluttering her eyelashes up at him. “Us women turn into the FBI when we want to find things out.” She smirks. “Matthew was rather eager to send me them. What did you do wrong?” she says with a sickly-sweet tone.

“Aww. Wankstein, I love how invested you are into my life.” I smile just as sweetly as I step closer to her. “But if you wanted to get a reaction you should have asked for the sex tape.” I wink at her and laugh as I pass her and the guys. All their mouths are on the floor and it’s the funniest thing I have ever seen. I smile as Jade looks at me with the same reaction.

“Sex tape?” I don’t know who is more shocked by that revelation them or her.

“Yes, sex tape.”

“How?” she asks.

“How did I have sex?” I enquire. She can’t be a virgin?

“No. I know how sex works.” She barks a laugh. “Why would you make one?”

How do I explain this to her. She has this air of innocence about her that I don't really want to destroy. But I realize not long after we became friends, she will keep pushing until she gets the answers she wants.

"Matthew was my first ever boyfriend," I admit. She suddenly stops yanking me to face her. "We were together a couple of years. He was my first at everything." My eyes move from hers, as I look out into the open area of the lawn toward the trees.

"But he started being violent when I wouldn't do the stuff my friends were doing with the others."

"Bo?"

"He promised he wouldn't hit me again if I did what he wanted and make the video with him." My eyes sting from the tears gathering in my eyes.

"He sent it out so it went viral." My mind starts to lose itself to the after effects from everything that followed.

"So it was a big, huge scandal so what?" she says like it's not important.

"Yeah, it was a huge scandal. The school contacted my parents and told them all about it." My heart beats erratically. "Thing is, Jade, my family had good jobs and something like this would have affected them. My father was a headteacher and my mum worked in accounting." Her eyes widen a fraction.

"I stopped speaking to Matthew and broke it off and he wasn't happy about that so he started stalking me, begging me to come back and promising he wouldn't do it again."

"Okay, so what happened?"

"Because I kept to what I was saying, that I didn't want to be with him after he could do that to me, he started targeting me at school. Making my life hell and causing issues between me and my friends."

"Is that why nothing bothers you?" she asks.

"I was out with my parents at a restaurant, the weather was crap but we had fun." A tear falls.

"We were hit by a driver on the road, and our car ended up in the river."

"I'm so sorry, Bo, did they get arrested?" Her eyes are full of unshed tears.

"I was the only one to survive and then I found out who was responsible." Silently the tears are falling down my cheeks. I haven't spoken much to people about this, it was the first time telling someone.

"Matthew claimed it was an accident, due to the weather."

"Oh shit, Bo. I am so sorry." She pulls me into a hug and I feel a shudder

run through my armor as I stand curled in her arms.

Frost

CHAPTER NINE

You should have asked for the sex tape. The words have been running through my mind all afternoon. How can she say something like that? As if it doesn't bother her to know that. She hasn't realized but she has just given us another piece of the ammunition we need to get her removed out of the academy.

"Found it," Deacon declares to us all.

"Let me see?" Rafe asks him, as he heads over to sit next to him, trying to yank the tablet from his hands to watch the video.

"What are you thinking?" Knox asks.

That's the million-dollar question. How can we bring her to heel? The tactics we have tried so far haven't worked. She's a shiny new play thing. They all have an interest in her, it was obvious to me from the moment they met outside the main door. Knox thrives on the challenge she presents. Rafe is intrigued by her because she hasn't rolled over to us. Deacon sees her as a puzzle piece he needs to figure out. Me, well my attraction started the night of the party when I found her out on the patio. The memory of her from that night is completely different from the woman who has stood in front of me many times. That night she showed a lot of emotion, she hated the party and it was obvious. I was instantly attracted because she is gorgeous, anyone that looks at her notices it. But I knew from that moment she was different to the norm that surrounds us. She has proven that every day since, but the look in her eyes is different from that night. They are dead, hollow as if she is a shell of herself.

"Earth to Frost?" Knox chides, laughing as I narrow my eyes at him.

"Yeah." My mind feels hazy.

“What are we going to do about her?” Knox asks, I feel all the eyes in the room on me.

We have tried to pull her in line and nothing seems to bother her, not even the pictures Tiffany got. There has to be something that will do it. But after the discussion I had with my father, after the incident with the football player, I can't be involved with this too much. He has made it perfectly clear if it comes back to him, he won't be happy. I sit and think about the best course of action when it hits me.

“Pass the word around,” I say to the guys, a sadistic smile tips the edges of my lips. “Tell them it's hunting season.”

Bo

CHAPTER TEN

The scratching of my pencil on the paper in front of me gives me a little bit of solace. I'm sitting at the back of my first business studies class, waiting for the professor to appear. Me and my aunt had an argument over text this morning, about her choosing this class for me. Her reply, every person needs to learn this. It's as if she thinks knowing this will help me in the world, and we both know that's a crock of shit. I don't plan on being a big wig mogul in the business world. I just want to get through this and leave, doing what I want to do and keeping in front of my demons.

Laughter fills the room as people start to come in and take their seats. I don't move my eyes away from my drawing adding the details into the skull to try to make the look of it match with what's in my head. I'm sitting in the last row with the window at my back. This is the only seat I found without a lot of others sitting close together. The noise level is horrendous, the sounds are making me wish I had my buds with me to be able to block out the cackling.

"Hey there, gorgeous," a deep raspy voice says next to my ear, pulling me out of my trance.

I look up into a set of bright green eyes, the guy huge by normal standards. His brown hair is tousled with the I just got out of bed look. Which definitely took him a while in the mirror to get it to look like that. He openly stares at me with bright eyes and an easy going aura pouring off him.

"Hey," he says again as he pulls the chair out next to me.

"This seats taken," I say as I swing my leg on the seat to block his arse from being able to sit down.

My morning has been a weird one, if I'm being totally honest. The

argument with my aunt had me feeling all sorts of prickly. But what really added the final layer is the attention I got as I walked through the hallways. It felt like I was living inside a fish bowl and I was all the entertainment needed for these rich arseholes. Some of the guys grabbed my arse on the way past, whispering in my ear what they want to do to me between the sheets. While others glared at me in disgust and shouted insults my way. My mind is reeling at the moment. A huff at the side of me tells me that the guy has realized I'm not going to allow him to sit down next to me. An eerie silence descends on the room, making me look up to the professor.

"What's the desperate bitch doing in here?" Knox says to Rafe who laughs at the gibe.

"Did you forget, man, prostitutes need to know business workings too." Rafe smirks as the other two burst out laughing.

"Hey, Frost, how many prostitutes does it take to pay their expenses?" Knox asks his friend, who is throwing daggers my way.

"Enough to sate the pimp's thirst for trashy pussy," he replies with a smirk as he sits down at the desk in front of me.

"Says the guy who sticks his dick in an inflatable," I mutter to myself, as I continue my drawing.

"What the fuck did you just say?" he hisses as he spins toward me. Our eyes meet and I search for the look I found that night of the party, but it's not there.

"Says the guy who sticks his dick in an inflatable," I repeat my words making all their eyes widen. I only just manage to stop the snort that tries to work its way out of my throat.

"Just because you're jealous, trailer trash," Knox hisses as he spins in his chair, with his chest to the back rest.

"Is that so?" I smirk at the annoyance that flashes across his face.

"Yeah. We all know you were desperate to jump on my boys dick the night of your aunt's dinner party." He smirks at me as, my eyes narrow into the back of Frost's head.

"Oh really?" My retorts are stopped in their tracks as three sets of eyes stare at me.

"Oh, yeah. He told us all about how you were practically begging for it, like a bitch in heat," Knox says, his voice is a lot louder this time drawing the attention of the other students who weren't listening to this whole thing.

Now every single person in this room is staring at me. My eyes stay glued

to the mucky blond hair in front of me, willing him to look at me so I can stab him through the eye with my pencil. How fucking dare he ruin what happened that night. I thought we were kindred spirits being forced into something that we didn't want to do. God I'm an idiot. I honestly believed and hoped after that short interaction that we would get on and I would see him again.

"Isn't that right, Frost?" Knox says. "How much was she begging for your dick?"

"God, the desperation was disgusting. No matter how hard I tried to get her to understand I do class not trash." The room bursts out laughing, and I feel the blush trying to creep its way up my cheeks.

"Even the ex-realized how trashy she was, that's why he sent that video viral," Rafe says and the crowd hushes.

"Yeah, if anyone wants to watch it, you can find it at desperate whore.com."

A website, a fucking website. My rage boils as the class joins in with the taunts I am having thrown my way. My pencil snaps in half in between my hands. *Where the hell is the professor?* I am raking my mind trying to think of something to say to get the last word in but my mind is running a blank.

"Eyes front, everyone."

The class all spin to face the middle-aged man with a belly, in a crap beige-color suit. He is standing at the front, his eyebrows in a frown as he makes eye contact with every single one of us until everyone is hushed. My mind isn't on anything he says over the next hour. I just stare at the drawing in front of me. Trying to ignore the whispers that reach my ears or the notes that are passed my way.

I spend all my time breathing in through my nose and out through my mouth, like my therapist told me to do when I felt an episode coming on. Thankfully this is my last class of the day, and I don't have to see any more of these shit heads until it's feeding time. The professor calls an end to the class, creating the noise of people putting things away. I am up and out of the door in a matter of seconds. The ground is swallowed by my long strides to carry me away from them.

"Where do you think you're going, baby?" A guy I have never seen before steps into my path.

"Piss off, asshole," I snarl as I try step around him, but I'm blocked by another one.

“Aww come on now, baby, we only want a little fun?” the new one says, as his eyes run up and down the length of my body.

“Fuck off, tweedle dee and tweedle dumb. I’m not dealing with your shit now,” I snarl.

I try to pass them both, and they block me again, then more guys join in surrounding me. Being between the bodies, makes me feel like I’m caged in. They all tower over me, causing the sunlight to disappear. My breathing grows as panic begins to take over from being caged in. A rushing sound fills my ears. I try to cover them to make it stop, but it doesn’t work. My chest feels heavy as my breathing slows as I try to fight it and pull air into my lungs. Laughter fills the air as my arms and legs begin to tremble, as the panic attack takes control. Darkness presses in on me as tears pool in the corners of my eyes and I try my best to pull myself out of this. The darkness becomes thicker, my legs give way. I become a heap on the floor, as my limbs tremble, shaking so violently, people would think I’m having a seizure.

“Bo?” A voice breaks through the sound in my ears, I must have imagined it.

“Bo?” My vision is blurry as I open my eyes.

An older lady is kneeling down next to me, with a sympathetic look on her face. I have never seen her before. She smiles down at me sweetly as she pulls my other hand away from my ear.

“What happened?” she asks.

I look around for the guys who have just boxed me in, but no one is around. The lawn is empty apart from a few people staring at me open mouthed.

“Sorry,” I mutter as I pull myself up off the path and brush the gravel off my legs.

“Bo?” the woman says as her hand lands on my arm, her face wrinkles up.

“I’m ok. I must have tripped over my own feet,” I say as my shoulders curl over, my gaze dropping to the ground.

The woman tuts at me, the pity still shines in her eyes. I can’t believe I allowed that to happen. I haven’t had a severe panic attack in months. I have always managed to extract myself from the situation before it ever got that fair.

“I don’t believe that for a second,” she says with a raised eyebrow. “I’ve read your file. I have been meaning to catch you to book an appointment for

you to come see me.”

“Who’re you?” I stop short at the rudeness in my tone. “Sorry, I just don’t know who you are.” She smiles at me then.

“I’m Ms. Clarke,” she says. I lift a brow and she laughs. “I’m the guidance counselor. I normally work with the high school side of the academy but after seeing your file. I wanted to touch base with you.” That’s when I hear it, the slight accent in her voice.

“You’re not from round here?” Somehow the horror from the panic attack dissipates as I ask the question that has me curious.

“No, I’m not,” she says.

She gestures for me to follow, which I do without thinking about it. I know I should be on edge with her being a guidance counsellor but something tells me I can trust her. I follow her along the gravel path, and the catcalls and whistles start again. Then the snide comments about my attack start. I growl, pulling my bag into my chest to shield myself. The fact I’m shrinking away and hiding from the students pisses me off, but the shame I feel at showing one of my weaknesses to these people makes me more angry at myself.

“Come on in, Bo,” she says as she opens the door wider for me to step through.

I freeze in place as I take my first look around her office. It’s not what I would have expected it to be. There isn’t any posters about drinking and drug use everywhere like I thought.

“How would you feel about seeing me once a week?” she asks from her position behind the desk. She nods to the chair in front of it in offering.

“Um.” My brain is still in a state of surprise that she hasn’t reacted like most people do when they see that.

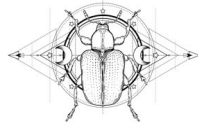
I pick a cotton strand that has come loose from the seam of my bag. I have never felt this open before in front of someone. Not even when I was having weekly psychiatrist sessions back home. They tried to help me deal with my demons, but how can you explain to someone you’re to blame for the death of the people that matter most to you in the world.

“If you don’t want to do weekly sessions, we can do monthly ones to start with and if you feel like adding more in you can?” She watches me intently.

“Um. Yeah. Sure thing,” I say, still not daring to meet her gaze.

The urge to run is riding me hard at the moment. She must spot my unease as she smiles sweetly at me and passes me a contact card with her

number on it. I mutter my thanks and head out the door, my heart is beating like a freight train. Keeping my head down I head back to the dorm to get away from the murmurs and stares being thrown my way.



Back inside my room, I only manage to close the door as the emotion hits. My back hits the door. I lean my head back and allow the feelings to run like rivers down my cheeks. Sliding down, tucking my knees into my chest, I sob. The taunts and battles I've had since coming here haven't really gotten under my skin—well they have a little but I don't show it. But having the panic attack in front of a group of them, my sobs become louder as I wallow in the depths of my feelings. I really wish my parents were here, then I wouldn't be here and I would be back home. I dial the number, my face rested on my knee as the voicemail picks up. Fresh tears fall as I listen to my mum's voice. *What do I do, Mum? I know I come across as a snarky arse to people, but that's how I cope. But this is too much. I'm exhausted mentally, and I wish you could tell me what to do. You were always good at that. I miss you and I'm sorry.*

“You haven't grieved your parents, Bo.” The words from the last shrink I saw in the UK pops into my mind. I know he's right but I couldn't get him to understand. Why should I grieve them when I should have been dead too? Why did I survive and they didn't? How is that fair? The only reason why I got out of the accident was a fluke thing to happen and I have the scar to prove it. I shouldn't have survived that, even the doctors said I shouldn't have, but here I am.

My tears stop falling. I know my mum would be giving me the third degree right about now, telling me to fake it until I make it. Make the best of this situation and fight with everything I have to take what I need from this and move forward. Pulling myself up from the floor, I wipe the evidence of tears from my face. Allowing the mask I always wear to slip back into place and head to the bathroom to wash away the remains of the shitty day.

My phone pings on the floor. I head back and pick it up. Looking at the message from Jade as I head into the bathroom, I laugh as I switch the shower on. I'm sure this girl is obsessed with memes. She just sent me a

weird one of a minion. Another message comes through asking if I will meet her for dinner, my plan of ordering food and reading is out of the question.

Firing off a quick reply, I'm undressed and showered in record time. Throwing my workout gear on, I head down to meet Jade. I wonder if I can get her to join me for a workout and then order after. Yeah I know it's a bit backward working out and then ordering take away, but I love food.

"What are you doing on this floor?" I freeze. You have to be shitting me. Frost leans on the wall across from me, he's just standing there like a statue.

"Coming out of my room," I sass. "Any reason why you're lurking?"

"I'm not," he retorts, my brows dip into a frown. Another door opens.

"Well I'm glad to see you, gorgeous." Seriously, is it arseholes assembly or something? Rafe grins at me further down the hallway.

"What are you doing on this floor, Bo?" Frost asks as he steps closer.

"Do you want me to draw it in crayon for you, Frost?" I lift a brow at him. "My room is on this floor." His brow furrows.

"Damn, so your telling me I've had your fine ass next to me all this time and I didn't know?" Rafe looks deep in thought, like him not knowing I was here is annoying.

My confusion must be apparent. He chuckles at me and saunters over. Lifting a piece of my hair, twirling it around his finger.

"The floors are all coed, Bo Bo." He smirks at me.

I know they are, the woman I spoke to the first day mentioned it quickly, then moved on to the more important things. But I didn't know who I was sharing a floor with until now. When I first arrived here, I spotted the three doors. Jade's surprise at me being put up here should have been a giveaway, but I just thought she was jealous at the size of the room.

"Yeah, I know," I say.

"You working out?" Rafe asks, but I can feel the ice-cold stare of Frost as he listens to us.

"That's why people wear workout clothes, Rafe," I mutter.

"Say it again," he says as he steps into my personal space, caging me in against the door.

"What?" I look into his eyes, confused at the turn of events.

"Say my name again, baby," he says. "I love the way it slips off your tongue." He runs the tip of his tongue across the seam of his mouth.

"Rafe," I purr, smirking as his eyebrows hit his hairline.

"Bo!" Frost snaps at me.

I move my head to the side as I look over Rafe's shoulder and smirk at the anger staring back at me. Rafe shocks me as I see him grin out of the corner of my eye. Meeting his gaze I see the mischief dancing in its depths.

"Play along," he whispers into my ear, causing a shiver to run down my spine.

I'm trying to understand what he means, when his hand skims down my leg. My eyes widen and he smirks again, gripping me behind the knee. He stands up and hitches my leg on his hip, thank God I'm not wearing my uniform or I would be exposed to the whole corridor. Pushing himself forward he grinds into me. I fight the moan trying to escape at the feel of the bulge in his pants. Pinned to the door by his frame, he slides his hand up my chest and grabs my throat applying a little pressure. I fight back another moan, but I lose the battle to stay quiet as he licks from my shoulder up my throat, to my ear.

"Rafe!" Frost barks, pulling me back into reality.

Rafe and I are both breathing heavily, even with the slight situation we are in.

"You taste sweet," he says as he runs his tongue along his lower lip.

A huge bang makes us both jump. He jumps away from me as the sound finishes its echo in the corridor. Both our breaths are ragged, and I'm trying to control my racing heart when he bursts out laughing. I narrow my eyes at him, and look to the spot where our audience was standing, but he isn't there.

"Thanks, Bo-Bo," he says as he heads past me to the last door in the hallway.

He disappears on a wink, and I'm left here horny as hell. Those fuckers are a danger to my ovaries. The fantasy can run rampant in my mind, but reality is another matter. That's the thing with the books I read. They have me wanting to get involved with the dickhead, because it sounds amazing to have someone want you so fiercely they will un-alive someone for you. But it wouldn't work. It hits me how to get myself through this. I smile as I head down to meet Jade. I'm glad to find her still waiting for me.

"What you smiling about?" she asks.

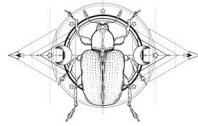
"Nothing." I laugh as she glares at me. "You fancy doing a workout and grabbing some food after?"

"You avoiding the cafeteria?" she asks, making my mood deflate. I should have realized word would spread.

"I'm moody and horny," I blurt out. She gasps in shock with her hand

covering her mouth, but then burst's out laughing. "I'm afraid to ask."

I shrug in answer. We stare at each other for a while. Neither one of us wanting to budge. I know she hates the idea of doing exercise, but I can't step foot in there at the moment. Not because I am afraid, more for their own safety because if someone opened their mouth at that moment, I would probably do something that would land me in the police station.



Sweat pours off me. Thank God I picked a set of black workout clothes or they would be see through. Jade huffs and puffs like something dying on the floor, where she has been laying for the last ten minutes.

"Just one more round," I say in encouragement, but I don't think it helps with the death glare thrown my way.

"You're the devil," she huffs at me as she rolls up onto her hands and knees.

I laugh as I notice her arms and legs trembling, barely keeping her in her position. Raucous laughter fills the room, as the doors to the gym swing open. A group of guys stroll in, making Jade scramble to her feet. I fight back the laugh as she blushes as one of the guys looks over in our direction.

"Someone got a lady boner for pretty boy?" I tease.

"Shut up," she hisses at me, making me laugh.

The horror on her face as I fall apart, at her embarrassment is priceless. Her blush deepens turning her cheeks crimson as the guys continues to stare.

"Who is he?" I ask, the way she has turned shy and giggly is nice to see. I haven't noticed her be like this with anyone and its refreshing.

"Nathaniel," she smiles as she says his name. "He's in my English class."

Ah, that makes sense, he has the hot nerd vibe. He's a pretty boy but hot with it. I watch mesmerized as they just stare at each other, both looking when the other looks away. It's cute. My breathing has slowed and I can feel my body temperature has dropped.

"You ready for the next r.."

"What is the desperate skank doing here?" The owner of the voice steps around the corner.

Where the hell did he come from. My eyes narrow as Knox walks over to

the guys. They all say hey or nod at him, a couple of them look over to us again.

“Come on, Jade.” I grab my stuff and walk past her, hoping she can see the let’s get out of here look.

I’m glad when she grabs her stuff and we make our way to the doors, a clink sounds out and I’m falling. I have to throw my hands out to stop myself from face planting.

“Stop trying to suck my dick!” I notice the white trainers in front of me.

Sitting back on my heels, I wipe my hands that are slick with sweat as laughter fills the gym. As our eyes connect, Knox is smirking down at me with his arms folded across his chest as I am on my knees.

“Aww look, Knox. The whore is kneeling for you,” someone says causing another round of laughter.

“That’s where she belongs, boys.” He cackles along with the others. My cheeks flush with embarrassment and my anger grows at the look in his eyes.

“Move it!” a voice bellows shutting everyone up in an instant.

“Walker!” the voice snaps again, my eyes dart in the direction. I spot a youngish guy in workout clothes. I haven’t seen him around before, but he’s cute.

“Get your ass up of the floor and get out of here,” he shouts at me.

I stay in my position on the floor, as I watch all the guys head over to the mats on the other side of the room. Dropping on my ass I sit crossed legged, Jade drops down next to me and we watch. The cute guy calls the group to attention and starts dividing them into groups. Everyone is partnered, taking up stances across from each other. Then the blows start, each group doesn’t go full out but just enough to make the other have to counter their movements.

“Kickboxing team,” Jade mutters at the side of me.

“What?” I ask her, I’m not sure if I heard her right.

“Kickboxing team,” she says again. “Knox is the captain.”

Should have known asshole would be involved in something here. I found out the other day Rafe is a track star and Deacon runs the computer club. Frost well nothing is said much about him but apparently he helps out with some charities or something.

“Knox!” An angry voice fills the air. “Will you stop knocking out your sparring partner.”

Jade and I stare as a guy is being lifted off the mat unconscious. Knox

prowls around his mat with a cocky smirk on his face.

“Get better fighters, coach.” He throws his arms out in an arrogant gesture, arms wide like a king praising his subjects.

Standing up, I grin at Jade as she frowns at me. I saunter over to where the team are training. “I’ll fight him, coach,” I say sweetly.

Wide eyes turn to me in disbelief. I have to fight back the snort. The coach glares at me when the penny finally drops who he is talking too.

“I told you to leave,” he states.

“I told you I would fight him,” I retort, fighting the smirk as the coach huffs at me.

“You can’t fight me, you’re a girl!” Knox shouts from his spot.

“Says the guy who ate dirt because of me,” I retort, laughing as all the guys in the gym burst out laughing.

“It was a lucky shot bitch!” he spits.

My eyes connect with the coach’s, who looks like his head is currently on a bungee cord, ping-ponging between me and Knox with the back and forth.

“I don’t allow a mix of genders,” the coach says.

“I will take responsibility if I get hurt, coach,” I say, my body buzzing with excitement.

“I’m so going to regret this,” he mutters to himself, rubbing his eyes.

I head over and position myself on the mat, pulling my gloves on. I always carry a set with me in my bag in case I need them. I watch Knox as his eyes widen slightly in surprise. He bounces from foot to foot as a smirk spreads across his face at first, then turns into one of malice. The room is silent. Flicking my gaze from side to side, I spot the other guys all standing around the mat, their sparring forgotten.

“Don’t worry, gorgeous, I’ll go easy on you,” he says with a grin. “But when I put you out cold, you have to suck my dick when you wake up,” he says blowing me a kiss.

He stumbles back as I charge, my movements are fluid as I throw a combination. One after the other, they land and he bellows his fury into the air. I laugh at him, he looks like a giant toddler throwing a tantrum.

“Don’t worry, gorgeous. I’ll go easy on you,” I repeat his words back and smile at the venom in his eyes.

He roars as he rushes me, I laugh as I dance out of his reach. I avoid his attacks every time, by dancing out of the way. Being lighter has its advantages, making me faster on my feet. He charges like a bull with no

thought process at all. His plan is easy to read on his face, if he gets his hands on me, I know I'm done for.

Speed is going to help me here, as I counter him. He throws his punches wildly. I have to fight the laugh building. My old trainer would be disappointed in the lack of finesse he is showing. Pain radiates through my cheek, as I'm thrown off my feet. I crash into the mat in a heap, something drops onto my arm. My eyes see the drop of blood, sitting there like a little blob. Running my fingers across my cheek, the tips come away crimson. The stinging sensation tells me, it's split open. I lift my head and see Knox grin at me in triumph. My eyes get drawn back to the blood on the tips of my fingers and I watch intently as it drips onto the floor, gathering in a little puddle. Tracing my fingers through it, I draw a pattern into the mat with it. Smiling to myself as I do.

"Get up bitch!" Knox screams.

I ignore him, watching the pattern take form. It looks so pretty like this, the red a bright contrast to the black mat. Pulling my knees up so I'm unstable as I lose myself into the drawing, a bleeding heart shines back up at me from beneath my fingers.

Lashing out, my fists connects in the junction of the knee on Knox's leg. His roar sounds like music to my ears. He tried to take advantage of my lack of concentration, but the heavy footfalls of his gave him away. Lifting my head to look in his eyes as his back hits the mat with a boom, he gulps. Murmurs, and chatter break out in the room as I move my head to the side, Knox just lays there.

"Bo?" the coach's voice sounds closer than before.

I look to my left and he's walking over with his palms up, like he's trying to calm a wild animal. My head drops a little further to the side, as I take in the atmosphere in the room. Unease is thick in the air, a demonic chuckles slips through my lips as I realize Knox is still laying in the position he landed in, staring at me. Pulling myself up, so I am standing again. I extend my hand to Knox, with a smile.

"Nice hit, man," I say with a grin.

He takes my hand in his and I lean back to pull him to his feet. He makes it into a half crouch when my head connects with his nose exploding it everywhere, his roar fills the air. That continues to build a new octave I haven't heard before, as he rolls around wailing on the floor like a girl.

I walk through the crowd, smirking as they step to the side slightly. I grab

my stuff and laugh at the expression on Jade's face. Pulling the door open I look back over my shoulder.

"I win."

Frost

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Rafe sits on the couch across from me in the den playing on his phone. We haven't spoken a word to each other since his PDA grope of Bo in the hallway. Watching them, the way she moaned as he ground his dick into her, had heat flashing through me. Followed closely by anger as she responded to him. Almost like she wouldn't have stopped him if he tried to take it further.

"I know your name is Frost. But fucking hell, how chilly is it in here?" Knox says as he enters the room.

Rafe looks up and laughs, like it's the funniest thing in the world. The sounds grates on me, the urge to pull his vocal cords out is strong.

"Fucking hell, man!" Rafe shouts. "What happened to you?"

"I had a run in with a Bo," Knox answers in reply, pulling my attention to him.

His face looks blotchy from the bruising showing around his face. His nose is the thing that stands out the most—it's swollen and red. Dried blood is crisp under his nostrils, his eyebrows pulled down into a frown.

"Ah so you didn't get her to moan for you like I did?" Rafe says.

"Why would you fucking touch her like that?" My roar fills the area as I charge toward him, gripping his shirt in my hands, then yanking him to his feet. The bastard grins.

"What's the matter, Frost?" he asks as he lifts a brow.

"You're the one who declared hunting season." He pulls my fists off of his shirt. "Why are you pissed I had her moaning for me?"

"You what?" Knox barks. He steps between us as I snarl at my friend, the grin on his face is really pissing me off.

"Bo and I were getting hot and heavy in the hallway," he grins again.

“Turns out she’s in the room between me and Frost.”

“What?” Knox mutters.

My anger is still so potent. I storm away from them both. The ice clinks as I lift a glass out of the hidden compartment, where we keep our alcohol. Pouring myself a drink, I watch as the amber liquid fills it. I throw it back, which is a waste but the burn takes my mind off wanting to pull my friend apart. They talk, thinking I’m not paying attention to what they are saying. But that couldn’t be more further from the truth. Every time one of them says her name, I want to hurt them. She’s mine to toy with in that way. She’s been mine since that night at the party and no way in hell is anyone touching her in that way. But me!

Bo

CHAPTER TWELVE

“Slow down!” Jade screams at me.

Barking out a laugh, I put my foot down. The mustang roars like an animal, my smile widens as I weave between cars on the road. I feel bad for scaring the crap out of my friend, but this is the first time I have had the chance to really open her up. My anger is riding me hard after the showdown with Knox—seriously, what is the guy’s obsession with me sucking his dick.

“Bo. Please, someone is going to call the police and my parents would kill me,” Jade shouts.

“Shit.” Lifting my foot of the accelerator, I slow until we are driving at the speed I should be.

Jade’s knuckles are white as she straight arms herself on the dash, as if that would help her if anything happened. Flicking the signal I turn right, the guard’s box comes into view after we drive for another fifteen minutes. Neither of us have said a word.

“Bo, you live here?” she whispers, fear fresh on her face.

“My aunt does, why?”

“Oh shit,” she exclaims, causing a flash of nervousness to course through my veins.

“What’s up?” she doesn’t reply, the silence has me looking over to her. I find her in her seat, twisting her fingers into a knot on her lap.

“Jade?” I press.

“I’ll tell you later,” she mutters.

The grand driveway comes into view, as we cruise down the gravel. I keep checking on her out of the corner of my eye, hoping she will tell me what’s bothering her. The closer to the house we get she sits to attention. Her

eyes nearly fall out of her head as the glass house comes into view, then she breathes out a weird noise. It sounds to be half awe, with a little rich bitch thrown in. It's not exactly easy for me to understand.

"Where's the butler?" Jade asks as I round the car.

"He doesn't like me very much." I chuckle because I know how true my words are.

"Bo!" a voice shouts from the doorway.

"Hi, Ms. Janette," I say as I climb the couple of steps.

She engulfs me in a hug, like I am one of her favorite people in the world. I have to admit it's refreshing for someone other than Jade being happy to see me.

"Glad you're here. You both staying for food?" she asks.

I look to Jade, who is still staring at the house in awe. I elbow her in the ribs to catch her attention and she blushes at being caught.

"If you don't mind, Ms. Janette." My stomach rumbles at the mention of food, the woman's cooking is divine.

"What are you doing back and during a school week?" she asks with a don't bullshit me look.

"I needed to grab a few things I forgot." I shrug, hoping she won't ask to many questions.

"Hurry up and grab what you need. We have a couple of hours before your aunts back." She rushes us through the house.

Jade moves at a snail's pace behind me, taking everything in. I step through the threshold to my room, preparing myself for the horror I will find. What I see has a lump building in my throat. The awful unicorn shit pink is gone and in its place are black walls, with purple accessories all over the place.

"Wow," she speaks slowly, like she's trying not to break the spell.

I'm with her at the reaction to the room. I knew Ms. Janette was going to change it, but I can't believe she's managed to get the room perfect, everything is fitting.

I rush over to the walk-in wardrobe, pulling my old rucksack out of the far side of the room. Thank God my aunt didn't get someone to throw it out, or I would have been pissed.

"What're you doing?" Jade asks from somewhere in the room.

I search like a madman through the bag trying to find the thing I came for when my hand curls around the squishy exterior. I pull it out with a huge

grin.

“Bo, is that what I think it is?” Jade asks confused.

“You never seen a vibrator before?” I ask, surprised by the look on her face.

“Why do you have a vibrator?” she asks.

“Because I’m horny as hell and them arseholes have turned me into a social pariah,” I say it as if that explains it.

“What?” she asks with a confused look on her face.

“Dude, you really think I could get laid with Frost and his minions being on my case all the time?” My reply comes out with more snark than I planned.

“Good point,” she replies with a snort.

She heads back into the room. As I grab the accessories that go with my battery-operated boyfriend, the grin on my face is huge as I walk back into the bedroom. I have to hold back a laugh as I watch Jade looking through the books lined up on my shelves. She’s mesmerized as she reads though the titles. She’s so engrossed she doesn’t hear me approach.

“What’s this one about?” She pulls the book out and lifts the cover to show me. The pink hair shines back at me from it, the smile spreads wider across my face.

“That’s one of my favorites,” I reply. She squints a little at me.

“You can borrow it if you want,” I say. She looks back at the book. “But don’t mess it up or I’ll cut you. Steele is my boy!” I fan myself with my hand at the thought of the guys.

“What’s it called, I’ll read it on my kindle,” she says.

“Madison Kate series by Tate James.” I grin at her, but my mind is screaming at me to tell her what she’s getting herself into.

“Just so you know there is more than one dude and they are all hot as hell.” I laugh as she jerks back.

“Is this?” She asks.

“Yep, it’s a reverse harem, baby.” I laugh wiggling my eyebrows, making her blush.

Grabbing my rucksack, I nod toward the door. She quickly takes a picture of the cover on her phone, and grins at me as we head off in search of Ms. Janette. True to her word, she’s in the kitchen with music playing, Jade and I stare wide eyed as we watch her, dancing around the kitchen.

“I made you sandwiches, is that ok?” she asks without turning around.

I jump up onto one of the huge bar stools, yanking a plate in front of me. The flavors of the chicken and bacon sandwich has my mouth watering from the first bite. This is my go-to when I'm wanting something quick. But I have never had one that tastes as good as what hers do. Jade and I devour our food, while Ms. Janette asks me about my time at the academy. I try my best to navigate what's gone on without telling her what's really been going on, because what I do know about her, she is likely to explode and start cussing.

"Bo!" my aunts voice screeches through the room.

Ms. Janette takes off out of the room at warp speed. I can't really blame her for leaving as quickly as she did. My aunt is an acquired taste and if you don't have a penis and money, you are beneath her.

"Hi, Cassandra," I reply as I turn on my stool to face her.

"Who's your friend?" she asks looking Jade up and down.

"Hi, Miss Walker." She slides off the stool and approaches my aunt with an outstretched hand. "I'm Jade Mitchell, I met Bo before school started."

"Mitchell. As in Mitchell Enterprises?" My aunt asks, the scowl disappearing.

"Yes, Ma'am," Jade replies.

A huge smile, spreads across my aunt's face. What shocks me the most is the air kisses she does to my friend, like she's known Jade for years. Her reaction stings a little, but I shouldn't have been surprised. She picked me up from the social workers office, and I haven't seen her since that day. Now she's talking to Jade like old friends, giggling and getting on.

"Bo, my office now," she snaps, pointing her finger in the direction of the office. Her eyes narrow and darken at me as I jump down off the stool with a mouth full of food. I snort as she growls quickly in the back of her throat, the sound cuts off as she remembers we aren't alone here. I love being able to piss her off and I know she's pissed by my un-lady like actions.

Jade gives me an anxious look, as I walk past. I just shrug, not saying a word as I follow my aunt down the corridor. She's not hard to find, the floor helps my ears to pick up the click of her heels against the marble. Passing the entertainment room, my heart rate picks up as I realize which corridor I'm in.

"Come in, Bo."

My head snaps to the right, finding her sitting behind the god-awful desk in her office. The friendly demeanor she had while Jade was around is long gone, in its place is a frown. But I can see the anger in her expression, the tightness around her eyes and she has her arms crossed.

“What’s up, Cassandra?” I ask with a smile as I make my way into the office and take the seat in front of her.

Her nostrils flare as I throw a leg over the arm, lounging back into the high backrest. She watches me, as I slouch. Looking down her pert nose job, when her eyes connect with mine I can see the disgust as plain as day.

“I thought I told you to keep your head down,” she snarls.

My eyebrows shoot up at the words, oh shit. Ms. Janette’s words make sense now.

“You did,” I deadpan.

“So why did Abraham Knox ring me on my way out of the office, shouting about my animal of a niece, and the damage you have caused to his son’s face?” She leans forward, fingers clasped together. Elbows on the desk as she rests her chin on her hands.

“It was a sparring session,” I reply quickly. I can’t believe he ran to his father, the big baby.

“Sparring session?” she repeats.

“Yeah. Knox knocked his partner out and the coach was bitching about him doing it.” I rush through my words. “I wanted to try out so we sparred and he lost.” I shrug, trying to pass it off as no big deal.

She goes quiet, thinking my words over. I can see the cogs turning in her head. Silence engulfs the room, as she just stares at me. The look has me shuffling in my seat. I don’t like not knowing what someone is thinking, it makes me nervous. I did kind of tell her the truth to what happened. Ok, well a partial truth.

“Fine,” she huffs out, some of the tension leaving her shoulders.

“Fine?” My voice comes out in a high-pitched squeak, my shock is evident at her accepting it so easily.

“I said fine.” Her eyes narrow on me, as she points with a finger in my direction.

“I mean it, Bo, keep yourself out of trouble,” she says as she stands up and heads to the door. “Oh, and I need you here this Friday for a benefit dinner. It’s for the charity my firm donates too,” she throws over the shoulder, as she makes her way out of the office.

Scrambling to my feet, I charge after her in the hallway. My mind racing at the thought of having to attend one of them god-awful parties again.

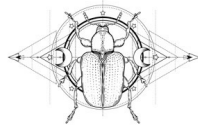
“Why do I have to attend if it’s something to do with your firm?” I shout at her retreating form. This stops her in her tracks, slowly she turns to face

me.

“Because I said you have to and if you live under my roof you will do as I say.” Is her reply. “But I live at the academy,” I retort.

Her heels click against the floor rapidly, as she strides toward me. Face flushed, lips pinched.

“Yeah, the academy I pay a fortune for you to attend so you will be at the party Friday night. You are in my care until I say otherwise,” she spits out between gritted teeth.



The hallways are quiet in Frost hall. Thank God, because my mind is all over the place at the moment. The thought of going to another damn party makes me anxious. The people all laughing and joking like they are the happiest and friendliest people ever is ridiculous. I see what’s underneath—the anger, resentment, jealousy, it’s all there in the way that they look at each other. Jade and I haven’t said much since leaving my aunts. She overheard the conversation we had outside the office. I should have guessed she would have, we weren’t being quiet.

“You fancy some food still?” she asks trying to break the tension, between us.

“Yeah, can do.” I smile a little. “I’ve got a hankering for a burger and fries.” She nods with a huge grin.

The hike up to my floor is filled with us both laughing and arguing over where we are ordering from. My eyes dart to the first door, and I feel the phantom hands of Rafe’s touch. Then my gaze lands on the last door in the hallway, and a shudder runs through me. I brush off the feeling. With a swipe of my keycard, we’re in. I head off with my rucksack to the other side of the room to put stuff away, and put the books I brought with me out on my bookcase.

“Bo?” Jade shouts. Heading back her way I find her staring at something on the bed. “What’s up?”

She turns to me, all the color drained from her face. I rush over, confused at the look. My eyes land on a black orchid laid on my pillow with a blood red ribbon tied around it, with an almost perfect bow. I scan the room looking

for something out the ordinary, *how the fuck has this gotten in here?*

“Bo, I’m worried,” Jade mutters.

I should have known one of them would find a way to get in here and fuck with me. Now I know Knox has gone to daddy about the gym incident, I shouldn’t be surprised. Dread fills me though at that thought. I know what this means. The meaning from that particular flower is the warning itself.

“Bo?” Jade whispers, “Who would break into your room?”

“It’s obvious from the choice of flower,” I snap, my anger growing at the intrusion.

“What do you mean?”

“A black orchid, commands submission and absolute authority.” Her eyes widen. “This is a warning.”

“How do you know?” she asks.

“Because this is my favorite flower. I love the look of it, but they are so damn hard to get your hands on.”

“Bo, who would send you this?” Jade asks with alarm.

“You heard the argument with my aunt. What you didn’t hear was Knox told his dad about the beat down in the gym.” Her eyes widen. “He got on Cassandra’s case about it.”

“Oh my God.” She breathes, shock clear on her face. “I’m surprised, if I’m being honest. Knox doesn’t strike me as the type of person that would go running to daddy.”

I know one of them has been in here, but the question is, which one?

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

FROST

My eyes are glued to the screen of my tablet, not daring to break the spell in case I miss something. One of the look outs sent me a message letting me know Bo had come back onto academy grounds, so I wrapped up the meeting with the Dean and came straight here. It took forever for the friend to leave, so I left my tablet on the side as I caught up on my emails. Their laughter filled the room, which I tried my best to ignore. As soon as I heard the door click, I worked my way through the rest of the emails quickly. My dick tents against my pants as soon as I pick it up to see the screen, and grows painful at the sight of her laying across the bed with a book in hand. With nothing but underwear on, the ice-blue color and sheer material making my dick more painful than it has ever been. I didn't think it was possible to get this hard for someone. It's a new experience for me, and I know it's down to the body that's hidden under her clothes. You wouldn't know it was there in the daylight hours, she hides it so well.

Fuck my life, I have never seen anything like it. Well apart from the day in the cafeteria when I had to fight back the lust as she challenged me in her academy skirt and bra. The defiance in her gaze as she passed me to do as I told her, had all the blood going straight to my dick. Then the thoughts started of her kneeling before me doing exactly as I command, submitting to the need of the connection between us. A noise brings my attention back to the screen. She's rubbing her thighs together as she reads. Zooming in I see the tip of her tongue move across her bottom lip, leaving a trail of wetness behind. I groan, as her teeth bite into the plump flesh while her eyes scan across the book in front of her. She groans at something, her breathing becoming heavier. Her teeth digging deeper into her lip.

“Fuck,” she pants.

The book is closed carefully, gently she places it onto the table at the side of her bed. Climbing to her feet, she disappears out of view. Taking the opportunity, I undo the button on my pants. Followed by the zipper. My dick jumps free of the confinement. The pain eases just a little at not having my junk squashed.

Throwing myself back into my seat in my boxers, a buzzing noise draws my attention back to the screen. My dick pulses as I find her spread wide on the bed, bare from the waist down as she runs a vibrator over the bottom of her stomach, then down toward her shaved pussy. God, she is gorgeous. Her cream color against the ice-blue of the bra and her hair fanned out around her on the pillow is the best thing I have ever seen. She moans, causing another rush of heat straight to my dick. My hand slips under the band of my boxers, as I watch mesmerized as she spreads herself even wider. Taking a firm grip on my shaft, I zoom in further to better see what she’s doing. Tapping the other button the other camera view pops up in a second window, so I can zoom in on her face too.

She moans as the vibrator runs over the top of her clit, my breathing turns heavier as I work my hand up and down my length in a slow torturous way to match her movements. Her sweet whimpers fill my room from the tablet as she teases herself with the toy. I have the screen on my tablet split so I can see her face, but also I can see everything she is doing with the purple vibrator. I watch mesmerized as she spreads herself wider, the tip of the toy skimming across the bundle of nerves. Her whole body shudders, her legs widening so she is fully exposed to the camera. The whole of her is on display. I can see the liquid, seeping out of her. I can see how turned on she is—fuck me, she’s so wet.

My hand pumps my shaft faster as I watch the vibrator slip further down, disappearing into her. She moans as she pulls out and thrusts back into herself, causing her tits to bounce because of the force of her fucking herself. My chest rises and falls rapidly as I thrust into my hand, matching her pace. Sweat coats her body, as she furiously circles her nub, fucking herself almost brutally with the vibrator. I wish I was in the room with her, ass in the air. With her hair twisted in my grip as I pull it, driving my length into her and watch as it disappears. Hearing the sounds she would make as I claim her in the way I want too.

Her moans fills the room as she trembles. She’s chasing her orgasm, hips

thrusting onto the vibrator as she fucks herself. The tingle in my body tells me I'm on the edge with her. It builds and builds until sweat is pouring off me. Gripping tighter, pumping it to my hand I twist. She screams and shudders violently. Pushing over the edge with one more jerk, I blow and my roar fills the air as white jets of cum cover my stomach and hand as I continue to shoot my load. Fuck me. Grabbing my shirt I clean myself. Trying to calm myself down, my eyes land on the screen. I stop still as our eyes connect, horror fills me. Shit, does she know I'm watching her.

Bo

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

“**Y**ou worthless piece of shit,” someone shouts as I head down the hallway. “Go kill yourself, skank.”

It’s like an alert was sent out as soon as I left my room, telling everyone nearby that I was out of it, then the ridicule starts from the other students. Vultures the lot of them. I’ve already been tripped several times since leaving Frost Hall. I should have listened to Jade when she told me they run this place. I was stupid. After a lot of thought over the last few days I need to try and keep a handle on my temper because it’s the same old saying, if you react they seem to thrive off it and the stuff they do picks up in volume. *Don’t you dare sit back and take their shit*, my inner voice snarks. No wonder people think I’m a freak, having a full-blown conversation with myself. But I have to admit sometimes she’s right in what she says, *think smart idiot! Don’t get mad. Get even.*

That thought has a grin spreading across my face, why didn’t I think about that before. This world is different to the one I knew back home, they deal with all the crap coming with being rich. They’re smart and cunning, I can’t survive on brute force alone.

‘Attention students’ a voice crackles over the announcement system.

‘There is an issue with the water that comes to the dorms, so please, until we have this rectified, all students must use the changing rooms to shower.’

You’ve got to be kidding me, the changing rooms are a hike away from my room. Someone’s got to have played a prank or something. My boots thud against the concrete floor, as I plan my next workout in the gym. Hopefully I find shithead there too, he can have another beating for running to daddy. *Dude seriously? Shit*, I’m breaking my new plan already. Fuck I’m

seriously going to have a migraine with all this. A high-pitched giggle fills the air, near my locker.

“Your gorgeous, why have I never noticed you before?” a deep voice rumbles, followed by another round of giggling.

“Let me take you on a date?” the voice says again, the deep timber of it, jolts me out of my brain.

Titan has a girl pushed up against a locker, smiling sweetly down at the girl. who giggles again. From my position I can see him as he leans in to whisper something into her ear, but I can't see who it is.

“Excuse me,” I growl as I pass them to my locker, I took the option of a locker, like most of the college students here, to store books throughout the day, rather than carrying all of them at once.

“Bo!” another voice squeaks.

My eyebrows hit my hairline, as the voice registers. I turn to look at Titan and his little friend, who is fidgeting under my glare.

“What're you playing at, Titan?” I spit in his direction, the shit eating grin on his face tells me he's up to something.

“I don't know what you mean, Bo.” The smug grin drops off his face, his eyes widening slightly. Trying his hardest to give me the sweet look, like he's not got something up his sleeve.

“Bullshit.” My anger gets the better of me as I yank the door to my locker so hard it slams into the one next to him and Jade.

He whispers something to her, nuzzling into her neck. Just like he did to me the night at the party, is he for real right about now. Putting the books away, that I need for tomorrow, I leave with the ones for the couple of classes I have today.

“So how about it, babe, you going to let me take you on a date?” he asks her again.

I snort and shake my head as Jade stays silent, I can feel her eyes burning into the side of my head. God, I was an idiot. All the girls in this place are desperate for any of the popular ones to give them attention. Why did I think she was any different. I bet she only used me to get the attention of one of them.

“Bo?” she says my name again.

“What?” I retort, the disappointed look I give her, has zero effect on her at all.

“You ok with this?” she asks. Is she for real right about now?

“Seriously?” I shut my locker, looking her up and down. Spotting what I have missed before now. Her shoes got higher, as the days went on. Her skirt got shorter and her makeup got heavier with each day. She’s standing here in front of me with huge heels that would give Wankstein a run for her money, tits and ass on show. With that much makeup caked on her face she looks like she should be an extra on *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*.

“You’re really wanting to entertain the guy who asked me to a party, then we found him fucking some other person?” I ask her.

“He explained it to me,” she huffs stamping her foot.

“Oh, my bad.” Hand to chest in shock “How would you explain something like that?” I glare at the fucker behind my so-called friend.

“He...”

“Save it.” I stop her crappy excuse. “I should have known you were like them,” I spit at her.

“Fuck you, bitch!” she seethes, stepping closer to me. *Oh! Ok, someone wants to get brave now they have a dick standing at their side.*

I step even closer to her, she threw down the challenge who am I if I don’t answer it. I look her up and down, the edge of my lip lifting in disgust. One for the way she stands in front of me like a perfect replica of Wankstein and I mean perfect. She’s even wearing the same god-awful perfume. Two, because she’s got the exact same shitty attitude she has when one of the guys is around.

“You want to continue that?” I ask stepping even closer, forcing her and Titan further down the row of lockers.

“It’s not my fault people don’t like you, Bo.” She looks over her shoulder and smiles sweetly at Titan, like she’s waiting for him to back her up.

The silence of the hallway registers, flicking my eyes to the side. I spot the crowd that has gathered. They are watching me and Jade intently, but only one gaze catches my attention. The ice-blue eyes of the guy who’s trying to make my time here a living hell. His arm is wrapped around Wankstein, who is grinning at the showdown going on.

“I don’t give a fuck if people like me, Jade,” I growl stepping at her again so she backs up, my bitch switch has seriously been pushed too far now.

“But unlike you,” I say with disgust clear in my voice. “Who is so clearly desperate for any attention of one of the so-called hottest guys in this place, you’re willing to overlook the fact.” I prod a finger into her chest to get my point across. “His friend tried to rape you at a party, but who was the one

who saved your arse, Jade?”

“I never asked you too,” she shouts in my face. Anger shines in her eyes, but I can tell it’s false bravado as her lower lip trembles slightly.

“That’s what friends do,” I retort, trying to hide the hurt. “But I can’t work out if you were a fake friend or...” I break off looking over her shoulder to find the spot where Titan was standing is now empty.

“If you’re that desperate for acceptance from the popular kids, you will shit on your friends to climb the social hierarchy.”

“Titan will you...” She spins stopping short of whatever she was going to say next.

“Have fun with your new friend, Jade. Don’t come crying to me when it blows up in your face and he uses you for whatever sick game him and the others are playing.” I look her up and down again, spin on my heel as I shake my head at the person I thought was a friend.

I barge past a couple of guys who are blocking my way. They grunt as I slam into them. I don’t give a shit, my anger is riding me hard again. How could I be so stupid. I shouldn’t have trusted her. Shit, I told her about Matthew.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

FROST

A high pitch cackle fills the air as Tiffany laughs her head off at the situation that has just unfolded in front of us. The boys all look at me with the same look on their faces, we are all on the same wavelength at the moment. What the hell has just gone on here? The only reason I stopped was all the people standing around and staring. It was the venom in the voice that caught my attention. I was surprised to find Bo speaking to her friend that way. But what really got under my skin was spotting Titan standing there. He clearly wasn't there for Bo but the smug look on his face when the two girls spat back and forth was unsettling.

"Frost?" Deacon's voice pulls me out of my stupor, all their gazes are on me.

I lift my shoulders in a shrug because I'm just as lost as they are on this.

"Aww, what a shame. The skank is all alone now," Tiffany cackles once again, I tighten my hold on her. My eyes connect with hers. I can't see any deception in them only glee at the turn of events.

"Did you have something to do with this, Tiffany?" Rafe asks, his voice thickly layered in anger.

Her eyes widen slightly at the accusation, but then as quick as the shock was there, it disappears.

"No, why would I?" she throws back at Rafe.

"Bullshit," he growls, taking a step toward her.

I'm more surprised by the hostility in his tone, why is he all of a sudden jumping to her defense. The anger pours off him in waves as he glares at Tiffany, his body visibly trembles with the effort to keep himself in place.

"Why would I want to get involved with that?" she asks with a curious

tone.

A feather light touch brushes across my chest, my eyes drop down to see Tiffany rubbing circles into it. Dragging my eyes back up ours connect, the lustful look in her eyes has me uncomfortable. She never looks at me like this in front of people, she reminds me of an animal seconds away from marking their territory.

“Maybe because she’s gorgeous and your, you.” Rafe grins as the words register.

Her lower lip trembles. Turning wide eyes to me that have tears gathering in them, her eyes are pleading as she continues to stare. God, he is such a prick at times, I think as I notice the massive grin on his face as he watches us. Anger starts churning in my gut. Rafe has always been an asshole and loves to stir up trouble. But this is on a whole other level for him at the moment.

“Who do you think is hotter, baby?” she asks in a small voice.

“Yeah, Frost, answer your girlfriend.” Rafe laughs.

I narrow my eyes at the little shit. We will definitely be having words tonight at the meeting. We need to discuss the meeting my dad has set up for us all. His words, “You need to learn the ways of this world, boy.”

I turn to face Tiffany head on, slowly looking her over. She is gorgeous in a forced kind of way. Her hair is always immaculate and her choice of clothing is what you would expect from the richest girl in the school. Gently placing my hands on her shoulders, I rub small circles there to soothe the sting of the words my friend has just said. But also stop her from going into a tantrum and making my life hell for the next few days.

“You’re gorgeous to me, baby,” I reply with a smile gracing my face.

Relief flashes across hers, as her shoulders drop the tension she was holding there. Stepping closer she nuzzles into my chest, a quick kiss lands on the bottom part of my neck.

“Really?” she asks.

“Yeah,” I mumble as I pull her face to mine.

Our lips connect, in a slow sort of kiss. Her tongue runs across the seam of my lips asking for entrance. The kiss deepens as she rubs herself up against me, little moans slipping out of the back of her throat into my mouth. I break the connection between us, and she’s panting in my hold. Eyes blurry as she grins up at me. My phone bleeps in my pocket with an incoming message. Pulling out my phone my eyes scan the message on the screen. My

blood heats at the words, as a sadistic grin slips across my face causing all three of the others to glower at me.

“The dinner plans we have for Friday,” I say to Tiffany. “We are changing it to Saturday,” I command.

“Why?” she snaps as she stamps her foot with a huff.

The childish act has a growl building in my throat, my hand wraps around the soft flesh of her neck as I squeeze slightly. Her eyes widen as I bring her nose to nose with me.

“Because, I said so.” The words rumble off me in warning as I give her neck another squeeze to get the point across.

A shudder passes through her body, but her eyes hold a hint of defiance. This forces me to glare harder at her until the glint in her eyes dissipates. I chuckle darkly as she sets her shoulder and mutters a weak ok at me, while trying to plaster the perfect smile on her face. Leaning forward I whisper in her ear, “Don’t ever look at me like that again. Just remember, Tiffany, you need me more then I need you.”

I unwrap my fingers from her throat as she gulps at the warning. I chuckle as she runs her hands down the front of her blazer trying to remove the creases which line it. With a nod to me and the guys she scuttles off to join her group of friends who were waiting on the sidelines.

“How the hell do you put up with the needy bitch?” Rafe asks as we watch the group of girls leave.

“Watch it, Rafe.” My words are thickly layered with annoyance. “Just remember why we have to do it.”

“Yeah, yeah,” he huffs. “Doesn’t mean I have to like it, though.”

We all stay silent for a few minutes longer, just staring at one another. Remembering why we are so close. These guys here aren’t just my friends they are family.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

I'm sitting in my usual spot in class, waiting for everyone else to get here. My emotions are all over the place. I can't believe I didn't notice any warning signs with Jade. I'm still in shock. It came out of nowhere, but Titan is the one that did this. I know it but I can't figure out why. Now the gods, I wouldn't put anything past them to do something so shitty like that. Filling someone with false hope and leading them on is one of the worst things anyone could do to a person, and to one who is so desperate to be accepted.

"You still feeling hurt, Bo-Bo?" a deep voice whispers into my ear.

I spin so quickly, to look at the person, my neck cracks. My eyes connect with the darkest of eyes. My breath stutters as a whoosh of air leaves me. Knox is leaning down next to me, his face so close I can't look anywhere but his eyes. For some reason his presence unnerves me. The glint in his eye is unreadable which only adds to my unease.

"Fuck off," I hiss as I narrow my eyes, trying to sound as bitchy as I can. His hand lands on his chest like it's hurting his heart me being so mean, his face falls.

"You wound me, Bo." A dark menacing grin slips across his face in reaction to my lifted brow.

"Is that why you ran to daddy?" I throw the question out into the air flippantly. His smile drops off his face and he looks at me with confusion.

"The fuck you on about?" he growls, shuffling closer to me.

His face is bewildered as he rubs the back of his neck. I look closely at him trying to find the deception, but I can't.

"I- Um..." His words break off as he starts out of the door, leading out of the classroom.

Our eyes connect, then he turns away again rubbing his chin. My mind is racing at his actions. Why is he so confused? He told his dad. What the hell is happening? This is so different than the guy I know from the run ins we have had.

“Come with me,” he demands, his hand wraps around my wrist and I’m hauled out of my chair, being dragged out of the classroom.

It happens so quick I don’t even have chance to stop it. His grip on me is firm. He tears out the door, the hallway is quiet as he continues down the corridor away from the noise in the classroom. Knox stops, my body collides with his back at the suddenness of it. Pain radiates through my nose, bringing tears to my eyes. Fucking hell his back is like a brick. I rub the tip of my nose to get the feeling back. I am launched forward, stumbling I only just manage to stop myself from face-planting into a wall.

“What the fu..” My words trail off as I take in the room around us.

Well shoebox that is, the room is tiny. With mops and buckets lining one wall and cleaning products stacked on shelves above them. I hold my breath as Knox steps into the cupboard, slamming the door behind him. It encases us in darkness, I grimace as everything is blocked out.

“Knox?” My voice trembles as anxiety builds in my veins. My palms begin to become slick with sweat, as I struggle to keep my breathing even.

A click fills the darkness, then the room is bright once again. As the light chases the black void away, I release the breath I was holding. Knox is watching me closely as I rub the spot above my heart, willing it back down to a normal level.

“You scared of the dark, babe?” he mocks as he stares at the hand on my chest.

“W- what, d-do, y-you...” I groan out loud at the vulnerability in my voice. Knox’s eyes narrow as he studies me with an unreadable expression, his eyes taking in every little movement.

My face flames, I grimace as I watch one of my tormentors take a step toward me, with a concerned look on his face. I cough to try and clear the lump lodged in my throat. Stepping away from Knox as he continues to stalk forward, I’m trying my best to put some distance between us. My back slams into something solid, as his huge form steps into my path. My anxiety builds as he presses closer, his eyes tracking everywhere as they inspect every part of my face and upper body.

“Are you scared of the dark, Bo-Bo?” His tone wobbles with amusement.

He picks up a clump of hair that has fallen free from my ponytail, and begins to twirl it around his index finger. The corner of his lip twitches, as he stares at the platinum blonde hair against the dark tan of his skin.

I'm frozen still as I watch him, my blush deepening. I can't take my eyes off him, the don't fuck with me mask isn't in place at the moment. The soft shape of his face when it is relaxed is almost beautiful. His nose is a perfect straight line to the tip which is surprising for a fighter. His lips are a dark color with a pink tint to them, and they look so soft. Fuck me, this guy has seriously kissable lips. Lifting my gaze away from them, I get a close up of his eyes. I knew they were dark but I wasn't sure until now. They're the darkest of brown, they look almost black. But what is weirdly amazing is the color is broken up by a few lines of white that look like the rings on a constellation. They're beautiful. There is so much joy in them without his usual hostility, the thing he normally looks at me with.

"You checking me out?" He grins down at me, the whites of his teeth shocking against the color of his lips.

"So sure of yourself, aren't you?" I snort, trying to hide the embarrassment of being caught, doing exactly what he just called me out on. My mum always used to say the most deadliest of things always came in the pretty packaging.

From what I know of Knox and the guys from my time here, it's true. They're all gorgeous and all very dangerous to a woman's mentality.

"Deny it all you want." He smirks "I know you did." He breaks the connection between us, his attention going back to the bit of hair in his hand, twisting and turning it, rubbing the strands in-between his thumb and index finger.

"HMMMM it's so soft," he mumbles I'm acutely aware of the atmosphere in the room, it feels heavy like it's waiting for something to combust. He slowly lifts the hair to his face and deeply inhales. "Wow, it smells of strawberries and vanilla."

I'm dumbstruck, seriously, did I just watch him sniff my hair? My breathing hitches as he looks between me and his fingers. My lips purse as I watch him, aware of everything. It's as if all my senses have become heightened. Knox leans forward, his eyes trained on me once again, my body locks up in terror. I squeeze my eyes together, I should have known he would want payback for the gym, I brace myself for the impact I know is coming. The wait is the worst thing of all, that will they won't they moment. A huge

inhale of breath breaks me out of my inner monologue, then the sensation hits. I feel something soft, slowly move up from my shoulder toward the crook of my neck. My eyes bulge as I feel Knox's hair tickle my cheek, as his nose continues up toward my ear. I jump as something wet traces underneath my lobe, then slides across my skin down the imaginary line his nose has just created.

"Fuck me," he rasps. I watch enthralled as his tongue slips across the seam of his lip. "You taste just the same." His eyes widen.

"What do you want, Knox?" I snap, my body burning from the inside out. "Did you just drag me out of class, to sniff me like a dog?"

His shoulders stiffen and the mask drops back into place. Jaw tense and the hardness in his cold gaze, it's like he was in a trance and now it's lifted and he remembers how much he hates me.

"What did you mean?" he growls, my brow lifts at the tone.

"About what?" I scoff, a smirk tipping the edge of my lip as I watch him step away from me. He keeps backing up, putting distance between us. I pop my hip with sass, taking a deep inhale of oxygen. My lungs screaming in thanks, I narrow my eyes at him. The anxiety and surprise is replaced with a tinge of embarrassment, but my anger overrides it.

"You know what," he spits the words like they are poison.

"You mean you running to daddy dearest, about me kicking your arse?" I chuckle darkly as his eyes blaze in anger.

"Yes," he hisses past his gritted teeth.

"Your father phoned Cassandra, cussing up a storm about her feral niece and what I did to your face," I say with a wicked grin.

"Bullshit," he snaps, his face red with anger at the accusation.

I cock my brow, amusement alight in my veins. As I watch him, anger rolls off him in waves. Like it's a living breathing thing. Why is he so dead set against his father doing this? Or is daddy dearest not the fatherly type?

"Call it what you want, arsehole, but he did and my arse got scolded like a five-year-old." My tone drips in sarcasm, with a tiny smidge of condescension mixed in.

His brows drop into a frown, and he just stares at something above my head for a long time. Not saying anything, a smirk spreads across his face. As he looks down at me in the same spot. A deep chuckle vibrates his chest as he throws his arms out wide in an arrogant gesture. My eyes drop into a frown as confusion slams into me, what the fuck happened for his whole demeanor

to change? He steps forward, still grinning. I just stare as his muscles shift under the surface of his skin as he lifts his arm. When the room is plunged into darkness.

“Knox?” My voice has lost some of the sass that was in it, I try to move closer to him.

I fall on my hands and knees as the pain from the impact shoots up my arms. A small strip of light enters the room.

“Enjoy your day, Bo-Bo.” He grins sadistically.

I jump to my feet running for the door, tripping over stuff in my way. The door slams and with the finality of the click, it has my heart dropping into my stomach, pulling on it.

“Knox!”

Frost

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Apprehension fills me as I drive toward my father's office. Music plays through the speakers, but I haven't got a clue what song is on. My father asked for the others to join us, which isn't unusual. But on such short notice like this, that's the weird part. Luckily when I rang, they agreed to meet us. Rafe was the hardest one to get ahold of, I rang him twenty times before he picked up the damn phone. Then trying to explain what dad had said, he was more worried about Bo.

Complaining about her being absent for the rest of the day. We asked Knox when he came back to class what had gone on and he gave us the rundown of that leech of an aunt of hers, saying his dad had rung to bitch about Bo. We all know it's a load of shit, because that woman is as friendly as a snake hiding in the grass. Rafe pulled him up about her absence and he told us she had run off after the argument.

The hands-free ringing pulls me out of my thoughts, I see Tiffany's name flashing across the screen. I quickly hit the button on my steering wheel, I can't be bothered dealing with her shit again. The words to my favorite song starts when it cuts off as her name starts flashing. I growl as my hands grip the wheel with enough strength to turn my knuckles white. Fuck it, voicemail can pick it up. My thoughts turn back to the meeting with my dad, somethings happened with the leech or the blacks. He was cussing up a storm on the phone and they're the only people I know who can get my father to break his ice-cold exterior so easily. My phone rings again, checking the name on it. I find Eric's name flashing across the screen, so I accept the call.

"What do you want?" My tone's harsh, the scouts know not to disturb us when we are off campus.

“You wouldn’t pick up, baby.” The whiny voice echoes through the car, making me grind my teeth.

“Did you really get the phone off one of my guys just so you could ring me?” My voice is low, as I wait to see what shitty excuse she’s going to use this time.

“You wouldn’t pick up my calls, Frost,” she whines, causing me to grind my teeth harder. “What was I meant to do with you ignoring me? You did promise to take me shopping after classes ended.”

“Get a grip, you stupid bitch,” I snap, losing my patience with her. “I tell you when you shop, or when we see each other. I even choose when we fuck or anything I damn well fucking please.” My voice booms in the car. I hear the gasp from the other side of the line. “I own you and I say what we do and when we do it. If you don’t like the arrangement, Tiffany, I will find someone who will.”

“Frost,” she squeaks.

“Enough,” I roar, shutting off the call.

My anger at the audacity of the bitch is catatonic, she’s always been whiny and a pain in the ass. But she has been on a whole other level recently. If my father wouldn’t cause a shitstorm for me, I would get rid of her. But I can’t, the contract states I will lose the rights to my fortune if I’m not with someone who is from a strong enough family to add to it. Don’t get me wrong, she was ok to begin with, but the sex is shit so I fuck everything else I can just to get a decent lay. Punching the dash, the music cuts off and everything goes silent, my mind is racing. Before I know it the huge ugly ass, white and glass building comes into view. Frost Enterprises is splashed across the building in huge silver letters. Like anyone around here doesn’t know what this building holds. I screech to a halt at the curbside, making one of the valets shit himself. My matte-black Camaro rumbles, while I wait for him to get his ass over here and open my door.

“Sorry, Mr. Frost,” the young guy mumbles. I haven’t seen him before. His eyes are a dark shade that match his hair, he looks to be around my age. Clearly from one of the other areas of the town.

He quickly pulls open my door. Unfurling myself out of the car, I throw him the keys, my expression cold in a silent warning to the guy. The steps leading to the main door leaves me with a sense of impending doom. I make my way up and through them with my mask in place, that I always have when I’m here. Workers scurry to get out of my way as I head toward the row

of elevators. Security gives me a nod, and keys in the code for the private one, that takes me directly to my father's apartment at the top of the building.

"Frost," a voice calls. Turning I find Rafe and the guys jogging through the lobby.

I stop the door from closing with my arm, to allow them to ride up with me. All three of them have different expressions on their faces, Rafe is confused, Knox is impassive, while Deacon just taps away on the tablet in his hand. The lift dings, opening up into the huge room, leading into the private apartment.

"Hi, Frost." The sweet angelic voice has me turning toward its owner.

"Hi, Angelica."

My father's personal assistant struts toward us, in a black skin-tight pencil skirt, white blouse with the top few buttons undone so low I can see the black lace bra she is wearing. Her grin is flirty as she engulfs me in a hug, rubbing her tits all over me.

"Fancy seeing you here, sweetie," she purrs, as her fingers play with the hair at the nape of my neck.

"You know why we are here, Angelica. Don't play stupid," I growl the words as I remove her hand from the back of my neck. Her eyes widen as she takes a step back, running her palms down her shirt.

"If you want to fuck again. Let me know?" she throws over her shoulder as she steps into the lift.

A growl rumbles my chest at the balls on this woman. I know she's gorgeous and yeah, we fucked a few times, but that was before my father started fucking her. No, thank you, I don't want to be sharing anything that he's had.

"Really, dude?" Rafe quirks a brow at me in question. I gnash my teeth at him, it doesn't have the effect I want it to, instead he just laughs.

"Kenton!" My father's voice booms throughout the apartment.

Time to face my own version of Satan. As we walk through the apartment, I take in all the fixtures and fittings that have been added since the last time I was here. Anger swirls in my stomach like a storm as I find bras and panties in all different colors thrown around the room. Looks like he had one of his sex parties again last night, I can't believe with everything going on with the leech that he still fucks around on my mother. She's not stupid, I know she knows all about my father's indiscretions and turns a blind eye to it. If her keeping silent keeps her in the luxuries she's used to having thrown

at her, then why would she?

We find my father sitting behind the glass desk in his office. The room is all white walls and silver and glass furnishings, giving it a cold feel; there's never been a happy feeling here, the décor makes it feel sterile. My father is a cold man, who is like a blizzard passing through any room filled with his presence.

“What took you so long, boys?” His voice is layered with annoyance, as he sits on his throne with a holier-than-thou air drifting off him. Honestly, the guy could try to enter a church and he would disintegrate at the threshold.

“I had to chase the guys up on my way,” I offer in explanation. As his eyes narrow, I realize my mistake.

“Why weren't you together?” he questions, his eyes narrowing at us all down the length of his nose.

“Sorry, Mr. Frost,” the guys mutter their apologies to him, as my father and I are locked in our usual stare down that happens when we're in the same room.

The phone on the desk rings, breaking the connection between us. His shoulders tense as he looks at the caller ID. Yanking the phone from the cradle, he barks a what into the phone. Jaw grinding as he listens to whatever is being said, his full concentration now on the call. I look to the guys, who are all looking at me in a what the hell are we doing here look. Their guess is as good as mine, the war between the others has been going in our favor recently. The phone slams down, my father's eyes burning holes in the side of my head. Turning my gaze back to his, I wish I could look away.

“Why are you being a dick to Tiffany?” he demands, his fingers slot together on top of the desk as he leans forward to get a closer look at me.

“She's a pain in the ass,” I blurt the words, the quiet inhales next to me let me know I fucked up.

“She is the only reason you will take over from me, boy!” he booms as he stands up. I see the tick in his jaw as he rounds the desk.

My father and I are almost identical, we have the same huge build. With the light blondish-brown hair, the only difference is our shade in eye color. Mine are a lighter shade of blue than his, mine are always described as the color you seen when looking through an icicle, but his are the brightest blue you could think of.

“Remember the contract, boy,” he grins at me. “You're set to marry her after graduation.”

My whole body deflates, the thought of marrying her gives me hives. How does he expect me to last a lifetime with that childish brat?

“Surely there is someone more suited, Father,” I try to reason with him.

He just scoffs at me, walking over to the drawers on the left side of the room. Yanking one open, he pulls out a file. Flipping through the pages, he grins. It bangs closed as he beckons us over with a hand. We all move closer, as he sits in his seat. I drop down into the chair opposite him, and the others take up a seat in one of the other chairs. The file drops onto the glass with a crack. I lean forward and grab it off the top, flipping it open. My eyes widen as I scan the papers inside.

“What?” My voice comes out higher pitched than I would have liked, the contents of the file has me surprised.

“One of you three, will need to make the girl fall for you,” he speaks to the others as I just stare dumfounded. “I need one of you to make her love you, then break her beyond comprehension.”

“You can’t be fucking serious!” My bellow fills the room as I launch the file back at my father. My chest rises and falls rapidly as a tsunami of emotions goes off in my chest.

His eyes darken as he takes me in, and the frayed string holding my emotions at bay snaps. I jump over the desk, wrapping my hand around my father’s throat, I pull him up onto his feet. The growl that was building escapes, filling the room with a menacing sound. His eyes widen as I slam his back onto the desk, my fist connecting with his cheek. An evil grin spreads across my face, as I watch the skin split open and the blood well up to the surface. It causes a twisted satisfaction, as I see the man I despise above all else bleed.

“No-one is touching her,” I spit the words between gritted teeth, as my fist connects again. The emotions take hold of me, the thought of anyone of them touching Bo sends me nuclear. I will not allow it, she is mine. To toy with, to touch, to break.

Multiple hands grab me, yanking me away from my father. I roar my defiance at being pulled off the bastard, the noise sounds like a wild animal has turned feral. The boys continue to drag me across the room, my heels scrapping against the floor.

“Fucking hell, dude,” Knox growls at me as I continue to try and break out of their hold. “Calm down.”

One of them loses their grip, I take full advantage of the mishap. Grinning

demonically, I land a punch to Knox's side with enough force that he's forced to let me go. The murderous intent must be clear on my face as Deacon raises his palms in surrender, his eyes wide in fear. Turning my attention back to my father, he pulls himself back to his feet. As I charge toward him, it's as if a red veil has taken over. The urge to have him bleeding beneath me is potent, a need I have to satisfy. I rip his legs from underneath him, both of us falling. He lands on his back and me on top, straddling him. My fists fly, my malicious grin spreads further as I feel the soft flesh of his face underneath my fists.

His fist connects with my cheek, with enough force to launch me off of him. I land on my back on the floor, I snarl trying to get my legs under me. As my father climbs to his feet with a vicious growl, he strides over to me. His hand wraps around my throat, cutting off my airway as I fight to breathe. A feral sound fills the room from my father. As he lifts me up, he's forced to have to look up at me. My body feels like lead as my weight tries to come back to solid ground, but I can't. I choke in the back of my throat as I fight to breathe as the tips of my shoes barely skim the carpet.

"Has someone been taking the assignment a little too seriously?" he questions.

His eyes narrow at me as he waits for an answer. I claw at his hand trying to break his hold but nothing happens. He doesn't even flinch as my nails break the skin on his wrist. Fear fills me as spots begin to dance in front of my eyes, unconsciousness beckoning me. I'm pretty sure my father is about to squeeze the life out of me, my movements slow as my body weakens, I can hear panicked shouts fill the air. My father snarls again, then releases his hold on me. I drop to the floor in a crumpled heap, frantically sucking in huge gulps of air, which causes the spots to dance even more. My throat is painful. Gingerly I lift my hand to it. Rubbing along the place where his hold was, sharp pain flashes under the skin at the tenderness of it there. My vision is blurred, but I can make out the shapes of the guys, rushing toward me. Holding up a hand to halt them, my vision clears and I see my father standing near his chair, handkerchief in hand wiping away the blood from his face, with a murderous expression.

My legs tremble slightly, as I pull myself up off the floor. The guys step to my side, showing a united front. I narrow my eyes at him and he scoffs at us. When the others stay at my side he smiles, my body locks up as I see the malice in his grin. I try my best to keep a stoic look on my face as his smile

grows showing all his teeth, like a wolf about to eat its dinner.

“You got lucky, boy,” he says with his mask firmly back in place. “But now I know my decision to have one of the others get with the girl is the best course of action.”

I go to take a step toward my father again, Rafe’s hand wraps around one wrist while Knox’s hand lands on my shoulder, halting me. “You made a mistake showing me your hand, boy. You’ve been taking your assignment to seriously and that needs to be remedied,” he muses tapping a finger against his lips. “Ahhh, perfect”

“Your marriage to Tiffany will be brought forward.” He grins as I feel the fight in me disappear. My body deflating instantly.

“You will be notified of the time and place.” He smirks. “Now get out.”

Pain roars underneath my skin, leaving a tingling sensation. As we turn and leave the way we came, none of us mutter a word. We step into the elevator, the atmosphere is filled with all sorts of things. I am not able to pinpoint any of them. I can feel all the guys’ eyes are on me as I straighten my academy shirt and arrange the cuffs. We all step out into the lobby. I can feel all the eyes of my father’s workers staring at me. I don’t know why, this isn’t the first time that something like this has happened.

“Deacon, will you drive my car back?” I ask. I’m too exhausted to have to navigate my way back. The pounding headache I have isn’t helping one bit and the anger is still coursing through my veins.

He takes off in the direction of the valet, while me and the others head out to the other door toward the parking lot. Knox is too arrogant with his car to allow anyone to drive it, he’s too afraid they will scratch his baby. My father’s words repeat in my head, I will be notified of the time and place. He has to be bullshitting me?

“I’m riding with you guys,” Rafe says as Knox’s black Jeep comes into view. “You ok to bring me back later to grab my car?”

Knox just grunts in acknowledgement. They get to the car before I do. My muscles scream in protest as I slowly make my way to the car. I can’t understand why everything hurts, since he only strangled and punched me. It’s not like he stabbed me with his letter opener, the memory flashes to the forefront of my mind. The phantom pain in the scar on my leg, burns once again.

“You’re gonna get yourself killed one of these days,” Knox blurts out with a look of concern on his face.

“He changes his mind more than the damn weather does,” I hiss, the words come out weaker and scratchier than I would have liked.

I yank the door open and carefully climb into the back of the car. I try my best to sit but the pain is unbearable, so I gently lay down. Thank God his car is big enough that my height doesn't cause an issue and my legs are only bent just a little. My head throbs. I rub my temples to try and ease some of the pressure. I groan as the engine roars to life, rumbling beneath me.

“What the fuck are you playing at, dude?” Rafe's seat squeaks as he spins around to look at me, his eyes are wide. “Why did you attack him like that?”

“He's a prick,” I mutter the words, as I am forced to close my eyes to try and shut out the sunshine.

“I can't believe he's moving the wedding up,” Knox growls, his tone making me open my eyes again.

“If stupid ass here hadn't have done what he did, he would still have until after graduation to sort his problem out,” Rafe muses, rubbing his chin in thought.

“He said I have to marry her,” I mutter. “He didn't say she has to stay alive after the wedding.” I chuckle darkly at the thought of offing the bitch the day after the wedding, I would do it the night of but no doubt he will want proof of the consummation of the wedding.

“Frost,” both of them bark, in surprise. Knox swivels in his seat to stare open mouthed at me.

“What?” My voice sounds a little better than it did earlier.

“You're serious?” Knox asks with a lifted brow, I can see the corner of his lips twitching. So I know even though he is taken back, he still finds the thought amusing.

“Maybe. Maybe not.” I laugh as I watch their brows hit their hairlines. I'm joking, I think.

The car ride is silent as we head back to the academy, the quiet is welcome as I close my eyes and try to deal with the pain in my head.

I must have dozed off on the way back. The headache has lessened, but now its fuzzy. Both doors at the front slam closed, making me wince at the sound. Knox yanks open the back door and hauls me out by my feet. I growl as he grins at me, Rafe is shuffling his feet behind the door.

“Baby, what happened?” Tiffany screeches as she rushes over to the car. The boys and I all stare at each other wide eyed, as she slams into me. Engulfing me in a hug, as she sobs into my neck.

“What the fuck,” Rafe snaps, pulling the bitch off of me, the groan slips out. As the throbbing in my neck returns, because this crazy bitch just smacked me in the throat with her shoulder.

“Frost,” she croaks, her features filled with concern as she takes a proper look at me.

“Fuck off, Tiffany, I am not in the mood,” I say as I stride away from her.

I hear a thud, I chuckle as I get the picture in my head of what must have happened. If she had started to try and follow me, Rafe would have let go of her top so she has fallen over. Just as I thought, he steps to my side with a huge shit eating grin on his face. Even Knox is laughing at her, I don't even bother to turn around. I just want to head back to my room and process the shit I have seen in the file at the office.

Bo

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The screech of tires rattles through my head as I cover my ears, chanting *no* to try and expel the memories. My chatter fills the air, as my teeth clash together from how cold I am. I bet even the tear tracks have frozen on my face, I tried for ages to yank the damn door open but it wouldn't budge. My shoulders feel like they've been pulled out of the sockets. When I realized I wouldn't be able to open the door, panic set in, bringing along with it the memories that torment me from my past. Playing in my mind like they're my own personal hell loop. I feel guilty without the memories reminding me it's my fault, I should have known.

"What're you doing here girl?" a gravelly voice booms, causing me to scream in terror.

Rapidly blinking to try and clear my vision, I notice the bright light. Covering my eyes, I see the light from the hallway beaming through the open door. Seeing the darkness chased away by the light is too much, my will breaks. Head in my hands, I sob uncontrollably, the relief is too much.

"What are you doing in here, girl?" the gruff voice says again. Lifting my eyes, I find a wiry man in a khaki uniform glowering down at me, his arms are folded.

"S-s-sorry," I whisper, my cheeks flame as I pull my knees up to my chest. His eyes soften slightly as he looks down. Dropping his arms, he lowers himself into a crouch so he is eye level with me. "You need to leave."

I'm taken aback by his words, my eyes dart to his as he stares at me. Concern lines his features. I watch as he runs his hand down the length of his scraggly beard. "W-why?"

He pulls himself up so he is standing once again, my head falls to my

chest and my shoulders hunch as the shivering ramps up to another level. A warm hand lands on my wrist, unlatching the hold it has on my other one. I gasp as he tugs gently, pulling me to my feet. I can't meet his eyes, the shame I am feeling at the moment is unbearable. I smile weakly, not making eye contact as I pass by him and make my way to the door.

"I mean it," he says. The tone in his voice has me stopping. I turn around to see him. My eyes widening as I find him staring off into space, he doesn't pay attention to anything. Sadness flutters across his face, as his bottom lip trembles at whatever he is thinking. "You need to leave."

"W-why?" My words come out barely audible as the cold has me shaking violently, I know it's bone deep.

"It's not safe for you here," he mutters, looking down at his feet. "This place isn't safe for anyone like us." His eyes beg me to agree, even though I don't have a clue what's going on.

"What do you mean like us?" I tuck my hands into the crook of my arms, to try and get some warmth back into them. I shuffle closer to the man, whose eyes are filling with tears. The door is at my back so I feel safe enough to approach him, because I know I am on the side of the escape route.

"My sister wouldn't do what they wanted her too," he whispers, his voice sounds broken. "They took it too far, it was too much for her to cope with so she took her own life to make it stop."

A gasp is pulled from my lips at the revelation, the anguish rolling off him in waves as he looks everywhere but at me. My heart goes out to him at the loss he is so clearly trying to deal with. I know that pain all too well. But what I can't understand is why is he still here if this place holds such horrific memories for him?

"Oh, look boys, trailer trash has taken to fucking the help." My teeth grind as the voice registers in my brain, all thoughts and feelings of the last few hours vanish in an instant. Turning to face the door, I am met with the savage grin of Titan, with his rat faced accomplice grinning at his side.

"You pop up like a veil of desperation, Jade. Are things not working out between you and Titan?" I snap the words like a poison dart. "Or let me guess he hasn't fucked you yet, but he is fucking everything he gets his hands on?" My grin is sadistic as she grinds her teeth. I know I have hit the nail on the head the way Titan's lips twitch in amusement.

"Brave, aren't you, bitch, with what I know about you?" she snarls stepping closer to me with a whole load of attitude. Looks like little Jady

wants to play?

I step toward her challenge and smile even wider as I watch her throat bob from the gulp she has just taken. I know she was a friend but I am one of them people where you do me wrong once, I will cut you off without another thought. Loyalty is everything to me and the fact that she has changed like this... Well, if she wants to play, I'm down.

"Now, now, ladies, no need to throw down over me." Titan smirks stepping between us. "There's plenty to go around," he muses.

I burst out laughing at the horror on Jades face, looks like the honeymoon is over. I continue to laugh at the whole thing. One, he's a complete douche that seriously needs his arse kicking. And two, she's so desperate to climb the social hierarchy. They're perfect for each other.

"Be very careful who you threaten, Jade." I pop my hip with enough sass to fill a lake and grin at my ex-best friend. "You've only seen a smidge of what I am capable of."

Her face pales at my words, causing a dark chuckle to creep out of me. I look back to the janitor who has been quiet throughout the whole thing. He has a mix of pride and confusion on his face. I offer a gentle smile to let him no without words that I'm ok. I stride past Jade, shoulder checking her with enough force she falls on her arse with a screech, I shake my head and chuckle all the way back across the quad. Every guy I pass either cat calls or says some shitty comment about me being desperate or a whore. Then they offer me money in exchange for a fuck. Seriously, how fucking juvenile are these idiots?

The ugly arse building of Frost Hall comes into view, the grey stonework giving it a gloomy vibe. The whole of the campus screams newness and wealth, while this building sticks out like a sore thumb. It has spires in various sizes, adding to the whole gothic vibe of it. I snigger as the image of gargoyles sitting on the top enters my mind. It wouldn't surprise me if there were some to be honest, but I always thought they were meant to ward off evil, not keep watch where evil resides. Anywhere that houses the gods and some of their wannabes has to be one of the most evil environments on this earth. Knox pops into my head with the thought of the gods. That motherfucker used my issues against me to gain the upper hand, and for what?

He took the damn lightbulb and locked me in the room for hours. I'm not stupid enough to think we had a moment. But the guy did sniff me like a

damn animal and show a bit of human decency underneath the bullshit façade I know he wears. A slight crunch sounds out around me as I make it to the entrance of the building. I relax my jaw so I don't break my teeth. Thoughts of how I am going to pay the arsehole back starts flitting through my mind. Some of them I pass off quickly because the repayment doesn't fit the crime. When it hits me, I squeal in excitement clapping my hands together. Oh this is going to be good.

My mood has lifted considerably, which I'm glad about because the fight of having to pull myself out of the black hole again exhausts me. But now I have a plan in my head and everything feels lighter, as excitement thrums in my veins. The marble staircase is in front of me as I push through the door, it's the only bright thing in here as the walls are lined with a dark grey color that matches the brick work outside. The marble is stark white against the setting but it matches in its own way with dark grey in the markings. My boots clomp against it as I start the climb. Normally I just get up to my room as fast as I can, but I find myself looking at the ugly arse artwork lining the staircase. What is it with rich people and their obsession with it? Some of the pictures look like something a toddler has done at nursery while finger painting.

A roar tears from my throat as a massive splash fills the room. I lose my footing on the step and slide down to the bottom. My knees and elbows smacking painfully into each step. "What the actual fuck?"

Hysterical cackles fill the air as I pull myself back onto my feet. My clothes are piss soaked through, my shirt and skirt sticking to me like a second skin. My hair sticks to my face, swiping it away. Something blue catches my eye, making my eyes bulge as I take in the bright blue on my hands and shirt. Bending slightly I see the same liquid on my legs and uniform socks, a growl builds in my throat as I pull a bit of my hair around so I can inspect it. My usual blonde locks are now a bright blue, my head snaps up and I find Wankstein's sidekicks giggling down at me.

"What's the matter, trailer park?" the brunette one cackles. "You feeling a little blue?"

Motherfucker! I roar my anger as I charge up the stairs, determined to end the little twats where they stand. They both scream in terror, one of them launching a bucket at me. Smacking it away I'm on the same level I know they are on in no time at all, but when I get there the corridor is empty. I snarl in annoyance, my fist in my other palm I click my fingers. People give me

crap for this, saying you're going to get arthritis when you're older, but it's my go to when I can't bitch slap something. Speaking of? I take off up the stairs, my rage building the higher I get.

The door comes into view and I bang on it with a closed fists. The boom of my knock echoes around the hallway, I'm just about to hit the door again when it swings open.

"Get your bitch back on its lead before I muzzle it permanently." I don't even know why I am handing out this warning but I am sick of the fucking bullshit that goes with this damn school.

"Why are you blue?" Frost gawks at me, as his eyes scan up and down the length of my body.

"I'm telling you, Frost, get Wankstein to reel it in, or I am not responsible for you losing your pretty little girlfriend," I snarl, at the lack of reaction he is giving to me.

"Wankstein did this?" His eyes bug out of his head. "I mean Tiffany." A grin twitches the corner of his lips. I bark out a laugh at the slip up. He gawks open mouthed, as I fall apart laughing.

"She wasn't there, but her band of merry men were," I manage to get out between fits of laughter. My eyebrows drop into a frown, I should have worked it out before now. Why would she attack me directly, that isn't the little snakes forte. No, she makes the order and watches while one of her little lackeys executes the plan.

"Where were you all day?" The question takes me back, as I watch him run a jerky hand through his disheveled hair. My eyes widen at the look of worry on his face. Taking a step back to add distance between us, I just stare.

I'm at a loss for words, as he stares openly at me in concern. He's looking all over my body, as if trying to find any wounds that would be visible. "Are you kidding me?" I splutter taking another step back.

"Knox said you ran off after your argument," he continues to run a hand through his hair, as he takes a step toward me.

My mouth opens and closes, as he continues to get closer. My stomach clenches, I must have misheard him. He has it wrong why would he be so bothered by this? My nostrils flare, I bare my teeth at him. Which stops him in his tracks. His eyes bug out at my change in demeanor, my arms cross over my chest as my lip curls. "Argument?"

My teeth grind together with such force they squeak under the assault. "You mean when your boy locked me in a fucking cleaning cupboard for

hours and took the lightbulb with him?”

“Um,” he breathes the words out as if testing them, one of his hands rubs along his chin. “Um.”

“Um what?” My tone is scathing as I glower at the bastard. “Don’t pretend that you had nothing to do with it,” I growl between my clenched teeth.

“It wasn’t anything to do with me.” His tone is soft as he shakes his head. He looks to me, then away again as if he can’t meet my eyes. His face smooths out as he continues to mumble um under his breath, then his features change to a frown. As quickly as it shows, it disappears again. He clears his throat, then looks to me and back at whatever spot on the floor he is staring at.

“Bullshit, Frost. They don’t do anything without your say so,” I snap. “But warn your boy this. Payback’s a bitch!” I give him a final once over with my best scathing look, then move to my own door. Swiping the keycard I look back to the one who is responsible for all my torment here and growl, pushing my way into the room and slamming the door behind me.

The pictures on the bookcase rattle with the force of the slam, my teeth grind as I pace up and down my room like a wild animal. I’m trying to resist the urge of going back to his room and beating the fucker within an inch of his life. How fucking dare he try and play stupid that he didn’t know what was going on?

They need to pay, every last one of them needs to pay for what they have done. The plan I had for Knox pops into my head. A wide smile spreads across my face as the plan works into an even better one. Then the other thoughts start to come together for how I can get them all back. Pulling out my phone I fire off a quick message to Ms. Janette asking for her help, the reply is instant. I chuckle darkly as I read the message and take to google to get the rest of the stuff I need.

Frost

CHAPTER NINETEEN

I haven't slept since the other day, my mind has been racing. Bo was furious when she went into her room. I just stood there staring for ages. Trying to make sense of what the hell had happened, I tried to ring Knox and he didn't answer my calls. My muscles scream as I finish my workout with Angelo, sweat runs down between my shoulder blades as I try to slow my breathing to a more manageable level. I grab the towel off the bench, throw it over my shoulder and wipe my brow with the end of it.

"Sup man?" My body locks up at the voice I have been trying to get hold of for the last couple of days.

"Where have you been?" I snap the words, rounding to face Knox as he shuffles his feet on the edge of the mat.

"What's the problem?" he deadpans, his body is relaxed and he has an air of no shits given coming off him.

"What happened with you and Bo the other day?" I throw the question at him, my eyes trained in on his facial features.

"I told you guys the other day, she ran off after our argument," he spits with a little annoyance in his tone.

The thing with Knox is he doesn't like to be questioned on anything at all, and now here I am. Trying my hardest to gain control of the volcano of emotions erupting inside me, a heavy weight fills my hand. With a roar, I swing with as much force as my weakened muscles will give me. He screams in agony, as I hear the snap of a bone under the weight of the dumbbell. My mind flashes white as hot rage swirls under my skin, ramping my actions even higher. I lift my weapon again, this time taking aim at his head.

"Frost?" he tries to speak slowly like he's dealing with a deadly animal

about to dish out the final blow. “C’mon, man, calm down,” he says softly, trying to calm the situation like he isn’t to blame for my mood. Whatever look is on my face, has him horrified. I growl with a savage sound as her voice plays on repeat in my mind.

“Frost?” he tries again, his words only barely make it past the ringing in my ears, the red veil descends over my vision. Begging me to give in to it and teach him a lesson.

I swing again, my anger bellows out of me as I watch mesmerized as the weighted item descends upon my friend. He doesn’t try to move he just stares like he can’t believe what he is seeing. The dumbbell is yanked out of my hand with such force, I land on my ass. With a savage snarl I climb to my feet. Turning my attention back to Knox, I snarl as I find Rafe and Deacon blocking my path.

“Move,” I snap in warning, I don’t want to have to hurt them to get to him, but I will if I have to.

“Not a chance, dude,” Rafe says, glaring between me and Knox “What the hell is going on here?” he spits as he tries to take a look at the arm I know is broken even from where I’m standing.

“You gonna tell them, Knox,” I boom, my voice echoing around the gym. The other guys who were watching the shit go down with us, quickly grab their stuff and vacate the room leaving us all alone. I glare at the guy I call brother as he stares at me with hate for the first time in our lives.

“What the hell is going on between you two?” Deacon hollers, all our eyes snap to him as he stands red faced, glaring at all of us like we are disrespectful little children.

“Um,” Knox hesitates as we all look back to him, my muscles lock. My brain buzzes as I wait to see what he is going to say, yeah we have all had our little arguments over the years but it has never turned physical between us.

“What did you do?” Rafe glares at him, his gaze flicking between us both, hostility must be rolling off me in waves because I am surprised when he moves away from him and stands at my side.

“He locked her in a fucking cleaning cupboard for hours and took out the lightbulb,” I spit between gritted teeth, waiting.

His eyes flash with anger when he realizes we are all glaring at him. His shoulders slump and a heavy sigh leaves him, a pained expression pinches his brows. He opens his mouth to say something, but whatever it was he thinks better of it then closes it. Rafe lunges forward and punches him, knocking

Knox onto the floor. He screams in agony as he lands on his broken arm and a devilish grin spreads across my face at him hurting.

“You bastard,” Rafe screams as he yanks Knox off the floor by his shirt. “You know she suffers from PTSD and is claustrophobic. Why would you be so fucking cruel?”

Knox’s eyes widen at the venom in his voice, the malice there calls to my own rage. Pulling me forward so I am peering down at him over Rafe’s shoulder.

“What did I do wrong? Weren’t you the one who declared it hunting season?” he shouts back in his face, but I know the words are aimed at me. “The bitch deserved it after she and her leech aunt made up shit about my dad.”

“What shit?” Deacon questions, I listen to everything intently. My hand rubbing across the back of my neck. “You mean your dad ringing the aunt?” Deacon asks.

“Yeah, that bullshit, she got all sassy pulling me up on it,” he says. “But I never told my father a fucking thing.” Rafe lets go and Knox drops to the floor with a thud. “You all know he doesn’t give a fuck about what I do.”

Tapping fills the room as Deacon’s eyes flit across the screen and his fingers move at the speed of light as he looks for something. “You fucking idiot,” he spits, stepping up to Knox. He drops the tablet in front of him, with raised eyebrows. “Ring the number on the call list.”

Knox pulls his phone, the best he can out of his pocket, eyes flicking between his phone and tablet as he dials. It rings, we all wait with bated breath as it keeps on ringing. “Hello Cassandra Walkers office how may I help you?” a sweet friendly voice says.

He hits the end call button, turning wide eyes to all of us. “I-I-I...” his words stutter out as his cheeks become tinged with red. “W-what T-the...” He breaks off again. “What the fuck is going on?” He manages to get his words out but his voice cracks on the last word.

My mind is playing catch up, the woman was leeches assistant. I would recognize that voice anywhere. “You reacted to an accusation without permission from myself,” I growl.

“Frost?” He pulls himself up of the floor, his face is blank as he just stares at me.

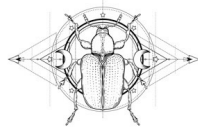
“She wasn’t lying about your dad getting in touch, because this is his most recent call list,” Deacon offers up the evidence I need.

“You acted without due course and you knew I would be pissed at you acting without permission,” I state. “You will watch her from a distance and find out who the fuck has gone behind my back and approached your father.” My eyes are stoic as I watch for any hesitation on his part, he gives a nod and a grunt in agreement.

“You know what this means, Frost?” Deacon says.

“Someone is going against orders.” My voice is deadly as I scan the room noticing Rafe missing.

“Let’s get you to the emergency room,” I say, grabbing ahold of my stuff and heading out of the room.



Thank God our families rule this town in a way, well my father does, and the guys’ dads all work for him in one way or another. We have our own private wing in the hospital, so as soon as the nurses see us walk in they usher us straight to our side. Knox’s arm was broken like I thought, and he cursed me out as he was put in a cast to help it heal over the coming weeks. Oh that was fun. He told me I was the one that had to tell coach why he wouldn’t be in any of the fights and that he was out of action for a while. I don’t know why he is being such a baby? It only takes six to eight weeks for a break to heal. Rafe’s phone has been off since he disappeared from the gym. I’m annoyed at his actions. I know he was worried about where she was. The look on his face when I told them what Knox had done, he looked like he wanted to tear him into pieces himself. Can’t really blame him because I was pissed at the actions he did without permission. But when it comes to his father, Knox really doesn’t think about anything other than the rage he is feeling at the time. “Anyone heard from Rafe? My calls won’t connect.”

“One sec.” Deacon pulls his phone out, hitting dial. He puts it on speaker and the voicemail answers. He leaves a message telling him to get his ass in touch as soon as possible. “I’m sorry, Frost, it’s all my fault,” Knox declares with a slur, as he sways from side to side under the influence of the painkillers.

“You were a dick, man, but you are going to make it up to us aren’t you?” I push for an answer. “Yeah,” he replies as he trips over his own feet.

My phone beeps as we get to Deacon's car, no way in hell was I having Knox in mine while he's high on shit from the hospital. I check my phone and my heart sinks as I read the message from my father. Reminding me that the charity benefit at the leech's house is tomorrow night and it's a black-tie event.

"Dude, its Friday night," Deacon huffs as he tries to maneuver Knox into the car. "I am not babysitting your ass all night." Knox giggles like a little school girl as he purposefully makes it harder for Deacon to get him in the car.

"Frost, are you going to help me or what?" Deacon snaps at me as Knox falls out of the car, laughing his ass off. "Chill out, man, I'm coming."

CHAPTER TWENTY

Ms. Janette just shakes her head at me, laughing hysterically as I charge down the front steps of the house with my haul, courtesy of the lovely woman. I place the items carefully in the boot because there is no way I'm having those containers anywhere near me. No chance. The car rumbles to life as Ms. Janette waves from the doorway. I told her I would be getting ready at my dorm and then coming to the charity benefit, the less time I have to spend in Cassandra's company the better. I'm a little taken aback by her choice of charity, but it is one I can resonate with. Any charity that helps women overcome PTSD is amazing, so I am hoping the benefit raises a decent amount for them. The drive back to the academy is a quick one since traffic was lighter this time.

"Why aren't you blue?" a whiny voice says. "You're meant to be blue," the voice snaps again.

The merry men, take a step away from their fearless leader. As my gaze connects with them, my eyes narrow as I glare at the bitches who did this to me. Wankstein growls, throwing a death glare to her minions, who gulp. The words come out frantic as they try and plead with their master that they did exactly as she had asked them. I stare, mouth wide, as they begin to cry, ugly fat tears rolling down their cheeks. Sniveling like it's the end of the world because she is pissed at them. "Fucking hell, how pathetic are you two?"

If looks could kill, I would be six foot under by now, with all three of them death glaring at me. Wankstein pops her hip, folding her arms and trying for an intimidating look. She's kidding herself if she thinks I would be scared of her, not likely. "You got something on your mind, bitch," she spits out the words, with as much venom as she can muster.

“Yeah, actually I do.” I grin stepping closer to them all, the urge to throw one of the boxes with the contents at her. “You’re pissed because I’m not blue?”

They all narrow their eyes at me further, making my grin spread wider as I take another step in their direction. “Everyone knows food dye and water stains but it washes off after forty-eight to seventy-two hours, duh.”

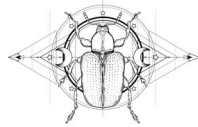
All their eyes widen slightly as they look to one another, like their looking for confirmation. “Look it up on google,” I sass with a savage grin. “But I want to know, Wankstein. Does your master know your misbehaving when he isn’t around?”

“He’s not my master, trailer trash. He’s my fiancé,” she screeches. My eyes widen just slightly at the revelation. “Soon to be husband, Tiff. Your dads have moved up the date, remember?”

A burning sensation slams into my chest, knocking the breathe out of me. My stomach tightens as the desire to rip this bitch’s head off roars throughout my veins. Hopefully my reaction didn’t show on my face. “Aww, didn’t you know, trailer park?” Wankstein smirks.

“You aren’t getting your disgusting, inbred hands on him, bitch,” she puffs her chest out, canting her head to the side. “Kenton Frost is mine.”

The other two giggle like this is the best thing ever. They take off in the direction of the sports hall. I watch them go for a few seconds as my inner turmoil continues to play havoc. Why the fuck am I so bothered by him and her getting married? *Cause even though he’s a dick, you like him.* My inner voice now decides to rear her ugly little head. I grind my teeth, as I stomp off in the direction of my room, my plan even more cemented in my head. It will have to wait though.



I slightly rocking back and forth, in the torture devices. I despise the way I look at this moment in time. My long blonde hair cascades down my back in waves, the left side pulled up with a clip on the side of my head. The makeup is more girly than I usually have it, with a soft smoky eye and pink lips, giving me the girl next door look. My boobs are pushed up so high they look like damn airbags. I snigger at knowing people are going to be talking to

them tonight instead of my face. The black dress itself isn't one I would wear, but it does have a certain appeal to it for someone who can pull it off. The neckline plunges down my chest to where the invisible wire is for my bra, so they are just there in your face. The huge slit up the right leg, it's so damn high you are likely to see my thong. Oh, and its completely backless. The straps are weird arm things that just sit on my shoulder and then attach back on the dress under the arm pit.

Taking another drink of the whiskey, I stole from my aunt's alcohol stash earlier, the burning sensation down my throat is welcoming. There's only a couple of mouthfuls left in the bottle. My eyes flick between the bottle and my Starbucks cup. Fuck it, I pull the lid and dump the contents of the bottle in it. Securely placing the lid back on, I grab my purse and make sure I have everything. The shawl that matches the dress is next. I take a deep breath. The effect of the whiskey has my skin buzzing. Don't get me wrong, the dread is still there but I have just found the perfect solution to getting through this—alcohol!

My phone pings with a notification from the Uber, letting me know he's in the car park. Double checking I have everything, the door softly clicks behind me as the sound of my heels echo around the hallway. I cringe every time I put a foot down, with the thin spiked heels, wondering if this is going to be the one where I roll my ankle and break it. I snort very un-lady like, I can only hope. That's definitely one way of getting out of this damn event. The staircase gleams at me, my stomach drops. Grabbing firmly onto the banister, I take my time on each step. My ankles trying to roll over as I try and balance on the torture devices, not falling to my death, all while doing an impression of Bambi on ice. Loud laughter fills the air, as three guys burst into the hallway through the double doors. They're all punching each other and laughing as one of them thrusts his hips as he explains how he fucked a girl last night. The biggest one stops, his mouth dropping to the floor as his eyes rake over me. Not realizing, the other two crash into him and they all drop to the floor like bowling pins.

"The fuck," one of them growls, as he tries to untangle his limbs from the others.

"Jacob, what the fuck is wrong with..." The words break off from the other one, as they all stare wide eyed and drooling. My nerves pick up again as they all resemble wild animals with a juicy piece of meat sitting in front of them.

“Trailer Park?” the one who I now know is called Jacob rumbles as his eyes continue to run up and down my body.

I growl at the name. I straighten my spine and fill myself with as much confidence as I can to make it past these idiots without killing myself. I side eye them as I step down off the last step and sashay my hips as I stride from the hallway and out the door. The massive wood doors close with a thud behind me. I stop, placing my hand to my chest to try and calm my racing heartbeat. I chuckle to myself. I can’t believe I made it in one piece.

“Holy shit, man. Did you guys get a real good look at Bo then?” one of them says from behind the door. The thick wood distorts it slightly, so I don’t know which one is talking. “Tiffany best watch out, dude. Because why the fuck would Frost want her whiny ass when Bo looks like that.”

“Brock, don’t be an idiot. You know them two have been destined for each other since kindergarten.” I listen intently. “Yeah, but fuck that, man. If I could have that, I wouldn’t say no.”

My phone pings again with another notification from the Uber. My eyes scan the distance from my position to where I can see the headlights of the car. Not a chance am I going to get across there quickly. Sod it. Undoing the straps of my shoes, I hiss as my bare feet hit the cold stone walkway. Gathering up the hem of my dress so it doesn’t drag on the ground, I walk across the pathways and run as quickly as I can. I chuckle as some of the students who are hanging around, gawk at me. My shoes in one hand my dress and purse in another, *yep just your typical Brit doing what we do best when we hate heels*. Going barefoot at the end of the night is common for all women back home, especially if it’s after a night out or when we have had to do something that insists we have to wear heels.

I yank open the back door of the Uber, diving in very un-lady like if I may add. The poor guy nearly jumps out of his skin. “Sorry it took me so long,” I quickly fumble through my apology as I wipe the gravel and dirt from the soles of my feet, trying my best to not get any in the car. “You’re not from around here, are you, Miss?” I get a good look at the Uber and I’m surprised to find an older looking man behind the wheel. He has a sprinkling of grey throughout his hair on either side of his head. He reminds me of my grandfather with the disapproving look he is giving me through the center mirror. “Sorry, sir. I didn’t mean to take so long.”

He grumbles under his breath as I close the door, then we are off. Traffic is quiet until we get closer to the gated community my aunt calls home. There

are flash cars everywhere as a massive line leads away from the security box. My nerves grow as the line slowly moves forward. It takes almost an hour for the Uber to get through. Thank God the drive up to the house is quicker, but because of all the cars haphazardly parked all along the drive way, we can't get to the door.

I bring up the app and gulp when I see the fare, but then the thought of how pissed Cassandra is going to be makes me chuckle so I add a sizeable tip on top. My phone pings with the notification letting me know it's been paid. I'm out of the car waving over my shoulder, to the driver. I grumble to myself as the road bites into the soles of my feet. Fuck my life, I forget how long the driveway is. When you're driving it's not too bad. But now I am definitely getting drunk to make it through the night.

Raucous laughter fills the air as the sounds of the event reach me halfway down the drive. Got to give the rich folk their dues, they sure as hell know how to party. The water fountain comes into view and I laugh at the cars parked all over the grass and everywhere else you can think of. A couple of guys in burgundy suits stand at the bottom of the steps. *They're probably the valet my aunt was complaining about to Ms. Janette on the phone.* I round the side of the house to go through the kitchen. "Excuse me, Miss, where do you think you're going?" a deep voice grumbles, I look over my shoulder and my heart stops as a giant of a man glares at me. "I'm going into my aunt's house," I growl the response as my feet start to ache from the battering they have been given.

"Come with me," his voice booms as he grip me by the bicep. He pulls me toward the direction of the front door. Oh hell to the no, I'm about to protest at being manhandled. "What is going on here?" Relief floods me as a pissed off looking Ms. Janette comes out of the kitchen door. "We found this girl trespassing, Ma'am." The brute glares at me as I growl right back. My mind is racing to work out how to get this twat off of me. "I am telling you now, boy. Remove your hand from Bo this instance or I will be contacting your boss and telling him how you manhandle your client's nieces."

The pressure instantly disappears from my arm as Ms. Janette has the giant of a man cowering under the look she is giving him. Ok, I loved the woman before but wow, she is badass. I'm fighting back a grin as I watch the giant man shuffle away with muttered apologies. Ms. Janette doesn't move from her position as she throws daggers at his back with her hands on her hips. He rounds the side of the house quickly. "Oh my God, that was

amazing.” I burst out laughing as I look to the woman who just put the fear of God into someone.

“What took you so long?” she grumbles as she turns on shaky legs and heads back the way she came. I hobble after her the best I can, wincing at every step. “I. Um.” I almost crumble to the floor, as the pain tears up my legs making me cry out. Her eyes widen as she takes me in. Her eyes narrowing as she watches me try to take another step. “What did you do?” I grimace as another step causes another round of pain in my feet. She ushers me into the kitchen which is alive with bodies rushing in and out. I pull myself up onto the island, avoiding the trays full of food the best I can.

“Move these,” she commands a couple of servers who rush to do as she asked. Then she pulls up a stool, lifting my feet up into her lap. She tsk’s as she sees the soles of my feet, gently lifting them onto her leg. She leans over and grabs the first aid kit from the cupboard next to us. I cringe as I spot the bottle of peroxide. She lifts my left foot in front of her face. She shakes her head as she grabs some tweezers and starts on my foot. I hiss every now and then, horror fills me as I see the amount of gravel she pulls out of them. I swipe a bottle of whiskey off the other end of the island, taking huge gulps as the pain of the peroxide hits my foot, the sting bringing tears to my eyes. She hasn’t said a word as she puts plasters on. Then moves onto the next one and the painful experience starts all over again.

My aunt’s cackle can be heard from the other room and I cringe every time I wonder how long it will be before she comes looking for me. “There,” she says as she packs up the first aid kit and puts all the wrappers together. I grab them and lean back to open the cupboard that houses the trash. The buzz of alcohol in my system helps dull the pain slightly. But then my eyes land on the shoes I am meant to have on my feet tonight. I inspect my feet. I’m surprised to find four plasters on each foot covering the deeper cuts. There’re a couple of smaller ones that just look a little angry but that’s it.

“You sure you should be drinking that?” she grouses as she places the first aid kit back where it belongs.

“C’mon, Ms. Janette, I need it to get through this thing,” I implore her to be kind and not take away my new best friend.

“Bo,” she chastises me as her brows drop into a frown.

“Plus, I can’t have any painkillers. I had half a bottle of whiskey before I came and you don’t really want me mixing pills and alcohol do you?” I say with a sickly-sweet smile on my face. I feel like a complete arse manipulating

her like this but I'm being honest. I would never mix them at all. I've seen too many times what can go wrong with kids back home.

"Can you behave yourself?" she asks, with a troubled expression.

"Of course I can," I say with a megawatt smile.

"Lord help us," she grumbles as she heads off to do whatever I took her time from.

It doesn't take long for me to down the entire bottle of whiskey. One of the male server's eyes nearly pop out of his head as I put the now empty bottle on the counter top. "Miss, do you know how much that bottle of whiskey was?" His eyes dart between me and the bottle. My veins are buzzing as I giggle like a twelve-year-old school girl at his horrified expression.

"Whoops," I say as I sway side to side trying to get my bloody shoes back on.

I jump down off the counter with my shoes in place. I grind my teeth as I wait for my ankles and feet to scream in pain. I'm pleasantly surprised when they don't. Bracing myself I head through the kitchen and push through the door into the party.

Frost

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Kill me now! I'm not sure how much more of this god-awful party I can take. Knox and I are both standing out of the way in one of the corners as we watch Rafe work it around the room, making all the wives swoon with his charm. I wouldn't be surprised if he doesn't leave here tonight with a pocket full of phone numbers. That's the thing with the house wives, they know their husbands cheat and will turn a blind eye to it if they can find a young enough man to fuck.

"Dude, will you stop fucking fidgeting," I snap as Knox shuffles around like he has ants in his pants. "Frost, come on, man, you know I hate wearing this shit," he whines like a girl as he yanks on the collar of his shirt. I shake my head at the idiot as my eyes track the movement of the leech. When she saw us enter the party, if looks could kill, we would be dead by now. I didn't want to come here, but I had to attend because my father couldn't. We have to show a united front. I watch as she schmoozes with the Blacks, my teeth grinding as I watch Jade and him laughing at whatever she is saying.

I managed to catch the tail end of a conversation earlier between Jade and the leech as she asked her why she hasn't been around the house much with Bo. I don't know what bullshit excuse she came up with, but whatever it was seemed to pacify her. Thinking of Bo, I wonder where she is. Rafe said he knew she would be attending tonight, under orders that is. But she hasn't shown up yet and the party has been in full swing for two hours.

The kitchen doors swing open just as a huge crash fills the room. All eyes snap in the direction as a waiter stumbles through the door with a full tray of drinks. They crash to the ground and the leech's eyes turn murderous as she zeros in on the guy on his hands and knees as he frantically tries to clean up

the mess. She charges toward the poor guy, but before she can grab ahold of him she's intercepted by a woman who is gorgeous. They exchange words, snapping at one another in hushed whispers, so none of the party goers can hear what's being said.

"Who the hell is that?" Knox muses from my side, as Deacon comes to stand at my other. "I don't know, but she didn't give a crap about chewing out the leech," Deacon says, as he taps away on his phone.

"Don't know. Never seen her before," I grumble as my eyes scan the crowd again looking for her. *Where the fuck is she?* The order my father gave all boils down to this, Knox is going to try and play nice while trying to get her to agree to a date and then go from there.

"Smile, Frost, it won't kill you," Rafe says, as he strolls over to us with one of my father's business partners' wives on his arm. He politely prizes it off as he gets close to us. Her face falls, with a huff she heads off to find another unsuspecting soul to try and latch onto. "Fuck off, Rafe. Have you found Bo yet?" Knox growls, as he yanks his bow tie open and undoes his top button.

"Nope, not yet," he says with downcast eyes. Something's going on with him because every time she's mentioned he goes into a weird mood. "But she will be here. I think," he mumbles unsure of himself.

Time passes quickly as we all play our parts. My father's business associates come to talk to us about the same crap they would my father. I just smile, answer when I need to or nod when I can't be bothered. The drink is flowing, as pretty much every single person in the room is drunk. Well most of them, me and the guys are on our way but can function better than some of the people here. A guy a few years older than us stumbles his way through the crowd, heading down the hallway that I know has a bathroom on it.

A clink fills the room as the leech stands on the make shift stage at the end of the room. "Ladies and gentlemen," she says as loud as she can to be heard over the room. They all slowly hush and face front.

"Ladies and gentleman. I am so glad so many of you have joined us here tonight to help the people at the Havens Help PTSD Charity. For the people that haven't heard of them, they help people of any age who suffer PTSD from traumatic events. This charity is close to my heart and I want you all to dig deep in helping me raise some money for them." The crowd claps as she grins from ear to ear, standing there like she rules this town. "Now, ladies and gentlemen let's get the auction under way."

We all listen to the things being auctioned off and not one of them interests me, my mind is preoccupied. Knox whoops as he wins himself a ski break at someone's Aspen lodge. Even Deacon joins in bidding on some weird computer nerd thing. I keep checking my Rolex, the time ticking away slowly.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen the final piece of the night," the leech crows once again. Fuck me her voice is annoying as hell. "Some of you know I lost my sister and brother-in-law a while back tragically." My ears perk up. "Well, what a lot of you don't know is. I've taken on the role of guardian to my lovely niece. Who is also a budding artist." *What the fuck?* My heart picks up its pace as I try to work out what the hell she is playing at. She grins savagely at something. I try my hardest to look at who she's grinning at. "Bo, will you join me on stage, please?" she snaps into the microphone. My heart stops beating as my mouth becomes dry. All the blood in my body diverts straight down to my cock.

"The fuck," is echoed around me. I recognize the guys' voices but I pay them no attention as my eyes stay glued to her. The girl from earlier that had a spat with the leech steps onto the stage. I can't believe it. Hushed words are passed between them, but I don't care. My body pushes me through the gathering crowd of men that have moved closer to the stage, snarling at them to move. Some gulp and let me pass.

She's fucking gorgeous in a black dress that leaves nothing to the imagination, her legs run up for days. Her face is done up with girly makeup this time instead of her usual and her long blonde hair falls down her back like a waterfall of light. MINE! My inner voice roars as I look her over, lust pooling in my body.

"Bo, get the fuck down from there," I snap, grabbing hold of her wrist. I am about to yank her down from the stage and out of view from the wolves who are all drooling over her, when my hand is prized off her wrist. A huge guy with an ear piece snarls at me as I make a move to grab her again. "Mr. Frost, get a hold of yourself this is an auction," the leech snaps with a vicious smirk on her face. "Either bid or get out."

"Watch who you're talking to, bitch. I am not my father," I rumble as I watch the color drain from her face. Bo's eyes widen as her head snaps between me and the leech. I snarl like an animal as I shrug security off me, striding to the back of the room to the guys.

"Sorry about that, ladies and gentlemen," she says into the mic, her voice

isn't as sure as it was a second ago.

"Dude, what happened there?" Knox asks as I spin to face the stage once again.

"As I was saying, my niece is a budding artist and we have up for auction her doing a hand drawn personal portrait for the highest bidder and dinner." White hot rage slams into me as I watch some of the men in the room eye each other, then lick their lips as their eyes look over her.

"Fifty-thousand dollars," one of the older men shouts. Bo looks horrified as she looks down at the bidder.

"Oh wow, I wasn't expecting such a high first bid," the leech cackles into the microphone.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

This bitch is crazy!

What the hell is she playing at? I stand beside her horrified as I watch the men bid like crazy on me. She cackles louder the higher the amount goes. My hands tremble as I try not to lose my shit and make a scene by launching a family member off a stage and making sure they break their neck. Saying it was an accident is a plausible excuse to the police, right?

I don't hear much of what is going on but I can tell the noise level is ridiculous as men wave their hands in the air as the bidding continues. I have a weird mix of thank God and what the fuck crashing around inside me like a wrecking ball as I notice Frost is bidding too.

"One-hundred- thousand dollars," the voice booms with a joyous lilt to it. My eyes search the crowd and I spot Rafe wiggling his eyebrows at me as Frost death glares him. I mouth, *'Thank you'* then bark out a laugh, praying to all the gods that Rafe wins the bid. "Three-hundred-thousand dollars!"

"Sold," my aunt screeches, jumping up and down in her spot next to me. Dread fills me as most of the men glower and grumble. Even Rafe looks distraught as his eyes look back to me and he mouths, *'I'm sorry I tried'*. Frost has a triumphant smirk on his face as he winks at me. Like fuck, I don't think so. I take off in the direction of the kitchen. As I pass through the door, Ms. Janette asks me if I'm ok. Her tone tells me she heard everything that just went on out there. Without thinking I swipe two more bottles of alcohol off the side and head out the door.

My hiding place is the best I can hope for—I hide in the trees that line the back garden. Thankfully, they keep me out of view, as I demolish both bottles I brought out here with me. My anger builds the more I drink. "She

put me in the auction, what the fuck?” I snarl up at the stars hoping one of them will have an answer for me. I stumble to my feet as my head spins from all the alcohol. I giggle to myself as I head back to the house. I think it’s time me and her have a little chat.

I find her cackling away with a few other women at the other end of the room. Ms. Janette eyes me warily as I barge my way through the party goers. The closer I get to her the more my happy alcohol induced mood lifts and rage settles under my skin. “Cassandra,” I snap the words as I get closer to her. The conversation cuts off as all the women in the group turn to me.

“What do you think you are doing, Bo,” she seethes between gritted teeth.

“Oh, I don’t know, you tell me,” I retort with just as much venom as her. The women all gasp as I try my hardest to not sway too much side to side.

“Go back to the academy, Bo,” she says, then turns back to her friends dismissing me without words. Oh no, she fucking didn’t! I grab hold of her shoulder and spin her round so I can snarl in her face. “We need to talk now or so help me, Cassandra, I will make the biggest fucking scene you can imagine in front of your rich friends.”

She hisses at me like a damn snake, smoothing her dress out. “Excuse me, ladies, while I deal with my wayward niece.” She spins, nearly knocking me over in the process. Her steps eating up the wood flooring as she enters one of the hallways. With a nasty smirk to the woman she was talking to, I set off after her. I watch as her perfectly coiffed blonde hair disappears down the hallway that leads to the office. “Bo?” Ms. Janette tries to catch my attention, I just shake my head at her as her complexion turns ashen.

It doesn’t take long for me to get to the office. Cassandra stands at her desk with her back to me. Swiping up one of the decanters, I take a mouthful without using a glass. “Why the fuck did you put me into the auction?” I demand as I prowl further into the room.

“Watch who you are talking to, Bo,” she says, her anger can be spotted a mile off. Her face is the brightest shade of red I have ever seen. I laugh at how stupid she looks.

“Why? What the fuck you going to do about it, hmm?” I spit, her eyes darken as I step closer.

“Don’t fucking test me,” she says.

Why is she so hesitant to get into an argument? She’s meant to be my mum’s sister. If this was my mum, she would lose her shit!

“Why the fuck would you put me in the auction, you crazy bitch,” I

scream in her face. “Didn’t you notice all the goddamn perverts ogling me in the dress you chose?”

“Stop being so bloody dramatic, you spoilt little bitch,” she screams right back. “It’s a charity event and I made a shit ton of money for them. Stop your goddamn whining just because you have to go to dinner with someone and draw them,” she says.

“Are yo...” My words are halted as the office door slams open, I narrow my eyes as I spin to the twat who has just interrupted us. Is the alcohol making me see things? Because if not, why the hell is Frost standing at the threshold looking like he just swallowed a bee hive?

“Get out, you are not welcome here, Frost,” Cassandra growls with a savageness I’ve never heard from her before. He strides forward with a growl of his own and I’m immobile in my place. I watch horrified as he grips her around the throat. He pulls her closer so they are nose to nose. “Who the fuck are you talking to like that?” he rumbles. Her eyes flick to mine with a pleading expression and I can’t help the grin that forms on my face. “Get out,” he bellows in her face. All the color drains from her as she trembles in his hold. He almost throws her to the side as she rushes out the door, slamming it behind her.

Cold eyes turn to me, as his chest rises and falls rapidly. My own breathing picks up as a shot of lust moves throughout my body. I tremble slightly as his eyes slowly move up and down my body as he takes in my appearance. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing wearing that?” he rumbles as he rubs his thumb across the slight stubble on his chin.

“Excuse me?” Is he serious right now? Granted it’s not my thing, but still? “Who the hell are you to tell me what I can and can’t wear?” I snap back, the alcohol is fueling my mouth at this point.

“You’re mine. How much fucking clearer do I have to make that to you?” he growls as he moves closer to me. Without thinking I back up until my arse bumps into the bookcase behind me. He steps into my personal space boxing me in.

“I’m not your anything, dipshit, and I don’t think your fiancée would like to hear you claiming another woman,” I growl as I try to look everywhere but his face. If I look into his eyes, I’m a goner.

“Aww, is that jealousy I hear, baby?” he purrs moving his face closer to mine. My eyes dart everywhere.

Pressure builds in my throat as I gasp from just a touch. He grins as he

squeezes his hand a little more so my airway is cut off. His grin is demonic as my lungs scream in protest. I try to grin back with my own savage grin as I fight to ignore the sensation. My eyes widen a touch as I feel the wetness pool in my thong and start to drip onto my thighs. You've got to be kidding me! Why the fuck is this turning me on? My lips must be turning blue by now, but I won't give in and give him what he wants. "Why are you so stubborn?" he muses as he releases my throat just a little. I try to keep my breathing even as fresh oxygen fills my lungs. My brain fires off as he runs the pad of his thumb across my bottom lip, smudging my lipstick across my face.

"Get on your knees," he commands as the pressure lifts off my throat completely.

"I don't think so, dickhead," I hiss as I try to push past him. I don't even move a few inches away from the bookcase before I'm slammed back. His hand is around my throat squeezing the life out of me. His leg presses between mine. As he pushed his knee into my center, I try my best to fight back the moan that tries slip out. His smirk is sadistic, he knows exactly what he's doing to me.

"Get on your knees, Bo." His grin widens as he pushes more weight into his knee. The whimper escapes my lips as I try to fight the blush that spreads up my face. Well I don't know if it's a blush I can feel or a lack of oxygen.

"I-If. Y-You..." My words break off, I haven't got enough air to get what I want to say past my lips. He looks down at my lips as the tip of his tongue runs across his.

"What was that?" he purrs as he runs his tongue up the side of my jaw to my ear. He relaxes his hand a bit and I can breathe, tears leak from the corner of my eyes. I pull in a deep breath.

"If you want to fuck me, this is the only chance you're gonna get," I growl at him. I shouldn't be taunting him this way but I can't help it.

He snarls, yanking me away from the bookcase. He spins me so quickly my back is to his front as he squeezes my throat again cutting off my air once more. I moan as I feel his cock rubbing against my arse. His hand is gone in an instant and I'm slammed forward, my face pressing into the desk as I feel the weight of him spread across my back. A growl rumbles against my ear as I moan and tremble in anticipation. A tearing sound reaches my ears, as cold air washes over me. "Fuck me," I pant as my body thrums with excitement. I hear something else. A scream tears out of my throat as my hips smash into

the desk. Frost entered me with no warning, making my pussy clamp down on the intrusion. *Fuck me, he's huge.*

He doesn't give me chance to adjust as he pounds into me brutally, my body alive as I moan at all the warring sensations. My cheek hurts as his hand presses harder onto the back of my neck. I'm trying to get the leverage to move my hips back. I can hear his grunts as he fucks me how he wants. "Say it," he snarls, my mind's paying more attention to his cock pounding into me as I feel the start of my orgasm building, "For fuck's sake, Bo, say it!"

"Fuck, Frost. Don't stop," I whine as I feel his thrusts start to slow. No, no he can't stop now I was so close.

"Say it!" he growls, keeping his thrusts short and shallow.

"What?" I scream as I try to push my hips back to try and entice him to start again.

"You're mine," he growls. My mind races with the weight of his demand, I knew he had a God complex, but what the actual fuck! I am so close to coming.

"For tonight," I purr, licking my lips as I manage to lift my head enough to look over my shoulder at him. "You have tonight, so fuck me like you mean it," I snarl.

Thousands of needle pricks spread across my scalp as my head his ripped back to an uncomfortable angle. "Oh shit," the guttural moan tears from my throat as his pounding starts again but faster than before. I'm going to have bruised hips in the morning but fuck, this is mind blowing.

"That's it," he rumbles "Such a good girl, aren't you, baby?" he says, causing another shot of lust to go to my core. I feel my own arousal dripping down my thighs.

"Don't stop," I moan as my neck feels like it's going to snap at any moment.

My back slams into his chest as he continues to pound into me. The new angle changes everything, I can feel him everywhere. His hand wraps around my throat again. The sensations have my head spinning as I try to stop my legs from giving way. Tears form the corners of my eyes as my breathing stutters—the whole thing is too much. My mouth opens on a silent scream as I detonate around him. He rumbles his approval as my body shudders as the orgasm tears throughout my body. I fall forward, my palms slapping against the wood as I try to catch my breath. My whole body trembles as I try to ground myself.

The elastic on the so called arms of my dress drop away as the air hits my nipples causing me to gasp. I'm spun so fast, I can't keep up. I yelp as I'm pressed up against something ice cold. "I'm not finished with you yet, baby," he roars as he slams into me again. I shriek from the brutality of it, and the deep moan rumbles out of me. My eyes open.

"What the fuck?" I push against the glass.

"Play with your clit as I fuck you and they watch," he commands. My stomach clenches as my eyes connect with all three of them who are watching outside the window.

Frost pulls me back a little, not breaking the rhythm of his thrusts as he lifts my left leg, opening me up so Knox, Rafe and Deacon can see everything. All of them licking their lips as I notice the bulge tenting there dress pants. "I told you play with your clit." A stinging sensation hits. I realize his other hand has come away and he slapped my pussy. The electric wave rushes out from my clit all over my body.

My hand moves on its own, spreading my folds wide so they see. My index finger swipes across my bundle of nerves. I shudder again, I feel his smile against my neck "That's it," he moans into my ear "Show them who you belong too," he rumbles. My fingers circling my nub frantically as I chase the building orgasm. I can feel Frost's fingers gripping into the flesh of my hips so hard, I wouldn't be shocked to find hand prints in the morning. My body trembles, my eyes nearly bug out of my head at all the sensations. Lust roars throughout my veins as I find all three of them, now with their cock in their hands.

Pumping their length with vicious strokes as they chase their own release. My brain feels like it's going to explode, sweat coats my body. "That's it, baby. Your greedy cunt is begging for my cock," he grunts out as the sound of flesh slapping against flesh rings out around the office. I can hear the others moaning outside the window. That just adds to my arousal.

"Fuck, make me come," I mewl as I whimper at the sensations. Rafe's eyes roll back in his head, as white jets spill from him. The other two quickly follow as they all groan, chests rising and falling rapidly.

Frost slams my hips against the window trapping my hand. I moan as he pounds, it feels like he's trying to rearrange my insides. We both detonate. I scream as he roars. My walls clamp down on his cock milking it of everything. I can feel his length pulse as he trembles and groans behind me. The cold glass kisses my cheek as I try to ground myself from the high I am

in. He pants into my neck trying to calm himself. The evidence of what we have just done runs down my legs. The pressure on my backs lifts. I hear his zipper and the clink of him fastening his belt.

I pull the front of my dress back up, running my hand down it to try and smooth out the creases. There's no use for my hair or makeup. Ice-cold eyes turn to me, the look on his face tells me something is about to happen. "You're mine, Bo, so now I know what I want from you," he grumbles. "I will come to your room at night but the rest of the time I have to be with Tiffany," he says. The blood in my veins freezes as my brain explodes. Everything zeros in on this smug motherfucker. I stride forward so I am standing in front of him. My hand connects without me even thinking about it as the crack echoes around the room. I barge past him, shoulder checking him as I do. My steps eat up the ground as I stride out of the door slamming it behind me.

The noise of the party breaks up the silence as I stride through the room and into the kitchen. Ms. Janette's eyes widen as I continue with determined steps. "Bo, get your ass back here," his voice booms behind me. I throw the middle finger over my shoulder as I snap the straps on my shoes. I crash through the door of the kitchen with a small smile to Ms. Janette, I make my way out the door. The wind has picked a little, blowing my hair all over as I head down the drive to the main road. The cars are few and far between down here. My phone pings with a notification telling me my Uber has arrived, *what the hell?* The worried expression Ms. Janette had as I stormed through the kitchen comes to mind. That woman is a godsend. Headlights light up the end of the driveway. I hear voices bellowing my name, as I get to the car. I jump in and watch the road get longer as he reverses back out onto the road.

Thankfully it doesn't take long to pass the security box as we head back to the academy. My mind races as his words repeat in my head. What does he take me for? How fucking dare he? My teeth grind as my anger grows, fuck him. I got what I wanted, we fucked now I can move on from these stupid feelings of jealousy every time I see them together. They are welcome to each other.

Happy birthday to me.

Bo

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

I try my best to keep my eyes closed as I roll over in bed. My head's pounding. Ugh, what the hell? Everything from the night before flashes through my head. Great, after I got back to the dorm, I drank the other bottle of whiskey I had stashed and passed out. Not before ignoring the idiot trying to break my door down at God knows what time. My anger simmers under my skin, as his words rattle around my head. Taunting me, a fucking booty call? I can't believe he thought I would agree to that. Like, what the fuck?

I flop out of bed with a thud, my legs feel like weights as I try my hardest to climb to my feet. My anger continues to grow, as I spot the containers at the other side of my room. I walk over on shaky legs lift the lid on the first container and watch the contents scurrying around it. Fuck it! It's still pitch black outside. I check my phone. 'What the.. Why am I up at four in the morning?' I rack my brain trying to remember what time I left the event last night? *If your gonna do it, you need to do it now?*

I grab my leggings from the floor, pull my hoody out of the wardrobe and quickly throw them on. I put my hair up, pulling the hat down over my head to cover it. I grab my rucksack, packing all the containers into the bag, hoping to God I don't break any of them or I will have a serious freak out. I push my feet into my trainers, grab the card to my room and the one I acquired for this. I open the door as quietly as I can, checking that no one is hiding in the door way.

The campus is eerie at this time in the morning. I slink my way down the hallways, making sure no one is watching. I make it to the floor I need first, my smile is savage as I check my surroundings. I move quickly and quietly, undoing the zip to access my bag. I swipe the card, grinning wider as the light

turns green with a soft click. I try the handle slowly pushing into the room. When the sound of soft snores reach my ears, I resist the urge to do something to the mound of covers on the bed. I tip toe across the floor, pushing through the bathroom door. The place is pristine, the cleaners sure do a great job.

Pulling out the first container I precariously balance it on the top shelf of the shower hangers. The container wobbles slightly as the bottle of shampoo rocks back and forth, it stops and my heart rate slows. Oh this is going to be so much fun. I make sure everything is in its place, then slowly make my way back out of the room closing the door. I grin as the light turns red, which one next. That's the million dollar question? I make it downstairs. Instead of going through the main door, I head through the hallways to the far side of the building, pushing through the door at the back of the building. I stick close to the wall. As I round the side of the building, the cafeteria comes into view. My heart stops as I see a few people milling about. I walk over like I have a good reason why I would be out at this time.

The worker who looks to be a couple of years older than me smirks. I grin right back, chuckling as she disappears around the side of the building to help with the delivery. I make my way into the huge area, grinning as I look around. Holy crap she did it! I can't believe she pulled it off. I belly laugh at this, excitement thrums in my veins as the plan comes together. I knew what I was planning but this is an added bonus to the whole thing. I pull everything out of my bag that I need. Dropping the items where they need to be, the tape is next.

It takes me ten minutes to get everything in place. I grin, then head out the same way I came in, finding my little helper leaning against the wall.

"You done?" She grins at me.

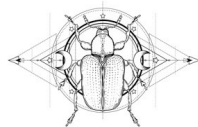
"Yeah," I say as I pass her the money over.

"Pleasure doing business with you, honey," she says over her shoulder as she heads back into the kitchen. One last thing, then I am taking my arse back to bed for a couple of hours. I take the same route back through the main building, my heart drops into my arse a few times the further up into the dorm section I get as I hear a couple of people moving around their room. Why the hell are people up at this time in a morning on a Sunday?

I'm on the floor below mine, trying my hardest not to bounce around in excitement. This is the one I have been looking forward to the most. The door clicks. As I pad gently across the room to the bed, moans and groans come

from the mass of covers. I have to bite my lip to stop the laugh escaping. The mound moves and the head pops out. Perfect! Unscrewing the cap of the last two containers, I sprinkle the contents all over the bed. A few clumps are left in the bottom. I gently lift the cover and tip the rest underneath, then place the cover back down. I step backward toward the door, keeping my eyes peeled for any movement.

As the click of the door sounds, I take off like a bat out of hell. I charge up the stairs, not bothering to keep my steps quiet. I swipe my card and close the door. The enjoyment is too much and I fall apart, laughing my arse off. I hide the evidence back in the discreet packing, then tromp over to my bed, falling face first. My eyes close as I grin.



I open my eyes feeling refreshed, my headache has gone. I roll over checking the time. Looks like it's time to get my arse up. I pad through the room humming, whoop, there it is. I chuckle to myself as I flick the shower on. I head to the kitchenette in the room, to the coffee maker that Ms. Janette had added because I was grumbling about having the crap coffee at the cafeteria. Sometimes I feel like I'm changing into the one thing I hate. Like I'm one of these rich kids and I hate it. But I have to admit, money does help sometimes and now my grumpy arse has decent coffee when I wake up.

I have the worlds quickest shower, throwing on my workout clothes after I dry myself. I grab my travel mug, my damp hair trails down my back. I grab my headphones from next to the door, then head out, watching all the students wander about talking to friends. A splash catches my attention as a group of football players push a guy into the water fountain. They all laugh as the poor lad tries to climb out but they keep pushing him back in. Guilt swirls in my stomach as I walk past not helping him, but I can't get involved. I know my battles.

The cafeteria is alive with bodies. As I walk through the doors, my eyes scan the area. Not spotting anyone who could give me shit I relax a little as I sit at my table with the sandwich I grabbed from the counter. The way this place is run still freaks me out, you can either have table service or grab something from the counter. You can tell who the entitled kids are. They

always sit at their tables waiting for their food like they're in a five star restaurant.

"Bo?" My eyes lift up, coming face to face with the darkest eyes in the group. Honestly I thought I would get a few hours before I had to see any of them.

"What do you want, Knox?" I growl, taking a bite out of my sandwich savagely.

"He wants to talk to you." He shuffles his foot, which isn't like him at all. Did he tell them what happened last night after I stormed out? No, he wouldn't, it would be too much of a dent to his ego.

"Go and tell your master I don't give a shit what he wants to say to me," I snap, taking another huge bite out of the sandwich.

"Bo." His tone has a pleading lilt to it. "Don't be stupid. Just talk to him," he says, as he sits down in front of me.

"The fuck do you think you're doing?" I go to stand up, a shadow covers mine. I growl in the back of my throat as I feel the looming presence behind me. "Fuck off, Frost."

"We need to finish our conversation," he demands from behind me. Knox's face drops as I glare at the bastard. I hop over the table, chuckling darkly as he growls. I stride toward the door, feeling them both following me. I change course as Rafe and Deacon move to block me off. So that's how it's gonna be then? I can play games too. I spin around to face him head on. "What do you want, master," I purr. His eyes narrow as he looks me over, licking his lips.

"We need to talk." He motions me toward the table where their food is sitting. I keep my eyes to the floor as I try to stop the grin on my face.

"Yes, master," I say as I head to the front of the table. I see their shadows move around to their seats. I drop to my knees, keeping my eyes on the floor. "What the fuck are you doing?" he growls.

"Is this not what you want, master," I whine. Vomit hits the back of my throat. I'm trying to hold back the sarcasm that pools in my mouth.

"Get up, what the fuck are you doing?"

"I'll kiss your feet, master," I throw myself forward. Biting my lip to hold back my laugh. My hand slips under the table cloth. I'm yanked back, my head snapping back to find one of the wannabes has a hold of me. Dragging me to my feet, I watch as all the guys scrutinize me.

"What's the matter, master?" My tone drips with sarcasm. Knox's eyes

widen as Rafe narrows his at me.

A sound like gunshots rings out as the cafeteria erupts into chaos. As students duck or run for cover, the guys search around frantically. Smoke explodes out of their seats, making all three of them roar. They all dive for cover, tears stream down my cheeks as I try to hold in the laughter.

I stroll across the room as the chaos continues chuckling to myself darkly. “What the fuck did you do?” he bellows. Wouldn’t you like to know? Gods zero, Bo one.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

FROST

S creams still fill the cafeteria, as my eyes water from all the smoke. Just after she walked her ass out of the door we noticed it was coming from under our chairs. I give the nod to the others, who take off in different directions to search for her. She isn't getting away with this. How dare she pull something like this and think there wouldn't be any consequences. I head out across campus toward the gym, she was in her workout stuff. So that means she's either here or on the trail.

"Have you seen Bo?" I ask a group of jocks as I charge through the green. They shake their heads in answer. I leave them behind as I run toward the building. I crash through the doors, all eyes snap to mine as the occupants stop what they're doing. "Bo in here?" I rumble. A few of them tremble, shaking their head in answer. Where the hell is she? My phone starts ringing, I yank it out of my pocket not bothering to check the name.

"Where were you last night?" Tiffany snaps down the line.

"Who the fuck are you talking to like that?" I snarl in warning.

"I bet you had your dick in someone, didn't you?" she screeches, forcing me to pull the phone away from my ear.

"Don't be hysterical. I was at the charity event for my father," I say to pacify her.

"I don't believe you. When were married, Kenton, you need to stop whoring yourself around. I won't stand for it," she whines. "Do you even know where I am?"

"No, why should I? You're your own person," I snap, losing patience. I have a blonde haired crazy girl to find.

"I'm at the hospital. We will talk when we get back." The line goes dead.

What the fuck? She put the phone down on me. I will deal with her disrespect when I see her. But first I head in the direction of the trail. I stumble back as someone crashes into me. “Oh my God, Frost, I am so sorry,” one of Tiffany’s friends mewls as she runs her hands across my shoulders. “Are you ok?”

“I’m fine,” I say. As I move past her, her hand snaps out grabbing me around my wrist. “You know, if you ever want to fuck, you know where to find me.” She flutters her eyelashes as she looks over me. “I’m good.” I prize her hand off me, taking off after the streak of blonde I have just caught a glimpse of out the corner of my eye. The ponytail disappears into the trees of the trail.

My head snaps left and right as I run the full length of the trail from start to finish but I don’t see any signs of the platinum blonde hair I spotted earlier. Where the fuck is she? This day is turning to shit. I need to do something to chill out. I head back to the den to wait for the other’s.

I’m the first one there, so I pour myself a drink. The amber liquid burns a trail down my throat. I sit on the leather couch, leaning my head back and rubbing my eyes to try and ease the migraine. My stomach rolls as the alcohol hits. Breathing through my nose, I close my eyes, trying to work everything out and build a plan in my head.

“What’s up, man?” Knox booms as the door slams open making me wince.

“How the fuck have none of you found her yet?” I roar, the crystal glass explodes as it connects with the wall.

“Woah. Someone’s in a bad mood.” Rafe chuckles as he strolls in closely followed by Deacon.

“Chill out, man. Can’t you see how fucked he is after last night,” Deacon chastises him.

“Yeah, well, wouldn’t you be when you majorly fuck up like he did?” Rafe fires back. Knox chuckles from his position leaning against the pool table.

“Laugh it up, fuckers, but that’s the only thing I can offer,” I blurt out the words to make them understand.

“What the hell did you think would happen after you fucked?” Knox asks, moving closer to the sofa. He sits down with a huff. “Did you seriously think she was going to accept being your booty call at night and have to watch you and Wankstein during the day?”

“Even you’re calling her that now?” I throw my arms up. What the fuck is going on around here?

“He’s got a point, Frost,” Deacon says. “One, Wankstein fits for how whiny she is and secondly, Bo isn’t like the other girls around here.” He shrugs, eyes going straight back to his phone.

“Well, what am I meant to do? Now I’ve had her I want her again,” I rumble.

“Be prepared for her to go head to head with you,” Knox chuckles rubbing his jaw with his thumb. I lift a brow in question.

“Dude, she threw down with me no question. What’s just happened in the cafeteria proves she isn’t scared of breaking the rules.” An echo of a phone dings. As the guys all pull out theirs’, I go to pull my phone out. “Where the fuck is my phone?” I snap as I search my pockets, growling as I come up empty.

“Frost, let’s find it later as your dad has summoned us.”

Bo

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

I can't believe I managed to avoid them for the rest of the night. This morning has been quiet too, thank God. My classes pass quickly, and I manage to concentrate in my lessons without anything distracting me. I was surprised they weren't in the classes we shared, but that's not my problem. He needs to get it through his thick skull I don't want anything to do with him. Ms. Janette rang me this morning, asking how I was. She was worried about me after the party the other night. She pressed me for a while, trying to find out what happened. I kept my story the same. Everything was fine and not to worry.

The rest of the day passes in a blur as I don't see any of the guys or Wankstein. I chuckle to myself, counting today as a win with how peaceful it's been. "Hey, trailer park?" I snarl as I freeze in place. One of the guys from the hallway comes jogging over to me.

"You think calling me names is going to make me like you?" I sass, his eyes widen.

"Shit, sorry, Bo. It's habit, you know?" He tries to smile sweetly at me, "What do you want, asshat?"

He chuckles at me, his hand tugs on a bit of hair that has fallen free from my bobble. "It's Jacob," he says. I pop my hip, lifting a brow. "Look I know shit has been weird around here but do you fancy going out for dinner with me on Friday?" *Did I hit my head somewhere and not remember? I can't have heard him right, could I?*

"No," I say as I push past him and walk down the path that leads to the main building.

"No?" His voice rises like he can't believe I've just said the word.

“Did I stutter?” I growl as he keeps pace with me.

His face darkens as his steps become heavier in the gravel. “Fucking trailer trash,” he snaps, striding away.

Whatever fuck-face, I mumble to myself as I make the dreaded journey up the stairs to my room. The only thing keeping me going is the thought of food. The cafeteria has burger and fries on the menu tonight and I’m there for it. My scanner beeps as I move through my room dropping my stuff as I go. My eyes get drawn to the full length mirror next to the wardrobe. I stare at myself, hating the image being reflected back at me. The Academy uniform is disgusting. I honestly think it was designed by a man, just so they could ogle girls when they wear it. My skirt sits to the standard length, but some of the girls here roll it up or something so all their junk is out on show.

I’m shocked to see the sparkle in my eye, it’s been a long time since that has been there. But I know it’s going to be short lived, it won’t take them long to realize I was the one behind the cafeteria and Frost won’t allow me to get one over on them. But that’s a problem for another day. I grab my tablet. I watch horrified as it free falls toward the floor. The tablet is forgotten as a single black orchid with a red ribbon sitting on my pillow, catches my attention. It’s the same as last time when Jade was with me. I notice something else. A card sits on top of the pillow. My heart begins to race as I pick it up. My hands tremble as I open the thick white card, red letters shining up at me in stark contrast to the crisp white color. I feel all the blood drain from my face as my eyes scan the words.

Who’s been a naughty Bo then?

Did you honestly think I would let you get away with what you did?

Not likely. I know what you have been up to, baby girl, and I won’t have another person look at you the way any of them do.

This is your one and only warning. Stay away from all the men in that place or I will be forced to take action and trust me, you don’t want that.

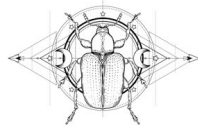
“What the fuck?” I search around the room frantically, as the card falls out of my hand. This can’t be happening again. I thought that was the last of it when I left home. My heart races as tears threaten to slip free. *I can’t go through*

this again! They've been in my room!

Calm down, think about this. It can't be the same person. No one in England knows where you are. The police said they had them in custody. Someone must have found out about the stalker and planted this to mess with me. That's it.

The reasonable logic that my mind cooks up has me feeling better, but not a whole lot. But they've had to have found out somehow. This is payback. It has to be? That's the only explanation I can come up with, but sod it, there's nothing I can do. It is either one of the gods or one of their weird little minions or something.

I throw myself down on the bed, yanking my tablet off the floor. I open up Netflix and scroll through looking for something to watch. After fifteen minutes that's a bust, so I head over to Tik Tok. My stomach grumbles as I watch thirst trap after thirst trap. I chuckle as the memory of me trying to teach my mum how to use Facebook flashes through my mind. That was a mission in itself to try and get her to understand it. We spent hours making her profile and having a disagreement over what she wanted to have on it. Pain starts in my chest as I remember the heartache of losing them. It is still so fresh and I wish I could turn back time. But things don't work like that, I found out the hard way and now I just have to get through my time at the academy. Then I can get away from my aunt who honestly? I don't think she is all right in the head. My stomach rumbles again telling me it needs food. With a huff I climb to my feet, not really wanting to leave my room but the thought of seeing some of the chaos I caused this morning calls to me like a beacon.



The gravel crunches underfoot as I head through the green. The campus is quieter than usual but I know a lot of the campus goes to Maddison's some nights for food and to hang out. It's not really my scene. I have been a couple of times with Jade but I wouldn't want to go now because the thought of being the loner in the place is a shitty thought. The cafeteria doors bang open as I step through, the noise disappears in an instant. My eyes take in the entirety of the room, but they aren't here, thank God. Hushed whispers follow

me as I head to my usual table at the back of the room. My eyes connect with the worker and I'm surprised to find her brows turned down in a frown. Her eyes flick back toward the door, like she's trying to communicate with me silently.

I shrug not knowing what the hell she's trying to tell me. Her shoulders shrug as she deflates, and I watch as her eyes move back to her task at hand. The waitress comes over to take my order, she chuckles as I just point at the menu on the wall with the restaurant quality food. She leaves with a shake of her head as she chuckles. Almost all of the workers here know by now that I rarely order the food from the super-rich side. I choose to go for the sandwiches and salad options that are a reminder of home. My food comes quickly as my stomach starts making the noises of protest again, and as soon as the delicious smell of the food hits my nostrils my mouth begins to water. Yeah, if you haven't guessed it already, I'm a foodie. Everything is made better when there is good food around.

I dig into the sweet potato fries as I wait for the burger to cool slightly. The noise in the room has gone back to its normal level as I watch the other students laugh and joke amongst themselves. I groan as I take a huge bite out of the burger. I know it's a very unladylike thing to do but, dude, this burger is banging. Three bites that's all it takes before I hold the last bite of the burger in my hand. I scoop up the remaining sauce from the plate with the last of the chips. Yeah, I know it's stupid to savor something like this but this is the best burger I have ever had.

My eyes bug out of my head as I watch the remains of the burger explode falling through the air. My hands sting a little as my gaze narrows in on Wankstein and her minions surrounding my table. I snarl as I stand up. "What the fuck do you think you're doing, bitch?" I hiss as the elements of the food land on the floor. "Did I not warn you about fucking with me when I eat?"

"Shut up, whore!" she screeches as I stare dumbfounded at the back bone she has suddenly found.

"Who the fuck are you telling me to shut it, bitch," I snap back as two of the girls start to work their way around the table. "I wouldn't come round to this side unless you plan on leaving here without a body part," I snarl in warning.

"I told you to stay the fuck away from my man, bitch," she whines as she steps closer, the others flank her from the back. She looks back to them and they all nod their heads in encouragement. "But you just wouldn't listen,

would you?” she hisses. My eyes flick between all five of them as they all glower at me. My mind is trying to work out what the hell is happening, the silence in the room registers. My head snaps to the other side of the room, as I take in all the eyes on us. Some of them are standing now as they eagerly wait for the shit show that’s about to happen.

“Back the fuck off, Wankstein,” I rumble savagely. This girl best take the warning I am offering her, because if she doesn’t, the promise I made to keep myself out of trouble is getting thrown out the window. “What the fuck are you on about your beloved for?”

Her nostrils flare as her eyes darken. With her hands on her hips, she nods to one of the others who reluctantly moves away from the group to the projector. “Deny it all you want whore but I know what you did.” Confusion slaps me in the face, as noises fill the room. My head snaps to the sound and my heart races as I watch what happened the other night in huge theater-style quality on the cafeteria wall. The room erupts into chaos as everyone reacts to the video of me and Frost in the office. She watches me like I’m about to run away and she’s itching for the chase. Well she’s going to sulk because we fucked, pure and simple.

“What’s the matter, princess. You want me to run out of here in embarrassment?” I sass as I lift my brow and smirk. “Sweetie, I don’t know how you got ahold of that but take some pointers because I’m almost certain he won’t sound like that when you fuck.” I smirk as a round of ‘oh shits’ reverberate around the room. I chuckle darkly as I watch her bottom lip begin to tremble.

With a screech, she lunges at me her claws splitting the skin on my cheek. My rage explodes in an instant as my forehead connects with her nose. I lunge forward with a battle cry following her onto the marble flooring. I gain the upper hand as she slaps the air in frantic movements.

Frost

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

The guys and I are on our way to meet Knox after the meeting with my father. He had to bow out early because the coach wanted to see him about something. Rafe is in his own world and Deacon is doing his usual as he taps away on the phone in his hand. “FROST!” a voice booms my name as my head snaps around to find the owner.

Knox stands on the other side of the green. “Get your ass over here now!” he calls over his shoulder as he takes off in the opposite direction. Unease settles in my gut as I take off after him. I’m only a few steps behind him when I hear chaos behind the doors that lead to the cafeteria. Knox pushes them open. I push through, stopping short at the amount of bodies congregating in the center of the room, with bellows of fight being chanted by the student body. I have no clue what is happening as people try to push their way to the front of the mass.

My mind stops as two bodies roll out of the crowd, as the one on top viciously throws punch after punch into the other’s face. I just stare as Knox waves his hands in front of my eyes trying to break the spell I’m under. Screams fill the air as my senses come back. Bo slams her fist into Tiffany’s face over and over as she snarls savagely at the girl. My dick hardens at the brutality of her punches. “Frost, for fuck’s sake, man, don’t just watch, do something,” Knox bellows at me as he tries to push his way through the crowd that’s surrounding the girls once again. “What the fuck is going on?” I ask one of the nerds on the sideline. He trembles as he lifts his hand to point.

My eyes track the movement as I turn to face what he’s pointing at, my skin buzzes as I watch the video of the office playing out on the white wall in the room. “Knox,” my voice bellows over the sound of the chaos as all eyes

turn to me. “Leave them to fight it out,” I command as I step closer to the brawling women with my arms crossed. “What the fuck, Frost?” he replies. I remove a hand and point to the wall as the video continues to play in the background. His eyes hit his hairline as he looks at me in question. None of them knew I was videoing it, but I couldn’t resist the chance at getting footage of the epic sex I knew we would have.

Tiffany screams as I watch mesmerized as Bo slams her head into the floor with a roar, both of them are bloody as she screams for help from her friends who all pile on top of Bo. Pulling the screaming girl off, they all slap her and hiss things. A bellow of Rage fills the room, as Rafe knocks the girls off her. His hand wraps around Tiffany’s neck as he lifts her off the floor, by her throat. “Keep your hands off my girlfriend or I will end your fucking life.”

My blood freezes as the words repeat in my head. I feel eyes on me as I try to process them. *No, he has to be lying?* My chest rises and falls rapidly as I try to keep my cool on the emotions at war within me. I watch as he smiles down at her and tucks her into his side in a protective way. *Count to ten! Breathe.* My rage explodes as screams fill the air as my shoulder slams into something solid and we are rolling. I try to stop the momentum of my roll. But Rafe and I slam to a stop as we connect with a table. Gasps fill the air as murderous intent flashes across my mind. Suddenly I’m hit by a force that has me falling on my ass. Bo helps Rafe to his feet, and I see red, scrambling to my feet. I move forward, pain radiates throughout my jaw as she throws daggers at me. “Fucking touch him again, Frost, and I will do more than deck you,” she hisses at me. She stands in front of Rafe protectively, a heavy hand lands on my shoulder halting me. Rafe wraps his hands around her stomach pulling her closer, A growl builds in my throat as she steps back into him with a smirk.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Rafe chuckles into the groove of my neck as I try my hardest not to laugh at the expression on Frost's face. "You ok, babe?" he whispers into my ear. I shudder slightly as hot air skim's the shell of my ear. I yelp as a sting spreads across my lobe. Rafe chuckles darkly. "You taste so good," he purrs, which sends another tingle down my spine.

"What the fuck is going on here?" The look of confusion on his face is the best thing I have ever seen. Rafe chuckles again. Tingles spread across my skin as he drops kisses up from the bottom of my neck to behind my ear. "He's my boyfriend," I deadpan fighting the smirk that's trying to escape. I watch in amusement, his brows hit his hairline as his eyes dance between Rafe and I. Knox moves to stand behind his leader, flanking him in a protective way. His eyes narrow on me and I can see the question on the tip of his tongue as he looks to his other friend and then back to me.. I grin at him with a 'what the fuck do you think I'm gonna do face'. I'm surprised when he smirks back shaking his head slightly.

"When?" he demands. I chuckle darkly at the stupidity of it. "You really think just because we fucked, you thought you had some sort of claim over me?" I joke.

"He doesn't give a shit about you, bitch!"

"Aww. Wankstein, you really are deluded aren't you, sweetie?" I muse, as I step out of Rafe's hold. I look her up and down, happy with my handy work. This is the first time I have gotten a proper look at her after my little payback. "What happened? Did you fall asleep next to a nest of fire ants?" I snort as I take in the rash that's covering all the flesh I can see.

"It was you?" she screeches. My laughter fills the now quiet cafeteria, I

look between her and shrug with a stoic face not giving anything away.

“Nope,” I pop the P. “Wasn’t me but I’ve had a run in with the nasty little bastards and they hurt like hell,” I goad her with a sickly sweet smile. “It’s a shame how much that rash messes up your pretty little face.”

“Frost,” she whines stamping her foot. My eyes widen at the childish act.

“Shut it,” he snaps. Her mouth opens like she’s about to go into a full blown tantrum. “Bo?” His voice trembles like he’s trying his best to keep his emotions in check, but I can see his hands twitching at his side.

“You said to me that you would see me at night after you spent the day with her,” I point to Wankstein as I snap the words. “The difference between us, Frost, is I’m not desperate for your dick.”

“I thought this is what you wanted, dude?” Rafe says stepping up to my side and breaking his silence. My head snaps to his as I quirk my brow in a silent question and he just grins at me in the cute boyish way he does.

“I don’t believe it,” Frost growls.

I spin around so I’m face to face with Rafe. His eyes narrow a little as I reach up onto my tip toes, claiming his mouth with my lips. I’m shocked at how soft they feel. I run the tip of my tongue along the seam and he opens allowing me access. Our tongues tangle together, almost sweetly at first, then a rumble builds and his kiss turns brutal as I fight to keep up with his movements. The kiss is dark and dangerous as my core heats and I feel my underwear become wet. I moan as his hand slips down my back. I squeal as he squeezes my arse in a death grip. Ripping me up off the floor, I wrap my legs around his waist without thinking. Fusing us together as we fight for dominance. Nothing registers, only my breathing as it becomes heavier as he claims my mouth. He nips at my bottom lip every now and then that has heat pooling in my core. Our lips break with a smack in shock as a door slams with some force. We don’t break eye contact, our foreheads connect as we both trying to regulate our breathing. “Fuck me, baby. I’m so hard,” he purrs as he runs the tip of his tongue across his bottom lip, as if he savoring my taste. I snort at the comment because I know he is, I can feel the bulge in his pants digging into my center.

“Easy, big boy, we have an audience.” I chuckle.

“It didn’t stop you the other night,” he throws right back with a chuckles and I laugh.

“So?” I deadpan.

I untangle my legs and slide drop his front feeling everything and fucking

hell, I didn't get a decent look at the size of him at the office but I can tell he isn't small by any means. I look over my shoulder, the space behind me where Frost was is empty. Knox stares openly with his eyes wide, I wink. Dropping a quick kiss on Rafe's lips, I turn to head out of the room. "Not so fast, baby," he jokes, as he grabs hold of my hand twining our fingers together. He leads me out of the room. I scan the faces of the other students, some of the guys look surprised, while some of the girls look like they want to rip my head off. A huge grin spreads across my face as we make it out of the door.

My body deflates a little as I'm hit in the face with the fresh crisp air outside. My brain is still trying to process everything that has just happened "You ok, babe?" The words shock me out of my stupor, I look to Rafe who is looking down at me chewing his bottom lip.

"Sorry for planting one on you in there," I say with a sheepish expression. Rafe barks out a laugh as he grins at me.

"You see me complaining?" he jests. "Fucking hell, babe, I've never got hard so quick in my life." He chuckles, lightening the mood a little.

I'm happy to get one over on Wankstein but my unease builds as I remember the look on Frost's face. "You going to get shit now because of this?" I fret as the thought of him making his life shit really unnerves me. Rafe is a decent guy underneath all the bullshit, and I know he isn't as active in the shit that has been going down. The douche bag award goes to Knox on that one.

"Nah, babe. He will sulk for a little while but then he will get over it." He shrugs "That's what you get for getting engaged in high school."

I can't stop the laugh as I feel a bit better. If Rafe isn't worried about any backlash from this, then why should I? "Come on, babe, let's go hang out and get some food," he says dragging me along the corridor and out across the quad.

Frost

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

My arms stick to the bar as I hunch over trying my best to see how much bourbon I have left. Bellowing laughter fills the air, I think. I'm really not sure as everything is dulled out from the fuzziness in my head. I don't know how long I've been here, but I had to get away from the academy. I couldn't deal with the gloating expression on Rafe's face as Bo declared him her boyfriend. It was bad enough when I left! Word travels fast in a place like that. I passed a few of the students as I made my way to the parking lot. Some of them outright laughed at me, while others gave me pitying looks. How fucking dare they, I am their king.

Yeah the king whose best friend has laid claim to the girl you want!

A snarl builds as I think about what they'll be getting up too. The thought of them fucking has me feeling murderous, her words whisper through my head. "You said you wanted to see me at night." God! I'm such a fucking idiot. I spot the bartender heading my way, so I wiggle my glass in my hand to signal to him I want another. His eyes narrow as he huffs, grabbing the bottle of bourbon he makes a move to pour me another. "Leave it," I say as I grab it and pour myself a generous amount. His mouth opens and closes on what's clearly a protest but I don't give a shit. Pulling out a few bills from my back pocket, I drop them on the bar. His eyes widen as he quickly swipes up the money and heads off back to the other end of the bar.

"Hey, baby. You fancy buying me a drink?" a soft velvety voice purrs in my ear. I roll my head to the right to find a gorgeous blonde pressed up to the side of me. My eyes trail down the length of her body. Her smile is slight as my dick hardens in my pants. "You sure you want a drink, gorgeous?" I rumble the question and smirk as she shivers slightly, her eyes dilating with

lust. Her teeth bite into the soft plump flesh of her lower lip as she shakes her head. I throw my drink back and nearly fall off my damn stool as I try to jump down. I manage to right myself at the last second only stumbling slightly. I grab her around the wrist as I march off toward the toilets, pulling her along behind me.

The door slams open scaring the shit out of the guy having a piss. “Get out,” I snarl as I pull her in through the door. He scrambles to zip his pants up. I gnash my teeth together with impatience to make him move faster. A high pitched giggle reaches my ears. I spin around. The girl is standing wide eyed behind me, a leather skirt that leaves little to the imagination and a cut vest top with her tits nearly falling out. *“If you’re going to fuck me, you best do it now. Because this is the only chance you will get.”*

I shake my head trying to dispel her words from that night. A throat clears bringing my attention back to the woman in the room with me. What the fuck? My eyes blink rapidly as she steps toward me, running her hands up and over my shoulders. She leans forward dragging the tip of her tongue across my chin and up to my ear. The sensation has a growl building in the back of my throat. She takes the sound as an invitation. Pulling my lobe between her teeth, she bites down, the sting has lust roaring to life under my skin.

“Are you sure about this, babe. I thought you were mad at me?” I throw the question out there, making sure she is on board because I can’t fuck this up again.

“I’m not mad. But I will be if you don’t fuck me already,” she purrs, the sound always makes me wild when I hear her like this.

My lips crash down on hers as I give up the fight of the connection between us. Wrapping my hand around her throat and applying a little pressure, I chuckle as she gasps in my hold. Spinning us around I run my hand around her taunt little waist, lifting her up onto the sink. She mumbles something under my hand, I don’t want words from her at the moment I need to feel us together. I shake my head in warning, no way in hell am I getting sidetracked from this.

“You may be with him but he will never be able to do to you what I do,” I spit as my lips crash down on hers, cutting off her reply. The kiss is brutal as our teeth clash together. I run my free hand across her chest pulling the shoulder down on her top. My excitement grows at having her soft flesh underneath my fingertips once again. I squeeze her tit with enough pressure

to hurt but not be too painful either, just dancing on the line between pleasure and pain. She hisses and I continue my exploration. My hand skims lightly over her abdomen. The soft leather fabric brushes my fingers as I slide her already short skirt up to expose her to me. Our mouths continue the dance we have set, mixing it up between violent all-consuming to earth shattering. My fingers slide down her thigh to her pussy. My fingers brush over soft lace. I can't help but growl as I push aside her panties and dip my finger down through her folds. "Say my name, baby?" I command as I flick her clit with the nail on my thumb, forcing a guttural moan from her.

"Baby, please fuck me," she pleads panting as I continue to torture her with my touches.

"Say it, you're mine?"

"I'm yours," she manages to get out between pants.

"For fuck's sake, Bo, say you are mine and not his!" I demand as I apply more pressure to my thumb circling her clit, to the point of pain, as I hear a sharp intake of breathe.

"Who the fuck is Bo, asshole?"

White light flashes in my mind, chasing away the dark fog in my brain. It lifts instantly and all the noise from the bar comes crashing down on me. A blonde-haired girl stands in front of me with a murderous look, and I realize she wasn't the person I thought she was. My eyes narrow on her as I look down at my hand which is still inside her folds and disgust fills me. I start to pull my hand away and she clamps her hand around my wrist halting me. "Don't stop. I will be Bo for you for tonight." I tighten the hold I have on her neck, her eyes widening as I yank my hand out from between her legs.

"You will never be Bo, you second rate whore," I snarl, pressing her head into the mirror harder. Pain radiates through my cheek as her hand comes away. The stinging sensation has me pulling her off the sink by her throat and launching her across the grimy tiled floor. "Get Out!" I bellow.

She scrambles off the floor, not bothering to right her clothes as she rushes out of the bathroom. My eyes drop to my hands as they tremble just a little, that's when my eyes zero in on the glistening liquid on my thumb, confirming this wasn't a dream and I have just nearly fucked someone else thinking it was her. I have the evidence of the blonde's excitement on my hand to prove it. Guilt and shame wash over me as the last couple of minutes play in my mind. Everything explodes at once, with a roar I throw my fist into the mirror in front of me. I hiss in pain as I watch the shards fall through

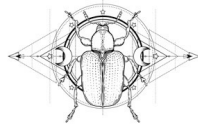
the air. Tinkling as they land in the ceramic bowl like they're taunting me, laughing at me for being so stupid.

My eyes are drawn to the crimson addition to my hand, I watch mesmerized as the blood rushes to the surface of the wound and runs down between my fingers like a small stream. Glass sticks up out of the injury, causing me to wince as I close my fist to make the blood run faster. The door crashes open as a bouncer steps into the room. "Get o.." His eyes narrow on the blood pooling in the bottom of the sink as it tries to find its path through the glass shards.

"What?" I snap as he continues to stare.

"Get out," he rumbles as he folds his huge arms over his chest, glowering at me.

Fuck this shit. I have someone I need to have words with anyway and like fuck is she passing me off with that bullshit of them two being together.



My head still rings as I walk across the academy grounds to the dorms. The bleeding has slowed a little since my drive back from the bar, but I now have to ring someone to come and clean my car because of how badly stained the interior is. Thank fuck the campus is quiet at this time in a morning because I can't be assed dealing with anyone and their bullshit at the moment. That's why I decided to go back to my dorm and not the den because no doubt the guys will be there waiting for me.

The trudge up the stairs zaps all of my energy, sweat coats my brow as I finally step out into the corridor. I press my ear to Rafe's door listening for his snoring but I hear nothing. Next I move onto her door and press my ear to it listening, nothing catches my attention. So I continue into my room, the door softly clicks behind me as I grab everything from the kitchen side to deal with my hand. With my arms full, I make my way over to the huge sectional in the middle of the room. Dropping down onto the cushion, I hiss at the pain that roars to life in my head because of the sudden movement. I lay everything out on top of the coffee table to clean my hand when my iPad catches my attention. I try to ignore the urge to pick it up, knowing if I don't take care of the wound soon it's going to heal like shit. I grab the peroxide,

my eyes still trained on the tablet. Fuck it! I grab it and quickly type in my password. The screen flashes to life, bringing up the video feed. The bottle in my hand crashes to the floor as I find Bo asleep in bed cuddled up with Rafe, both of them sound asleep. Rage flashes through my body as I grab my phone and fire off a message.

The ding on the screen has a sadistic smile gracing my lips. I watch as Rafe groans untangling himself from the sheets, moving his arm gently not to disturb her. A little of the tension leaves me when I notice the sweat pants he has on, but only by a fraction. He grabs his phone and chuckles shaking his head just a touch. My body locks up as he looks directly into the camera, flipping me the bird. What the fuck? How? With a look back to the sleeping girl, he heads toward the door. I hear it close through the video and then I'm watching her alone in her bed.

"How long do you think you can get away with watching her on cameras?" he deadpans as he strolls into my room, flopping down on the couch next to me. I breathe in through my nose and out through my mouth to try and keep my breathing even. But the urge to make this fuckers head a part of my coffee table is too tempting.

"How did you find them?"

"When we got back and ordered food it wasn't long before she fell asleep, I think all the shit that is going on with the girls is fucking with her sleep. So I had a nosey around her stuff and found them." He shrugs like it isn't any big deal.

"So you're saying you were a creep and stayed there while she was asleep?" I hiss.

"No, you idiot. After I found the cameras, I was just about to leave when she woke up and asked me to stay to watch some more movies, then we both must have fallen asleep."

I growl under my breath as I stand up. Heading into my bathroom I grab another bottle of peroxide from the medicine cabinet I have. I spot my reflection in the mirror. My skin is a greyish color and my blue eyes aren't as bright as they normally are. Their color is drained from the black rings under them, the white isn't visible around them as all I can see is how bloodshot they are. I look like complete shit. "Frost?"

I head back into the room, dropping down in my spot. Opening the bottle, as I grab the tweezers and start to pull the glass shards out of my knuckles with a hiss. "Frost?" Rafe says again from his position at the side of me. I try

my best to ignore him, but his presence is just everywhere at the moment. I drop the pieces of glass onto the table with a clink as they bounce across the surface leaving little drops of blood in their wake.

“What do you want?” I concede because I know he won’t stop annoying the life out of me unless I talk to him.

“This is what your dad ordered and you and I both know Knox wouldn’t have been able to pull it off,” he says, as he stands up and heads toward the door. I don’t even reply because I know he’s right and my father has done what he always does—to force me to do the things I don’t want to.

Bo

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

“Jesus, babe, will you slow down,” Rafe whines from the passenger seat. I laugh darkly as I press my foot harder to the floor.

“Should have taken your own car.” I giggle as he growls at me, the thought of going to the theme park for anything gives me hives. But we are doing some outreach work with kids that are from the other side of town.

“Look, Bo, I’ve been meaning to say sorry about the way I told the campus we are together.” My head snaps in his direction. Holy shit, a God has just apologized. Fuck, if I wake up tomorrow and it’s snowed I’m going to bitch slap the dick. “We don’t get snow here,” Rafe says with a dark chuckle.

“Fuck, did I just speak out loud again?” I admit, making him chuckle again.

“Yeah, you did.” He grins, his smirk pisses me off. Not because he’s being a dick, well he kind of is, but I’m pissed because of the lack of brain function going on.

The theme park sign comes into view, so I flick the signal. A savage snarl leaves me as a car cuts me off to take the turn into the theme park. “He’s a fucking idiot,” Rafe mutters in his seat. He clearly knows who the driver is. I manage to find a spot, parking the best I can between the rich bastards cars from the academy. I climb out, then grab my stuff. Mr. Farmer is waiting at the entrance, his face says it all. He would rather be anywhere but here at the moment and I have to agree with him.

“You will each have a child to chaperone. They have two hours here and then you are free to do what you want for the rest of the afternoon,” he says.

Whoops fill the air from some of the jocks, who high five each other in

eagerness. What is it with people and these places? It makes no sense to me at all. Screams fill the air as we head toward the food stands to meet the kids, an old wooden rollercoaster on my right. I stop and stare at it, surprised that it is still standing. The carriages fly past, all the cars are full. Screams fill the air as it twists and turns along the track. The wood groans again as the ride continues. Why would anyone want to ride such a thing? It looks like it belongs on the more likely to cut your life expectancy down by death list, and if there isn't one of them available there definitely should be.

"Where's lover boy?" The deep gravelly voice turns my blood to ice as a cold feeling freezes my limbs. My skin starts to prickle, as my ponytail becomes lighter. A deep inhale of breathe has my own stuttering.

"What are yo..." I yelp as my head is yanked back to a painful level, my neck screaming in protest at the angle.

I grit my teeth, trying to deal with the stabbing pain as the ice-cold blue eyes connect with mine. Frost glares down at me, my hair wrapped in his hand as he tugs a little harder. Forcing my back to bend further at the assault. "Where is lover boy?" The words come out in a drawl, his ice-cold gaze flicking between my eyes like he's trying to read my mind.

"Let go of me, you fucker," I snap the words with as much venom as I can. He just chuckles darkly as he pulls even harder. I gasp at the sensation, my bones hurting like hell as I am bent over backwards. "Not going to happen, baby." His words are filled with a darkness I have never heard from him before.

"Mr. Frost, let go of Miss. Walker this instant," Mr. Farmer barks from his position, next to the hotdog stand.

The world spins as I am straight once again, my back sagging with relief. But it doesn't last long as the hand in my hair tightens some more, my scalp burns. It feels like if he moved a millimeter he would scalp me instantly, his eyes colder than ever as he stares down at me. His jaw ticks, his focus solely on me. "Mr. Frost!"

"Fuck off, Michael," he snaps out with a vicious snarl. I can see out of my peripheral he pales at Frost's command. All the students are staring and so are the other people here, as I'm held captive.

I watch the rollercoaster over his shoulder, the sound of the wood under the weight of the cars as they move at speed keeps my attention on it, and not the powerhouse that is staring at me like he wants to eat me. "Look at me," he commands. My eyes snap to his on their own. I try to break our connection

but the darkness swirling behind his eyes holds me hostage as I watch it.

“Don’t fucking touch her like that!”

I feel light as I’m no longer held. Pain roars through my arse as everything clears. I’m on the ground, as Rafe and Frost face off against each other. Rafe spits something at him, his hands moving erratically as he points to me and then in Frost’s face. Whatever is said has a snarl coming out of him. Rafe growls right back without hesitation. His eyes landing on me as I pull myself up from the ground, rubbing my right arse cheek. He glares at him, then heads back over to me, the anger that was in his features disappears as the light happy mood he usually has comes to the forefront.

“You ok?” I watch as his top teeth sink in the flesh of his bottom lip. Worry lines his features as he looks me over, double checking that I am fine after the show down with Frost. I can’t believe he grabbed me like that? It doesn’t make sense. He has always been unhinged but this is taking it to a whole other level. “You ok, Miss Walker?” Teach asks with a look of concern, I don’t know why he’s bothering to show any compassion, he just stood there and watched like the rest of them.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” I snarl as I sort my hair out. A young boy around the age of eleven is standing next to our glorious teacher. Horror is on his face as he looks between me and Rafe. Yeah you and me both, mate. “Hey, I’m Bo. What’s your name?” I ask with laughter in my tone to try and make him feel more comfortable

“L- Lucas,” he whispers, his eyes are glued to his battered tennis shoes.

“Nice to meet you.” I grin as I extend my hand with a closed fist, he eyes it warily and I chuckle to myself. “Dude, time for a fist bump.” I grin again, light dances in his eyes as he looks at me. Some of the tension leaves his body as he bumps his fist with mine.

“You alright, Bo.” He grins, taking off in the direction of the water slide.

Looks like I’m going to be pissed soaked through for the rest of the day. I have to give the boy his dues, go big or go home. Throwing Rafe a wink over my shoulder, I head to get in line with Lucas. He just chuckles and heads off in search for whoever he’s chaperoning. The queue is huge for the water ride, screams can be heard inside the cave like structure. Lucas looks up grinning at me from time to time as he hops from foot to foot.

“So which one is your boyfriend?” I choke on my own saliva, as my face pales at the question

“Well. I. Um.” Get a grip you bloody idiot, he asked an honest question.

“Neither of them are my boyfriend.” His eyeballs nearly roll across the concrete, his eyes are that wide.

“You told them that?” he retorts with a smirk. Ok, back up. What the hell happened to the shy kid from a few minutes ago?

“How old are you?” Little shit just wiggles his damn eyebrows at me.

“Eleven,” he says.

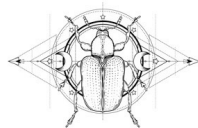
“Yeah? Well you’re not old enough to know what’s going on with adults,” I grumble as I check how far away from the front of the queue. “You do know kids hear everything, don’t you?” He grins. “My parents were arguing the other night because dad has done something illegal and got caught with his dick in someone else.” My heart drops into my arse. How the hell has he just said that without any emotion on his face what so ever? Fuck my life, I thought I had seen it all with some of the stuff kids back home came out with.

“People can do weird things when emotions are high,” I say.

“It’s ok, Bo. My dad’s a drug addict and a dick to my mum.” My heart bleeds for him, he’s accepted his fate and that’s that.

“Lucas. I.” I wrap my arm around his shoulder and give him a quick hug, a smile lights up his face. Making my mood worse at how happy he is just from something so simple. “I’m an orphan,” I blurt the words without thinking. “It’s ok though. I miss them and remember each day.” I smile down at him.

“Who’s next?” the attendant shouts out over the noise of the crowd. I nearly fall over laughing as we climb into our seats on the ride. Rafe is climbing into his seat further back with a pissed off girl throwing daggers at him. He keeps mouthing help me. Which has me shaking my head with a huge grin. The ride groans to life as it starts to move forward, taking us into the entrance of the cave. “You ready?” I ask, “Hell yeah, Bo,” Lucas cries lifting his arms in the air with a huge grin on his face.



I wave bye to Lucas as he and the others board the bus to head back. The time passed by quickly after the first ride. My inner child came out as we charged from ride to ride, laughing the whole time. I’m so glad I did this,

because seeing the laughter and smiles on his face was amazing and made me forget about all the shit that is going on at the academy and everything else in between. His words come to mind as I watch the bus pull away.

The night Rafe came to talk to me comes to mind after Lucas's words. This whole fake relationship we are meant to be having is causing some issues that we didn't see. Well, I did, he didn't. The shit with the wannabes has calmed down a little but it's the other girls of the student body that are causing me a problem now. Because they are all pissed I claimed him as my boyfriend. Granted, they don't know what's going on but still, are they that desperate to fit in they would harass someone to try and weasel their way in?

I know I should be worried about him screwing with me, but I don't think he would. He came to me saying he was worried about all the shit, and he was the one to cook up the plan. Don't get me wrong, I'm not going to complain as the guy is hot, but now that it's in full swing, everything I have been trying to avoid is in my face constantly. With a deep breath I say the words, *It's not just Frost I have a connection with. It's all of them.*

Thank God, no-one can hear what is going on inside my head, but fuck my life, how complicated can it get? I check the time because I know we have a few hours free time after the chaperoning. I scan the area. The excitement I had to go on the rides is long gone after the kids left. So, I have three hours to try and kill time in this place. I'm so glad I brought my kindle with me. I may as well get my Madison Kate fix while I'm here. I search the area for a quiet spot, but the high pitched cackling of Wankstein and her minions has me gritting my teeth. I really do despise those bitches. She walks around campus like she's the queen and throws a tantrum when she doesn't get her own way. Then you have the minions, I'm pretty sure to be one of them you have to sign up for a cult or being brainwashed. No-one I know would put up with the shit they get off le bitch, but they do, with wide eyed expressions waiting for their masters next command.

I spot Jade out of the corner of my eye, and I have to fight to hold back the laughter every time I see her now. The day after I saw Wankstein with her new rash in place, Titan and Jade walked across campus to gasps and what the fucks as the student body got a look at them. They had a run with some leeches and the bites were noticeable on their faces. Do I feel like a dick for doing it? Well, it was a little over the top. Did I laugh my ass off when I saw them? Hell fucking yes, I did. Oh, speak of the devil, I watch as Titan hisses something into her ear, she shudders and he storms off. Huh? Wonder what

that was about. I have to mentally slap myself because of the stupidity of that, she screwed me over all to get further up the popular ladder.

I become nostalgic as I watch her shoulders slump. I have noticed recently she isn't as vocal as she first was and she looks defeated. I don't trust that fucker as far as I could drop kick him, he gives off a creep vibe. But I have to stick with what I said to her, she made her bed now she can lie in it. I helped her with Wankstein and the minions, then the first chance she gets she screws me over. But sod it, they said we had to have fun when we came here, and I had a blast when the sprog was here. The rickety squeak of the wooden rollercoaster rings out behind me. I know it's safe but that sounds like its seconds away from collapsing. But if the screams are anything to go by, then it must be a favorite here. Fuck it, you only live once. I head over to join the line for the ride, its huge. People are laughing and joking while they wait, and I have to chuckle at one of the kids a little further down the line. There's not many kids here, it seems to be the younger group of people who are around my age so they have either skipped school or they don't have classes today.

My mind wanders as I make plans for the next few days. I've really slacked off in my workouts and I can tell my issues are starting to bubble under the surface. I need to get on top of that before I do something stupid or get kicked out. "You getting on or what, Miss?"

My eyes bug as I spot the attendant glaring at me, tapping his foot. "What?"

"Are you getting on?" My mind registers I'm now at the front of the queue. How the hell did that happen? "Um sorry about that." I step onto the walkway of the ride. Grabbing the first seat at the front, I chuckle to myself. A lot of people will go to the back of the ride, but not me. I always go to the front. I haven't got a clue why, but I love being the first one to see what's coming on the ride.

I haven't stepped foot into a theme park since my parent's accident. We used to go to the one within driving distance back home and I loved it. That's why now I feel like I'm getting hives as I feel like I'm betraying them by enjoying myself without them.

"Move," a voice bellows from somewhere in the crowd. I can't see from my position in the car, but it sounds like a commotion is breaking out in the line. Loads of shouting breaks out in the commotion, wow either someone is desperate to get on this thing or is just being a twat and causing trouble.

“You really thought you would get on this without me, babe?” I chuckle as I turn to face Rafe whose standing outside the car grinning at me. “Well, I was trying to get some peace and quiet. But looks like you have other ideas,” I jest.

“Aww, baby, we can do some nasty stuff on a ride.” He grins, wiggling his brows. I burst out laughing at him.

“Oh, really? And what might that be?” I smirk as the smile slips off his face. His eyes darkening with lust.

I grin as he steps into the car, both of us staring intently at the other. The smile fades off my face as I watch horrified as he sails through the air without a sound.

“What the fuck?” My voice booms over the noise of the crowd, silencing them in an instant. I get a leg out of the car.

“Sit your ass back down,” a voice rumbles. My eyes narrow on the new addition to the platform.

“What the hell, man?” Rafe bellows. I try to see him, but I can’t. Where is he?

“Babe?” I shout. Frost snarls at me. I don’t break eye contact. “Where are you? Are you hurt?” My tone is as sharp as ice. I don’t mean to come across as a heartless bitch, but this dude has some serious fucking issues going on in his head.

“I’m ok, babe. The fucker threw me over the rail.”

Is he fucking serious right about now? He launched him for what? So, he can have another go at me again over some stupid shit. “I’m coming down,” I declare as I try to step the rest of the way out of the car. Frost steps closer to the car blocking my exit. “Move,” I seethe as his eyes narrow on me. He doesn’t say anything just takes another step closer forcing me back a little. I almost over balance and nearly end up on my arse in the footwell.

“I’m not fucking around, Frost. MOVE!” I spit. I try again to push past him but he’s like an immovable object. I gasp as his hand wraps around my neck, his eyes darken further. He pushes me as he steps over the edge of the car. I’m slammed down onto the seat I was originally in. A sharp pain shoots up my spine from my arse. “Fucking asshole,” I snap as I try to step over his legs that are blocking my path.

A growl fills the air, I’m pushed back into my seat with more force than last time. This motherfucker! I try my best to junk punch him. He manages to avoid it while keeping me in place. I lose it then, slapping anywhere I can.

I'm fighting like a pissed off alley cat trying to get out of his hold. "Help me, you idiot!" I shout to the attendant who doesn't seem too bothered by the guy currently fucking manhandling me. The guy looks my way then turns away like he can't hear me screaming like a banshee. "Rafe help! Psycho is at it again," I scream at the top of my lungs hoping he will come help me. He never warned me about this. A dark chuckle stops my next lot of screaming, Frost covers my mouth. The pressure on my neck has lifted but my head is forced backwards. My eyes widened as fear starts to take root, he's well and truly lost it!

My panic rises as something tightens on my chest, pinning my arms in place. My head feels fuzzy as I try my best to breathe through my nose but I'm only getting a trickle of oxygen. His hand's blocking my nose as well as my mouth. My lungs scream and my eyes start to water. He doesn't pay any attention to what is happening, the feeling of something rough skims across my thighs causing me to jump. I mumble as loud as I can to try and catch his attention.

"Bo!" Rafe bellows my name. The hand on my mouth quickly moves and air rushes in through my nose and mouth as I try to gulp as much of it down as I can. I open my mouth to shout to Rafe for help, the concern in his voice has me panicking.

"If you know what's good for you, get us moving!" he snaps.

"But the other..." The protest is cut short as the groan of the motor starts up. Frost drops down at the side of me pulling the bar down to click into place. I look down through tear filled eyes finding a rope holding me in place my arms are by my side. My knees spread wide exposing me to the air, I can't move.

"You're a fucking psycho!" I snap as I try to wiggle side to side.

Bo

CHAPTER THIRTY

The rollercoaster starts its climb up the first part of the ride as I try to get any of my limbs free of the bindings. “What the fuck, Frost. Why have you tied me to my fucking seat like? Like...” I don’t even have words for the situation I’m in right about now.

“We need to talk about us.” His words are monotone.

“Us? Are you fucking deluded? There is no us!” I screech just as the car stops on the top of the first drop.

“There will always be an us, Bo!” he booms as his head snaps in my direction. “I’ll take you any which way I can!” The feral unhinged look in his eyes has me gulping. What the fuck is happening here?

“You made it perfectly clear I’m a side bit, Frost,” I snap not able to help myself, a growl rumbles in his chest causing me to shudder slightly.

The wait at the crest of the drop has me scared shitless. I have a psycho next to me who is sitting there like he hasn’t just tied me down and sat like nothing is wrong with that. He hasn’t said anything else to me, but the tension rolling off him in waves fills the air. I nearly jolt out of my skin as something skims across my thigh. My eyes drop to the contact, confusion fills me as he rubs a soft line across my flesh with the tips of his fingers. “What do you think you’re doing?”

He doesn’t bother to answer keeping his eyes forward. My skin buzzes as his hand traces a line to my core and then back again. Each time he does this his hand gets closer. My emotions war within me as one part of me is eager for what he clearly wants to do on this ride and the rational part of me wants to murder his ass.

“Answer me, asshole!” I snap as my war within grows further. He

doesn't say a word. Just continues his tease with imaginary lines down to and away from my center.

"You'll beg for me, babe," he rumbles. I bite my lip to stop the hiss as his thumb circles my nerves through my underwear. Tied up like I am, my skirt is flipped back giving him free access to me.

The pressure he applies to my clit sky rockets the feeling as the sparks shoot around my body. This feeling is making me dizzy as the urge to push against his fingers is hard to ignore, but there is no way I'll beg for this fucker. The air brushes my skin as he pulls on my underwear, moving them to the side. The feeling of air on my center has my head rolling back. He dips his fingers into my core, his eyes on me. Waiting for the tell-tale signs of me enjoying this, his brows scrunch together in a scowl as I stay silent. His fingers pick up speed, hitting the spot every time. My mind clouds as I fight the urge to moan, the tingles start as my orgasm begins to build. The urge to moan has me lost in the moment, my stomach drops and the feeling intensifies as the rollercoaster makes its descent down the first hill.

He doesn't break concentration. Sweat coats my brow as he fucks me brutally with his fingers. "Beg. Bo," he growls. Our eyes connect as I see the determination in his eyes.

"Fuck you, asshole," I snap. I didn't think it was possible for his fingers to pick up any more speed but they do. My head rolls back. I close my eyes tightly to fight off the urge as my orgasm reaches its crescendo. I'm a sweaty, hyperventilating mess as I try to fight off the urge to give in to his demands. The sensation stops, my eyes snap open. Frost has removed his hand, grinning at me with a sadistic look on his face. I growl in the back of my throat as the climax starts to dissipate.

"Beg," the command is clear in his tone. I glare at him as the ride enters a spiral. The feeling is surreal with being tied up like I am added in the normal feelings of being on a rollercoaster. That's a recipe for a what the actual fuck moment. "Why are you making this harder on yourself?" He smirks. "We both know I can make you come better than anyone."

I look away not wanting to see the look in his eyes, everything is a game to Kenton Frost and it looks like I'm the main attraction again. I nearly jump out of my skin as his fingers start their torturous movements, in and out. My nerves fire off as the feeling builds in an instant, its overwhelming how quickly it came on. As he furiously fucks me with his fingers, his jaw ticks as his eyes stay on me. Waiting, for the inevitable. I grit my teeth but a slight

moan passes my lips, my body betraying me as it pushes into his hand. Much to his delight, I'm horrified at the response of my body to him. I grit my teeth harder, an internal battle going on. I start to drop over the edge. "What the fuck!" I snarl as he pulls his hand away again. He doesn't let the feeling disappear completely this time as he starts his torture again, bringing me to the edge quickly and denying me once more. There is a sick satisfied look on his face, as sweat drips down my face. I pant, trying to breathe and my legs are shaking with the feeling of everything.

Taking his fingers into this mouth, I watch as he licks them clean of the evidence of how wet I am. "You going to be a good girl for me now and beg?" he asks with a lifted brow. I gnash my teeth together at him like a wild animal. I hate him. I hate him so much, this is cruel what he's doing. He wants the pleasure of hearing me beg to get release. Well fuck him, I beg for no one. I don't respond, he tuts but the look in his eyes tell me he will drag this out as long as he has too. I glare right back at him, trying to use the lust and rage as my fuel to keep me focused. I won't play his stupid games. The torture starts again bringing me to the edge again. My mind is pleading with me to beg, just so I can have the release that is barreling through me. But I can't, I won't give him the satisfaction. The ride dips a few more times, I'm throwing a silent prayer out into the air that it ends soon because I can't take much more. The orgasm this time, would shatter me into pieces if I was able to fall over the edge. I don't even know what state it would leave me in. Frost rips his hand away from me, glaring at me. A snarl passes his lips as I try to get everything to work and be able to concentrate, but it's like my brain can't differentiate what belongs to what.

The ride slows to a stop, my mind a fuzzy jumbled mess. My breathing is labored, and I haven't got a clue what the fuck is going on here. Loud voices draw my attention to Rafe screaming down at a body in the fetal position on the floor. "Rafe," my voice croaks, his head snaps to mine.

He rushes over, his eyes panicked as he takes in the state I must be in from the wind and everything else. "What the fuck?" He growls as he tries to undo the ropes. "Where the fuck is he? He's going to far with this shit now." I hiss as he tugs on a couple of the ropes that led away from the bar where my legs are tied. Being hung this long I know the ropes have caused some degree of rope burn. His eyes zero in on the marks, he quickly sticks his hand into his pocket. A lash catches my attention just as I notice the click of something, a small pocketknife is in his hands. I hold my breath as he cuts through a rope

next to my knee. The tip of the blade is cold as it skims across my skin with a featherlight touch. I gasp as the sensation on my already over sensitive skin.

“Babe?” he crows as he continues to cut them all. The tension and weight on my chest lifts and I greedily inhale as deeply as I can. My feet land on the floor with a thud, my body buzzing as blood manages to get to places it couldn’t before—it’s a heady rush. “Babe, what the fuck happened on there?”

I’m still dazed and in shock. No not shock, I don’t even think there is a word for what I’m feeling right now. He pushed me to the edge only to deny me when I wouldn’t react. I knew he was a control freak from watching the way he rules the campus but that is just fucking cruel. A soft brush across my neck has me jumping away, wide eyed. Rafe looks at me confused but how the hell do you tell someone that their friend left me horny as fucking hell, over sensitized and pissed the fuck off.

Without a word, I try my best to stand up. But my legs have other ideas as I crash back down onto my seat. Rafe rushes forward, gently wrapping an arm around my waist and placing my other arm over around his neck. His fingers skim the exposed flesh under my shirt on my hip and I fight back to hold in the whimper his touch is causing. We stumble out of the car and across the walkway to the exit. Thank God he’s holding me up because I’m pretty sure I wouldn’t have been able to get myself off that ride for hours. My legs protest any movement from the red marks I know are on my legs, but I think the back of them have the worst of it.

I huff and groan with each step down the stairs. The tingling in my legs starts to subside, but the sensitivity of my skin doesn’t. But most of all my mood goes from what the fuck, to more pissed off. I snap away from Rafe straightening myself as the other students come into view. My eyes scan the area for the fucker in question, but I can’t see him anywhere. Hang on? Wankstein is missing too. Her minions notice me then and both of them cackle like a set of hyenas, whispering something to each other. Jealousy and rage slam into me with a force like a wrecking ball, he’s fucking her!

I snarl as I walk past the group heading straight for the car park. Like fuck am I staying here! I need to see the state I’m in and I need to chill out before I beat a shit load of people within an inch of their lives. “Miss. Walker it’s not time to leave yet!” the teacher shouts after me but I don’t listen. My strides are strong, as I continue on my path.

“Dude, we going to Jed’s party tonight?” I overhear a couple of the jocks talking close to the exit. “Yeah, man, it’s going to go off!”

Hm, a party sounds like something I need. I ignore the teacher screaming after me as I pass the ticket booths. “Watch I...” My voice breaks off as I register the person who slammed into me.

“Watch where you’re going, skank!” Wankstein spits at me. I’m too stunned for a quick comeback as she flattens down her disheveled clothes with a shit eating grin on her face. She wipes the corner of her mouth, but my eyes are on the bastard next to her. “I told you he would choose me always,” she says.

My eyes flick between her and Frost. Waiting. He doesn’t look at me, his face is showing nothing as he tugs her closer. I can’t look away waiting for what he will do. My blood turns to ice as he slams his lips down on hers. She moans into his mouth as he pulls her even closer. My emotions explode with stupidity and shame. I don’t say anything as I spin on my heels and stride out to the car, both of them laughing behind me.

Bo

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

The red-hot water stings as I scrub my skin. Flashbacks of the theme park echo in my head making me pick up the pace with my poof and rub harder. I need to get the feeling of his hands off me. Disgust rears its head again as I feel the hatred I once had resurfacing, this is exactly how I felt after all the shit with Matt. No. No don't want to think about him. Why the fuck are you so surprised he did that and then went to her? They're getting married, for fuck's sake. My mind feels numb as the argument with myself continues in my head. I don't feel anything other than the stinging of my skin as I keep scrubbing.

My phone rings from the shelf next to the sink. I peek out of the door to check the name, hoping it's Ms. Janette wanting me back at the house, but it's not. Rafe's name flashes across the screen. Like it has done loads of times since I left. I don't know how he got himself back since I left him there. But I don't care, I had to get out. The phone beeps with a message and I know it's him again. My eyes zero in on the raw patches of flesh on my legs, I hiss as the water hits them. Seeing it shocks me out of my mind as I watch the poof drop to the floor.

What the fuck are you doing, idiot? I promised myself after everything with he who shall not be named—I snort as Voldemort pops into my head with that saying—no one would affect me like this again. He won't. I won't let him know he's pissed me off and got under my skin by doing what he did. I grab the towel and wrap it around myself as I shut off the shower. I grab my phone checking the time. 7:45 p.m., fuck, I missed tea. Sod it. I'll order some food in, may as well stay here and avoid everyone. Yeah, that's a plan. My phone starts ringing again. Rafe's name flashing up again. I hit the lock

screen button and the sound cuts off. Pulling up google I search for the place that Ms. Janette orders her chicken from, that food is the bomb. Honestly, I've never had chicken as nice as that. I order strips and some chips to go with it as a meal. Let's not forget the ice cream and cookies that are coming too.

My phone beeps again. Swiping it open, I find eighteen messages from Rafe. The newest one staring at me.

Rafe:

Babe, answer the damn phone! What happened back there?

I groan internally because I know he won't leave this be, and all I want to do at this moment in time is eat my weight in food.

Rafe:

I know you're in there Bo! Open up and tell me what happened. I'm worried about you. So are Knox and Deacon, they asked if you were ok after earlier.

Open up? What the he.... My inner monologue is cut short by the pounding on my door. "Piss off Rafe!" I shout at the door—I really can't be dealing with his man drama at the moment. The pounding on the door picks up its pace, but it sounds weird like there's more than one knocking. Fuck my life don't people over here know the meaning of piss off.

"Bo open the door?" the deep baritone voice has me stopping short. No?

I stride over and yank the door open barely managing to dodge the closed fist nearly smacking me on the head. All three of them jump back away from the door in surprise, their eyes wide as they look at me. I pop my hip and lift a brow "What the hell are you two doing here?" I look between Knox and Deacon as they both just stare at me with wide eyes. I'm shocked to see that Deacon doesn't have his phone in hand for once and Knox? Yeah, your guess

is as good as mine on that one. A breeze brushes against my leg then realization dawns. Oh fuck! I grab the dressing gown from the back of my door, sliding my arms into it. I make sure the belt is secure before I look back to the guys.

Rafe grins at me, while Deacon has a pinkish tinge to his cheeks and Knox looks like he would rather be anywhere else but here. They all have a glimmer of a challenge in their eyes though. “What do you want?” I huff as I step back so they are able to step into the room. Each of them takes a cautious step through the threshold and I chuckle at the stupidity of it.

“We wanted to know if you’re ok after earlier?” Deacon says in a shaky voice. I just stare stunned, this is the first time I’ve ever heard him speak when the others are around. He normally just sits in the background, that’s it. His voice isn’t like I would have expected it to be, its deeper with a smooth tone to it that does weird things to my nerve endings.

“Earth to Bo?” A voice chuckles from behind me.

“Huh!” I exclaim as a round of laughter fills the room.

“You planning on drooling over our boy while he’s not even in the room yet.” I feel the blush spread up my face faster than a traffic light changing color. I shake myself out of my stupor, playing it cool like I haven’t just been caught checking out the hot nerd. But fuck my life, how the hell have I never seen him with a girl on his arm. The dude could have me coming just from speaking alone.

“Fuck you, idiots,” I say with a nervous chuckle, trying to pass off the feeling I currently have.

“Bo Bo, you do know you still have your towel on under there don’t you?” Rafe chuckles. I really wish I was close to a heavy object to high five him in the face.

“You coming to the party with us?” Knox asks with a quirked brow, and I find myself without a voice. I shake my head in answer as a heavy knock at the door has me jumping out of my skin.

“Food delivery,” the guy says as I spin around. I grab my money off the side table and nearly throw it at him. I snatch the food out of his hand and slam the door. Why the hell am I so jittery? I put the stuff down.

“Why the hell do you want me to go to this party with you?” I say as I turn to face them all again. “You can’t stand me,” I say pointing to Knox. “We don’t talk ever,” I say to Deacon.

“You are just a pain in the arse, dude,” I say to Rafe who just chuckles at

me.

“C’mon now, babe, don’t be like that,” he purrs as he takes a step toward me. I back up against the counter trying to put distance between us but I can’t. He stops, his face clouds with an unknown emotion I can’t read. “The hell was that?” he snaps.

“What?” I try to play stupid but my emotions are all over the place. Hatred still fills me after I allowed him to touch me like that, and then not doing anything about him with Wankstein. Then the thoughts of Matt creeping in and now them being here like we’re all friends is just too much to deal with.

“Don’t bullshit us, Bo?” Knox says as he stands up, taking a step. I slide around the side of the counter and back up to the bathroom door.

“What happened earlier?” Deacon’s smooth voice reaches my ears. I find myself frozen in space not wanting to move. For the first time since them stepping into my room the urge to run hasn’t hit me. “Frost was his usual self,” I snap wanting to get off this topic. “Bullshit!” both Knox and Rafe snap at the same time causing me to jump back closer to the bathroom.

“Shut the hell up, you idiots,” Deacon says, not bothering to take his eyes off me but still managing to chastise the other two. What’s surprising is they both listen and take their seats again. My chest rises and falls rapidly as unease builds, my eyes nearly bug out of my head as cold air slams into me. I look down horrified to find the belt of my dressing gown is undone and it’s wide open. I make a dash to grab the belt, the towel falls away leaving me open to prying eyes. I scramble to grab the belt and secure it.

“Have you hurt yourself, sweetie?” Deacon asks as he takes a cautious step toward me with his hand outstretched. I violently shake my head to tell them no, but I’m not sure if they believe me. “You didn’t hurt yourself on purpose?” he coos again like he’s talking to a wild animal.

“No. I…” My words break off as I realize no matter what I tell them they will think of me as the stupid girl who hurts herself for fun.

Deacon is standing so close now. I lift my eyes to meet his expecting to see something harsh there but all there is, is concern. I found myself wanting to explain why I did it. “I didn’t do it on purpose. I just wanted to get the feeling of his hands off me,” I whisper with an ache I haven’t felt for so long.

“Whose?” he asks.

“His. He had to touch me then make me feel like I could believe what he says about us. But then I see them and I know he lied,” I mutter the words as

my chest caves in on itself. “He did the same thing as the last one and now I don’t know who or what I am anymore.” The words nearly break off on a sob but I manage to hold the last of my dignity to keep it in and not show how badly affected I am by all this.

I look everywhere I can, trying to avoid them all but I see it. The look of pity on Deacon’s face, as the smartest one of the group he’s probably worked it out by now. Knox looks like he’s about to go on a rampage, his face is set tight and I can see the tick of his jaw even from where I am. Rafe looks defeated, that happy go luckily preppy look he always has on his face is nowhere to be seen. “Who hurt you, Bo?” Knox asks with a broken voice.

“My ex-boyfriend Matt did. But it’s not about him. I should have known not to let your buddy get under my skin,” I spit the words out loud but aim them at myself.

“Frost has an unusual knack for getting under peoples skin. You don’t need to blame yourself,” one of them says but my brain can’t process who as the emotions wage war. I promised myself this wouldn’t happen, but that just blew through everything. Angry ramblings filter into my ears. I find Rafe pacing back and forth across the room. I look at Deacon, but he just shrugs like he can’t answer the unspoken question. “Who’s Matt?” Knox asks through gritted teeth. The question stops Rafe’s pacing as his head snaps to me.

“He was my ex back in England. A lot of stuff happened,” I say not wanting to go into too much detail.

“That’s not enough!” Knox booms with the demand causing me to jump. “We need to know what happened.” My anger grows. All the feelings I’ve had until now with them all in the room change in an instant. How fucking dare he demand to know my life, like I owe them answers.

“All you need to know, asshole, is I survived!” I shout back my voice thick with emotion. “I thought you knew and that’s why you were leaving the Orchids in my room?”

“Orchids?” all three of them say in unison. I cock a brow in my best don’t play dumb look. But they all just stare with confusion on their faces. My stomach drops as time passes and none of them admit to it being them.

“You are the ones leaving them with the ribbons on, aren’t you?” My voice trembles my stomach drops.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

My mind races to try and process the words. Someone is breaking into her room and leaving shit! The terror on her face is visible to all of us, our eyes snap between each other and back to her as the trembling starts. Whatever the flower means is sending her into a downward spiral and I have no idea who to blame for it. I know he's a psycho, but would he really go this far to do his dad's bidding? Honestly, I haven't got a clue. I hope not but then again, I wouldn't have expected him to do what he did at the theme park.

We have to find out who is behind this as quickly as we can, because she looks like she's about to start packing her shit and running. I can't let her do that. The guys and I have spoken about the shit that's been going on and we've all in our own way admitted we like her. Even Deacon said he does and he has never made any effort with any woman before now. Something is happening-the constant meetings with Mr. F and him grilling our asses about getting her out of here. Who is she?

Frost hates her for the affair his dad and her aunt had but from the interactions I've seen between them, Bo doesn't have a clue about it and hates her as much as we do. I snarl as I stride through the room trying to remember where all the fucking things are. Bo shouts me as I start tearing through the room, cussing me out but I don't hear her.

"Rafe what the fu..."

"What the hell are they?" she demands rushing over to me as I have a pile of wires in my hand. My chest rising and falling rapidly as a plan comes together.

"Camera's," is the only thing I say.

"The lying little fucker," Deacon says as she comes over to inspect the

goods in my hand. I lock eyes with him and dread fills me as I see him gulp, his face becoming paler. “He told me they were for his dad,” he snaps, nostrils flaring. Bo just stands there with a stunned expression on her face. She looks between Deacon and I, but how do I tell her the psycho has been watching her for God knows how long. “He’s been watching me?” she fumes as she strides toward me. “You’re telling me I’ve had zero privacy for fuck knows how long!” she explodes, pulling all of the pinhead cameras out of my grasp.

I have no words to try and take some of the blow from the intrusion of privacy that has been done. I’m dumbstruck as she strides out of the room with them in hand. “What’s sh...” Knox’s words break off as a huge cracking noise of something giving way fills the corridor. I’m out of the door in an instant and horrified to find her striding into his room with the door hanging off its hinges. “Dude, I thought they are meant to be security doors?” Knox chuckles as Deacon just watches with wide eyes.

I cautiously step into Frost’s room, not knowing what I’m going to find has my anxiety levels growing. “Babe, what’re you planning?” I ask. I know she’s thinking about something from how still she is. Her breathing is heavier than normal and she just stares out into the room.

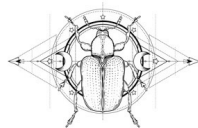
“Help me?” Her voice is lower than normal, causing a shiver to go down my spine.

“With?” I question as I move so I’m standing in front of her. Slowly her head lifts up and her eyes connect with mine.

“He likes watching,” she says with a smirk tipping the edge of her lips. Ah! It doesn’t take long for my brain to catch up to what she’s thinking. The woman is a fucking genius.

“Hey,” I shout to the others. They both come into the room with wary expressions. I have to chuckle but I know they are going to be up for this.

“Yeah,” they say. I wait to see how she’s going to explain this to them. She doesn’t she just hands me a pile of wires laughing as she moves over to the huge flat screen tv and starts running one of the cameras from the center of it down the back to conceal the wire. Her laughter is infectious as we all start laughing and taking points throughout the room.



Twenty minutes. That's how long it takes for us to finish our new addition to his room. "Bo?" Deacon muses as we stand in the corridor "Hmm?"

"You sure about this?" he muses rubbing this thumb across his chin.

"Why wouldn't I be?" She grins. "I don't know about you guys but I feel like having a party!" she exclaims as she hops from foot to foot in excitement. Knox shakes his head with a chuckle. I fight the smirk trying to tip my lips.

"Get ready, I'll get someone to come and fix the door so he doesn't know what's happened," Deacon says as we watch her smile a wide smile that has lust shooting straight to my dick. Because fuck my life, when she smiles properly, angels cry.

Bo

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

It doesn't take me long to squeeze my fat arse into a pair of booty shorts. Teamed up with my favorite crop top and I feel like myself. My hair is in its natural state because I didn't dry it off after the shower earlier, so my curls are running wild. I don't bother to put on makeup, I'm not out to impress anyone. I plan on getting shit faced, and trying to forget the fact that the psycho has been watching me while I sleep and fuck knows what else.

I step out of my room with my leather jacket in hand, surprised to see the three of them still there. An older guy steps between them and says something to Deacon that I don't quite catch. But then I notice the door back in its place, looking like nothing ever happened. My smile brightens at that and all three of them openly stare at me making me uncomfortable. "What?" I ask with caution. They don't respond, their eyes trail the length of my body and back up. I feel my palms become slick.

"Fuck me, you look killer," Knox says.

"Fucking hell, is that a compliment?" I jest back, with a hand on my heart. He smiles a genuine smile, I'm taken aback by how relaxed it is.

"You know you're hot, Bo," he jokes.

"Eat dicks," I throw back just as quick with a chuckle. "Just cause you want to fuck me but don't want to admit it," I sass as I slam my door making sure it beeps. Then I take off in the direction of the stairs. "You're not ready for my type of fucking yet, babe." I nearly stumble at his words as lust roars through me. What type of fucking is he into? My curiosity grows as I make my way down the marble stair case. My boots thud against them, but the sound is quickly joined by some others. I throw a look over my shoulder to find them following me down the stairs. Rafe is grinning, Knox has his mask

firmly in place and Deacon gives me a sweet smile that does funny things to my insides. Down! I shout internally at my libido because fuck me, this bitch is going to get my arse in trouble if she carries on.

It doesn't take long for us to get outside. I'm just about to pull up the Uber app when the guys walk past. Deacon stops and looks over his shoulder. "You coming or what?" He smirks, I don't say anything. I start moving again to catch up to them. We continue to the car park when my unease grows.

"Erm guys," I mumble as my apprehension continues to grow. "If we're going to Jedd's why are we taking one of your cars?" I feel like a damn idiot for asking this question but still my parent's died in a drunk driver RTC.

"I don't drink, Bo," Deacon reassures me, but I can't stop my eyes bugging out of my head.

"You're a student who doesn't drink?" I snort.

"Nope," he pops the P and grins at me. "Trust me, you wouldn't either if you had to babysit these two when we go out," he says. My mouth practically hits the concrete, causing all of them to laugh at me. "That's your reason for not drinking?" I growl, knowing full well that's bullshit.

"My dad's a violent drunk," he throws out on a shrug, like that little bit of a snippet into his homelife is nothing.

"Sorry about that," I say with a weird feeling in my chest. It just shows, you never really know anyone until you actually get to know them. I know I don't know him that well but the fact that he gave me a bit of information like that is enough for me to trust him. "The fuck is that?" I ask awe struck as a huge Dodge pick-up comes into view. Deacon just grins as he makes his way to the driver's side.

"What?" he asks in a small voice, the smile that was on his face drops. "Don't you like it?" How do you explain to a set of guys that a truck has just nearly given me an orgasm from how pretty it is. I chuckle cause there is no way in hell they will let me live it down if I say anything. I just smile, brushing my fingers across the black paintwork as I move to get in. Rafe stands with the passenger door open grinning at me. I smile as I get ready to hoist myself in.

"I think she's wet from the truck," Rafe says with a deep chuckle.

The others' heads snap in my direction as I feel the blush creeping up onto my cheeks. He's such an arsehole when he wants to be but fucking hell he's one perceptive arsehole. "Is he lying?" Knox rumbles from the back and I shudder. Fuck it!

“Nah, he ain’t,” I admit. “But the thing is, we don’t get these cars back home unless you have a shitload of money.”

“Seriously?” Deacon asks surprised, I bark out a laugh at the horror on all their faces.

“Why do you think I’m so possessive over the Mustang?” I say as my eyes connect with Rafe’s through the center mirror.

“That’s what that was about?” he says as he looks to be deep in thought. “I thought you were just being a bitch saying I couldn’t drive.”

I chuckle darkly because I’m not shocked that he came to that conclusion because everyone here forgets I don’t come from the money they do. “Cassandra told me to pick a car when I got here. The mustang is my dream car. So when I spotted it, I claimed it.” They all laugh at that, but it’s not in a dick way like they’re being arseholes. It’s more like they can understand the reasoning behind it.

“We going to this party or what?” Knox grumbles from the back seat. The other two look to me, and I shrug with a silent what the hell are you looking at me for look? Like seriously I just want to get pissed.

Bo

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

The party's in full swing as Deacon pulls up in the driveway. Well the best he can between all the cars that have been dumped. The music is blaring, the heavy bass vibrates through the windows on the truck. I climb out, chuckling to myself as I can hear the music word for word with the deep bass calling to me. I head across the gravel to the door, shaking my head at a couple that look like they're fucking on the lawn. "Welcome to Black Frost Academy, babe," Rafe says with a chuckle as he pushes past me into the house.

There are bodies everywhere. Not all these people can go to the academy cause they're all packed in like sardines as bodies bump and grind against each other in a mass of sweaty bodies. I start pushing my way through the crowd in search of the kitchen, I need a damn beer. The house is like a maze, there are hallways leading off of hallways. Like seriously, how fucking big is this place? I finally find the kitchen after hunting for what feels like a lifetime. Screams fill the air from the huge open double doors that lead to the garden area.

I make a beeline for the shots on the island, chuckling to myself at the amount of alcohol here. I'll give the rich pricks their dues, they know how to party! I sink the first one, then another. My pace continues as I neck one after the other. The buzz quickly comes on and I feel my muscles begin to relax. Raised voices ring out from across the room, catching my attention. Titan and Jade are arguing over something again, honestly I think it's all they do these days. Jade looks to have lost more weight. I shrug, it's not my problem. As quickly as I think it, I'm hit with a pang of guilt.

I stamp that down as quick as it came on because why the fuck should I

feel guilty about her looking haggard? It's not my fault she decided to throw away our friendship so she could go and bounce on a dick. Dammit! My mood sours. I grab a bottle of whiskey from the pile. Spinning the cap, I take huge gulps. The burning sensation is instant as the drink makes its way to my stomach. I slam the bottle down wiping my mouth and sucking in some much needed air. My veins buzz with a feeling of electricity as my head spins. I giggle because this is epic.

I spot the guys from my position in the kitchen. They're sitting around the wannabes. Knox snarls at anyone who tries to come near him. I chuckle because I'm pretty sure the girl has just burst into tears. Deacon is uninterested, tapping away on his phone ignoring everything. Rafe is death glaring at me as I sway side to side. Partially from my buzz but also from the tunes playing. I take another huge mouthful of the whiskey and our eyes connect. His darken as he motions with his hand for me to put the bottle down. I wiggle the bottle with a small amount left smirking as I flip him the bird with my other hand.

Like fuck am I stopping now, this is just getting interesting! I swipe a bottle of vodka off the counter as I trade out the full bottle for the empty one. I flick the already loose cap off, watching as it sails through the air and smacks someone in the forehead. The guy starts screaming at one of the others and the next thing I know all hell's broken loose. The guy it hit dives on the other. Wild punches are thrown as the other tries to defend himself. The fight turns into a brawl, like wild animals on the floor as the guy screams at the other he threw something at him. With a shrug I head toward the makeshift dance floor on the deck. The urge to move my body is one I don't want to ignore.

I bump into a few people from school on my way, who snarl "Whore" at me. I growl right back not in the mood to be dealing with this shit at the moment. Luckily for the brunette she realizes her mistake. We aren't on campus, so the restraints I have there don't apply here and I could beat her arse. My drink sloshes everywhere as I tumble forward only just managing to stop myself from face planting. "Shit! I'm so sorry," a petite blonde says as she looks at me.

"I was pushed by some idiots in a rush to get outside," she explains. My eyes narrow as I take her in. She definitely isn't from the academy.

"Don't worry about it," I say as I tip the bottle up, continuing my party for one.

“Can you help me?” I quirk my brow at her. Gesturing with my hand for her to get it over with.

“I’m looking for someone,” she says, I continue to gulp the vodka. “His names Frost.” The mouthful I had sprays a guy who has just walked through the door in the face. I give him a quick apology as I turn to give her all my attention.

“What’re you looking for Frost for?” I ask as normal as possible, I don’t know if its jealousy or curiosity that’s burning a hole in my chest at the moment.

“We fucked last night at the bar and he shot off before I could give him my number,” she says as her eyes scan the party goers.

Oh fucking hell NO! My heart rate goes through the roof, as my rage explodes. I point in the direction of the gods, chuckling darkly to myself as I follow closely behind her. She tries her best to get through the *in* crowd to him but she can’t. I spot Wankstein and a plan slams into me. I chuckle as I push my way through the crowd, grabbing ahold of her wrist and pulling her along with me. All their heads turn to me as we break through so we’re in front of the gods. Rafe lifts a questioning brow.

“What’s the matter, skank, you want him to turn you down again. Wow, you really are desperate,” she says as she spots me.

“Wankstein, meet the lass that your boyfriend had his dick in last night,” I say as I push the newbie in front of me. I grin sadistically as Wankstein’s face turns bright red.

“We fucked and you’ve got a fucking girlfriend!” the newcomer snaps to the bastard in question. An almighty screech fills the air as Wankstein lunges at the other girl and chaos erupts around us as the two start fighting. I laugh my arse off as I head away from the madness to go and enjoy my own little party. That shit is fucking hilarious!

I grab a shot throwing it back and then head out onto the dance floor. The music isn’t as loud as it was before, because everyone seems to be paying more attention to the cat fight. But it’s enough. I throw my arms up high, swaying from side to side as I feel the music in my bones. A hand wraps around my waist pulling me back into a solid chest. I continue to circle my hips, grinding into my companion. “Fuck,” they grunt as I match my pace to the beat. “You just love causing chaos don’t you, babe?” Rafe’s breath brushes my ear as he tries to get closer. I drop my head to the side with my eyes closed as we continue this torment we are both in a battle of.

“You’re telling me you wouldn’t have done the same thing?” I purr as I push my arse harder on his junk.

“He’s a fucking idiot,” he grunts as I move my hips faster. Someone yanks me forward, my eyes snap open to chew out the asshole when I’m met with a pair of almost black eyes. Knox spins me around so my back is to his front, grinding himself into me. Lust roars through my body as Rafe watches with his own eyes darkening. I push my arse back, wrapping my hands around his wrists I pull him forward so I’m sandwiched between them as we all grind our hips to the beat.

“Are you turned on, baby?” Knox growls into my ear. I yelp as a sting spreads up from my lobe. The already stretched thin nerve endings I had from earlier come back with a vengeance. “Yeah,” I purr as I sway my hips side to side. “You would be too if you were left horny as fuck and not allowed to come,” I growl a little more forcibly this time.

“What’re you on about?” Rafe questions, not slowing his own moves.

“Frost tied me to the coaster,” I say with a quirked brow “He brought me to the edge of my tether repeatedly but wouldn’t allow me to come unless I begged.”

Knox stiffens behind me, the vibration against my back tells me of the growl that is building. Rafe’s brows hit his hairline, he looks down at me with a sympathetic gaze. I avert my eyes, not wanting to see the look on his face anymore. I can’t bear to see the pity which I know will be there. The heavy pressure against my back moves, the brush of air against my back causes a shiver. I look over my shoulder to find Knox marching through the door like a man on a mission.

“Don’t worry, babe,” Rafe purrs into my ear as he pulls me into his side. I meet his eyes to see the boyish grin on his face. Moving my hand up to his shoulder, I gently trace the tips of my fingers to the back of his neck. The soft hair at the bottom of his neck tickles my fingers and I smile running my hand back and forth through it. His eyes darken as I smile up at him sweetly. “Babe?” the deep rumble of his voice sends a shot of lust straight down to my center, fueling the already painful feeling from being denied earlier.

I stretch myself onto my toes and gently brush my lips against his. My desire explodes as I caress our lips together again. Rafe just stares. I run the tip of my tongue across the seam of his lips. He opens with a growl, allowing me access. I moan at the feeling as my tongue brushes against his, I pull away breaking the connection. Looking up into his eyes I can see the lust roaring in

their depths. Slamming his lips against mine, I moan into his mouth elated to be feeling the contact I have been dying for him to give me properly. He breaks the kiss with a smack, his chest rising and falling rapidly. “Bo, this needs to stop before it goes any further.” His words are hollow, I know he’s trying to be the better person but I’ve resisted this between us for so long.

“I don’t want it to stop,” I groan as I nip the underside of his jaw trying to coax him back into a kiss.

“Knox will be back soon,” he says trying to put an end to this. I push myself closer to him, trailing soft kisses behind the path I’m taking. I nip at the fleshy part of his lobe and he shudders underneath my hands.

“I want Knox too.”

Excitement thrums through me at my admission, I feel empowered at saying that out loud to someone and not just myself. I take his hand in mine, tugging gently as I move back toward the house. “You sure?” He rumbles. I run my tongue across my bottom lip, then pull it in between my teeth, nodding as I do. I chuckle as he yanks out his phone as I lead us through the doors. I can hear the frantic tap of his thumb on the screen.

The party’s showing no signs of slowing down, as bodies get down and dirty in the living room. From the noises of one of the rooms we pass, I’m almost certain an orgy is going on in there. We make it deeper into the house. I’m having to fight the urge not to laugh as I can still hear Rafe on his phone.

I screech as I’m lifted off the floor, a bark of laughter has me narrowing my eyes. “What the hell Rafe!” I yell at him, as I get an eyeful of his arse. The fucking shit has thrown me over his shoulder. A crack rings out and I moan as the sting on my left butt cheek has another round of lust going straight to my core. His strides are long as he moves us through hallways. I feel like I’m free falling as I sail through the air. Bouncing on something soft, my eyes snap to his finding a dark grin on his face as he takes me in. I giggle as I watch him climb onto the bed, crawling over me like a lion. I shudder as the urge becomes unbearable. It’s not just a want anymore, it’s a need. The heavy weight of him pressing me into the mattress has my head spinning. His lips connect with mine and I moan at the dominance in it. My back arches and I try to get closer. My breathing is labored as our lips stay together, teeth clashing as we claim each other’s lips in a brutal dance.

He breaks the kiss. I lean forward chasing his mouth with my own. He chuckles as he looks down at me, his hand caressing the back of my neck. “Stand up,” he commands. My core clenches, my underwear goes from wet

to soaked. I eagerly do as he says, clambering off the bed as quickly as I can. A smirk tips his lips as he lifts my arms above my head. The brush of his fingertips against my ribs as he slowly lifts the top from my body has goose bumps peppering my skin.

The look in his eyes has a shiver coursing down my body, the thrum of excitement is real as I stare into his lust-filled gaze. A door banging has me jumping out of my skin. “You were going to start without me?” The rumble of Knox’s voice has another shot of lust going straight to my core. He stalks toward us, his eyes never leaving mine. His face gives nothing away but the confidence of this stride makes me wonder, does he actually want this or is he just going along with the plan for Rafe’s sake?

“Are you sure about this, babe?” he growls, staring down at me intently. My hands tremble in excitement, because I know we have had our differences but I can’t deny how gorgeous he is.

“Why wouldn’t I be?” I sass back, my impatience is getting the better of me.

He quirks a brow and I have to fight back the bark of laughter. He’s confused. I step closer, never breaking eye contact. Rafe chuckles behind me. Placing my hand on his waistband of his jeans, I run my hand up the center of his stomach. Skin on skin, I bite my lip as my hand dips and moves with the contours of his abs. I can feel every dip and movement as his stomach sinks as he inhales. My palm leaves a heated path all the way to the center of his chest, I can feel his heart beating rapidly under the surface.

Never once has our eyes broken the connection, everything falls away, like we are the only ones here. If it wasn’t for Rafe breathing behind me, I would think we are alone. But knowing there is two of them here watching this has my ovaries doing a happy dance. I’ve been so jealous of the female main characters in the books that I read, getting all the men they want and no one batting an eye about it. Now I get to live another one of my fantasies I actually want to be involved in.

His lips crash down on mine with a brutality I knew he would have. My will snaps as I move my lips with his, fighting to match his movements as he devours me for the first time. My mind nearly short circuits—I knew his lips would be soft but this is something on a whole other level. His tongue skims across the seam of my mouth asking for entrance and I give in to the temptation. As soon as our tongues start the erotic dance of dominance a moan slips free and he swallows it whole.

He breaks the kiss with a wet smack, my eyes are wide as I take him in. Both of us are breathing rapidly, my brain is a fuzzy mess. A crushing weight presses in on me from behind as Rafe's scent fills my nose. I'm pressed in between both of them, the excitement has a small whimper passing my lips. I'm dying to feel both of them against me as they fuck me. Knox chuckles. "How pissed off are you at the shit show that is Frost?" he rumbles. My eyes narrow as I growl in response. No way in hell do I want to be thinking of that bell-end, let alone talking about that twat at a time like this.

"Don't worry, baby. You're about to give him the biggest fuck you ever."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

I stare wide eyed at Knox as he grins down at me, puzzled at the declaration. But then my excitement builds at the conviction in his tone. The excitement builds even further as, Rafe starts kissing down the side of my neck. Making my head roll to the side to give him better access. Knox watches us intently. I jump a little at the soft brush of hands circling my waist pulling me closer. "I'll be back in a minute, get ready," Knox says with a smirk on his lips. Pulling me to him, our lips connect and my brain short circuits. I try my best to coax him to open up to me, he growls in the back of his throat. Pulling away quickly, breaking the kiss, he winks at me and I feel the rush of my excitement as my underwear becomes soaked.

Rafe continues his exploration as I hear the soft click of the door. I squeal as I'm yanked off the floor, Rafe's lips are on mine in an instant. I moan softly into his mouth as he grips my arse to the point of pain. Our lips move like they're in their own dance. Neither of us fighting for dominance, just enjoying the feel of one another. Our lips break with a wet smacking sound as Rafe grins at me. I lift a brow in question, making him smile. Mischief dancing in his eyes, I push my chest closer to him to try and coax him back into a kiss. But he just grins wider, I yelp as I'm freefalling through the air. My body bouncing on the mattress underneath me.

He crawls over the top of me with a smirk on his lips like he did before Knox came in, his tongue leaves a line as he makes a trail up my stomach toward my bra. "You like that, baby?" he purrs, the sound making my body shake in anticipation. I nod my head with eagerness, as my voice seems to only be able to pant and moan at the moment. He smiles again, wrapping his hand around the back of my neck, he pulls me forward with excitement

dancing in his eyes. I gasp as I look at him, panting from the feeling of being forced to wait. With a wink he unclasps my bra with his free hand, then throws it over his shoulder.

I can't focus on anything, as the tip of his tongue swipes across my left nipple causing a jolt of heat straight between my legs. I fall back onto the bed and he follows me down taking the swollen peak into his mouth. Rolling his tongue around and over it, a moan passes my lips as I grab the back of his head. He releases it and moves onto the other with the same tortuous movements. My hips lift off the bed on their own, wanting to get in on the glorious torment.

He releases it with a pop, my head swirls as my lust continues to grow. The button pops on my shorts and I hear the zipper being pulled down. Pulling back onto his haunches, Rafe stares down at me. His eyes darkening as he takes me in. In a blur of movement, the air brushes across my center as he lifts each leg to pull my legs free from the confinement. I laugh as he throws them over his shoulder like he did my bra. I grin as he just stares, then beckon him with my finger. He drops to his knees, pulling me to the edge of the bed. My heart stops as he kisses the inside of my thigh, then the other side moving higher with each press of his lips.

He blows gently onto my center, I shudder as I wait to see what he does. He spreads me open to get a better look at me. The air against my over-sensitive core has me becoming wetter than I already am. He snarls in the back of his throat, diving in as he sucks the bundle of nerves into his mouth, causing a shock wave through me. Everything hits me at once and I become a livewire. His tongue drives me wild as I pant between moans. A finger dips into me and I moan so loud, throwing my head back. "Fuck me, baby, you're so ready for this." His tone is filled with excitement, but he never looks away from me. Another finger joins in pushing into me as he picks up the pace with his hand.

"You motherfucker," a voice bellows, but I'm too lost in the bliss of this feeling to give a shit.

"Sit your ass down and watch," another commands. The pace becomes almost frantic, the tingles begin to build.

"Oh fuck. Oh Fuck," I chant as I chase the feeling. Yells fill the room, but I'm too lost into the sensation as Rafe adds another finger, hitting the spot every time. My moans turn into a chant of "Right there" as the tingling feeling spreads up and through my veins.

A weird sound fills the air followed by another round of yelling, but I don't care. I fall over the edge of the orgasm as a guttural moan passes my lips. Leaving me a sweating, panting mess, but he doesn't stop. He finger fucks me through the after effects of my orgasm as another builds. I rise up onto my palms, seeing the concentration on his face as his hand moves frantically. "Look at how responsive she is too him. You can stop this torture if you just admit you like her as much as we do," Knox's voice pulls me out of my tunnel focus. My head snaps to the side, but rolls back as Rafe sucks my clit into his mouth as he works me over with his fingers.

"Look at me, baby," Knox commands, my eyes snap open connecting with his. His smile is huge, he can clearly see the lust behind my eyes as my body screams at me to pay attention to the person giving me the bliss with his hand and mouth. "Do you want him or all of us?" Knox asks. That's when I notice Frost tied to a chair, with tape around his head keeping it in place. Knox prowls over, his eyes darkening as he takes in what's happening. The heated look he's giving me has me moaning again. Eagerness at having him and Rafe touch me sends my body into overdrive.

"All of you," I manage to say between pants as another orgasm hits, breaking my words off with a scream.

"Do you want Frost to join us?" Knox asks, my eyes blur as I try to look at his ice-cold blue eyes as the orgasm leaves me speechless.

"If he stops being a prick and demanding I'm his then too, yeah. The more the merrier," I say, my throat feels sore from the scream from the last orgasm. My concentration leaves them as my sole focus turns back to the one who is taking me to another orgasm, how the fuck is this possible?

"Knox! Ignore the idiot. If he wants to be a bitch about it. Fuck him," I command. I want him involved in this like we agreed, not worrying about the feelings of his friend, who is throwing daggers my way. He was the one who added to this fantasy of mine when he let the others watch us fucking. Knox grins savagely down at Frost, I watch intently as he turns his focus to us as he removes his T-shirt. Stalking over to us, my eagerness taking on a whole new level with the look in his eyes. The ripped muscles of his stomach and the tattoos that cover him have my mouth watering to taste him. "You're both wearing too many clothes for this," I say with a purr. Rafe has me moaning again as he pulls his hand away, licking the evidence of my lust off him with a grin. Fuck me that's hot!

"Bo!" Frost snaps, I scowl as I glare at him. Pissed off that he's ruining

the moment. “Why can’t you pull the stick out of your arse and accept I want them as much as I want you?” I snap back, keeping my eyes on the other two as they strip out of their jeans and boxers.

I scramble to my knees, as they both step closer. “All you have to do Frost is say you accept this,” I say. Wrapping my hand around Knox’s length, I grip firmly pulling a moan from him as I increase the pace of my strokes. I give in to the urge, taking him into my mouth. The groan is worth it as I take him deeper and he hits the back of my throat. I feel the brush of his fingers as he sweeps my hair off my neck. Taking a firm hold of it in his hands as he applies a little pressure taking control. He’s thrusting in and out of my mouth, I can’t help but moan at the feeling and hearing the groans pass his lips as it adds to my excitement.

“That’s it,” he groans. “Take it,” he says picking the pace up. I jump forward as a hand brushes against the nerve endings between my folds.

“Easy, babe,” Rafe purrs.

Knox lets me pull his cock out of my mouth as I work him over with my hand. I look back my eyes connecting with Rafe’s as he grins at me. As I turn my head back, my eyes connect with Frost’s. His face is set in a scowl but I have to smirk as I see his pants tenting. “You going to agree so you can join in?” I say on a purr as I take Knox into my mouth again, my eyes still on his. My head bobs up and down not quite to the back of my throat. Knox growls.

“If he’s going to be a bitch. Fuck him,” he commands as he twists my hair around his hand, thrusting deeper into my mouth. Rafe’s fingers dip into me again, I moan around the mouthful. Which makes Knox groan at the vibrations.

A palm connects with my arse making me yelp, both of them chuckle.

“Move your legs forward,” Rafe says as he put pressure down on my spine. I can feel myself dripping down my legs. “Hold on tight, babe.” Is the only warning I get as Rafe slams into me, making me scream around Knox at the force. He thrusts deeper into my mouth, like it’s an invitation. My words come out mumbled and incoherent. Fuck me, I’ve never been this stretched in my life. Rafe is packing, he doesn’t give me chance to get used to the size of him as he pulls out and slams back in again. I yelp as he picks up his pace, thrusting into me brutally. The slap of skin together has me getting wetter. Both of them groan, finding the rhythm to match each other, perfectly. My arms and legs begin to tremble, I gag as Knox pushes so far down my throat I see the tattoo at the base of his shaft up close. We are a mass of sweating

bodies, my orgasm builds to the point of a trembling mess, my legs and arms struggle to hold me up.

“You want to come, baby?” Knox purrs, pulling tighter on my hair and all I can think is fuck me I’m in heaven. I nod my head the best I can, humming my reply so the vibrations send Knox frantic. Rafe picks up speed slamming into me at a rate I didn’t think was possible. My orgasm explodes as I shatter, trembling and moaning as the aftershocks rock through me.

My brain fogs, as I shudder with the after effects of a mind blowing orgasm. A weird motion has my stomach rolling as my brain clears a little. “Hey baby?” Rafe purrs in front of me with a smirk. His hands grope at my breast pulling and rolling both my buds in between his fingers. I moan again.

“Fuck!” My eyes widen as Rafe laughs. My head snaps to the side as I see Knox pull back to slam into me. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck,” I pant. He chuckles darkly. I drop face first onto the mattress, I’m not able to keep myself on all fours as Knox fucks me like a man possessed. Rafe lifts my hand to his shaft. Curling my hand around the length, he starts pumping my hand from tip to base and back.

A weird pressure builds, I gasp as something breaks the ring of muscle. “Have you ever been fucked here, beautiful?” Knox rumbles. I turn my head to look at him.

“Yes,” I pant the word as the tingle builds in my stomach, spreading through my limbs again. My hair is twisted craning my neck at a weird angle. Rafe pulls with enough force to make me have to support myself on all fours again. “Fuck, Knox. Don’t stop, that’s the spot,” I mewl as I stare into Rafe’s eyes. More pressure builds in my arse, making me want to drop my head at the full feeling.

“Do you want us both to fuck you, gorgeous?” he purrs. My legs shake as I try to find the power to answer him. This is sensory overload. “She does. Fuck, she was wet before, but now she’s soaked. I can feel it running down my balls,” Knox growls slamming into me at what must feel like warp speed.

“Show me, how much you want it?” Rafe commands and it’s like I have a second wind as I pull him forward by his hips, swallowing him down in one go.

“Hey, guys. What the...?” Deacon’s voice fills the air, I moan as his tone settles into my bones. “Why is Frost tied to a chair?” Both of them snort as I pant between my groans. Like fuck, I feel like I could die in this moment and go to heaven with a smile on my face.

“Stay,” I manage to pant out as the sensations within build like a pressure cooker.

“You heard her. But if your just gonna stand there, get out,” someone snaps. I don’t know who because all my brain can focus on is the guy pounding into me and the cock in my mouth as they both groan. The tell-tale sound of a zipper sounds out in the room. I try my best to turn my head to see. But I can’t, I growl in my throat. Rafe chuckles at the feeling. I push back onto Knox, as Deacon steps into view. Standing a little behind Rafe, my eyes bulge as I see his cock in his hands as he works himself over. A wrapper tearing catches my attention. As a cold sensation drops between my cheeks, I tense a little.

“Easy, beautiful. You want us both don’t you?” Knox purrs against my ear, the weight of him across my back, pushing my stomach to the mattress changes the angle and I moan so loud that’s all you can hear in the room.

“What about Deacon?” Rafe asks. My eyes lock with his as I see lust shining back at me as he works his hand up and down his length, the timing perfect for the thrust Knox gives me. “Do you want him involved too?” I nod my head, gagging as I do. I turn into a puddle, as Deacon rumbles.

“Do you like them fucking you like this, babe?” Deacon asks his voice does weird things to my already building orgasm. I’m not sure how much more I can take of this. I nod my hands giving way, so I fall onto my forearms. I feel Knox scissoring his fingers, stretching me. I know I’m going to be a puddle after this but I am here for it. The fullness I felt, disappears. Rafe rubs his thumb against my chin as he smiles down at me. Deacon works himself over, and nothing from Frost, but he can fade to the background for all I care.

I feel the pressure pushing against me and without thinking I tense. “Shh, beautiful. Relax and let me in because I don’t think any of us can wait much longer.” I groan, panting as Knox breaches the ring of muscle, a sting spreads across my ass and I bite my lip. A crack fills the air, and I yelp as my left cheek begins to burn taking away the slight pain at my arse being full. Slowly he pulls back, pushing back in gentler then he was in my pussy. The pace continues as I grow accustomed to the feeling again. My annoyance builds because this isn’t what I want. It hasn’t been that long, I dig my nails into the bed sheets as the torture continues. “If your gonna fuck my arse Knox at least fucking mean it!” I snap, throwing daggers at Rafe as he barks out a laugh. I’m thrown forward. “Yes. That’s it, fuck,” I pant as he starts pounding into

me, my brains starts to become fuzzy as I begin to feel like all the energy is being zapped out of me. “Fuck me now. If you’re going to do it,” I growl.

An arm circles my stomach and I gasp as I’m yanked from the mattress. My legs dangle, like I’m a rag doll. “Your wish is our command babe,” Rafe grins as he jumps off the bed. Pulling Deacon with him. He pushes him to the side so he is close to me as he, stoops low. Rising back up with my legs dangling over his arms. I feel like a contortionist being bent this way. But fuck me the fullness I feel in my ass with Knox situated there is amazing. I lean my head against his shoulder as Rafe wraps his arms around the back of my neck. Grinning at me, he pushes into my pussy and the feeling has a guttural moan coming from me. They pant as Deacon keeps his eyes on me. He leans down and connects our lips, sweetly at first. I moan against his mouth licking the seam as they thrust in and out of me, slowly at first but then they both begin to growl. Slamming into me at the same time, I can’t help the scream as it tears from my throat. They don’t stop their thrusts, pounding into me as skin slaps against skin. My nerves go berserk as my senses sky rockets and I feel the mother of all orgasms start to build. Deacon kisses me again, tweaking and pulling my nipples as he plays with me and himself. The thrusts become frantic, as I feel my walls swell. Both of them groan as my walls clamp down on the pair of them.

“Fucking hell, babe,” they both groan as they move faster and harder. I feel them both swell inside, sweat runs like a river all over me. Soft touches brush down my stomach, my eyes widen as I stare at Deacon who smirks at me.

His thumb brushes over my nerves and I begin to shake as the orgasm rushes forward. “Fuck. Fuck. Don’t stop. Please don’t stop,” I beg as he circles my clit faster. Rafe and Knox pick up their pace to a punishing level. I see Rafe grinning at Deacon as his brow drops in concentration. His hips thrusting at an irate pace.

“Come, Bo,” Deacon commands and I shake my head wanting this feeling to last a little while longer. All three of them snarl as he pinches the bundle of nerves and I shatter screaming my way through my orgasm that’s so powerful, I feel on the verge of blacking out. Both Knox and Rafe roar their release, as they pump their own arousal. Streams of white land on my stomach and I see the evidence of Deacon’s own orgasm as he smirks at me, his eyes dancing. My legs tremble, I don’t think I’m going to be able to stand on my own. Knox gently pulls himself out, I feel something press against my

ass.

“That isn’t going anywhere for the time being,” he says kissing the side of my neck. I feel the press of his fingers back into my ass. I lift a brow with the last of my energy and he smirks at me, planting a kiss on my lips. Pushing me forward so I’m against Rafe, he grins at me. “Fuck me, gorgeous. That was... Fuck, I don’t even have words.” He pulls out of me. I wince a little, my muscles protesting being stretched further. I feel my eye lids begin to close, my body giving up the fight to hold off the exhaustion. Another kiss lands on my forehead.

“You’re amazing, baby.” I crack open an eye to find Deacon staring at me.

“Sleep, gorgeous. We’ve got you,” Rafe says. But I can’t, even though my mind is running away with me, I feel satisfied. Something soft brushes over my skin, heating it. But the smell that invades my senses has me relaxing. I crack open an eye and find Deacon pulling Knox’s top over me. He wiggles something black at me and I just stare. He chuckles.

“You ok wearing his boxers too?” he asks. I nod my head with a soft smile. He moves me into the position he needs me to be able to cover me up.

“Deacon. Take her back to the dorms. We need to have a talk with Frost,” Knox commands. My eyes snap open as he bride lifts me off the bed. I see Knox and Rafe both glaring daggers at the guy tied to the chair. Both of them have their arms folded across their chests. The daggers he throws my way are the last thing I see as the door closes behind us.

Frost

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

“You’re a stubborn fucker. Why didn’t you admit how you feel about her?” Knox snaps at me and I growl right back.

The bindings on my wrists have broken through the skin, but that’s not what I feel. There are no words to describe what emotions are warring within me at the moment. It’s bad enough having to watch her reaction to finding out about what happened in the bar, well a partial truth of it, but the lack of emotion on her face when she declared it to Tiffany hurt. She wasn’t bothered, she caused her shit and left without another response. But this—this is another thing entirely, being forced to watch while my brothers fuck the only person I want anything to do with is like a dagger to my heart.

They took great pleasure in torturing me the way they did. I could see it in their eyes, as they took turns to look at me and gloat. I grind my teeth together as the sounds of her moans rush across my mind, I have never been so pissed off and turned on at the same time. My cock is still hard, pulsing against the fabric of my jeans painfully. My heart jumped with excitement when Knox asked her if she wanted me to join in, but then it deflated just as quickly when she replied. What am I doing wrong? I can’t tell her everything that’s going on with my dad. But this shit needs to stop!

She will never be mine. It doesn’t work like that, I will never get what I want. I need to stop acting like a self-obsessed asshole and do the job that my father has tasked me with. My jaw sets and my eyes narrow at the two of them, I chuckle darkly as they look to one another then back at me.

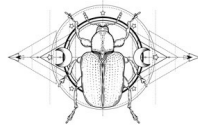
CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

My nerve endings are still buzzing with the effects of the night before. They blew my mind, the sex was out of this world. Any normal person would be horrified at what they did, but not me. Why would I? I knew what I was getting myself into. I'm more shocked at how willing Knox was through it. But deep down the hurt on Frost's face was just the icing on the cake. Call me a petty bitch all you want, but why should I have to put up with his bullshit because he doesn't have the balls to go after something he wants. Thank God it's the weekend because I don't think I could cope with having to see them after last night, but at least now I can avoid them like the plague. My phone dings on the side table, grabbing it I use my thumb print to unlock the screen.

Your aunt has gone away for the weekend. Would you like to come hang out at the house?

I love that woman. Yeah, I know it's weird that my aunt's housekeeper has just asked me to spend the night at the house. But I bet the poor woman gets bored out of her mind when the crazy bitch isn't there. Honestly, the thought of getting out of the dorms and in my own room at the house has me jumping off the bed and grabbing my hold-all to pack some stuff. Well books, I have clothes there but I have just started this new book and the main character is a complete badass. So I am definitely taking that with me. A huge smile breaks

out across my face.



The drive back to the house doesn't take long at all. My voice is a little hoarse from the drive over but I think passersby will be happy not to hear me trying to sing again. I giggle to myself as I remember the guy's face from the stop sign. He looked at me horrified as I sat at the junction singing. That was the highlight of my day. Thank God the security guard didn't hear me, because he would have told me to leave no doubt. The heat from the sun wafts through my open window on the light breeze. It's autumn back home so this is unusual for me. The trees are losing their leaves but the heat is still the same as it would have been in summer back home. At least it's not raining. People don't believe me when I say it practically rains 364 days a year there. Sun, what is that? When the UK has sun it's party time, even if it isn't warm. They'll get their deck chairs out to sunbathe and the BBQ's are fired up. But we are not built for heat, that's why I feel like I want to spend the rest of the day submerged in an ice-bath.

Thank God the hideous water fountain comes into view as I come off the last stretch of the drive way. I squint through the windshield trying to figure out what the hell the statue is meant to be. This is the first time I have actually managed to get a proper look at it. Narrowing my eyes a little more, I'm not sure what I'm seeing but it can't be?

No, it's not? I put the car in park jumping out to take a closer look. I'm horrified that what I see is real and I wasn't imagining it in the car. The statue is a naked stone copy of my aunt pouring out water with a jug. My eyes practically bug out of my head. I bark out a laugh. But the more I look at it the harder the laughter comes.

"I see you found the hidden face in the statue then?" My sides hurt from laughing but I can't stop. I half turn to find Ms. Janette smiling at me as she wobbles in my direction. My laughter breaks off as concern for her consumes me. I rush forward to give her a helping hand, but she holds a hand up in warning, as she moves closer. "I may be unstable on my feet a little, girl, but I will not trip over anything," she scolds me and I feel my cheeks heat. I know she's right but still, she's the only person I care about here and I

wouldn't want to see anything happen to her.

"What are your thoughts?" She waves a hand in the direction of the statue and I burst out laughing again.

"I knew she was a self-obsessed bitch but wow. She really does think herself all that?"

Ms. Janette scoffs as she heads back toward the house, my eyes dart from the woman to the statue. I'm making sure she's ok and still questioning if I'm still seeing things inside the stonework. With a shake of my head, I shuffle after Ms. Janette, my head's down as my lighter mood from earlier begins to darken again. The question that keeps popping into my head like a splinter is why does she hate me so much?

"Are you hungry?" The question pulls me out of my trance. My eyes widen as I realize that she is now standing at the door to the kitchen her brow is quirked up in a silent question. When I don't react, her eyes narrow further at me. The gravel crunches under my feet when a feeling of being watched flutters through my stomach. Out of my peripheral vision I spot Peabody standing on the front steps glaring at me. I was hoping he would have joined my aunt on her trip. I don't know why, but I really don't like the guy. He reminds me of the killer in a who done it game.

I giggle at the thought as I ignore the scowling man on the steps and round the side of house out of view to step into the kitchen. I make a mental note to ask Ms. Janette what his deal is. My nose is assaulted with the aromas of freshly brewed coffee, but the thing that has my mouth watering is the smell of grease. Bacon, sausages, eggs and fried bread. A huge smile breaks out across my face as I breathe deep, taking all the smells in through my nose that remind me so much of home.

"If your cooking what I think you are. You do know I will love you more than I already do?" I joke as I take a seat at the island. Ms. Janette cackles from her spot at the cooker. Our eyes connect over her shoulder and I can see the laughter in her eyes. A pang of guilt hits me, sometimes I feel like I'm betraying my parents when I feel happy. But this is the first time I feel at home since being here. The old lady has had a hand in that and I care deeply for her for it.

The clink of a mug has me smiling at her, as she fusses with the pans. "So how's crazy been since I've been at school?" I remark as I blow the steam off my coffee. She scoffs as she wags a finger at me, shaking her head.

"None of that, now. I want to know what's been going on at school?" she

muses with a smirk.

“Nothing really,” I say, blowing onto my cup, then taking a small sip.

“Don’t lie to me, Bo!” she scolds. For a woman who doesn’t see me that often, she is rather perceptive. I just shrug and continue to sip on my drink. The click of knobs being turned off catches my attention and I gulp. She turns to me with her arms folded and a stern look on her face.

“I know something is bugging you, child, so what is it?” she presses me for an answer. I huff out a breathe, then square my shoulders.

“I’ve been having some crap with a couple of the guys at school and I’m confused by the amount of hatred one of them has for me in particular.”

“And who might that be?” she questions as she rounds the corner of the island pulling a stool up next to me and taking a seat. Now she’s here my anxiety returns and I don’t know how I feel about anything again.

“Kenton Frost,” I mumble against the side of the ceramic cup against my lips.

Ms. Janette doesn’t say anything, I start to relax a little at the realization that she doesn’t know who I’m on about. A tsking sound fills the air, making my head snap to get a view of the woman beside me. My brows lift as I see the sad look on her face as she shakes her head at me. “I was hoping that this wouldn’t cause a problem for you since it was a while ago. But I should have known.” Her words break off as she stares off into the distance at the view out of the window.

“What do you mean?” The anxiety that was muted comes roaring to life with vengeance as my apprehension grows. She doesn’t answer me, then climbs off the stool. She heads over to the cooker, a plate clinks on the counter as she starts to serve the food out. “Ms. Janette?”

Nothing, she doesn’t respond just busies herself with different things. My heart starts racing in my chest, what the hell is going on?

I throw back the last of my coffee, putting the cup down with a little more force than I intended too. My veins are buzzing with uncertainty, then a reason comes crashing into my mind.

Oh God, No! No. No. No. No. Hand to my chest, I become light headed as the word spins around me. How could I have - Oh my God? Hot acid hits the back of my throat as my stomach turns. Slapping my hand over my mouth, I rush out of the kitchen down the corridor to the bathroom. I only just make it as the contents of my stomach break past the barrier of my hand. I throw everything up which is just coffee as it’s the only thing I have had

today. My stomach finally empties as I dry heave into the porcelain bowl. My head is clammy. Luckily my hair is up so I don't have that to worry about it. A cold cloth is placed on the back of my neck. I welcome the cold as the heat starts to dissipate.

"Are you ok?" she asks beside me. I look to her through blurry eyes as my eyes water from being sick.

"He's related to me, isn't he?" I croak out before, I'm consumed with another round of dry heaving. High pitched giggling fills the room as I try to stop the overwhelming feeling of terror.

"You're not related."

The relief that floods my system brings me close to tears, because the thought of fucking a relative has me wanting to throw up again. "Well what the hell have I missed then?" I ask as I lean back against the cold tiles of the wall.

"I really don't think this is a conversation to be having in the bathroom, sweetie."

I struggle to pull myself up off the floor on shaky arms, and after a few attempts of trying to get up I manage it. Sweat coats the back of my neck at the strain but that's nothing to the relief I currently feel. Who knew that you could be affected like this at the thought of doing something that you wouldn't do or even have thought about. I manage to walk back to the kitchen on shaky legs pulling myself up on the stool next to her. I just stare.

"What do you know about your aunt and her life here?" she starts. I shrug in response because there isn't a lot I can say. I don't know anything about the woman, I only met her for the first time when she picked me up from the social worker a while back. "She wasn't always this wealthy. I started to work for your aunt two years ago when she became the head of the law firm."

I nod my head, but keep quiet, a sense of doom looms over me. I'm not sure what I will find out but I'm curious to know more about the family member who took me in, that I had never meet or spoken too my entire life. "Right. Ok, what's so wrong with that?" She stares off again thoughtfully and I don't understand what has her so worked up about it. People make money when they have good jobs, right?

"When she got the new role she had money. But nothing like she has now," she declares with a sharp snap of her tongue. The tsking sound from earlier fills the kitchen. I've come to realize that this is her tell when she's working stuff out in her head.

“What do you mean not like now?” I press because this is leaving me with more questions now than when this conversation started. I keep silent, as she rubs her thumb across her bottom lip. Her eyes are glazed over, deep in thought. My gut twinges and I frown. Something is crawling under my skin, the feeling of deception around me is thick. I thought I didn’t belong here when I got here, but what if there is a reason why I’m here because who in their right mind would take on an eighteen year old without ever meeting them before?

“We had only been in this house two months before you joined us. But before that she seemed happy in her penthouse, then suddenly she put an offer in on this.” I tilt my head and purse my lips as I try to work out everything in my head. We both stay silent for a long time, both of us trying to work out what is going on around here.

“I don’t get what you mean about this or what it has to do with Kenton Frost hating me as much as he does?” I press because I want answers to this before anything else.

“Your aunt and his father were having an affair,” she states bluntly. “What!” My screech fills the room, my eyes are bugging out of my head. I didn’t hear her right, did I?

I stumble off my seat on shaky legs, shaking my head, as I try to forget the words I have just heard. She’s wrong!

“Bo, listen to me, sweetie,” she coos like she’s talking to a wild animal. “It went on for nearly a year. He was coming to the penthouse and sneaking out first thing.” My mouth opens and closes rapidly, the words I’m so desperate to say won’t come. This is it. This is the reason why he hates me?

“S- So. H-he...” I stutter, my chest feeling heavier than it has in a while. My brain begins to fog and I feel like the weight of the world is crushing my chest. This is all wrong, this is all wrong. Uncertainty starts to creep in. That’s why he came to the office here. We had sex and then I find out he videoed it. He must be wanting to use it for something. But what?”

“Bo,” the voice sounds far away and warped like I’m under water. “Bo, I need you to breathe for me,” the voice comes again. A soothing feeling settles over me making me want to go to the voice but I can’t. I feel like I’m being held down by some hidden force.

“Bo!” A sharp sting spreads across my face. I hiss between gritted teeth but whatever was the cause of the sting has cleared the fog enough for me to feel something hard underneath me.

“What?” I ask her as the final remnants of the panic attack dissipates and Ms. Janette is staring down at me with concern lining her already wrinkled face.

“Come on, sweetie. Help an old woman out,” she says as she tries to coax me up off the floor. “Bo, I can’t pull you up so you’re going to have to help me.”

I pull myself up off the floor, a little bewildered at the reaction of hearing what went on between the two of them, but the more I replay it in my mind, it makes perfect sense to why he hated me from the get-go. I don’t blame him for reacting the way he has but why would he blame someone who has nothing to do with it. I wasn’t here, I didn’t know the crazy bitch at the time so why the fuck should I be held responsible for something she did!

“What else don’t I know about my dearest Aunt?” I sneer, because I thought I loathed the woman before now but nothing holds a torch to the contempt I feel for her now. She destroyed a relationship, granted I don’t know anything about his mother, but if she knows and adored her husband like my mother did mine, then I bet it destroyed her. But aren’t I doing the same thing with him and Tiffany? They’re meant to be getting married at some point and I slept with him, willingly, even though I knew about her.

“I think I’m going to be sick,” I splutter as my stomach rolls at the revelation I’ve just had.

“Is there something I’m missing here?” she asks in a small voice. A choking noise starts in the back of my throat only adding to the feeling. It’s like there is a lump there and I’m trying to dislodge it. “What aren’t you telling me, sweetie?”

I take a deep breathe. I would have talked all this out with my mum, but I can’t. So Ms. Janette is the next best thing. I just hope she doesn’t think any less of me when I tell her everything that has gone on.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

Three hours. We've been sitting here drinking cup after cup of coffee while I laid it all out of the table for her. She never interrupted me or said anything. Just nodded to let me know she was listening to what I was saying. But the silence became deafening after a while and I was expecting her to start chastising me or something when I broke down and told her, everything I am feeling with what's going on. The thing I was dreading telling her about more is about the fake relationship with Rafe.

The thing is with that, at first it felt fake and easy to see that we were playing everyone to make them believe it, but now it's like the lines have blurred and I don't know if we really are faking it anymore and I don't know what terrifies me more. He's a nice guy. I see more of the real side of him than most people do. But is it enough and everything with the others just seems to be getting weirder by the second.

"How do you feel about Frost, child?" she blurts while shuffling her stool closer and leaning in. I bark out a laugh at her, quickly covering my mouth to stop me from snorting. The woman is God knows how old and she's eagerly curious about my sex life with multiple people. Like seriously? I have no doubt my mum would have been mortified if I had told her, but Ms. Janette hasn't said anything just moved closer waiting eagerly for my answer.

That's the fully loaded question though, isn't it? How do I feel about him? How does it affect my feelings for the others when I have a pull to him? "I don't know," I answer honestly. "The thing is the physical side of us is explosive." My core clenches remembering the night in the office. "But then he pisses me off so much I want to junk punch him," I snap.

Her eyes widen, as she jumps back from me. I break eye contact with her,

looking down at my feet. As my face starts to warm, giggling fills the air. My head snaps up and I find Ms. Janette face first on the marble surface laughing into the crook of her arm, tears streaming down her face like this is the funniest thing she has ever heard. I lift a brow in surprise not expecting that sort of reaction from her. The giggles start to slow. The confusion must show on my face because as soon as her eyes land on me she bursts out laughing again.

“I’m sorry, Bo,” she says in between little fits of giggles. I huff slightly and fold my arms across my chest, feeling a little perplexed about her laughing at everything I’m dealing with. I know it’s weird and stuff but I don’t know what I’m supposed to do?

“I didn’t mean to upset you, child. But the fact you want to junk punch as you say, tells me that you have more of a connection with him than you’re letting on,” she soothes, her eyes are still dancing but her face is set in a way that tells me she is being honest.

“That’s what scares me though. How can I have feelings for all of them? Frost makes my life hell, I know he’s behind all the shit the others are doing at the school.”

“Don’t you get your own back?” she enquires with a smirk tipping the edge of her lips.

“Yes. I’m not a push over Ms. Janette. I won’t have someone thinking they can get away with the shit they pull.” That’s the realest thing I’ve said since I’ve been here. I may be still trying to find my footing with it all and how to navigate the life that comes with my aunt having money, but I have never had this. We were comfortable back home and I don’t ever want to forget where my roots come from.

“You like them all, child. There is nothing wrong with that.” My brows hit my hairline. “Just because other people won’t understand the dynamic doesn’t mean it’s wrong.”

The edge of my mouth lifts with a slight smile because I know what she says is right. But I can’t help but wonder. “You sound like you’ve had some experience with multiple people?” I lift a brow in question, the sparkle brightens in her eyes as she chuckles.

“My life is no concern of yours, child.” She laughs. “But you’ll see no judgement from me.” This woman, I have no words to describe how special she’s become to me and I know now I will be able to come to her if I ever feel I need to talk.

“Thank you,” I say with a smile splitting my face.

“Don’t thank me just yet. Since you’re here and the witch is out of town, I think it’s time we find out what is really going on. Don’t you?” My grin widens as I jump off my stool, hoping from foot to foot.

“Hell, yes.”

She takes off for the office and I follow closely behind, taking in the new art work that has made an appearance on the walls in the corridor. “What do you think is going on?” I ask as quietly as I can, I’m not sure why but I don’t know where Peabody is and I don’t trust him. He is so far up my aunts arse, I’m surprised he isn’t deprived of oxygen yet.

“There’s more going on but I will find the answers,” she declares with a harsh tone.

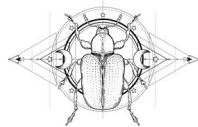
I step through the office door. Memories of the party crash into my mind. Pushing them away, I find her moving papers around on the desk as her eyes quickly scan over them. A door makes a thud as she pulls it open. As quietly as I can I close the office door with a soft click, hopefully the noise will be muted with the barrier now in place.

“What are we looking for?” I ask.

“Anything you think is weird or random,” she says as she shuffles over to the huge filing cabinet on the left side of the room.

“Aren’t you afraid the gardeners are going to see us snooping?” I rush through my words as I stare out of the wall of windows, hoping no-one sees us.

“Don’t worry about them, child. They can’t stand your aunt, but we must hurry so get your scrawny butt over here and help an old woman out.” I rush over to where she is and begin my search for God knows what.



We’ve been searching for hours and I feel like the borrowers with the pile of stuff surrounding us. I was full of optimism at the beginning of our search but the more time that went on, I feel deflated. “Bo have you ever heard of anyone called Matthew Gates?”

I rack my brain, the name sounds familiar but I don’t know why.

“Why have you found something?” I ask as I shuffle myself across the

floor to her.

“Have you seen this before?” she asks. I take the letter from her as my eyes move back and forth reading what it says. How is this possible? It’s not even an official letter, with a letterhead, but it is one. I’m horrified my eyes starts to fill as I read through everything.

“Bo, sweetie, what’s going on?” she asks as she rubs small circles on my back, trying her best to comfort me. A memory slams into me, rocking me back slightly. My eyes flick left and right as I watch it unfold before me like I’ve used a time machine.

Raised voices stop me from listening to my music on my bed. Mum and Dad are arguing again, loud enough this time to be heard over my headphones. I don’t know what’s been happening lately but I know they’ve been arguing more than usual. “Why the hell have you allowed him to come here, Jason!” A crash follows my mum’s bellow. I scramble off my bed, then tiptoe across the floor to avoid the creaky floorboards, and step out into the hallway. I manage to make it to the top of the stairs, so I can hear everything clearly.

“We have to have this meeting, Claire. Your parents died and now they need to know what to do with the estate,” my father bellows back.

“I don’t want the estate, Jason. I thought we were happy with how our life is here?” she spits back followed by another crash.

The doorbell goes off, cutting off my parents yelling. “He doesn’t stay long. I can’t stand the guy,” my mum snaps. I slide around the corner quickly so she can’t see me as she opens the door.

“Hello, Claire. What a pleasure to see you again,” a man says, my mum growls in reply. I’m shocked because my mum is the loveliest person you could ever meet. She never has any hostility toward anyone but hearing her like this is weird.

“Matthew. Come in so we can get this over with.” The door closes with a soft click. I wait a few seconds. Peeking around the corner, I spot a man going through the living room door. Who is he? He’s wearing a suit.

“Lovely to see you again, Jason,” he says.

“I can’t say the same thing for you, Matthew. Now what do you need my wife to do so you can get the hell out of my house.” The snarl in my father’s voice has me shuffling back to hide myself better. Mum being hostile is weird but the pair of them are starting to freak me out.

“Your father has left the estate to you and your sister,” the man states.

“How is my conniving bitch of a sister ?” my mum snarls.

“She was distraught at the death of your parents the last time I saw her,” the man states.

“You mean when you climbed your arse out of bed next to her?”

“I don’t know what you mean, Claire. But please can we sign what I need you to sign so I can be on my way,” he growls.

“Fine but you can tell my gold digger of a sister if I find out either of you had something to do with this, I will go to the police,” my mum screams.

“We had nothing to do with this, Claire. It was a freak accident that their plane went down on their way back from Italy. And I’m saddened by the thought that you would think we would have something to do with this.” There’s no reply.

“We both know, Matthew, that my sister is as money hungry as you are. You are not having my half of the money,” she spits.

Something scratching is the only thing I can hear. I strain my hearing the best I can. “Thank you, Claire.” I hear the thud of steps heading through the front room. I tuck myself smaller as the door opens.

“You and my sister stay the fuck away from me and my family, Matthew.”

The door slams and I hear someone huff out a breathe. “Do you really think they had something to do with it?” my father asks in a hushed tone. My mum shushes him. “Bo’s upstairs. I don’t want her hearing how fucked up my family is.”

They move back into the room and I slide further out of my hiding place so I can hear them better. “How do you know they did something?” my father asks.

“Because that paperwork was bullshit,” my mum cackles. “Jason, we need to get the paperwork I received a few weeks back into the journal. Because if anything happens, it’s the only thing that will keep Bo safe.” Sobs fill the air as my mum breaks down in tears.

“She has kickboxing tonight. We can hide it then.”

My vision clears, as I feel wet tracks down my face. I move an animated hand wiping my cheek. My fingertips coming away wet, as the remnants of the memory begin to fade. “Bo?” I turn to the voice, finding Ms. Janette staring at me with concern “Thank the lord. What happened?” she asks.

I don't think I can speak at the moment to explain what the hell happened. My heart beats painfully in my chest at the sound of my parents' voices. I miss them so much, but my stomach is in knots as I try to process what happened. I'd forgotten about that day until now. I take a deep breath and tell her everything from the memory. She doesn't say anything, just listens intently as I continue my story. Her eyes darken with my words, her eyes narrowing as she folds her arms.

"I have a friend who can help with this," she says grinding her teeth. "You need to find out what the paperwork is."

"But what does all this mean?" I croak, my throat feels like I have swallowed razor blades. "Do you honestly think she would kill people just to get money?"

She stands on shaky legs, hands on her hips as she glares around the room. I'm still sitting on the floor with files and paperwork surrounding me. Gently she takes my hands in hers and tugs me to my feet, so I'm eye to eye with her. My stomach drops at the hard glint in her eyes. "She blackmailed Frost to get the position at the law firm. She's always been a money hungry bitch." My hands start to tremble as I fear at what she will say next. "Yes, I think she would, if someone stood in her way."

My heart thunders in my chest, as my breathing becomes heavier. I shake my head in denial. I know I don't like the bitch but why would she do something like this? For money? It doesn't buy you happiness, so why? Oh God, did she murder my parents? My grandparents died four months before my parents' car accident. It can't be a coincidence.

Can it? No. My ex was the guy who was the drunk driver, it had nothing to do with her.

"Bo, you need to find the paperwork. So we can get an idea of what the hell is going on around here." Ms. Janette pulls me out of the darkened path my brain was taking. She's right, I can't do anything until I know what it is. I nod my head in agreement when the sound of rustling papers draws my attention. She's putting everything away. I make a move to help her. She shakes her head, placing her hands on my shoulders. Gently she pushes me into one of the chairs, where I watch silently as she puts everything back where it belongs.

"What are you two doing in here?" I jump out of my seat, nearly screaming. Peabody stands in the doorway glaring at the pair of us. With his chin raised so he can glare down the length of his nose at us. In the usual

condescending way he does. God he's a prick, like dude, you're a butler. "I lost an earring at the last party and Ms. Janette was helping me look for it," I state.

He clucks his tongue as his eyes dart between us, like he's trying to tell if we're lying or not. "Any reason why you're here. Looking at us like we're criminals?" I snap losing my temper.

"I heard noises. It is my place to keep an eye on the house in your aunts absence."

I snort, shaking my head. I feel like I'm on the top of a building staring down at the street below, waiting to free fall until I hit the ground. "Yeah well I can't find it," I growl, pushing to my feet. Glaring at him, I stride out of the room. He throws daggers at me as I pass. I really hate him, there is just something about him that rubs me the wrong way.

"Bo, we need to talk?" Ms. Janette leans in close to me to whisper the words. I look to her and nod, staying silent because I wouldn't be surprised if the dude isn't following us. We wander through the house back toward the kitchen to not raise suspicion. I head out of the door, keeping my pace casual as Ms. Janette walks with me. Once we get to the car, I scan the area to make sure no one is around. "Do you get the same feeling about him as I do?" I ask in a hushed tone. She nods her head in reply and I grit my teeth. I'm starting to think I can't trust anyone around here. No. I know I have one person I can trust. "Can you speak to your friend and I'll see if I can find it." She nods again, I can tell she's uncomfortable because she's shuffling her feet looking around.

I give her a quick hug, annoyed that the quiet weekend I wanted has been cut short but I know, I need to find out what the hell is going on.

Rafe

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

“Hey, Angela. How’s he doing?” I ask as I get to the nurses station in the private hospital.

“He’s better today, Rafe. He’s more alert.” Hearing this has a smile tugging at the edges of my lips. I head down the corridor to the room. I take a deep breath as I get outside the door. Looking through the small piece of glass I brace myself, just in case he’s slipped again. I open the door and take a step in.

“Is that you, boy?” The gruff voice fills the air.

“Hey, Dad.” He’s sitting up, voices fill the air and I have to smile as I spot the TV on in the corner of the room. I chuckle because seeing my father watch TV is like seeing a unicorn.

“It’s about time you came to see me.”

Guilt fills me because I know he’s right. I haven’t been around as much as I would have liked. But Mr. Frost has been an overbearing asshole. “I’m sorry, Dad. I’ve had a lot going on.” He lifts his brow as he glares at me. I have to fight the laugh building in the back of my throat. Seeing him like this is refreshing, the treatment is working.

“So what have I missed?” he asks before I get a chance to sit. Trust my father to leave it at that and start wanting the town gossip. “Is Frost still an asshole?” I laugh.

“Which one, the father or son?” The leather creaks under me as I sit in the chair opposite his bed.

“The King,” he spits the words as his eyes darken.

“Still a prick. But he’s changed his tactics now because someone new has come to town,” I blurt, my dad turns to face me.

“Who?”

“Just some girl who he has some weird vendetta against.” I think back to the day in the office.

“What do you mean?” he asks, confusion lines his features.

“He told us we had to break her beyond comprehension so she left.” The words feel like acid on my tongue. I’ve always followed orders but getting to know her, I can’t understand what the hell is going on.

“The thing is, Dad, Bo is lovely. A little bit of a handful, but I can’t understand why he’s doing this.” I’ve been raking my brain since that day to try and work it out. I know he doesn’t tell us everything when it comes to the tasks he gives us. But this seems too personal to him.

“What did you just say?” my father snaps with urgency.

“What?” I’m shocked by his reaction.

“Rafe. What is her name?”

“Bo Walker.” His eyes widen, he pulls in a huge breath as he continues to stare at me. My unease begins to grow, what the fuck am I missing?

“Listen to me very carefully.” His voice has a cautious lilt to it as he looks around the room like someone is hiding in a corner. “You cannot let him get anywhere near her.” I’m speechless, I haven’t heard fear in my father’s voice ever.

“Why?” I manage to croak through the lump in my throat, my stomach turns as my palms become slick.

“Just promise me you will keep her safe.” His eyes are pleading as he waits for my answer. My mind rushes like it’s trying to do a fifty-thousand-piece puzzle in a matter of seconds. I can’t think straight.

“I promise,” I proclaim.

Bo

CHAPTER FORTY

My room looks like a bomb's gone off in it. I've turned the place upside down to find my damn journal, but it's not here. It has to be here though. I have a habit of putting my stuff in safe places, that are that safe I forget about them. I growl into the air, my frustration becoming like a living thing inside me. It has to be here! I drop down on my bed with a huff, my stomach growling in protest. Looks like I'm heading down to the cafeteria.

The door slams open, taking me by surprise and pulling a screech from me as I scramble off my bed. I'm slammed into the wall and a hand restricts my airway. My eyes bug out of my head as I find Frost glaring down at me, his lips tip into a snarl.

"Get your hands off me, dickhead!" I spit between my teeth. The words sound fractured because of the limited oxygen in my lungs.

"Now why would I want to do that?" He smirks. "You love pissing me off, don't you?" he growls, the hand around my throat tightening further. The fear I feel has me immobile as I claw at his wrist trying to get him to let go.

My eye's bulge, as a thickening pressure begins to constrict my chest. Darkness tinges the edges of my eyes as the oblivion calls me home. It's been a long time since something like this has happened. A broken sound stutters from my throat. Half squeak, half a brittle wheeze as I fight for even the smallest amount of air to give relief to my starving lungs. Tears make tracks from the edge of my eyes as I try to keep myself awake. He's going to kill me, there isn't mercy in those ice-blue eyes that glare down at me. My head becomes lighter as my lungs scream for oxygen. I can't believe this is going to be the way I die. Because of an arsehole who throws a tantrum over something so fucking stupid. I knew he would be pissed about me and the

guys, but that's not my problem. We aren't together—he has nothing to do with me and I him. He can deal with his shit but he isn't taking me out like that. I have enough to contend with at the moment. Whispers of darkness brush against my skin, like they're begging me to give in to the void. So much keeps getting taken away from me. Matt took who I was, my grandparents were taken and then my parents. A broken plea tries to pass my lips as I stare into his eyes, but it doesn't sound how I wanted it to. He snarls, squeezing his hold tighter. I gurgle, the darkness rushing in faster. I desperately claw at his hands and he just smirks at me, a demonic look in his eyes. I can't believe this is happening. *“Good girl. You're weak, babe. Just give in to the darkness, just give in and your pathetic little life will be over.”*

I clench my teeth as hard as I can, as I try my best to fight off the pain in my chest. I swing without thinking, then fall to the floor in a crumpled mess. I desperately suck in air to my lungs, satisfied when I hear choking sounds. Frost is on his knees, from what I can tell through my blurry eyes, hands to his throat as he tries to breath. He snarls as I pull myself up on shaky legs against the wall. He lunges at me again I yell in a broken voice. Grabbing the nearest thing to me, I swing wildly.

A crash fills the air, Frost drops to the floor. I rush forward, grabbing my bag and stumble through the door, then run leaving him behind. I need to put space between us. I keep running, my strength slowly returning the further I get away from him. Thankfully the academy is quieter than usual as everyone is away for the weekend anyway. I don't think I could deal with anymore bullshit on top of everything else at the moment.

I sit on the stone seats in the middle of the quad. I'm staring at nothing, my mind trying to process what just happened. My throat twinges as I swallow, my hand brushes against the skin. I hiss as its tender just from the slight brush of my fingertips. I can't believe I let him get away with that. I snort. It sounds broken and weird from the tenderness of my throat. Well, he did get throat punched and my favorite lamp smashed over his head in retaliation. Bastard, I loved that lamp. It was a person sitting with a book and the bulb was in the trees.

“Well, well, fancy seeing you here.” My limbs lock up at the voice, sweat coats the back of my neck. Pain radiates through my arm, my eyes drop to see I've started scratching at the skin.

“What's the matter, Bo? Aren't you happy to see me?” he goads. I can't function. I pull my knees up to my chest to shield myself. The panic sets in. I

thought I was free of this? How did he find me? A hand caresses the back of my neck, making a shudder pass over me. My fight or flight kicks in as I slap his hand away. I take off running over the grass toward the parking lot. I need to get out of here, my throat and chest burn as I try to breath.

I scream as I land face down on the grass, rolling across the grass at the force of the fall. Matt is on the ground, my chest screams at the force I've just been hit with. Hands grab at my legs as I start kicking frantically, lashing out as hard as I can as tears build in my eyes. A heavy weight presses in on me as I scream, trying to get free. "Stop it, you stupid whore," he spits. I don't even need to open my eyes to know he has me pinned. "I want to talk to you," he demands with a snarl. I can hear my heartbeat thrashing in my ears, it's so loud. Tears drip from the corners of my eyes, a wave of dizziness washes over me. I force myself to open my eyes, the green eyes that haunt my dreams stare down at me. My mouth becomes dry as my veins buzz, my limbs lock up. I wasn't imagining it, he really is here.

He pulls himself to his feet so he towers over me, as I lay on the ground not daring to move. "Get up off the ground now," he snaps, making me flinch. I stare up at him wide eyed, my terror making me speechless. He curves his mouth into a sneer full of disdain as I stay in my spot. My heart is trying to beat its way out of my chest. Anger clouds his eyes and my body begins to violently tremble. "I told you to get up," he roars, yanking me off the ground with a yelp. My shoulder burns with the grip he has on me.

I close my eyes bracing myself for the worst of it. Pain roars through my cheek. My eyes snap open as I fall, arms flaying out as I hit the ground with a thud. I curl myself into the fetal position. As pain radiates through my ribs, a scream tears from my throat. The onslaught doesn't stop, my mind and body begin to numb as memories assault my mind of the past. Matt screams at me, but the words sound buffered as I stare at nothing. I know his assault hasn't stopped, I can feel all the impacts from him. The feelings are muted as my mind tries to shut off everything so I don't have to feel. Tears flow like small rivers from my eyes as I try to protect myself the best I can. My whole body trembles like I'm having a seizure. As my terror continues to grow, more sounds come through muffled. My panic grows at the possibility of more people joining in, I wouldn't be surprised with all the people here that hate me.

I don't know how long I've laid here, I'm too scared to open my eyes and see what's happening. I hear loads of noise, but I can't make it out.

Somebody lifts me, a screams tears from my throat as I lash out, my instinct kicking in. My arms and legs move wildly as I fight like a wild animal, I can't let him take me.

“Ah, shit. Stop,” a voice commands clearer this time that only increases my urge to fight. “Bo. Shhh, I got you,” the voice says again. “Bo, it's Knox. I've got you.” My limbs go rigid as the words settle in my brain. Knox, he's here.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

KNOX

Bo is curled up in my arms as I rush through the quad toward the dorms. She hasn't looked at me once, but I can see the injuries she has on her face. My rage builds, I've never wanted to willingly kill someone until today. I was walking through the back of the quad after a workout, there isn't a lot of people at the academy on a weekend but some of us choose to stay here instead of going home to our shitty lives. There were a few groups of people staring at something, but what caught my attention was the shouting and an occasional scream.

When I rounded the groups and saw what was happening I originally thought it was a fight, but then I spotted her. My mind exploded and I moved without thinking. It was like my rage had caused me to black out because the screams were the only thing to bring me out of it as I pummeled the fucker within an inch of his life, thank fuck I had my cast of but it could of helped me cause more damage to the bastard. I get to my room, trying my best not to jostle her too much as I swipe the key card. I slam the door behind me and walk to the bed, gently putting her down.

My rage builds again as I watch her curl herself into the fetal position on my bed. Her body is still visibly shaking as she squeezes her eyes closed. Narrowing my eyes I get a good look at the side of her face. I can see the bruising and cuts, which has me fighting back the snarl that's growing. I don't want to scare her any more than she already is. I lock the door, my heart fractures as I see her flinch at the sound.

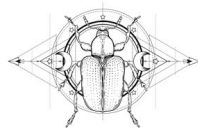
Without a word I head to the bathroom, searching through my drawers to find the first aid kit I have in here. My annoyance grows as my urgency increases to find it and the thing isn't where I left it. I find it in the last

drawer, grab a bowl from the side and fill it with warm water. Dropping the cloth in there to allow it to soak and heat up, I grab the painkillers next. Bo is laying in the same place as she was already curled up in. I put all the items on the floor, while trying to work out the best way to bring her round so I can see to her wounds.

“Bo?” My lips purse when she doesn’t reply, just shakes more in her spot. My heart fractures for her because this isn’t the person I’ve come to know. She’s strong with enough sass to make me take note, She sucks people into her space, like a pool of water to a man crippled with thirst. “Bo. I promise you that you’re safe and he won’t be coming anywhere near you,” I declare, trying my best to hold back the growl in my throat.

As gently as I can without moving too fast, I caress her shoulder to encourage her to look at me. Relief floods me as her eyes flutter open, forcing me to suck in a breathe at the look in her eyes. There is nothing there, it’s like she’s here but isn’t. “Bo. I need you to sit up so I can take a look at your wounds.”

I watch with bated breath as she unfurls herself, sitting with her legs crossed on my bed. Her eyes are downcast as she picks at a bit of frayed fabric on her jeans. Her face is a mess, both eyes are bruised with cuts on her cheeks. Her lip is split and there’s a graze above her left eye. I wring the cloth out, gently wiping away the blood and dirt off her face. My anger begins to build again as she doesn’t react as I clean the grime. Dabbing the cotton swab in the peroxide, I gently start to clean the cuts on her face.



Twenty minutes I’ve been cleaning her wounds. I’ve cringed more than she has. She hasn’t said a word or moved, she’s shut down completely. I spot the worst bruising of all around her neck. It’s swollen, angry—the coloring and shape tell me it’s a hand print. I gently brush the tips of my fingers against it, pulling a hiss from her lips.

“I should have killed him,” I snarl as my anger boils over. Pushing myself back quickly I grab the things off the floor and head back into my bathroom to put them away and get rid of the water. A broken sob fills the air. I drop everything and rush back into the room. Bo has her head in her hands as she

cries.

“Who was he?” I ask as I drop to my knees in front of her. “Bo. What happened?” I ask. I feel really bad for pushing her but I need to know.

She snorts, then starts coughing, wincing in pain.

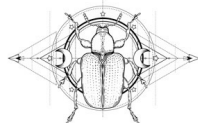
“You’re all just as bad as him,” she mumbles. I let the comment pass because I know she’s in a weird state of mind. Shit, I’ve seen it enough times with my mom after my dad was too drunk and decided to use her as a punching bag. “I’m never going to be safe, am I?”

“Bo. You’re ours,” I say with conviction. “He won’t get near you again,” I growl the words like a promise into the air.

“Would you protect me from one of your own though?” she says on a snarl. The hatred in her eyes takes me back because this is the most emotion I have seen in her since we got here.

“What are you talking about?” I ask, confused because this isn’t going the way I thought it would. Her eyes connect with mine and I see the weariness in them. She doesn’t trust me, and that hurts because I thought I was starting to make progress with her for what I had done to her in the beginning.

She looks at me with a lifted brow, like she can’t believe I’m confused. I shrug and wait for her to say something else. She takes a deep breath and starts talking.



I’ve stayed quiet the best I can while she told me everything about the bastard from the quad. He’s her ex-boyfriend, Matt. I knew there was some weird shit that went on, but I never expected that. I knew he was a piece of shit but hearing what she went through is just gut wrenching. The abuse she suffered at the hands of him has me wanting to find the piece of shit and tear him to pieces. The way she is now makes sense. “What did you mean by protecting you from one of my own?” I ask, after a minute of her not talking. She doesn’t answer, my breathing becomes labored. “Who did that to your neck, Bo?” I ask, even though I have an idea. But I need to hear her say the words.

“His reaction to us fucking,” she says. Turning away from me like she can’t bear to see me. My hands begin to tremble as my anger goes nuclear, he hurt her as payback. I bite my lip to stop the snarl from passing through them.

“I don’t trust you fully,” she says. “But I know you wouldn’t let him get in here to hurt me,” she states. “Can I crash here, please? I don’t want to go back to my room.” Her eyes stay downcast as she waits for my answer. I climb to my feet, walking around the side of the bed. I lay down, leaning against the wall. “Bo,” I say the word in a hushed tone.

Her head snaps in my direction. As our eyes connect, I open my arms invitingly to show her the best I can she is safe and can trust me. She stares at me with a look of confusion on her face. I deflate a little, the thought of her thinking I would hurt her is like a knife to the heart. The bed dips and I freeze, I watch as she slowly crawls up the length of the bed. Settling herself against me, I can feel the tension in her body. As slowly as I can, I wrap my arms around her pulling her closer, while trying my best not to hurt her. “Sleep,” I say with a soft command, brushing the hair off her forehead gently. “You’re safe. I promise you, babe. You are safe with me.”

I feel some of the tension leave her body as she snuggles herself in closer. Her arm comes across my stomach as she gets herself comfortable on my chest. I watch her as I continue to stroke my fingers through her hair. Her body becomes heavier as I hear her breathing become heavier, telling me she’s managed to fall asleep in my arms.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

KNOX

I'm surprised she hasn't moved at all since she closed her eyes. I haven't been able to switch my mind off and join her in sleep, even though my body screams at me to give in. How could he do that to her? He knows my thoughts on shit like this. Knowing he hurt her intentionally pisses me off. I move my arm to see if I will wake her up. I wait with bated breath as she snuggles into me again. I slide myself off the bed, placing my pillow where I was. I smile as she cuddles into that but doesn't stir.

I quickly write a note and leave it on the nightstand in case she wakes, then head out of the room making sure it's locked behind me. My mind is racing as I walk through the corridors. I had to get out and have some space because as time has gone on the bruising has gotten worse. It kills me to know that she had to go through that for however long before I got there. The halls are quiet at this time of night, which is why I prefer it. I don't have people trying to catch my attention to talk bullshit and I don't have to be what they expect from me.

"What are you doing here?" My eyes connect with Rafe's. I find him on the sofa in the den. How the hell did I get here without realizing it?

"Thinking," I reply, trying to shut the conversation down. I spin on my heels to leave, needing the quiet.

"He needs to get laid." Static goes off in my head as I roar lunging across the space.

My fist connects with his jaw, as we roll over the back of the chair. My mind is gone as I pummel him with blow after blow, wanting to tear the bastard to pieces. I won't stop until I feel his blood on my hands. Yells sound out behind me but I don't care. I snarl a warning to stay away as Frost stares

up a me with wide eyes. He throws punches to defend himself, but I don't feel any of them. I'm not sure if they connect, nothing registers only the urge to hurt him as much as he has her. I keep throwing my own, satisfied when I hear bones give way. Hands grab me as I roar my anger at being pulled off of him. I'm yanked to the other side of the room.

"Knox. What the fuck?" Rafe shouts in my ear. I wince a little from how close it is. "Tell them, you bastard," I roar to the piece of shit on the floor.

"You're a psycho!" he roars back as he tries to pull himself up.

"Says the bastard who leaves fucking bruises after a temper tantrum!" His eyes widen as I fight with Rafe and Deacon, trying my best not to hurt them but to get them to let go of me so I can get my hands back on him.

"What the hell are you on about?" Rafe asks, standing in my line of site so I can't see the object of my rage. My chest rises and falls rapidly as I look at him. I notice Deacon's face is set in a scowl at my words. "Ask him what he did," I spit, my words barely audible.

They both turn to look at Frost, who's now on his feet glaring at me. "I don't know what the fuck you're talking about," he growls back, holding onto his ribs.

"You're full of shit. I found Bo getting a beating from the piece of shit ex-boyfriend. But do you know what was worse?" I demand, with pure venom coating my tongue. He lifts a brow and I lose it again, trying to get to him again.

"When she asked me. If I would keep her safe from one of my own." I lift my lip in a savage snarl.

"I don't know what you mean," he denies again. Rafe and Deacon's heads snap between us trying their best to figure out what's going on. "You. Are. Your. Father's. Son." I manage to get the words out between pants.

"Knox," the other two snap at me. "No. Fuck both off you if you want to defend him." My temper builds again as I stare at him, playing stupid like he doesn't know.

"He fucking strangled her. Because he threw a tantrum because of her and us at the party," I roar, struggling once again. I nearly make it through their hold, but my back slams against the wall again when I manage a step.

"I didn't strangle her. It was a warning, to remind her. She is mine, not yours." He smirks as I feel the other two shaking at my side as their own anger builds.

"You're insane," I snarl. The others turn to face him. "You put your

hands on her and marked her,” Rafe yells.

“Now you think you can lay claim to her like that,” Deacon snarls in agreement. This is the first time I have ever heard him so volatile with someone.

“I always knew you were a dick, Frost. But this...” Deacon’s words break off. My anger slows to a simmer. I wasn’t sure if they would back him or me when it came to this. But I know they feel the same way about her as I do.

“I will do what your father asks of me because of the agreement my family made. But I will not have anything to do with you outside of that,” I declare with a booming voice.

“You two feel the same?” He glowers at the other two.

“Yes.”

Bo

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

I don't want to wake from my dream. I'm on Blackpool Beach with my parents, paddling in the water. I'm five and I've got the biggest smile ever on my face as I watch my parents act like goofballs as they throw sand at each other. I wish I could stay in this place and feel like my parents aren't gone, but I know I can't. I have a shitty reality to face but one thing I do want to find out first—how the fuck did Matt know I was here?

I slowly open my eyes as I feel something hard under my face, and come face to face with Knox. His eyes are closed as he snores softly, deep in sleep. I look him over the best I can without disturbing him. I don't know how to feel about staying here last night after everything. When I asked if he would protect me from one of his own, I wasn't sure what would happen. I wasn't expecting him to make me feel as safe as he did. He looks so peaceful when he sleeps, which is the polar opposite to what he can be like when he's awake.

Can I trust him though? Would he actually protect me from one of his own? I mentally slap myself, yeah, after what the three of us did and I'm sitting here questioning it? "Are you planning on staring at me the whole time?" his gruff voice rumbles. My eyes shoot up to his as he smirks at me. I feel the blush begin to creep up my face. Nervousness fills me, so I go to pull out of his hold.

"Don't pull away from me, beautiful," he mumbles, pulling me back to him.

"Knox, I know what I said was wrong and I don't want to come between you and your friend," I say in a hushed tone feeling like an arse.

"He's no friend of mine. Hurting you like that," he growls, rolling himself

so I'm pinned beneath his weight. "The only time your skin should be marked is when you ask us to fuck you harder." He winks at me, then crawls backward off of me as he climbs off the edge of the bed. "Coffee?" he asks, heading to the small kitchenette which is the norm for all the rooms. My stomach growls in protest at the lack of food, making my blush deepen. What the hell is wrong with me? I have never been shy around anyone but this has me acting like someone with their first crush.

Unease rolls in my stomach. "We both know how vindictive he is," I say with a grimace. "He isn't going to let it go. You saw his face while he watched. He tortured himself because he's too much of an arse to admit what he feels." He places a steaming hot cup of coffee in front of me with a smirk. Ok, that was weird. I didn't hear any of the usual noise associated with making a coffee.

"I think you're going to be surprised, beautiful," he declares with a wink. "I don't see Frost being any trouble at all." I take a sip of the coffee, keeping my eyes on Knox. He doesn't look tense or anything to give me a feeling of him being wrong. But I don't think I can be as casual about this as what he is. Frost isn't as stable as people think he is. After all the things that have happened so far, I don't know what to think or feel?

"Well, it's time I go face the destruction that's in my room," I mumble to myself, sliding off the bed. "Think I'll have to speak to someone about having a room change." That has the knot loosening a little. If I could get one, I don't have to be next door to the fucker and I can possibly get through what's left of this year without any more shit.

"Thanks for the coffee," I sass him. He barks out a laugh, with a wink as I head toward the door.

"Hold up, beautiful," he says rounding the kitchenette. My mouth waters as I see the grey sweats he has on, low on his hips so the lines are visible. How the hell is it legal to look like that first thing in the morning? "You're drooling again, gorgeous," he grins, pressing up against me and I'm pretty sure all my brain functions went to my core with one thing in mind.

"Can't blame me, you're wearing grey sweats which should be illegal." I laugh. "How the hell do you expect us to concentrate on anything when you look like that?" I look him up and down, biting into my bottom lip because, damn.

The halls are quiet at this time, it will be later on today that they bustle once again with the students who have come back to school after the

weekend, wherever they go. My mind wanders to Ms. Janette, I hope she managed to get in touch with her friend. But I really need to find my journal. The hallway is cold as we head to the stairs, our steps echoing on them as we make our way up to the next floor. I've always wondered why Frost and Rafe have a room on the same floor as me, but Knox and Deacon don't. My room door is closed as we step out onto the corridor. I look to Knox, puzzled. He just shrugs at me. I cautiously head to it, weird emotions playing havoc in my stomach. Pulling my keycard out, I swipe it. Holding my breath as the light clicks green, I open the door.

My mind can't process the sight in front of me, I just stare. How? There isn't any evidence of what happened between me and Frost the day before. Everything is immaculate and it looks like nothing even happened. I step into the room looking round, even all the crap I threw everywhere while searching has been put away.

"Rafe tidied up last night," Knox says as a way of explaining. I spin so fast to face him my stomach rolls. I have no words, as I find him with a guilty look on his face.

"How does Rafe know?"

A flush spreads up his face and neck, as he looks everywhere but me. I bite my lip trying not to laugh, because I never thought I would ever see Aiden Knox get flustered. "Well. He. Um." He rubs his forehead. "Well. I. Um. Shit!" Well fuck me, I think I've just found my thing with Knox because he is so cute when he's like this.

"I had to go for a walk last night to cool down and I bumped into him," he says, looking above my head. His blush deepens further. "I was so angry at what he did. I told Rafe and he lost it. But we agreed that he would come and sort your room out for you."

"Why?" I mentally face palm myself. I sound suspicious but I'm not, I just don't know why they would do it.

"It's the least we could do, after what that bastard did to you," he says, his eyes on me for the first time since I opened my door. "We want you to know that. He may be a dick, but we are yours."

My chest constricts at the words, my brain begins to fog and I feel the walls closing in on me. How can he stand there making a declaration like that and be so stoic about it? I don't see anything other than the honest truth shining in his eyes. His body language is open and he hasn't made a slight twitch of anything to make me think this is bullshit. But why now? How has

it got to this? We hated each other when I first came here.

“What’s the matter. You look like you’re about to bolt or throw up,” he says, walking over to me with his arms outstretched. I blow out a breath.

“It’s a lot, you saying that,” I admit, my cheeks heating. “We hated each other when I got here and now this?” I point to him then myself. “You guys are ok with me wanting you all. Without even questioning it or getting jealous?” I shrug, looking down at my feet so I don’t have to look him in the eyes.

“Because we aren’t willing to give you up. So if you want us all, then that’s how it is.” The voice startles me as I stumble back. Knox laughs as Rafe and Deacon walk into my room. I look at them all trying to see any hint of jealousy in them, but there’s nothing. They all watch me intently as I stare.

“How can you agree to this though, Deacon? We’ve had zero interaction apart from the last few days and what happened last night.”

“That’s because I pay attention to what’s going on around me. The stuff these idiots don’t see.” He stalks over to me all domineering and I tremble in excitement. He wraps his hand in my hair at the back of my neck pulling me close as he stares into my eyes. “Don’t get it twisted, babe. I’ve wanted you since the first time I saw you,” he rumbles. “Every time you’ve gone head to head with one of them or the way you handled Wankstein. Fuck me, that was the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen,” he purrs with the sexiest smirk I’ve ever seen. My legs give way a little. He pulls me closer, his lips connect with mine and it’s like lightning going off in my body. I have to fight back the moan as he growls in the back of his throat. My legs give way a little more at the sound, my limbs tremble at the caress of his soft lips against mine. It’s not a fight for dominance as our lips move, it feels like a promise.

“Get a room!” Rafe and Knox snigger, both of them start laughing. I reluctantly break the kiss with Deacon. My lids flutter as we just stare at each other. Something dances in his eyes, telling me there is more to Deacon Thorn. I look at the other two and they’re standing there grinning at us, while Rafe acts a fool making gagging sounds. “How old are you?” I say with a grin as he deflates a little.

All of them stare at me, it is just too much at the minute. I need to get my head around them willingly being able to accept the dynamic. Thoughts of Frost come to mind, how can he be so absolute in saying he wants me? How can he go from wanting me to share with Wankstein to him being so against

this? It doesn't make sense. *Stop it, you idiot!* my inner voice snaps. He's a fucking idiot and we hate him for everything that's happened. Fuck him!

"You're thinking about him, aren't you?" Deacon asks, the other two stop talking as all eyes turn to me. I look between them all and feel like shit, because I can see the anger in their gazes.

"I can't figure him out," I admit. "And I don't like not knowing what's going to happen next."

"I told you, beautiful. Frost isn't going to be a problem," Knox growls. The others growl too echoing Knox's sound, the anger that fills the room is like a living entity and has me wide eyed.

"What did you do?" I demand, all three of them look to each other like a silent conversation is going on that I'm not privy too.

"We've done what we wanted to do for a long time," Deacon answers, looking deep into my eyes. He pulls me forward by the back of my neck. For the first time my lips tense a little and he frowns. "We've broken away from him. Honestly it's been a long time coming," he says. I look to the other two and then back to Deacon, my brow lifts. I open my mouth to say something when he stops me with a finger to my lips. "Frost's father is an animal. We have never agreed with how he treats woman. But no-one says anything to a king without repercussions."

"That's half an answer, Deacon. If you can't tell me what the hell you mean fully then..." My annoyance grows out of nowhere, making my words break off. I don't know if it's being kept in the dark about a lot of things but this is just something else added to the ever growing pile on my shoulders.

"The only way to explain is to tell you. We saw him, there was an altercation between him and Knox. We told him we are done with him because he is his father's son."

My head snaps to Knox, who just stands there glaring at me. I can tell he's getting pissed because his hands are fisted at his sides. I walk over to him, wrapping his fists in my hand to try and stop the tremble. I look into his eyes. "Thank you," I say. "I know it must be weird for you and I accept that. But all I ask is the three of you give me a little time to get used to us, because I've never done this before and I don't know how it's meant to work."

"Neither have we, gorgeous. But take the time you need," Rafe says. "But how about this. Until you know, why don't we spend time with you on our own so you can get to know us better?" My mood switches from annoyed to excited in an instant. The idea of getting to spend some one on one time with

each of them has me doing a happy dance internally. “Hell, yeah. Who’s first?” I joke, wiggling my eyebrows. All three of them burst out laughing.

“I am.” The rumble of the tone has my mouth becoming dry and I’m pretty sure the temperature just sky rocketed in here. My cheeks heat, sweat gathers on the back of my neck.

“Ok. I need a shower so you three need to get out of here,” I say, walking over to the door.

“Can’t we join you?” Rafe whines. I laugh as Knox slaps him in the back of the head grumbling as he walks my way.

“Catch you later, beautiful,” he says, giving me a quick kiss as he heads out the door.

“You sure you don’t want me to join you?” Rafe asks, his eyes pleading. I shake my head, which makes him huff. “Fine. Check you later,” he says, dropping a kiss to my forehead and heading next to the door. He gives me a wink as he disappears through the door, my heart begins to race as I realize that leaves me and Deacon alone in my room. I take a deep breath and turn to face him.

He openly stares at me with a calculating look on his face. I’ve never felt nervous around anyone but for some reason, I do with him. I see what he means by he watches and see’s the details the others don’t. He’s just standing there watching me. “What’s the matter, baby girl?” he asks with a smirk.

He prowls over to me, like a lion stalking its prey. I stare wide eyed as he wraps my hair around his hand, bending my head back. “Be at my room at seven tonight,” he commands with a deep rumbling voice that makes my ovaries do a happy dance. I nod my head because words seem to be lost to me at the moment. He drops his lips to mine, the kiss is possessive and commanding. I don’t fight him, our lips moving in a sensual way. “Do you understand me?” I nod my head again, pulling my bottom lip between my teeth. His eyes darken as he untangles my hair from his hand. Stepping out of the door backward, his eyes are glued to me. “Don’t be late,” he commands. My knees begin to shake at the tone. Not in fear but excitement, my chest rises and falls rapidly as my breathing picks up. I’m just about to shut the door when he says, “Oh and Bo?” The timber in his voice has me raising my eyebrows. “Do not touch yourself either!” he demands. I gasp. I can hear his chuckle as he descends the stairs at the far end. What the hell is his deal?

Frost

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

“How is everything looking with the girl?” my father demands as I step into his office. I scowl at him because that’s the first thing out of his mouth. Not even a how are you doing son? Is everything ok?

“They’re moving,” I state in a clipped tone, taking the seat in front of the desk. He glares at me from his side as he takes a sip of the tumbler filled to the brim with his usual drink of choice.

“What do you mean moving?”

“You know. It’s not like you don’t have eyes in the academy feeding you information,” I grumble, playing with the end of my tie. I don’t like being here at the best of times but I know the questioning is bullshit. He knows shit is happening, the bruising on my face is enough of an indicator.

“I know Rafe is with the girl. But I haven’t had any feedback to tell me that he is close to destroying her.”

I hold my breath for a second, his source is obviously not close in the loop. Because if they were, there wouldn’t be all this. But then again, my father is a showman who likes to play the game and keep everyone out of the loop with things. “Why do you want rid of her so badly?” I ask without thinking, but the question has been plaguing my mind.

“That’s none of your concern, boy. But she has to disappear, she can unsettle everything we have built here,” he admits, answering a question for the first time with a full answer.

“How though? She comes from nothing,” I dare to ask. His eyebrows drop into a frown as he glares at me.

“It is none of your concern!” he booms, pushing the chair away from the desk as he stands to his feet.

“Whatever stupid game you’re playing with Tiffany stops now!” he snaps as he rounds the desk, coming to stand in front of me. I lift a brow.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” I lie, trying my best not to make eye contact with him. His scowl deepens as he leans forward to get a closer look at me.

“Do not lie to me, boy. Her father has approached me and said they are close to pulling our agreement,” he roars, launching himself at me. I’m not quick enough to move out of his way. His hand wraps around my throat pulling me out of my seat. “If they pull the deal, we are fucked, Kenton.”

“Why does it matter?” I shout back, losing myself to the anger that builds. “They can’t add to anything. We already have everything we need!” I roar back at him, my spit flying everywhere. The pressure on my throat constricts, I start choking because he’s cutting my airway off.

“Listen good, boy. I am on the cusp of getting everything we need to set us up for life and I will not have you jeopardizing that because you can’t keep your dick in your pants!”

That little bitch must be complaining to her father about me fucking other people. But she agreed. I have always been as honest with her as I can. I don’t want to be tied down to someone I can’t stand to look at, let alone have to do it for the rest of my life. Yes, we fuck occasionally, but that’s only because I imagine it’s someone else I’m fucking and not her.

“Why do I have to marry the whiny little bitch anyway?” I spit between my teeth as he releases some of the pressure, allowing me to speak. “Would you want to be tied to that for life?” I ask.

He glowers at me as he steps back, rubbing his hands down his shirt to try and get rid of the creases in it. He pulls his cuffs back down into place. “It is what it is, boy. So deal with it or I will find someone else to take over when the time comes.”

“Whatever you say, Father,” I grumble as I sort out my own shirt that has untucked itself from my dress pants. “I will do as you ask,” I growl.

“Good,” Is the only thing he says, before dismissing me with a hand. I turn on my heels, walking out of the room with my head held high. The staff mumble to themselves as I pass by them, some of them have a look of pity on their faces. But they know I have nothing to do with how my life is set out for me.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

I was hoping another week of school wouldn't come around so quickly, but here we are as I walk the hallways to the cafeteria for lunch. Thank God this morning has been uneventful. I haven't seen Frost at all and the others are keeping their distance. "Baby girl?" I stop short at the deep baritone of the voice. People glare at me as I stand there, but quickly divert their eyes.

"I'm sorry I had to cancel last night. Something came up that needed my immediate attention," Deacon says as he stands in front of me. I can't bring myself to look up at him because the rejection feels so fresh. I'll admit I had a mass freak out. I went to his room like he asked. I knocked on the door for twenty minutes before I decided to give up, but then the dark thoughts started.

"It's whatever. I'm not your girlfriend or anything so don't worry about it," I snap, trying to side step him so I can continue to the cafeteria. A hand grabs my arm halting me, the grip is firm almost to the point of pain but not enough to have a noise passing my lips. "Don't do that!" he commands making me snort. I look up into his eyes to find the darkness still there from the last time I saw him. "Do not shut me out, baby girl," he demands.

"Remove your hand before I do it for you!" I snap, the words spit like venom on my tongue as I glare at him. I smile satisfied as I watch his fingers one by one come away from my arm. I step around him, throwing as much venom into my face as possible. "It takes five seconds to send a message," I snarl as I set off on my journey again. Once I'm at the bottom of the hallway, I go left instead of right so I can walk to the back of the building. I'll grab food in my room.

I send a message to the office from my tablet telling them I won't be in

for the rest of the day because I don't feel well. Yeah, I know, I'm a chicken shit but my next lesson is with the four of them there and I haven't seen Frost and don't really want too. But also I don't want to have to deal with the other's because I know Deacon will have told them about me being pissed. I flop back on my bed and nearly have a heart attack as something makes a thud. I climb off the bed, dropping onto my hands and knees to look under my bed. My brow furrows in confusion. What the fuck?

My journal is on the floor. I yank it out and flip through it but nothing's missing and it doesn't look to be damaged, but how the hell did it get under there? I feel around it trying to work out how something could be hidden in it when my fingers brush over a lump under the paper on the back of it. I grab my butterfly knife from under my pillow and flick it open. Using the blade to lift a corner of the paper, I'm surprised when I find the glue is weak and lifts easily. allowing me to run the blade down the edges to detach it from the hardback. Some papers drop out of it, making me even more confused. I open up the first one and my heart stops. There is a name of a law firm on the top. It's not one I've heard of.

My eyes scan across the words, my head begins to pound as I realize it has something to do with my mum and my grandparents. Then another piece of paper catches my eye. This one is hand written, tears pool in my eyes as I scan the words.

My dearest Bo,

I hope you never have to find this letter. But if you're reading this now it means me and your father have left you alone in a world that is cruel. Filled with dishonest and vile people. I just hope you're reading this after your eighteenth birthday and are living your life to the fullest. But knowing my sister, I don't think that will be the case. If Cassandra has somehow managed to get you to America under the pretense of you needing to be with her, GET OUT! Get out as fast as you can, sweetie. She can't be trusted and I don't want to see you hurt by her. We think her and her boyfriend Matthew had something to do with your grandparents death and that they are trying to find a way to get rid of us too.

I need you to find someone you can trust to help you. Cassandra has limited access to the family inheritance, but it's only what Pa left her and no doubt she will have you with her to get her hands on your money. Your grandparents left everything to you, sweetie, the whole of Walker enterprises is yours by right and my sister will do anything to get her hands on the fortune. I don't blame you if you don't want it. I didn't, that's why they left it to you. They managed to exclude Cassandra from the majority of it because of how unstable she is.

Use it sweetie, use it to give you the life that we have always dreamed of and enjoy yourself. But be warned, she will do anything, even trying to take you out of the equation if need be. I love you and I'm sorry that we can't be with you but you have to survive, sweet. You need to live.

Once you have someone you can trust and show them the documents that are with this letter, get in contact with Mr. Geoffrey. He will help you. You can search his name and find a picture of him linked to Walker Enterprises. I'm sorry this is in riddles, darling, but I am writing it as fast as I can to hide it before you come home.

We are so proud of the strong determined woman you are and we love you.

Mom xxx

Damp patches splotch on the paper as the tears drip onto it. My heart feels like it's being pulled out of my chest. What the hell is going on with my family? My hands tremble as I read the words again trying to understand. I grab the other two pieces of paper to find two wills in my hand—one from my grandparents and one from my parents. My brain just shuts off from overload, the letter flutters to the floor. I don't even know what to do?

I sit staring at nothing, my mind trying to work everything out in my head. But the major thing that plagues me is what my mum said about getting out. I grab my phone and fire off a message to Ms. Janette telling her I found what we were looking for. She replies instantly telling me she's been in touch with her friend and they can help me. I do a search of Walker Enterprises and search for a Mr. Geoffrey hoping something comes up. I find contact details for him under his picture. Grabbing my MacBook, I send him an email with my name and that I have been told to get in contact with him. My phone rings with an unknown number. My hands shake as I answer.

“Is this Bo Walker?” a voice grumbles down the line, the voice is thick like they are a heavy smoker.

“Depends on who is asking?” I reply, waiting with baited breathe.

“As suspicious as your grandfather and mother. I was wondering if the trait passed on to you?” He chuckles to himself.

“Who are you?” I demand getting annoyed now.

“I’m sorry, my dear, I’m Mr. Geoffrey and I’ve been waiting to speak with you,” he says.

“Can you please explain to me what the hell is going on?” I demand, my frustration clear.

“First things first. I need to know where you are?” he says. “Are you still in England?”

“No. My aunt had me brought over to America. I’m attending Black Frost Academy,” I say my unease grows as a ball of anxiety builds in my stomach.

“Shit. Shit. Shit,” he shouts down the line with so much savagery I have to pull the phone away from my ear. “Bo I need you to get out of there now!” he commands.

“What the hell are you on about?” I snap losing my temper. “And who the fuck are you?” I hate people telling me what I should do at the best of times, but I don’t even know him.

“I’m a family friend. I was one of your grandfathers best friends,” he says in a sullen tone. “Do you know Bertie’s Diner on the far side of town?” Something in his tone has me feeling a rush of urgency.

“Yeah. Why?” I rush through my words, shooting to my feet as I look around the room in a panic.

“Do you have a car?” he asks quickly, I can hear paperwork being rustled in the background. “Yeah. But my aunt Cassandra let me borrow it?” I say as a feeling of impending doom fills me.

“Shit. Leave it, I’ll have a driver outside in ten minutes. Do not use the car, she likely has a tracker on it,” he says, in a rushed mutter.

“What the hell is wrong with her?” I snap. My chest constricts as my chest feels like it’s being crushed. My breathing becomes heavier as the panic sets in.

“Breathe, sweetie. We can help you but we need you to know what it is that she has put you in the middle of,” He says as I hear a door close on the line. “The driver is on his way now.”

“Okay,” is the only thing I manage to get out before the line goes dead. I

send a message to Ms. Janette telling her where I am going just in case something happens. I laugh as a thumbs-up comes through in reply. I grab the paperwork and shove it into my bag. I flick my knife closed and put it in my blazer pocket. I grab the pepper spray from the drawer and put it in my other pocket. I am one prepared motherfucker.

I head to the door, peeking out to make sure the coast is clear. Thankfully there isn't anyone around as classes are still going on. I move through the hallways as quickly as I can, trying to act as casual as I can. I don't cross paths with anyone. As the car park comes into view, I see a sleek black town car pull up.

A young guy, that looks like he belongs in a rundown area and not a prestigious school, climbs out. Tattoos line his arms in black and white patterns. I spot the top of them peeking out at the neck line of his T-shirt. I glare at him and he smirks at me. "You must be Bo?"

I quirk a brow as I watch him round the front of the car, smirking at me like a wolf wanting to eat me up. "You are?" I wave my hand in a roll, wanting him to hurry up. His eyes brighten as he laughs.

"Yeah you're her with the sass you have," he says with a huge grin.

"Mr. Geoffrey sent me to pick you up," he says as a way to explain. I frown as I take him in and the mental image I have of the man I have just spoke to pops into my mind.

"Nah, I don't see that, dude," I take a step back. I'm about to walk away.

"He's my uncle. I'm doing this because he knows it's the safest option for you."

Yeah, yeah I know this is the time when people watching a movie would be screaming don't get in a strangers car you stupid bitch. But I have always thrown caution to the wind and I need to know how much of a shitshow my life is about to become. I huff as I climb into the front. Chuckling at his protest. But he quickly realizes I'm not going to move. He climbs in next to me with a scowl on his face.

"You're weird," he says and I laugh.

"You're not wrong there. But I can protect myself better when I can actually see the target." I grin as he looks at me wide eyed. "Problem?" I snark. That has a smile spreading across his face.

"You're not like I expected from someone who attends this school," he mumbles with a shrug.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

The ride to the diner doesn't take long, which is a surprise considering the ride over was silent. Neither of us spoke after he set off, but I did keep a close eye on his movements. I am ready to defend myself if I need too, but I don't. As soon as the car stops, I'm out of my seat striding to the door. I get inside, the smell of grease and mold hit me, my stomach rolls at the god-awful smell. There's an elderly woman behind the counter in a pink top with a white apron, I have to hold back a snort as it reminds me of something out of the seventies.

"You must be Bo?" I spin to find an older man behind me with a soft smile on his face. I take in the deep set of his wrinkles that line the edges of his eyes and the deep laughter lines on his face. His hair is a mix between gray and a muddy brown color. His posture is open as he smiles at me.

"I haven't seen you since you were a baby. You are the spitting image of your mother," he smiles, while motioning for me to follow him. He heads to a booth at the far side of the diner.

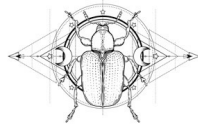
"I'm sorry, but I don't know you and I'm feeling weird about meeting some stranger in the middle of nowhere," I blurt the words as I take a seat opposite him.

"I get that and I'm sorry but I've managed to stay off your aunt's radar since the accident which took your grandparents." His eyes hit the table top. "I'm sorry about your parents, Bo. I was hoping they had explained everything to you"

"Nothing. Some random person I don't know, gets me to a country I know nothing about and tells me she's my aunt and that she's going to look after me," I scoff. "Well that's what she told the social worker."

“What can I get you both?” the woman from behind the counter asks. I order a coffee and Mr. Geoffrey does the same. It doesn’t take long for her to give us two cups and pour out our drinks. She doesn’t hover which is a good thing as I load up my drink with sugar.

“I think it’s best I start at the beginning,” he says and I just watch him as he seems to deflate a little, like the thought of having to go over everything pains him.



My arse hurts from sitting on this god-awful seat while I listen to the story from his point of view. But one thing for certain is I know my feelings about my aunt in the beginning were right. She didn’t bring me here out of the kindness of her heart.

“So what does this mean for me?” I ask suspiciously. “You need to get out of the house,” he says, like it’s the easiest thing in the world.

“No, Mr. Geoffrey, you said you could help me and I’m left with more questions now than I came here with,” I growl, sliding out of the booth.

“Bo, you are the wealthiest young lady in this town. But we need to tread carefully. My main concern at the moment is getting you away from the crazy bitch of an aunt of yours.” He tries to smile reassuringly at me, my brows crease as I frown.

“Ms. Janette has reached out with her lawyer friend. We are going to work on getting you access to your inheritance now that you’re eighteen.” He smiles again passing me a set of keys.

“What are these?” I ask, frowning at them in my hand. Mr. Geoffrey just smiles handing me another one. With a red bow on, it looks more like it would be given to someone at their birthday party and not in a rundown diner.

“Your new house keys and car key,” he says with a smile. My heart stutters a little at the words. Mine? What the hell is going on?

“Sorry, Mr. Geoffrey, but I’m a little confused here. What do you mean my new house keys and car key?” I ask, my voice comes out a little harsher than I wanted it too. But I couldn’t hide all the bite I wanted to add into it.

“Your parents moved as much of the money as they could into a separate

account so you would have some money if you needed it,” he explains with a sad look on his face.

“House?” My voice cracks a little at the possibility that something is my own and I don’t have to take what others offer.

“Yes, Bo, yours. I also took the liberty of making a false situation that resulted in the termination of Ms. Janette’s contract with your aunt,” he says, breaking off to take a drink of his coffee.

“Why would you do that? She needs that money to be able to send it over to her family to help them,” I demand, anger swirls with guilt in my gut.

“Don’t worry, she has a new more suitable place of employment with you,” he says with a huge smile.

“What?” I ask as my brows drop into a frown. I purse my lips as he continues to smile at me.

“Ms. Janette is moving into the house as we speak and Axel will be staying with you as a security detail.” Hold on, what the hell isn’t he telling me? My mind races as I try to work everything out, but it just keeps coming up blank.

“You ready to go?” a gruff voice says from behind me. I spin around in my seat to find the tattooed driver smirking at me with a bag slung over his arm.

“What about my aunt?” I say, clearly my confusion must be clear on my face as he and the other guy behind me both start laughing. Mr. Geoffrey holds up his hand and starts counting down from five with his fingers. My phone pings in my pocket, I pull it out and swipe my thumb across the screen. My eyes bulge as I read through the message.

I don’t know if you’ve heard yet, but I have had to relieve Ms. Janette of her role of house keeper. The social worker stated you have to have someone around at all times you can trust and to build a relationship with. Considering you and Michael don’t see eye to eye, I have arranged for a house for you with Ms. Janette as your housekeeper within walking distance of the academy.

I will be in touch when I need you to attend a social gathering.

My head snaps up to Mr. Geoffrey, he starts laughing as I stare at him open mouthed. Like this is the funniest thing he has ever seen.

“How the hell did you pull that off?” I accuse, sliding out of my seat quickly. I’m glaring at him with my hands on my hips, he chuckles with a deep throaty sound as I look to the hoodlum behind me. Who stands with a stoic look on his face with his arms folded, trying to be the intimidator in this situation.

“Ok, back the fuck up a minute!” I snap as I look between the two men. “So you’re telling me. I’m set to inherit a shitload of money and you have got me my own house and car. With a housekeeper in tow, who, might I add, used to work for the psycho bitch. Who could have had something to do with my grandparents’ death and possibly my parents’ accident?” My chest feels like it’s caving in as I say the words out loud for the first time. I stumble to the left as the overwhelming emotions unbalance me. My mind telling me that it’s too much and I have to get out of this situation now.

“I know it’s a lot to take in. But unfortunately it is a situation that you have been put in because of who you are. So now the board has changed and we need to make sure that you get everything you’re entitled too without too much of an incident,” he says with a soft whisper to his voice. He smiles at me. I’m pretty sure he’s trying to make it reassuring, but it makes me feel anything but.

“Axel. Can you take Bo to the house so she can get settled in, before going back to school tomorrow,” he says with a command.

“Yes, Uncle,” tattoo guy says, as he spins me around and ushers me out of the door.

I feel like I’m in a trance as I walk to the car, my brain is trying to figure everything out but it feels like it’s not getting anywhere. How can my world get turned upside down more than once and people just think I’m ok with it.

“So you weren’t rich when I picked you up. But I guess now you’re going to be one of the rich bitches that walk around here like they’re the shit,” Axel says with a scoff.

“Shut the fuck up, asshole. I don’t know what sort of women you’re used to dealing with but say shit like that to me again, and I’ll smack the shit out of you,” I snap, growling as I glare out of the windshield. How fucking dare he be a dick and he has to be my security detail? Well, he can fuck right off if he thinks I’m going to make his life easy for him.

Bo

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

The drive was quiet after I shut the idiot up. If he'd said anything else, I think I might have lost my shit and done something really stupid. The car pulls up to another set of gates, but these ones don't have a box with someone sitting inside it. There is a key pad on a stand, next to the road. Axel presses a black button on a keyring thing. I'm surprised when the gates slowly begin to swing open.

"Welcome home, your majesty," he says with a thick layer of sarcasm. It forces me to count to ten, resisting the urge to make his face and the steering wheel best friends. I snort as the car rolls forward and he lifts a brow at me.

The drive down the gravel road is just as long as the one leading to the witch's house, I just hope this one doesn't have an ugly arse water fountain in the front of it. The road is lined with trees giving it a sense of privacy, but my brain starts to question what's hiding in the shadows. I'm not your normal suspicious type but this place is unknown to me, and now they want me to think it's just mine. Yeah, fat chance of that.

"Would you like me to get the door for you, my lady?" Axel snorts as I glare at him. Don't get me wrong, the guy is fine, but I really want to poke him in the eyes at the moment. I wonder if I can put him at the furthest point of the house where I don't have to look at his smug fucking face at all. I jump out of the car before it comes to a full stop. When a squeal reaches me, I flinch a little from how loud it is.

"Come here, child!" a voice shouts, making the widest grin ever spread across my face. Ms. Janette hobbles the best she can down the front steps toward me. I rush forward, steadying her before she face plants and she just laughs at me, patting me on the head like I'm a five year old again.

“I am not calling you lady or Ma’am. Do you get that, Bo?” she grumbles. I have to fight back the laugh as I see the edge of her lip tip up in a smirk. My emotions quiet down to a simmer as I pull her into me, giving her a bone crushing hug. I know I haven’t known her that long but she has come to mean more to me than anyone else. She’s like the crazy grandma I never had. I loved my grandma but the women scared the shit out of me and I never truly felt I could talk to her.

“What about master?” I jest, laughing as her face become splotchy from the redness on it. I jump back laughing as she growls at me.

“None of your favorite food for you, lady,” she snaps, chastising me. I deflate instantly as she grins at me.

“No. You can’t. I need my fry up’s,” I say with a pout. Her eyes narrow as she continues to glare at me. We both glare at each other in a showdown, then we both burst out laughing as she pulls me in for another hug.

“We’re going to be ok, Bo,” she says pulling me behind her through the huge double doors. “We are going to need to decorate though because this house doesn’t give me a you feel,” she jests with a slight chuckle. She turns to face me as I take my first look at my house.

I’m dumbfounded and horrified at the same time. The house resembles a show home, everything is clean lines and top of the range lighting. My stomach turns at how much this likely cost. A shiver passes over me as the feeling of being in a hospital fills me. This doesn’t feel or look like a place where someone would live, it looks sterile and not me.

“Where’s my room, your majesty?” Axel rumbles behind me, making my mood sour more.

“Ms. Janette?” I say with a huge devilish grin that has her narrowing her eyes at me again. “Can you show Arnold to the furthest room in the house. With easy access to a door, so I don’t have to look at his face,” I say with a sweet smile.

“You can call me Arnold all you want, your majesty, but I’ll soon have you saying my name when it matters most,” he retorts. My mouth drops open as he gives me a wink, heading off to follow Ms. Janette as she heads deeper into the house.

I make my own way, finding a reception room that looks like something out of a magazine with white sofas and white furniture. The kitchen is next and this is any chef’s dream—chrome appliances with huge spaces and cupboards everywhere. But what I find fascinating is the huge kitchen island

that looks like something out of a sci-fi film with lights glowing around it. I turn back around heading to the front doors. I find a huge staircase leading off to the right and take my time as I go up as my eyes are constantly drawn to the huge chandelier taking up a massive amount of space in the entrance.

The hallway is lined all the way down either side with doors. I peek my head into each of them finding bedrooms that are the size of an apartment back home. There are seven in total next to each other. The final door at the end is the last one before the hallway breaks off into another corridor without doors. I push the door open and I gasp. The room is mammoth in size. There is a huge poster bed and a massive sectional off to the right of the door, a huge flat screen TV and a closet line the wall on the left. I step in cautiously. Two doors on both sides of the room pique my interests. I head to the door on the right first, pushing it open. I smile wide as a huge bathroom lays before me, with a wall to wall shower and bath sunken into the floor.

I walk back through the room, my eyes are glued to the door on the other side. My heart races with anticipation as I open the door, my mouth hits the floor as I step into the room. I can't believe what I am seeing as I turn in a slow circle to take everything in.

"I knew you were going to pick this room, once you saw this," Ms. Janette says as she steps through the door. "I'm not imagining this am I?" I whisper, still in disbelief with a thick layer of awe.

"No, child. This is a library."

I squeal as I jump up and down. This is the only thing I have ever dreamed about owning since I found my love of reading as a young girl. I never dreamed it would become a reality. Tears pool in my eyes as I turn to face her. She smiles at me pulling me in for another hug and I hug her back tightly. "I need to find the money to fill these shelves up," I joke, pulling away and wiping under my eyes with my palm.

"That, child, is nothing you need to worry about now." She smiles handing me a huge envelope.

I head back into the main room and take a seat on the couch. My hands tremble slightly as I open the envelope and tip out the contents. My brows scrunch together as I spot a black card and a new iPhone on the seat beside me. I grab the card and my heart stutters as I see my name printed across it. "What is this?" I ask in a hushed tone.

"Turn on the phone sweetie and check the app," she says in an equally hushed whisper. I do as she says, holding my breath as the screen lights up. I

swipe it to unlock the screen and tap the app. The circle thing shows up letting me know its loading. My hearts stops as the numbers on the screen show up. What the actual fuck?

“Breathe, child,” a voice says at the side of me as my chest constricts and my breaths become short and labored. My head begins to feel fuzzy as a blackness starts to creep in from the side of my vision. “BO! Breathe,” the voice snaps again.

I turn my head to the sound of the voice with unseeing eyes. My mind is trying to tell me I have seen the amount of zeros on the screen, but then another part of me doesn't believe it. A hand wraps around my throat cutting off my airway, forcing my brain to function as panic sets in. My eyes snap into focus. Axel stands in front of me with a firm grip around my throat. My hands grab at his wrists but he doesn't falter in the pressure. “Breathe!” he commands, then releases me suddenly. I cough and splutter while trying to pull air into my lungs.

“Thank you,” I manage to croak out between coughs. Axel's eyes narrow on me as he folds his arms across his chest. My mouth waters as I take in the bulge of muscles under his skin and how his T-shirt clings to him in all the right places.

“You want to keep drooling, majesty?” he says with a smirk that turns into a full-blown grin. As I pull myself up off the floor, I run my hands down the front of my top. His eyes track the movement and I snort.

“Who's checking out who, Arnold?” I growl in annoyance but that only makes his smile widen.

“I love it when you talk dirty to me, majesty,” he retorts.

A savage snarl builds in my chest as he raises his hands in defeat. Stepping out of the room backward, just as he gets outside the room he blows me a kiss and takes off running as I lunge for the door, slamming it. “Well, this is certainly going to be interesting,” Ms. Janette chuckles behind me.

“He's an asshole who has to babysit me,” I growl, making her burst out laughing.

“But you have to admit, child, that is a fine asshole to be babysitting you?” she asks with a giggle. I spin round to face her, my eyes bulging from my head as I find her with a hand to her chest, looking a little hot and bothered.

“Ms. Janette,” I screech.

She doubles over laughing at my horrified expression. “Come on, child. I

may be aged but I am not blind. If only I was thirty years younger,” she says wiggling her eyebrows at me.

I just stare at the woman I thought I knew, but it’s like I’m seeing her for the first time. She seems happier and less restricted now than she did at my aunts. This is the most I’ve seen her laugh. Well I did see her laugh before, but never like this. “So how does it feel to be a millionaire, child?” she asks with a grin on her face.

“Weird,” I admit with a huff. “Is this really happening?” I enquire, my tone shaking a little at the uncertainty of all this.

“Yes, child, but it’s not just that. When my friend did some digging into Walker Enterprises, he found out that when everything is straightened out, you will be a billionaire.”

My eyes bug out of my head as the words play on repeat in my brain. I feel sick and dizzy as my stomach rolls. “Ms. Janette can you find a charity that is deserving of a sizeable donation?” I ask with a small smile.

“Bo?”

“I may be a millionaire now. But I came from nothing and the money isn’t that important to me, I want to make a donation to a charity.” She stares at me like she is expecting me to say I’m joking or something, but I’m really not. If I can help some charities that need help to broaden the work they do then I will gladly do it. Hell I’d give the lot away if I could, but I have a feeling that isn’t something I can do.

Bo

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

The first night in the house wasn't as bad as I thought, but it feels so weird driving myself to the academy in my new car. It's not as nice as the mustang but it is another one of my favorite cars, so I'm now the owner of a black Camaro. Axel thankfully said this morning that he wouldn't be babysitting me at school. But he has put his number in my phone, so I can ring him in case of emergency. I wonder if getting rid of him classes as an emergency? I blow out a huge breath as the Academy comes into view. Now it's time to face the three amigos. A girl can hope they didn't notice my absence, right?

Great, the wannabe's are in their normal place as I pull into a spot, but I can't see Wankstein and her group of minions, which is unusual. Usually wherever they are the elites are close by. I scoff. I wonder what happened the other night with the girl from the bar. Did she kick Wankstein's arse? God, I hope so. Seeing her with a few bruises or more than a few will perk me up a little.

A massive bang has me jumping out of my skin. My eyes narrow on a guy with his hands on the front of the car, a savage grin on his face. I growl, grab my bag and climb out. "Don't touch my shit, arsehole!" I snap at him as I slam my door. He grins wider at me.

"Such a pretty little bitch, aren't you?" he says. My pulse quickens and I glare at him before heading toward the quad. With long, sure strides of my legs I put as much distance between him and me as I can.

"Why you running, girly?" the same voice says.

"Aww. C'mon, don't you want to talk to us?" another says. I try to keep my eyes forward and quicken my pace. "You see that, boys? She thinks she

can get away from us.” Whoops and yells of excitement fill the air. I look around as quickly as I can, trying to see if I can spot somewhere to go to get away from them. I would have gone to my old room, but my stuff was cleared out last night and my keycard handed back into housing.

“Boo.” I yelp stumbling back as a guy jumps out in front of me. I fall into someone. Pain radiates through my arms as they grip hold of me. “Get the fuck off me!” I snarl as I thrash around trying to get out of the hold.

“Not a fucking chance,” someone says with a hiss.

My fight instinct kicks in fully as I thrash around throwing my head back. I grin as someone roars behind me, then throw my arms out in front of me to try and stop my momentum. I scream as my hands tear open from the gravel. I roar my defiance as more hands grab me, pulling me through the quad. My feet skidded across the floor as I try my best to get traction. “What the fuck are you doing!” I spit “Get the fuck off of me.”

“She’s a feisty fucker. No wonder he took a shining to her,” someone says. My panic builds the further onto the grounds we get, it’s like a desert island. The only people around are the wannabes and I know they won’t help me.

“This is going to be so much fun,” another shouts in excitement.

I hit the ground with a thud, scrambling backwards to try and get away from them. Hands grip my ankles, dragging me toward one of them as I scream and thrash. A whoosh of air leaves me as something heavy drops down on my back, hands run up and down my legs. Then my feet are pinned to the ground. “Aww. Calm down, the show’s about to start,” one of them hisses above me. I try to look behind me, as confusion runs through me. What the fuck does he mean?

Giggling fills the air, as the group of guys begin to cheer and holler like they’re watching a football game. I try to thrash, but I can’t, my limbs begin to tremble as they start to feel numb from the pressure there are being held with. “Quick cover her ears and eyes,” one of them shouts. I don’t have a chance to make a sound as the noise cut off and something is put over my eyes and stuffed in my mouth. I gag as the cloth hits the back of my throat.

My mind begins to cloud as the lack of control takes hold. I can’t stop what’s about to happen. My body tries to heighten my other sense’s but the only thing I can feel is the hands on me and the concrete beneath me. I feel myself start to become numb, my body preparing itself to shut itself down to protect me from what’s coming.

Sound roars around me as everything comes back at once, the light tries to break through the seam of my eyes. I choke on the rag as my head scrapes against the floor, then pressure on my head keeping it in place. My eyes shoot open as the cat calls and jeers become louder. I wish I didn't open them. My stomach rolls as my eyes connect with Frost's, he has a savage grin on his face as he grunts his excitement moving his hips in brutal thrusts.

I can't believe what I'm seeing as the last fissure cracks in my heart. I thought, just maybe we could have worked this out. He never takes his eyes off me as he fucks the body bent over the bench, my heart shatters as a head is thrown back and her eyes connect with mine. The triumphant smile on her face has vomit burning the back of my throat as I try to push the rag out so I can empty the contents of my stomach. Jade grins and moans her delight as Frost fucks her harder.

I try to push my head back, so I can turn my head. But the foot presses down harder so I'm forced to watch. He never breaks eye contact with me as he picks up his pace to a savage level. Her moans turn to screams. As the catcalls and whoops get louder, they all jeer. Like this is the best thing they have ever seen, but maybe it is as they're getting their own personal live show.

He roars his release, then throws her to the side. He doesn't even bother to cover himself up as he walks over with long confident strides. I brace myself, hardening my heart because of the betrayal I have just seen. All the pressure disappears as a hand wraps around my hair, dragging me up off the ground with so much force my knees split open more because of the concrete. His eyes look demonic as he bends my head, glowering at me.

"Now you know how it felt when you made me watch you fuck my friends, without a care in the world," he roars in my face, some of this spit hitting my cheek. I wipe it away flicking the liquid off my hand as quick as I can, as I glare right back at him. The crowd is silent, the only thing to be heard are sobs coming from behind him.

"That's what you really think happened?" I snarl back at him "You think we did that to hurt you?"

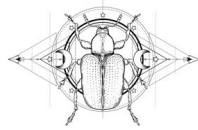
"We are even!" he shouts in my face. "Now get it through that thick fucking skull of yours, you are MINE!" He grabs my throat and I hiss between my teeth as his hand tightens in my hair. The pain spreads throughout my head to my neck.

A resounding crack fills the air, as the group all gasp. The silence is

deafening. I grab his wrist, bending it backward, causing him to roar as he releases me. I twist myself around, the hand in my hair making me yelp as some of my hair comes out with it. I lash out with my knee, grinning savagely. While my heart breaks, I hold my head high, chuckling as he drops to his knees in front of me.

“A queen can take a king, but remember this and remember it well, Frost,” I spit with as much venom in my voice “I. Will. Never. Be. Yours!”

I stride away with my head held high, snarling so the group opens a path before me as I make my way to the nurses office. I can feel my blood dripping from the cuts and scratches on my body, but my steps never falter.



I don't make a sound as the nurse cleans up my knees. I have dressings on my palms from the cuts there, and some Steri-Strips on my cheek. “Are you going to tell me what happened to you, Miss Walker?” I just look her dead in the eye and shrug. Her brows crease together as she pleads with her eyes to tell her something.

“Have you finished yet? I would like to get to my classes,” I say, my tone devoid of emotion. She huffs in exasperation, but throws the swabs away.

“All done but please, Miss Walker, if something is wrong you need to tell someone.”

I don't bother to reply, sliding myself off the medical bed. I hiss a little as my knees protest at the pressure of my weight. But that's a good thing, it only adds to helping me keep the emotions locked away. I try to give her a reassuring smile as I head out into the hallway. It's chaos out here, everybody chatting and shouting to one another. Booming laughter echoes around the stone. I see some of the wannabes, jesting and joking, I can tell by the way they move and laugh they are talking about what he just did.

“Hey, beautiful.” My blood turns to ice as I look over my shoulder, to find Rafe, Knox and Deacon all staring at me with wide smiles. I glare at them, and head to my next lessons. All three of them shout behind me and I can tell that they are following me. I pick up my pace trying to put as much space between us as possible. I can't do this with them, it wouldn't be healthy for me because they will always be tied to him for some reason and I can't

keep allowing myself to get hurt by that piece of shit.

“Whoa, hold up, gorgeous. We want to talk to you,” Knox says grabbing ahold of me and spinning me to face them.

“What the fuck!” he roars and the other two’s eyes darken as they look at me.

“What the hell happened, beautiful?” Rafe asks taking a step toward me. I back up quickly. His eyes widen as he stops. His face turns ashen as he looks to the other two.

“Tell us what happened,” Deacon demands, his face red with anger. I cock my head to the side to really look at them. But words don’t seem to want to form on my tongue. I try to keep walking but I’m pulled back by one of them again.

“Bo. Please,” Rafe asks his tone darker than I have ever heard it. The happy-go-lucky jock that I have seen since being here looks to have left the building, because the man standing in front of me looks to be seconds away from blowing.

“I have tried so damn hard to fit into the world and not rock the boat. But I can’t do this anymore,” I snap. The thin thread that was left, it finally snaps. “Stay the fuck away from me, all of you.”

“What did he do?” Deacon snarls grabbing ahold of my wrist. I kick him in the shin, so he stumbles back a little.

“Get your fucking hands off of me!” I scream at him. “God what is it with you bastards thinking you can keep grabbing me like this!” I hold a hand to stop Knox as he steps toward me. “Stay the fuck away from me. I am done playing your fucking games!”

Deacon

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

My muscles quiver as I watch her walk away from us, the look on the others' faces guts me. They both look heartbroken to me, but to anyone walking past us they look like they always do. What the fuck did he do? I know this has something to do with Frost, he's gone too fucking far this time. Something happened for her to cut us off like that, but what has me wanting to turn this place to rubble is someone hurt her again. My mind races as I grind my teeth trying to formulate a plan in my head. This isn't the end of this, she may think she can keep us away but I won't let that happen—she is ours.

“I can't believe he did that.” Laughter fills the air. “Like, dude, did you see the look on her face, when she realized she was watching.”

“I know right! That was the best thing I've seen in a while, but what do you think is going to happen when Tiffany finds out?”

My rage explodes as I take in the words, my hand lashing out gripping one of the guys. I snarl as his eyes widen, then push him through the door behind him into one of the empty offices. Terror fills his eyes as he faces me, the other one turns white as all the color drains from his face. “Oh hey, Deacon, are you looking for Frost?”

My growl fills the room at his name, both guys tremble cowering to the floor to huddle together. “You better start telling me now exactly what went on earlier!” My voice booms in the empty space, bouncing off the walls. I feel rather than see, Rafe and Knox tense behind me. I can feel the anger pulsing off them both in waves.

“Just Frost being Frost, ya 'know,” he says with a tremble. I look to his friend he violently nods his head in agreement. I cant my head to the side,

watching them for the slightest little tell. My thumb rubs long my bottom lip as I watch their shaking turning violent.

“What do you mean, Frost being Frost,” I snarl taking a step closer to them. They look to each other with wide eyes but don’t say anything. My anger explodes. With a roar, I launch forward and rip the bastard off the floor. My hand squeezing his neck, I smile savagely as I see the fear in his face as he claws at my hand.

“Let’s try this again, shall we?” I snap at the other one. “Tell me what the fuck you mean or better yet what the fuck happened,” I snarl, which is echoed by the others. “Or you and your friend here won’t be leaving this room in one piece.”

“Frost made us grab Bo as she came onto the grounds,” he shouts, his voice shaking. “Then we had to drag her to the quad and keep her there until she could watch the show,” he screeches.

“What fucking show!” Knox roars behind me, making the guy on his feet scramble away to try and put distance between them. “He made her watch as he fucked Jade!”

I’m going to fucking kill him!

Bo

CHAPTER FIFTY

This day can go and take a long walk off a short pier for all I care. I've had people sniggering at me and asking stupid questions—I am so far done with it. Thank God I managed to stay out of the guys' way, and Frost was non-existent. Now Jade, that's a whole other thing, I'm counting it as a win that I didn't react when she tried to taunt me about her little sex show. But I held my head high and smirked at her, because unfortunately for her she forgot to check the room and the minions heard.

Jade got so angry when I started chuckling, I don't think she expected zero reaction from me. But hey, there is more than one way to skin a rabbit, I'll just sit back and watch the two of them go to war over an asshole. I will be the first to admit, the guy is gorgeous, but he is a complete and utter dick. They're welcome to him, because anything I felt I had with him has well and truly been broken.

I hit the fob and smile as the gates open. Ms. Janette sent me a message earlier telling me she had something fun planned for tonight. The excitement has me hitting the gas without waiting for the gates to fully open. So I have to squeeze the car through a small gap. I don't hear any screeching so I must have managed it without destroying the paintwork on my car.

I throw the car into park, jump out with a huge grin on my face, then rush through the front door, hollering for her. The house is silent, my mood plummets as I head to the kitchen. My heart starts to beat rapidly as I find it empty, where the hell is she?

"I'm up here, child," her voice echoes through the house. I follow the sound, heading up the stairs.

"Ms. Janette?"

“I’m in your room,” she replies. My brow creases, but I march forward. Throwing the door open, I smile wide as she steps into the main part of the room. “What do you think?” she asks. I feel tears pool in my eyes as I take in the room. She has added touches to it that has it feeling like it belongs to me. There is black, gray and purple, adding my personality.

“Why do you do this for me?” I ask in a whisper, as a lone tear escapes. This woman is everything to me, she has never once made me feel like an outcast. She has always been there for me since I walked into that house.

“Why wouldn’t I?” she asks as she walks over to me.

“You have been so kind to me since I got here. I wasn’t expecting anything from you here. This is our home,” I say between hiccups.

“Child. I wouldn’t have it any other way. You are so strong and beautiful, and if I can help to make your life a little easier, then I will,” she says her palm on my cheek as she wipes away the tear. The damn breaks as the tears freely fall at her words, everything has just been too much, but her kindness is everything.

“Thank you for everything, Ms. Janette,” I say as I pull her in for a bone crushing hug. She laughs, rubbing her hand up and down my back as I silently cry on her shoulder.

“The surprise isn’t finished yet. So wipe your eyes and come see this,” she says with a grin. Her eyes narrow and she purses her lips as she looks me over. “Then we will talk about that, ok?”

I nod my head, following her into the other room. As soon as I see it the tears falls again, I’m shocked and in awe. But internally I am screaming like a five-year-old girl who has just been told I can have what I want from the toy store.

“H. Ho. How?” I say, as I look at her with wide eyes. I can see the tear tracks on her skin as they pool in her eyes. The smile on her face is huge.

“I stole your kindle the other day and looked through it to work out what you liked,” she smiles. “You’re not mad, are you?”

How the hell could this woman think I would be mad at her for this? I spin around in a slow circle taking everything in. I bound over to her in my excitement, picking her up and spinning her around. She yells at me to put her down. I laugh and keep spinning.

“Why would you think that?” I say. “You’ve filled the library I have. Oh my God,” I squeal jumping up and down on the spot taking all the paperbacks in. This is everything I have ever dreamed of having and she made it a reality

for me. Someone who didn't know me until a few months ago.

"I knew when I saw this room, that I had to do this for you." My heart swells for this woman who is my family, maybe not by blood but I would do anything for her.

"Now that you've seen this. How about we get a load of snacks and head to the theater room and watch a film?" My smile is so wide it hurts my face. I nod in agreement and she takes off. The door closes with a soft click behind her.

The urge to spend the night in the library is hard to ignore but I manage it. I strip out of my uniform. Heading to the bathroom, I flick on the shower and put a couple of towels on the hook.

"What the fuck happened to you!" a voice snaps. I screech nearly slipping on the tiled floor, I only just manage to stop myself from face planting by grabbing the sink. Gnashing my teeth in annoyance, I pull myself up to my feet to find Axel throwing daggers at me.

"Get out," I spit, glaring at the twat for invading my space.

"You go to school on the first day that I'm meant to be keeping you safe and you come home like this," he roars, rushing me.

I yelp as my arse hits the sink, his hand is around my throat. But it's not to scare me. His eyes track the mark on my cheek. Axel's jaw tenses and I notice a vein start to pulse in his neck.

"What the.." my words break off as the cold surface hits the back of my legs. His eyes narrow as he glares at me and I find myself immobile. He lifts my left leg, my body trembles at his touch as he bends down to get a closer look at my knee. His eyes go to the other one, my breathe hitches as his hand skim up my thighs.

Oh my God, he's here in my bathroom with his hands on me and I'm in my underwear. I open my mouth to say something, but the words feel like they're stuck in the back of my throat. A growl slips past his lips as he lifts my hands. His eyes darken as he drops my right hand to rip the dressing off, the wounds look angry and swollen.

"What the fuck happened to you?" he snarls as his hand removes the other dressing. His fingers gently trace the cuts on my palm. I melt, my back hits the mirror.

"One of the guys at school decided he wanted to get his own back," I say. I'm hoping that will pacify him, but the growl that builds tells me I'm wrong. His eyes snap to mine, he quirks a brow.

“What?”

I take a deep breath, preparing myself for this. I’m not going to lie but I don’t like telling someone I don’t know my dirty laundry. “A guy at school decided to give me payback for fucking his friends while he had to watch,” I blurt the words feeling my cheeks flush.

“Why?” he asks, his tone filled with something I don’t have words for.

“Because he’s an arsehole that declared I was his. But he didn’t like the fact I wanted his friends as much as I wanted him,” I say, pulling my hand out of his.

I push him away, jumping down from the counter. I head to the shower and add some cold water from the control panel since the room is filled with steam.

“So he hurt you as a way of payback?” My limbs lock up, as I feel his presence behind me. My chest begins to rise and fall rapidly, as a weird sensation passes through me. I clench my legs together as the urge to turn around and kiss him hits me with the force of a Mack truck.

“No, he fucked the person who betrayed me. His groupies pinned me down and forced me to watch. Then he told me we were even and I was his.” My throat vibrates with the force of the growl as the locked down emotions rattle the little box I stuffed them in earlier.

Axel mumbles something behind me. I turn around to face him. His eyes stay on mine as I watch him. The room feels like it’s filled with electricity. “What was that?”

My body freezes, as his thumb swipes across my cheek, his eyes on me. “I said he’s an idiot.” My brain shorts circuits, I’m pretty sure I can’t breathe. I just stare at him, praying he leans forward and does something. My eyelids flutter as I see his back walking through the bathroom door. “One more chance, your majesty. If you come back tomorrow with any more marks, I’m going to be your new best friend at school.”

My mind takes a while to start to work again, then his words sink in and my chest deflates. I don’t want to be dealing with him at school as well as everything else. I turn the shower off, then throw on some sweats and a top. Fuck it, I need junk food more than anything else right about now.

Frost

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

My life has taken a weird turn of events. The guys won't talk to me, they openly avoid me now. The group is starting to ask questions about what is going on and I'm finding myself having to dish out harsher punishments to the ones that think it is acceptable to question me. The other night was awkward as hell with them, my father's questioning has now turned incessant. I wake up to messages and voicemails from him throughout the night. I don't get what has him so freaked out, but he's changed tactics now. He keeps trying to talk to the others, but they won't speak to him on their own. They are always together and I feel he is starting to notice that I am no longer a part of the dynamic.

Tiffany has almost certainly complained to her father after the incident on the quad. I have done my best to smooth it over and she seems to accept it. But she hasn't been her usual annoying self since then. We sit together, have a civil discussion. But that's as far as it goes.

I haven't seen Bo around the campus since the other morning. I think she's going out of her way to avoid me. But from the look outs, she's avoiding the others too. That works perfectly in my favor because if I can't have her then no-one can. My phone pings with a message and my sour mood plummets further as I read the words.

Dad:

I need you home this weekend for somethings that needs both our attention. Make sure you're at the house for 1:30pm and do not be late

Kenton!

CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

“Are you sure this is it, dude?” I ask confused, because I didn’t think this would be where the address Deacon found would take us.

“Yes, this is it. Now are you going to stop your whining and hit the buzzer?” he snaps. I snarl at him. My mood has been all over the place for the last few days.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Knox asks from the passenger seat. I feel for my friends, I really do, but can they really blame her for avoiding us. Well if you want to call it that, it’s like she’s just dropped off the face of the planet. We have tried our best to find her and nothing. She wasn’t anywhere we could think of.

“What do you want?” Relief floods me as her voice comes through.

“Bo, we want to talk,” I say. I’ll admit I don’t cringe at the pleading tone of my voice.

“No.” The intercom bleeps and then nothing. We all look to one another in disbelief.

“Did she just cut us off?” Knox asks with a growl. Deacon looks about a second away from his head exploding and I burst out laughing. “The fuck are you laughing for, idiot!”

“Did you two really think it was going to be this easy?” I throw the question out there, because I was hoping she would talk to us, but Bo Walker isn’t like the other girls we have dealt with before. They know this as well as I do.

“What the hell?” My eyes widen as I see the big black gates start to swing open.

“See, I told you,” Knox says with a huge smile. “I knew she wouldn’t

turn us away.”

I hit the gas as soon as there is enough space to get the truck through. Deacon yells in the back and Knox just eggs me on as I put my foot to the floor, racing down the driveway. We pull up outside a huge house. The other two have jumped out before I even manage to get it in park. I climb out after them, to find the other two at the bottom of the stairs.

An older looking woman stands at the door with a defeated look on her face. “Boys, I really think it might be a good idea if you leave it for today,” she says not moving an inch away.

“Not going to happen, Ma’am,” Knox says, moving closer to her. I chuckle as the woman’s eyes darken. A huge crash fills the house as some screams follow. The woman blows out a breath. Turning her back to us, she heads into the house. Now with the door open, we can hear two voices having a screaming match.

We rush through the door, following the sound of the chaos as there is another crash of something breaking. “You motherfucking bastard!” Bo stands in the middle of a huge kitchen, like the angel of death as she snarls at someone. Her eyes darken as she spots the three of us.

“Long time no see, boys.” All our heads snap to the right. My eyes bulge out of my head. What the fuck is going on?

Bo

CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

That snaky, conniving little bastard. How fucking dare he do this in my fucking house. I launch another glass at him, but he doesn't flinch. He just stares at the others as they all look at him with shock on their faces.

"What the fuck are you doing here with our girl!" Knox roars striding forward. My mouth drops open as Axel is launched across the kitchen from the force of the punch Knox has just landed on his jaw.

Axel chuckles darkly as he climbs to his feet, setting his stance as he prepares to take Knox on. Ms. Janette scuttled through the kitchen, thank God. I know she has gone back to her room. At least she's away from this, but I can't work out what the hell is happening here.

"Bo, what the fuck is going on here!" Deacon demands as he moves toward me. Both Axel and Knox look at me, my anger at Axel burns like hot lava under my skin but the demand in Deacon's tone has a savage growl passing through my lips.

"Let me guess, majesty, the ones you were telling me about in the shower are these three?" Oh shit! Knox launches at Axel again with a battle cry. Axel laughs his ass off as he jumps over the kitchen island so he is standing between me and other three. "So does that mean, majesty. That it was Kenton who hurt you that day?"

I have no words, I just stare as Axel grins at me with a wolfish smile. How? Why? What the fuck is happening right now?

"You're fucking Axel!" Rafe roars as Deacon throws daggers my way.

"What do you think, Rafey boy? I am the one who is living with her," he taunts him.

"Oh shut your cake hole, Axel, and stop shit stirring!" I snarl.

“Bo, are you doing this to get back at us for the stunt that Frost pulled the other day?” Deacon demands with his arms folded across his chest. The urge to go over and comfort him is strong, but I stamp it down as my anger builds at the questioning of that day.

“No. How the fuck am I meant to know that you know? Axel, I didn’t meet him until I got told I had to move my ass into this house,” I growl. “Who the fuck are you to demand answers from me when I told you to stay the fuck away from me!”

Rafe looks heartbroken, Knox looks a second away from going nuclear. Deacon looks disgusted with me, and that is what has guilt swirling in my gut. “I told you to stay away from me because Frost deemed it acceptable to have your wannabes force me to watch him fuck Jade as payback for us fucking at the party.”

“We know. But what the hell is going on here?” Knox shouts at me. I snarl back at him. I am so close to being done with all this shit. “Axel, how the fuck do you know Bo?”

“How about you answer my damn question since you barged into my damn house thinking you can demand answers!” I snap at all of them. “I didn’t know him until the other day as I have said. But what I want to know is how the hell you three know him?” I shout over the top of the muttering in the room. Axel the little shit stands at my side grinning at me like he’s having the best day of this life.

“We grew up together and then he moved away three years ago and we haven’t seen him since,” Knox rumbles. “Why are you here Axel?” Deacon demands. Rafe stays silent, his eyes downcast.

Seeing him like this has a weird growing pain in my chest. Slapping Axel’s hand away, I walk over and lift his head with a firm grip of his chin. “I am not fucking Axel. Unfortunately, he’s my new babysitter.” I keep my voice low so he can hear me as I try to reassure him that I haven’t done what the idiot is saying.

“I’m sorry about Frost, but we didn’t have anything to do with it,” he mumbles pulling his chin out of my grasp. “But you hid from us and that shit hurt.” I can tell from the look in his eyes his words are true. But then it just makes me feel even worse because I’ve hurt them.

“You three need to understand, it’s a lot with the shit he pulls and it’s draining. You three are his best friends and trust is a hard thing for me to have,” I say with an exasperated huff.

“Don’t pull away from us, gorgeous. It seriously messes with all of us when you do,” Knox says coming over and pulling me into hug. He gently kisses my forehead. Rafe kisses me on the cheek and Deacon just glares at me. Knox jabs him in the shoulder, he growls but steps over pulling me into his chest.

“Ever do that again and I will spank you so hard you won’t be able to sit down for a week,” he growls. I have to rub my legs together because the thought of it has me desperate to push his buttons. I can feel Axel’s eyes on me from the other side of the island.

“How have you got a place like this?” Rafe asks. “I thought you were poor?” I bark out a laugh at the question because I knew something like it would be coming but I expected it of Deacon.

“My aunt decided it had to be this way because of me and her. Also me and Peabody don’t get on,” I burst out laughing at the confused look on their faces. I spin around as another voice carries through the kitchen laughing. I find Ms. Janette standing at the edge of the kitchen with a huge smile on her face.

“You guys want to watch the movie with us?” I blurt feeling a little uncomfortable. But they take off down the hallway. “C’mon Axel don’t be a spoil sport,” I say with a smirk.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR

FROST

This is torture, having to watch them all and keep my distance. I snarl as I watch them all laughing and smiling at each other like it's the best day ever. "Hey man," a voice says next to me. "How come the others don't sit with us anymore?"

Questions, always asking me fucking questions to find out the latest gossip to fill them with the information they think they deserve. But they know nothing, they haven't got a clue. They're not in the know because their family doesn't even make a blip on our radar. "Because they have a job to do like you do," I snap with a snarl.

I growl louder as I spot Titan across the room, laughing and smiling with his group. He keeps looking over to me, and then the guys with a triumphant grin and it's pissing me off. The Blacks have gotten worse over the last few days and I have spent more time doing the jobs my father has demanded of me. How much red can someone get on them before something finally snaps. "Oh my God, Tiffany!" a voice squeals to my left, making me flinch from the high pitch of it.

"I know, right? I am so excited."

I cock my head to the side listening to their gossip session. "So have you got a dress picked out then?" one of them asks. I don't know her name.

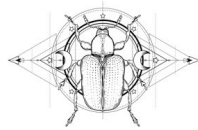
"Yes, I have. Everything is ready for Saturday. Now it's just a case of waiting two more days and then, it's official." My heart drops into my stomach.

"Dude, congratulations on you and Tiffany making it official," one of the guys from the outer circle says. I lift a brow in question and he pales slightly. "Aren't you and Tiffany getting married on Saturday?"

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE

The last three days have been brilliant. The guys and I are getting on again and enjoying spending some time together. Axel isn't as grizzly as I thought he was, but I've noticed a difference in him when the guys are around. The best thing of all is Kenton Frost has stayed out of my way and not tried to burst my bubble. But I know he has more pressing matters since he's marrying her tomorrow. I scoff, lord I know I hate him, but I wouldn't wish that on him for the rest of his life.

It feels weird in the house at the moment, without Ms. Janette here. I told her Wednesday night to go and visit the family she hasn't seen for years. I cried at her reaction, she couldn't believe what I was offering her. She wouldn't accept it at first but then she scurried off to pack her stuff. So it's just been me and Axel in the house since yesterday. I've hardly seen him. But honestly it's nice to have some quiet.



There's only so much homework you can do and shit TV series you can watch. That's why I'm sitting in my library searching my shelves to find something that takes my fancy. I could always go and annoy Axel, that would be fun. My phone beeps on the side, I grab it and swipe open the message. I gasp, my phone drops to the floor as another ping comes through. I can't read it through the tears pooling in my eyes. My phone pings again. I slow my breathing swiping frantically at my eyes. The words stop my heart as I read

them again to make sure I understand them right.

Another ping comes through, I'm up on my feet and charging out the room and down the stairs. "Where you going, majesty?" Axel shouts from the kitchen. I need to get out of here, I can't have him following me or demanding he comes with me. I hear his footsteps coming in my direction and my panic ramps up.

"I'm going for snacks. I need more snacks," I shout rushing toward the door.

"We have snacks here," he says as he comes into view and sees the tears stream down my face. His eyes widen as he takes me in, his brow creasing.

"What's going on, majesty?" he rumbles, taking a step toward me. My panic rises away as my mouth opens and closes like a fish.

"I'm going for some snacks," I say as a sob escapes me.

"Majesty?"

The calming tone of his voice has my state all over the place. My mind races, trying to think of a way to get out of this. What can I do?

"I need some snacks that remind me of home, and its shark week so I need them," I blurt the words horrified at the look on his face. I force out a breath as he steps back toward the kitchen.

"Ah. Ok, enough said. You want to watch a movie when you get back?"

I nod my head in answer then I'm out the door in record time jumping into my car. I throw it in drive, my foot slams down on the gas. Gravel kicks out behind me as I roar down the driveway to the road.

Bo

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX

My hands become clammy as I walk toward the meeting place, my head snaps left to right keeping an eye out for anyone trying to sneak up on me. “Well. Well. It’s nice to finally meet you, my dear,” a smooth voice says from the shadows.

“Who are you and what do you want?” I ask, my voice shakes as my pulse thrashes in my ears.

“I want to make sure that you’d be a good girl and do as you’re told,” the voice purrs with a chuckle.

“Ms. Janette!” My screech fills the night air as I rush toward her. Skidding to a halt as a click has me frozen in place. “Ah. Ah. Ah. What would you do to save your friend here?”

“Please. I haven’t done anything. Please. Please don’t hurt her,” I sob, trembling as I see the terror in her eyes. The rag in her mouth is keeping her from speaking and her hands are tied behind her back.

“I won’t hurt her. But only if you do as I say,” the voice says. The owner of the voice steps out of the shadows, but I still can’t make any distinguishing features out. The voice gives me a rundown on everything they want me to do. I can’t take my eyes off Ms. Janette as she sobs into the rag. I can see the tears glistening in the moonlight, and my heart breaks.

“I will do it. Please just let me take her home,” I plead with the person in front of me who scoffs at my request.

“You will have her back by the end of the weekend if you do as I ask?”

More clicks fill the air, as I’m frozen in place. “Now I will be in contact at some point to make sure you have stuck to your end of the deal and then she will be returned to you unharmed,” the voice says.

My legs give way from underneath me as whoever it is drags her away screaming and I'm left on my knees, helpless. I can't help her, I can't try and fight this because I know whoever that was, has more guns pointed at me. If I make a move we are both dead. I have to do what they want. I don't know how long I'm on the concrete floor, but there is no sound around me. I pull myself to my feet, my body feeling like it is weighed down as I set off walking.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN

FROST

I make my way through the house to the meeting room. Father sent me a message this morning, telling me my wedding will follow the tradition of the society. Dread fills me as I turn the handle and step into the room for the meetings. A few gentleman are here and they all give me a nod of the head as they continue to talk amongst themselves.

“Ah, Kenton, you’re finally here,” my father’s voice booms through the room. I cringe as I make my way over to him. He’s in deep conversation with Thomas Weinstein as I stop at their sides.

“I’d like to say welcome to the family, son, but we both know you’re going to have your hands full,” he says with a chuckle.

“Where are Knox, Rafe and Deacon?” I ask. My dad stops what he was saying abruptly. Glaring at me as he smooths out the lapels on his jacket.

“They are otherwise engaged,” he says. Then returns to his conversation with Tiffany’s father.

“What do you mean?”

He huffs out a breath, his eyes darken as he turns to look at me again. “The Blacks went full out last night to try and destroy everything, so the boys are on clean up.” I don’t say anything trying to work out what the hell the Blacks are planning. “Plus they are not fully pledged to the society, and they won’t be until they have their own initiation.”

The memory comes roaring to the front of my mind. We were all standing in a derelict warehouse with a man on his knees. He was beaten badly and my dad made me shoot him to initiate into the society. Telling the guys that they were there to bear witness to what had to happen to be pledged.

“It’s time!” my father’s voice rings out around the room and the men in

attendance cheer. I blow out a breath, steeling myself against the emotions building within me.

I stand at the front of the room, with my father standing at my side with a huge smile on his face. Tiffany's father has a huge grin on his face. The double doors at the other side of the room open. One of the other society members leads Tiffany in with a huge white wedding dress on. The thing is disgusting and huge, her veil touches the floor on the front and billows out behind, the massive train dragging behind her.

The urge to run fills me as they get closer to the front. The society member passes her off to me. My mind becomes awash with white noise, blocking out all other noises. I answer the questions robotically when a roar fills the air.

"Kenton, you may see your wife," the society member who is able to officiate something like this tells me with a huge grin. I look around the room at all the smiling faces. My father smiles the biggest, brightest smile I have ever seen on his face. I lift the veil sealing my emotions off, so they don't show on my face and resign myself to the fact that I am stuck with her for the rest of my life.

"What the fuck is this, Frost," Mr. Weinstein roars, lunging across the room to grab a hold of my father. My father punches him in the face, knocking him to the floor. He places his foot on the other man's throat. "I told you when the contract was signed when they were younger, if anything better came along and could add to the influence more than your family could, the deal would be off. Well it's off."

"You can't fucking do this, you promised me you bastard!" Tiffany's father roars as he thrashes around on the floor.

"Bo, what the fuck are you doing here?" I snap at the girl in front of me who is glaring at me. There is a ruckus as Tiffany's father is dragged out of the room. The other society members chatter excitedly amongst themselves. My father clears his throat to quieten them down.

"Sorry about that, gentlemen, but you know how our deals go?" A round of yeses and sniggers fill the room.

"Well, I knew he wouldn't take too kindly to this but, gentlemen, let me introduce you to the young lady who was Miss Bo Walker." Gasps fill the air as my head swims, the room fills with excited chatter and some off the members shout out congratulations to my father.

"Bo, what the fuck are you doing here?" I ask her again, but she

continues to ignore me. Grinding her teeth as she throws daggers between me and my father.

“For the gentlemen here that don’t know, Bo Walker is the Walker from Walker Enterprises. She is the wealthiest woman on this side of the continent and she has chosen to become part of the family.”

My head snaps left and right as realization hits me. I knew my father married for money and so have the other society members, that’s why I fucked around with Tiffany. But this means Bo is the wealthiest person in the town and my father has just cemented his win over the Blacks.

“Now, for the part you all have been waiting for,” my father cackles. The other members whoop with excitement and something twists in my gut.

Bo walks to the table at the front of the room. I watch her, tracking every movement. She calls me forward with her finger and I’m helpless to resist her. I stand between her legs as her back is to the room. “Bo, what the fucking hell is going on?”

“I’m not doing this for you. I fucking hate you. I am doing this to save the only person who is family to me.” My mind can’t process anything other than the excitement that she is mine. All fucking mine, not the guys. Mine and I can do as I please with her.

My mouth waters as she slides off the table, dropping the wedding dress so it pools around her feet on the floor. The room gasps as they take in her naked body. I snarl, spinning her around and slamming her down on the desk. The audience whoop their excitement. I unbuckle my pants and free my hard on from the confines of the clothing. My father stands at my side nodding his head with a massive grin on his face. “Do it, boy. You have to consummate your marriage with us here or it is not binding in our eyes.” My father’s words swirl round my head as I slam into her.

CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHT

Switching my brain off is the easy part, I feel myself floating in the cold waters of the sea back home. I smile to myself as I hear my parents' laughter and a dog barking somewhere on the shore. It doesn't totally drown out the audience to this piece of shit show. Frost tries to whisper words into my ear, but I stay silent as pain grows in my hips from the edge of the table. My cheek starts to ache from being pushed against the wooden surface, but I would go through this a thousand times if it means she's safe.

I'm yanked back and spun around so quick, my eyes feel like they're rolling around in my head. "Congratulations you two and welcome to the society, Kenton," someone says. I pull the dress up quickly, glaring at Frost. "I've done what you have said, now where is she?" I snap at the bastard in front of me that grins at me like the devil himself.

"All in good time, my dear," he coos with a sickly-sweet grin.

"No, the deal was I married him and consummated it and you would give me her back. Are you a man of your word, Mr. Frost, or should I let everyone know you had to resort to blackmail to get what you want!" I snarl, my voice loud in the room and the other conversations stop.

"Shut up, girl," he snaps at me. But I don't give a crap if I offend him now. "She is in the room next door, you can take her and leave, but remember you have to live with him too."

"As I said, Mr. Frost, that is fine but he has to come and live with me in my home. That I already own and is big enough for the pair of us," I say with a sweet smile, chuckling darkly on the inside as he beams at me.

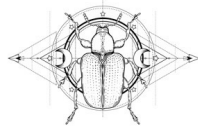
"You, my dear, are perfect for my beloved son. I will send him to you shortly."

I nod in acknowledgement, not meeting the ice-blue eyes that are burning holes in my back as I stride out of the room. I find Ms. Janette in the room next door like he said. I untie her hands and pull the rag out of her mouth, with tears falling from my eyes as she sobs in my arms.

“I am so sorry you have been brought into this,” I say as I hug her to me. She sobs into my dress, she pulls back and a frown spreads across her face.

“Child, what the hell is going on?” she asks with a croak. I shake my head pulling her to her feet and leading her out of the room. I follow the path through the house that I was shown to get to the room.

Thankfully my car is still out front. I open the door and help her climb in. My mind runs at a thousand miles a minute, but I lock it away the best I can so I can concentrate on getting us both home in one piece.



Ms. Janette didn't say a word on the drive back to the house. I know it's going to be a lot for her. That's why I put her in her room and have left her be since. I'm sitting at the island, a bottle of whiskey in hand as I sip away at it as I try and figure out the rest of it.

“What's with the sour face, majesty?” Axel asks as he comes into the kitchen. My brain short circuits as I take him in. He's drying his hair with grey sweats on and I can see all the tattoos on him—his chest is covered. I feel everything between my legs as I clamp them together on my seat. He gives me a knowing smirk as he sits down next to me. The cedar smell assaults my nose, it's like a woodland after a rain and it's my favorite thing ever.

His thumb swipes against the corner of my mouth and I nearly jump back. He looks at the tip of his thumb, puts it between his lips and sucks on it. My core clenches as he grins at me. “You had a little drool and whiskey there,” he says with a heated gaze.

“I'm married,” I blurt the words. Slapping my hand over my mouth as he scrapes back his seat to put space between us.

“What the fuck?”

My chest deflates, my shoulders sag as I curl in on myself. Wrapping my arms around my stomach as everything hits me at once. I'm fucking married

and to that piece of shit too. “I had to do it to save her,” I say mumbling to myself as I try and figure out how the hell I tell the guys.

“Majesty, what the fuck is happening right about now,” he rumbles at my side.

“Honestly, Axel. I haven’t got a clue, all I know is I would do anything to save her and he forced me to marry him to do it,” I whisper as a tear escapes the side of my eye. I feel it making a path down over my cheek and watch as it drops onto the island counter.

“Axel, what’s going on?” My head snaps up and the feeling intensifies as I find the three of them, looking at me with confused expressions. “We got your message as we pulled up. So we let ourselves in,” Knox says, Deacon stares at me and Rafe comes over pulling me into his arms and the kindness breaks the dam.

My sobs fill the air as I fall apart in his arms. I shouldn’t have done it, tying myself to that bastard because now I’m going to lose them and it’s my fault. “Hey come on, gorgeous. What’s the matter?” he says as he rubs a hand up and down my back.

I force myself to pull away, stepping back until I have space between us. All four of them look at me with scowls on their faces, I have to do this. “He kidnapped Ms. Janette and forced me to marry him,” I say on a whisper.

“Who?” Deacon snarls moving closer to the island. Knox drops onto a stool at the side of Axel and Rafe just stares at me like the sun is falling out of the sky.

“Frost’s dad forced me to marry Frost earlier today, to save Ms. Janette. I know this will change everything and I am so sorry but I had to, she’s the only family I have left,” I rush through the words as the tears fall down my face. “I understand if you hate me. I don’t want this but I had to save her.”

Silence, there is nothing. Not even the sound of anyone breathing can be heard in the room at the moment. All of them look to be frozen in their places, none of their faces give anything away. I take a step back to leave because this is worse than I could have thought. I didn’t want to see the after effects of my decision but there isn’t anything I can do.

“I knew the bastard was up to something,” Deacon roars swiping the glass and bottle off the counter top. Knox stays silent as Deacon tugs at his hair, Rafe turns his back on me. Another sob breaks free as I spin on my heel and rush out of the room.

Axel

CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE

That conniving, sneaky little fucker. I should have known something was wrong. The guys are all in different states of shock, an overwhelming sense of protectiveness roars to life beneath my skin as Bo takes off out of the room. Tears stain her cheeks as she runs, and I feel the darkness that lurks inside stand to attention. “Get a fucking grip on yourselves!” I snap at the group and all eyes snap to mine. I glare at them and they snarl right back.

“There is more going on than you know and I think it’s time you get brought into the fold, because she is going to need all of us to get her out of this,” I rumble. They all sit on a stool, watching me with anger in their gaze. “Do you know who she is?”

I’m not surprised when confusion clouds their faces at the question. I couldn’t believe it when I found out, because she was meant to be as far away from this as they could get. “Bo is Adam Walkers granddaughter,” I sit back and let the words sink in. I know they have when all their eyes nearly bulge out of their heads.

I chuckle as Rafe resembles a fish out of water, Deacon has a frown and Knox looks like he’s about to turn green and smash things like the hulk. “That’s why he wanted us to get rid of her?” Deacon asks, his fingers tapping away on the tablet as he does whatever he does on it. I smile because it’s good to see he hasn’t changed since I left.

“Axel, what the hell do we do?” Knox rumbles as he keeps his eyes to a pattern on the top of the island.

“You help her get through this because she fucking hates the boy,” a snarl says from the end of the room. I smile as Ms. Janette stands there with her hands on her hips, looking like she’s ready to torch the world.

“She had to marry him to save me and that pisses me off. But what’s done is done.” She walks over, grabbing a bottle of vodka and taking a huge gulp. “Now she agreed to marry him and was forced to follow the rules of the society.” My stomach rolls.

“I can tell by all your faces you know exactly what I mean, that woman up there put herself through that to save me,” she snaps. “Now I need you to help her. He wants everything she has and if he gets it there will be no stopping him.”

“She’s right. We all know that Frost has to do what his dad says. But she can’t stand him and I am not giving her up because of a bullshit marriage,” Knox snarls pushing to his feet. “He can’t have her. Are we agreed?”

Ms. Janette smiles at us all as Knox waits for an answer. “Agreed,” we say in unison, they all look at me with a quirk of their brow.

“Yeah. Don’t go there, she has a habit of getting under your skin and staying there.” They burst out laughing and I know they will accept this if anything comes of it and I’m fine with that.

Bo

CHAPTER SIXTY

Memories plague my mind as I lie on my bed, trying to numb myself to the heartache I'm feeling. My stomach rolls again. I scramble off the bed with my hand over my mouth. Sliding across the floor, I only just manage to make it to the toilet before I throw up. I dry heave into it, as my stomach twinges at the feeling. Tears stream down my face as I fall apart on my bathroom floor. Disgust fills me. I can't believe I allowed him to do that to me while strangers watched. If I'm being honest, I was secretly hoping that he would realize how fucked up it was and defend me, but he didn't.

"Get the fuck out of here!" a voice booms throughout the house. I don't hear a reply, but I hear something smash. I curl in on myself, lying on the cold bathroom floor and let the tears fall. "Leave her the fuck alone!"

I pull my knees up higher in my fetal position on the floor, hiding under my arms. I cry, wishing my parents never died and I wouldn't be in this situation. I hurt them, I knew it would but I wasn't thinking straight. I had to help Ms. Janette. A crash rings out in my room as shouts and curses fill the air. I tuck myself further into myself as I try to shut out the chaos. My sobs sound broken as my stomach rolls again.

"What the fuck are they doing in our house, Bo!" My blood turns to ice as I lay on the cold tiled floor. "You are my fucking wife!" Things breaking echo around me as chaos erupts. His words play on repeat in my head. The ice melts and my body roars to life with rage. I climb to my feet. I see Axel and Knox throwing wild punches at Frost as Deacon and Rafe stand by with smiles on their faces.

"Get off him," I say the words so quietly they don't hear me at first. But Rafe and Deacon do, they spin round to face me. Both their eyes narrow but

then widen. Their faces pale from whatever expression I have on my face. I can't describe what I am feeling at the moment because I have never felt anything like this before.

"Axel, I said get the fuck off him!" my voice snaps through the air and they let him go instantly. Both of them turn to me and I can see the anger on their faces. I smile savagely as I see a bloody Frost crumpled on the floor.

"How the hell do you know Axel?" He coughs, spitting blood onto the floor.

"That's got nothing to do with you. Now what the fuck are you doing in our house?" I snap, glaring at the bastard with a curled lip. I really do hate him, just seeing him in front of me makes me want to bleach my skin.

"You mean our house?" he snaps.

"No, Frost, you are in our house demanding shit. Now what the fuck do you want," I say, fueled by the presence of the others behind me. He scrambles onto his feet, his eyes narrowed. I can see the Frost I know well in the steel glint of his eyes.

"What's the matter you look confused," I sass with a pop of my hip. "They all live here with me," I say with a sickly sweetly smile. His eyes darken, I hear the chuckles behind me and I smile wider. God I hope this is ok?

"Ok, well I live here too. You are my wife," he says and I scoff.

"I may be your wife on paper and in the eyes of your father and that creepy ass group of men, but remember what I told you about that deal? I will never be yours." He steps toward me and Axel steps in the way to block his path.

"But you are Bo-Bo. I own your pretty little ass."

I step toward him getting in his face, I feel the guys' presence pressing in on me from behind. "No, Frost. I married you and allowed you to fuck me while they watched to save someone dear to me that your dad threatened to kill. Don't think of it any more than that. You do you and play the broken king. Do what you want but stay as far away from me as possible." He opens his mouth to say something, but I cut him off with a hand in the air.

"Ms. Janette, I know you're out there. Can you please show Frost to Axel's room and have Axel placed in one of the rooms on my floor, please." I hear the guys behind me trying their best to cover their sniggers as the cocky façade Frost has dissolves instantly.

"You can't do this. I am your husband," he shouts.

“Actually, I can because this is my house.”

We all laugh as he storms away following behind Ms. Janette who keeps looking over her shoulder smirking at him. Once he’s out of view my mood plummets as I feel all the eyes in the room on me. “So we all live here do we?”

My cheeks heat instantaneously and I know the blush has me looking like a tomato. I cover it with my hands to hide my embarrassment but that just has them all sniggering again. “What did I say about hiding away from us?” the command has my body doing weird things, I steady myself the best as I can before turning to face them. “I...”

“Just shut up and listen, will you?” Knox snaps, stepping closer to me. “We know what has gone on. Yes, we aren’t happy about what the bastards did, but what’s done is done.” His eyes hold no deception as he stares at me openly. He pulls me closer dropping a kiss to my lips and I freeze. The feeling of floating consumes me.

“You are ours and he can’t do anything to change that,” Deacon growls. “But I will ask you this, do you want him?” I scoff as I look at him, I can’t believe he has asked me that.

“I would rather stick my hands in a tank full of piranhas.” They all burst out laughing. Rafe steps forward and my heart stops beating because the hurt is replaced with the boyish look he normally has. “You know what this means, don’t you, gorgeous?” I quirk a brow. “We’re moving in,” he says with a huge grin on his face.

Axel laughs as the buzzer goes off on the intercom on the gate. “Yeah, that’s fine. Come on down,” he says as he grins at me. I have never seen this side of him before, but honestly I really like it.

“We have a problem though, gorgeous,” Rafe muses at my side, rubbing his thumb across his lip.

“Oh really and what’s that?”

The other three start laughing as he pulls me out of Knox’s arms, who grumbles but lets me go without a fight. “You’re going to need a bigger bed if you’re gonna sleep with us all.”

Holy fucking shit, my pulse jumps to life. My core clenches and I can feel the moan trying to slip free as the atmosphere takes on a darker meaning. All four of them have lust in their eyes... Wait, back the fuck up! My head snaps back to Axel who winks at me and takes off out the door, whistling some tune as the other three start laughing again. “What the fuck have I missed

since being in the bathroom?”

They all head out of the room, leaving my question unanswered and I feel the throb of my head begin to take hold. Well, all I will say is shit is about to get interesting.

Frost

CHAPTER SIXTY-ONE

Two weeks. Two goddamn fucking weeks I have had to watch the four of them in the house during the fall break. My father had planned the wedding at the perfect time so we could work out our differences he said. How the hell do I tell him that because of the stupid shit he had me pulling with her, she now hates me and leaves a room if I enter it. I haven't slept much since being in the house, knowing that they are upstairs with her and I am down here.

I lie awake at night, driving myself insane with thoughts of what they could be doing up there. It's not even Rafe, Deacon and Knox that has me wanting to kill someone. No that award goes to Axel. I haven't seen him since he walked away from the money. He wanted nothing to do with the inheritance he got and said we were all a set of assholes as he threw us the middle finger over his shoulder before he left. The dynamic between him and Bo has me worried because they argue a lot, but then they also laugh and seem to be getting close. The thing with Axel is he doesn't give a shit about anyone. My phone beeps on the side letting me know I have a message. I huff out a breathe and read the message:

Dad:

You need to sort this out, boy. You cannot go back into the academy with a wife and have her taking the piss out of you like she is. Either you get her in line or I will!

What the hell does he think I'm trying to do. I am trying to make amends for the shit I pulled but that woman is as friendly as a starving mountain lion when she holds a grudge.

CHAPTER SIXTY-TWO

Back to reality as we head to the Academy. Rafe and Knox cackle in the front like a set of girls, Deacon taps away at the side of me on his phone. The last two weeks have been amazing. I managed to hang out with each of them and I had a blast getting to know them on their own. I even spent some time with Axel which was weird but nice at the same time, it turns out we have a lot in common.

“You ready for the shit show, beautiful? Because you know as soon as people see that ring on your finger shit is about to go down,” Knox grumbles from the passenger seat. We’ve discussed this a lot over the break and came up with a plan.

Rafe parks the car and I jump out before anyone can offer to open my door for me. I chuckle darkly as I hear them grumble from behind me. “Bo, wait up I want to talk to you?” Frost shouts from behind. I quicken my pace because I don’t want an assault charge stuck to my unstable medical records file. Ha-Ha, how hard is it for people to get that I don’t like people, I just want to be left alone! I would be all sunshine and rainbows then.

“How the fuck did you pull that off, bitch,” a voice screeches as I’m pushed forward. My book drops out of my hands, crashing to the ground. Luckily I manage to stop myself from face planting.

I turn around to find a red faced Wankstein, flanked by her minions. Chants of fight fill the air. I can see the guys running over. I shake my head letting them know it’s ok and to keep back. “You again. What’s the problem this time? Daddy not buy you enough Prada?”

“You stole my husband, you bitch,” she screeches, lashing out with her hand. I manage to block the slap midair by grabbing her around the wrist.

“I may be married to the dickhead, but if you’re so fucking desperate to be tied to that, you can have him,” I growl, squeezing her wrist a little.

“You don’t deserve him, you stupid bitch,” she hisses.

“And you don’t know your own worth if you’re that desperate to be tied to a guy that will fuck anything with a pulse,” I boom losing my patience with her. “Do you know what, Wankstein. I pity you because if that’s how highly you think of yourself that you are willing to be treated like that, then you aren’t the queen that you think you are.”

“I am a queen, you stupid bitch,” she snarls and I have to admit I’m a little impressed at the balls she’s showing right now.

“Is that so? Oh, ok, so why are you still friends with the two minions that I know for a fact are that desperate to get on his cock that they would fuck you over in an instant?” Both minions’ faces pale as she glares at them, her nostrils flaring. “A real queen doesn’t need a man to tie herself to, she can do it on her own. Having a king or kings is just an added bonus,” I say the words to her but my eyes are on the three guys standing behind the crowd, all of them have a look of pride on their faces.

The crowd erupts into cheers as I walk through them to head to my first class of the day. I will not have someone ever say that I am not true to who I am and I will never let a man treat me the way she does.

“So it’s true then, the mighty Bo Walker is now Bo Frost,” a deep voice purrs behind me as I walk through the quad. “What do you want, Titan?” I snap. “I know you have just heard what went on there so please tell me why you find it fun to bug me?”

“Because I want you, Bo. What’s so wrong with that?” He chuckles at the side of me, his long stride matching mine perfectly. “Plus I know it will piss him off that I have you and he doesn’t.” He chuckles again.

“Fuck off, Titan. Our girl isn’t interested in you, are you, gorgeous?” Rafe snaps, pushing his way between us. I smile at him because that gave the guys the chance to wedge themselves between us too.

“Your girl? You telling me she fucks all of you?” he growls, his fists clenching at his sides.

“Nothing to do with you, Black. Now run along and do whatever it is you and your family do when they try to take down the Frosts.” Titan snarls, gnashing his teeth at me.

He storms off and I have to chuckle. What is it with the people around here thinking they can get what they want? “That’s because we are used to

getting what we want around here, beautiful,” Knox says with a grin.

“What the?” My words break off with my confusion.

“You said the words out loud again,” he says, his grin growing wider.

That makes perfect sense, they haven’t had to work for what most people do because they can ask their families for it and they wouldn’t think twice. My phone pings in my pocket, a huge smile breaks out across my face when she tells me she has donated the money to the PTSD society, that is something I know people need a lot of help with.

We all break off to go to our classes and I have a huge smile on my face, life is going ok at the moment but I know it won’t be long before the witch makes an appearance again.

Axel

CHAPTER SIXTY-THREE

“Hey, Deacon, can I talk to you a minute, please?” I ask as soon as he comes through the door. He purse’s his lips at me and I have to smile because even though Deacon Thorn is a nerd, he is also extremely antisocial.

“What’s up?” he grumbles, making my smile widen. I nod my head to the stairs, which makes him frown but he follows as I lead the way to my new room.

We step inside and I shut the door behind us. I’m still shocked that I am on her floor, but it beats being anywhere near that asshole. “Look, I wanted to talk to you. I just want to know how you would feel if... ah, shit.”

“You want to know if I would be pissed if you asked Bo out?” My mouth drops open, and my skin becomes tight and feels like I have something crawling under my skin. “Well, yeah,” I blurt.

He laughs, squinting his eyes as he looks me over and his laughter deepens. “Oh, shit. Axel Dumont has a boner for Bo. Hahahahahaha.” I snarl, I should have known he would be a dick, they all are. But what the fuck do they expect from me? She has managed to crawl under my skin and taken up residence in there and I don’t know what to do. I don’t even know if she likes me like that.

“Ok. Chill out. Yes, she likes you like that.” I rear back. “Dude, it’s written on your face what you were thinking. But yeah, she does like you. It’s obvious in the way she watches you when she thinks we aren’t looking,” he says with a wide smile and shrug of his shoulders.

“Am I blind, man? Because honestly I thought she hated me a little less than Frost.” I knew it was bad between them, but she despises him and after hearing all the shit he has done, I don’t blame her.

“Yeah, you are. We’ve already talked about it because we saw and it’s fine.” He smiles at me.

“Wait, you guys have already spoken about this?” He laughs a deep throaty chuckle.

“Dude, we’re fine with it. We are all fucking her and it’s great. She loves it, so what’s one more.”

Well shit, I wasn’t expecting it to be this easy. I’ve never been one to share anything but seeing the dynamic between them made me want to be with her more.

“You ok? You look like you want to throw up?” He laughs again “Erm. Any advice for me?” I can’t believe I’m asking him this. What the hell is wrong with me?

“Just be the asshole we know. Trust me, you’ll be fine.”

Bo

CHAPTER SIXTY-FOUR

“**W**hy are you doing this to me?” I whine, looking at myself in the mirror. I cringe at my reflection because the last time I had to do something like this, I was put up for auction.

“Because, child, you need to show these people who you are, plus attendance is mandatory. You don’t want the witch having something to say, do you?”

I grumble to myself. I can hear her chuckling behind me. It sucks that she’s right. I hate these things and I’ve only ever been to one of them. What malfunctioned here that they don’t do normal parties at school, but this? My eyes scan the black card in my hand with the gold foil detailing, with my name in cursive lettering inviting me to attend the annual Black Frost Academy Masquerade Ball. “It’s going to be a great night, plus you have the three hotties going with you.”

Honestly I’m pretty sure if Ms. Janette was around my age, she would be trying to steal my guys off me. I snort, then bark out a laugh as I see her glaring at me in the mirror. “Is Axel going with you?”

I huff out a breathe in frustration, he’s been so weird with me for the last couple of days and I can’t figure out why. It adds to my annoyance when the guys burst out laughing. I’ve tried to question and bribe them to find out what’s going on but they won’t tell me anything!

“No. He has something to do for Mr. Geoffrey tonight. I think,” I growl the words while fluffing the last curl making sure it matches the rest of my hair. I grab the silk gown from the bed. Ms. Janette takes it out of my hand. I lift my arms in the air, the fabric feels amazing against my skin as she pushes it over my head.

“There. You look stunning, child,” she coos behind me, but all I can do is stare at my reflection. I feel so out of place with all this, but I have to admit I look nice. I never dreamed of going to these sort of things, but here we are. The ball gown is stunning. It’s completely backless and has a halter style front that fastens behind my neck. But the bottom is huge, giving off princess dress vibes, with all the tulle and lace filling it out. As soon as I saw it in the garment bag I fell in love. I have to give Ms. Janette her dues, the woman knows how to shop.

I slide my phone into my pocket. Yes, you heard that right. It has pockets, which I freaking love because it just adds to the whole thing. I grab my clutch as I hear steps heading this way. “I’ll get rid of th....”

“Fuck me.” I smile shyly into the mirror as all three of them look me over, all their eyes filling with lust. “Jesus, gorgeous,” Knox growls adjusting himself. Rafe looks to be drooling, but its Deacon I can’t seem to look away from. His eyes don’t give much away as he stands there rubbing his thumb along his jaw.

“What is taking you s....” The words break off as Axel crashes through the door bumping into the others. “Fuck me. Wow.” The tip of his tongue runs along his lips and I have to squeeze my legs together. Throats clear as Ms. Janette heads out of the door with a chuckle. “You ready, beautiful?” I hold up a finger, rushing into the bathroom to use some deodorant and perfume.

The room is silent as I walk into the room, I yelp as I’m slammed into the wall. The brightest of green eyes stare at me as a calloused hand brush against my neck giving it a squeeze. “I’ve tried to be patient and wait to do this properly but seeing you like this is driving me crazy.”

All I can do is stare at Axel as his eyes devour me in a way I never thought would be possible. “Axel,” his name passes through my lips on a whisper as my excitement builds. His growl has my blood pressure rising as he smashes his lips down on mine brutally. I don’t bother stopping the moan as it slips free. I wrap my hands around the back of his neck, trying to pull him in closer.

He deepens the kiss, our lips moving in a frantic pace. It’s like we’re in a competition to see who can devour who first. One of his hand’s moves through the skirt of my dress in hurried movements. I chuckle against his mouth and hiss as he bites my lip. His head drops to my shoulder, leaving a trail of soft kisses as he works his way down between my breasts. I grab the

back of his head urging him on with my moans. I feel the skirt lift, his face snaps up and the dark lust filled gaze has my core pooling with excitement. This is madness but I don't want it to stop, I've fantasied often how it would feel for his hands to be on me.

His thumbnail scrapes over my sensitive bundle of nerves and I gasp, as heat roars through my limbs. "Do you want me to stop, majesty?" he rumbles against my ear. I moan as he begins to circle my clit with slow torturous movements. I yelp as a sharp pain radiates through my lobe. "Answer me?" he commands. I feel it in my core as he smiles triumphantly as he feels the excitement at my center.

"No," I manage to push the words out, past the lump that's formed in my throat.

I squeal as he pushes me forward by the back of my neck and I end up face down over the back of the sectional. "Are you sure about this, majesty?" I snarl as I look at him over my shoulder, glaring daggers at him. He grins savagely. I hiss as the cool air spreads over my ass cheeks. He uses his thumb to pull the string of my underwear out and plays with it. I snarl again, my eyes nearly bug out of my head as I hear fabric tearing.

"You ready?" A guttural moan passes through me as he plunges two fingers into my core thrusting them into me like a man possessed. His moan has another rush of liquid and I hear his chuckles as he pulls his fingers out. I open my mouth to snarl when a scream tears out of me as he replaces his fingers with his cock and slams into me again.

"Oh. My. Fucking. God," I chant as his pace picks up to a punishing level. The bite of his fingers into my hips has my head rolling to the front and I collapse onto my stomach as the sectional scrapes across the floor. We both moan as one as he fucks me like this is our final moments on this earth. Tingles roar through my veins as I chant don't stop. It builds and builds, his movements becoming more frantic. My walls clamp down on him, and he groans so deep I feel it vibrate through our connection. The dam explodes and I scream as my orgasm tears through me. Axel roars his release as he pushes me into another one before the first has even finished.

A heavy weight pushes me further into the sectional, my breathing's labored as the lingering effects of the orgasm starts to subside. "Fucking hell." I laugh as the realization of what's just happened hits me. Oh shit! No, no, no. I thrash side to side, pushing back and right my skirt in one quick motion so I'm covered. I stare at Axel with wide eyes and I can see the

disappointment on his face as I look around the room. “Majesty?” His tone is a deep rumble that sends shivers through my body again.

“We just. Oh. My. God,” I mutter with a whisper, the horror filling me with the betrayal I’ve just done. They’re never going to forgive me, how could I do that to them? I stumble backward, feeling the urge to run take over. When my legs hit something, my knees buckling beneath me. The softness underneath me is strange, then I realize I have landed on the mattress. I drop my head in my hands trying my best to slow my breathing as my mind and body are wracked with guilt.

“Majesty. Please look at me?” The command plays havoc with my libido, making a shot of lust go straight to my core. For fuck’s sake, I can’t keep doing this. We’ve just managed to get into a good place and here I am fucking it all up.

“Thank God.” A deep chuckle has me jumping out of my skin. “I’m glad you two have finally got this out of your system.” Deacon chuckles again as he watches me.

“What’re you going on about?” I demand, jumping to my feet.

The little shit chuckles again as he takes Axel and I in with the inquisitive look on his face he usually has. That’s the thing with him, he’s always curious about anything and everything. “We made a bet, a time frame for how long it would take you two to actually make something happen instead of us all feeling the sexual tension between you both.”

I open and close my mouth like a fish as I stare at him dumfounded. Deacon smirks in the sexy and annoying way of his. Axel hasn’t taken his eyes off of me. “You all knew and you’re ok with this?” I ask confused.

“Yes, we aren’t bothered. Axel asked me yesterday if he could ask you out and I said yes. I wasn’t expecting this so quickly though.”

“I thought you only tolerated me?” I throw the accusation out there. Axel steps closer, tangling his hand in my hair.

“I’ve wanted you since I picked you up for the meeting,” he says with a smirk tipping the edge of his lip.

“You know I’m with them. It works because there isn’t any jealousy between them,” I say, meeting Deacon’s eyes over his shoulder.

“They’re my friends too and if it makes you happy, majesty, I want this. That’s if you’ll have me?”

“Really sorry to break up the sex party, but we got to go,” Knox growls from the doorway. My eyes bulge in my head as I realize both Rafe and him

are standing there. Both have heated looks on their faces. I look between the guys for a hint of emotion at the way Axel has his hands on me, but there is nothing. Zero jealously just heated looks from all of them. My throat is dry as I try to swallow the lump in my throat.

“Come on, we have a ball to get to and we’re already late for it.” Rafe chuckles, spinning on his heel and heading down the hallway. Knox follows closely behind. Deacon walks over, lifting his arm with a soft smile on his face.

“I’ll see you later, majesty. I’ve got to go meet Mr. Geoffrey,” Axel says before he drops a quick kiss onto my lips and heads out of the room.

“You ready?” Deacon purrs at my side. I smile at him and we make our way to meet the others.

Bo

CHAPTER SIXTY-FIVE

The walls vibrate with the bass of the music as we walk down the corridor to the ball room. Knox is on my left, Deacon steadies me on the torture devices and Rafe flanks him on his right. Frost kicked off earlier that day when I told him I wouldn't be going with him. He protested a lot saying the usual crap about us being man and wife and having to show a united front. But bollocks to that, he needs to realize it will take something drastic to change anything between us.

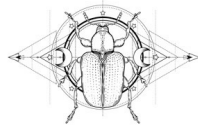
The black lace mask itches my cheeks as the double doors open before us. My mouth drops open as I get my first look of the ball room. There's a huge chandelier hanging in the middle of the room, gold glistens everywhere as the lights hit it. Everyone is dressed in their most expensive clothing and there is a whole array of masks. Some have huge feathers coming out of the top of them, others have weird shapes, some even have a beak. There are tables lined around the edges of the room, from different organizations hoping to gain donations from the students here. But the one thing that is alive with people is the dance floor. To say it's such an extravagant event, bodies bump and grind with each other in a sweaty mass.

"Welcome to the annual ball," Deacon purrs in my ear, which has a shiver running down my spine. I can see Frost death glaring us from the other side of the room, as he half-heartedly listens to whatever one of the wannabes is saying to him.

"Care to dance, gorgeous?"

I place my hand in Rafe's, laughing as he yanks me forward toward the dance floor. We join in with the crowd, jumping around each other with huge smiles on our faces. He pulls me into him and I have to laugh as he growls at

the size of the skirt, muttering to himself about how do women wear stuff like this. I grin as I grind my ass onto him and I hear he responding groans. “Naughty. Naughty,” he purrs griping my hips tighter. I laugh, and smile more then I think I have in a long time.



My feet scream in pain, as I quickly unbuckle the straps from around my ankles. Throwing the demons on the floor, I cringe as I put my feet flat on the stone, but that quickly changes to a moan as the cold marble soothes the pain. Why do we have to wear these things? I curl my toes trying to bring some feeling back into them. I lost my mask a while back, as has everyone else. I sit at a table surrounded by the guys as I watch the chaos unfold on the dance floor. These people may come from ridiculously wealthy families but they aren't above getting absolutely wasted every chance they can get.

I jump as Knox pulls one of my feet onto his lap, he chuckles. My head rolls back as his thumbs presses into the sole of the foot in his hand, moving them in circles and the pain starts to disappear. “You haven't got a foot fetish, have you?” I cackle as he growls a little. “Don't be ridiculous, beautiful. I could tell how much pain you were in from the way you ripped the shoes off.”

The others chuckle and I join in because there is no denying that.

“We need to leave,” a voice snaps, pulling me out of the enjoyment I was having from the foot rub. My eyes connect with Frost's as he glares at me.

“Why?” I hiss getting annoyed that he is souring a good night.

“Not you,” he says, before looking to the guys. “My dad has demanded our presence to deal with a situation.”

“Now,” Rafe protests looking to the others.

“Yes, now,” Frost demands. I pull my foot out of Knox's hold, his eyes narrow on me as I sit up straighter in my chair.

“Can't it wait,” Deacon demands with a cold look on his face.

“No, it can't,” Frost snarls. Erratic tapping fills the air as Deacon, glares at the screen of his phone.

“Axel is coming to get you,” Deacon says with a rumble. My body deflates a little, we were having such a good night. “We need to leave now.”

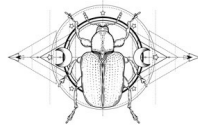
The guys all stand with a growl, Knox is the first to drop a kiss onto my cheek, followed by Deacon and then Rafe. “We won’t be long, gorgeous,” he says with a boyish grin. I smile at him, bending down to grab my shoes from the floor. I glare daggers at Frost’s back. As if he can feel my eyes on him, he looks over his shoulder and I can see the anger on his face from where I’m standing. I watch as they disappear through the double doors. A feeling of being watched passes through me as I look around the room. I find a lot of the students staring at me and whispering.

I stride out of the room with my head held high as I head toward the parking lot to meet Axel. I’m not dealing with the drama that is likely to start because the guys aren’t around. The hallways are eerily silent as I walk through. A bang behind me has me looking over my shoulder. Someone grabs me, I open my mouth to scream when something with an awful smell hits my nose. I thrash trying to get out but my limbs become numb and the blackness swallows me in its hold.

Bo

CHAPTER SIXTY-SIX

My head pounds as I start to come to from the fog, my body screams in agony. Something isn't right, my hearing is muffled like I'm trying to hear through cotton wool. I can sort of hear things but I can't make out what they are. Horrific pain tears through me again. I try to scream, it hurt's so bad but nothing comes out. The pain in my head builds as does the pain in my body. I manage to unstick my eyes. Cracking them open, but all I can make out are shadows moving. The fog begins to lift as my head rolls, the shadows lift so I can see what is going on. I wish I hadn't opened my eyes as the pain hits me harder this time. My mind begins to cloud again, the darkness beckoning me and I welcome it.



A roar snaps me out of the darkness, I shake violently in terror as I squeeze my eyes together tightly. Grunts fill the air and I try to shut down my senses so I can't hear anything. Things smash adding to my fear. I call out to the darkness to take me away from everything. To take me into the bowels of itself and never let me come back up for air. Screams fill the air, the darkness doesn't answer my call. I feel the wetness from the tears that have been falling drip off of my cheeks. Then the noise stops and there's nothing but silence. Hands grab me, a scream builds in the back of my throat but it doesn't escape because of how dry my mouth and throat are. I shake violently.

“I’ve got you, majesty.” Relief slams into me and the darkness roars to life pulling me back into its claws.

CHAPTER SIXTY-SEVEN

AXEL

My stomach rolls as I tear through the stop lights at high speed. The sight plaguing my mind as I try to navigate my way back to the house. My veins are like ice as I try to ignore the images in my head. She hasn't moved at all since I put her in the car. The violent shaking is the only thing telling me she's alive. I hit the fob to open the gate, screeching through them before they're fully open. I roar down the driveaway, slamming on the brakes. I'm out of the door, around to her side.

I scoop her up in my arms, bridal style, running toward the door. "Oh my God, what happened to her," Ms. Janette sobs as I charge through the house.

"Ring a doctor, now!" I bellow taking the stairs two at a time. I call out to the other's but I don't think they're here, they never replied to the messages I sent them either. I kick her room door open, she flinches in my arms. My heart shatters as everything steam rolls me. I feel the dam break as tears pool in my eyes.

"The doctor is on his way," Ms. Janette says as I gently lay her down on the bed. "Axel what happened to her?" Her tone is a whisper as she stands at my side. I feel the tremble in my hands as I take the sight of her in.

"Where are the others?" I croak. The doorbell rings, Ms. Janette heads off to bring the doctor up. As soon as I hear the soft click of the bedroom door, I collapse to my knees. The dam bursts as tears stream down my face—guilt and anger are at war.

"Axel. Oh, child," she says, coming into the room. I can make out two shapes through my blurry vision.

"What happened to her?" a gruff voice says. I snarl rising to my feet and I see him pale. "Son, I need to know what happened to her, so I can help her."

“She went missing from the ball, she wasn’t where she was meant to be,” I blurt the words.

“Axel, tell us what happened?” Ms. Janette snaps, losing her patience. “I tracked her phone and found her. He was. He. He...” The doctor’s head snaps to her as his eyes widen.

Ms. Janette starts sobbing at the side of me, but I can’t bring myself to comfort her. “Axel, I need you to ring Mr. Geoffrey. I know you’re not going to want to ring the police, but this needs to be dealt with,” the doctor growls and I echo his with my own.

“He’s dead,” I say with a tone void of emotion.

“Is all that your blood?” He gestures to me and I snarl again shaking my head.

“Doc, please help her?”

The front door slams open and laughing fills the air. I roar charging out of the room, leaving Ms. Janette calling after me to wait, but I can’t. I jump down steps two at a time rounding the corner to find all of them sitting around the island. “Ax...”

I dive across the space slamming into him, he yells as we roll. The others are shouting at me as I scramble on top of him. Landing blow after blow, her eyes plague my mind. I feel bones break under my fist as I continue, but it’s not enough. I need to have his blood seeping between my fingers as I feel the life force drain out of him. Arms pull at me and I thrash around throwing them off with a bellow of outrage.

I’m dragged back as I try to get back to the bastard. “What the fuck is wrong with you?” he bellows rolling onto his side coughing. I smile sadistically as I see the blood come out of his mouth.

“Axel, calm down!” someone snaps and I snarl in reply.

“You motherfucker,” I roar trying to lunge for him again. “This is all on you!”

“What are you going on about?” he shouts back and I lose it again. I’m thrashing around and hear the others shouting my name but it doesn’t make a difference. He’s a disease on everything and he needs to die. “Aww, what’s the matter didn’t she want to fuck you again?”

My mind blows as I break out of the others’ hold as they yell. I dive on top of him wrapping my hands around his throat. I grin as I see the fear in his eyes. “You say she’s yours?” I snarl, he barely manages to nod his head. “You failed her. You failed your wife,” I snarl squeezing a little tighter. Hands grab

me again pulling me off. I drag the bastard across the floor with me. But Knox manages to break my hold, Frost coughs violently. Deacon and Rafe stand in front of me to block my path to him.

“I never failed her. Yes I hurt her but I want to make up for that,” he snaps.

“I found him raping her!” the words fly out of my mouth before I can stop them. All their eyes narrow on me in confusion, then they all pale. “He took her from the academy. No doubt to get one over on you!” My chest rises and falls, the fight has gone out of me. All I want now is to get back to her and beg her to forgive me for not finding her soon enough.

“Who?” he rumbles pulling himself to his feet with a look of murder in his eyes.

“While you were off answering to your father’s demands like the good little bitch you are, Titan took her. I tracked her phone.” My chest caves in as the words feel heavy in my heart. “I didn’t get there in time.”

Screams fill the air. I push away from the others charging out of the room. “Axel! Quick,” Ms. Janette screams. I can hear the thud of the others as they follow me down the corridor. I barrel into the room, coming to a screeching halt as I see her thrashing around in the bed, her screams tear my soul out of my body. Ms. Janette looks terrified as the doctor tries to keep her still.

“Help me,” he commands. I move without thinking, I gently place my hands on her shoulders, which makes her screams become louder. The tears build again. The doctor sticks a needle in her arm, his breathing is labored. I feel it almost immediately take effect as her thrashing becomes less violent.

“Who are you?” Frost snaps behind me. I clench my teeth to the point of pain.

“Get. Out,” the words come out in a snarl, my head snaps to the right to find Ms. Janette with silent tears streaming down her face as she clenches her fists at her side.

“Get out. This is all your fault!” she screams, spinning around and slapping him. I smile as his eyes wide. She launches into a full-scale attack, pushing him backward out of the door. She slams it in his face, locking the door as he pounds on it from the other side.

“Titan did this,” the words are a broken whisper. I see Rafe on his knees at the side of her bed. The other two are on their feet behind him.

“Why didn’t you answer my calls or messages?” I growl. Knox glares at

me but doesn't say anything as he goes back to looking at her.

"We were out of cell service dealing with an issue from the Blacks," Deacon snarls. "I should have known it was a set up. I bet they did this so he could get to her!"

"I'm going to kill him." Knox takes off toward the door.

"He's dead." That thought doesn't give me any sort of emotion as I look around the room at the people who are all here for her. "What happens now, Doc?" I ask.

"It all depends on her, son. The trauma she has experienced is severe from my examinations."

CHAPTER SIXTY-EIGHT

KNOX

This is killing me. Two weeks, two goddamn fucking weeks and we haven't seen her. She won't allow anyone into her room other than Ms. Janette or the doctor. That's only so he can check on her. Ms. Janette is only in there long enough to check on her and give her food that she never eats. The doctor is worried. She hasn't eaten anything since coming to and he says she is becoming ill from the weight loss. But we can't get anywhere near her—we've all tried. We're all desperate to try and help her through this but it's like hearing us triggers her and she starts screaming again, then the doctor is forced to sedate her.

Frost hasn't been seen since the night Ms. Janette kicked him out of the house. I feel a little bad but then I stamp it down, because if it wasn't for him, this wouldn't have happened. The Police have been out trying to find out what happened to him but then left it. Mr. Geoffrey told us that he has smoothed it over with them and nothing will come back on Axel.

"I can't take this anymore," I say pushing to my feet. I head out of the living room to the stairs that lead to the far end of the corridor. I make it onto the floor without anyone else following me. We are all in a state of unease with not knowing what is going on with her.

"Leave her, boy," a voice commands from the other corridor as my hand touches the door handle.

"Please, I can't do this anymore. I have to see her," I plead with the old woman who looks at me in anger. I know she blames all of us, the only one she isn't hostile with is Axel.

"I said leave her be."

I huff out a breathe as I turn my back on her and make my way down the

corridor. I stop when I hear her footsteps on the stairs. I wait another minute to make sure she's gone before I sneak back to the door. My hand trembles as I open it with a soft click, I poke my head through the door. My brow furrows as I see the bed a mess but it's empty.

I step into the room, closing the door behind me when the sound of running water reaches my ears. I find the bathroom door open and the steam billows out of it. I walk across the room. Something strange pulls in my stomach as I take in the state of the room around me. It looks like a hurricane has torn through here and left load of destruction in its wake. I push the door open, my eyes having to adjust through the steam that fills it. My heart sinks into my stomach. I rush forward as the sight of blood has me sliding across the floor as I grab towels to try and stop it.

"Help. Someone help me!" I bellow as I pull her into my lap wrapping her wrists with towels and applying pressure to the jagged cuts on her legs. Tears stream down my face as I beg her not to leave us here, we aren't whole without her.

"What is..." she screams as she takes in the scene.

"Ring an ambulance," I roar, she wobbles away.

I slide all over the place as I try to get to my feet on the wet floor. Pulling Bo into my arms, I rush out of the room. "Get the fucking car now!" I scream, Deacon and Rafe meet me on the stairs. Rafe stumbles back as he sees her. Deacon runs out of the door, Axel comes tearing down the hallway. I'm out of the door without looking back to see if he's following me, sliding into the back of the car in a matter of seconds. Rafe places her on my lap, running around the car and jumping in just as Deacon tears out of the driveway. My thumb leaves a line across her cheek from the blood as I fall apart at the thought of losing her.

We get to the hospital in record time. Deacon jumps out and nurses jump to attention as soon as they see us. Pulling her out of my arms and onto a bed, they take off running through a set of double doors. Two male nurses block our path telling us we can't be in there.

CHAPTER SIXTY-NINE

Bleeps fill the air around me, I groan internally as I realize I'm awake. I didn't want this, I wanted it to end. The lingering dreams of being with my parents has me wishing I had managed to join them so I could forget everything. "Bo?" The voice has me, jolting alert.

The ice-blue eyes are the ones I never hoped to see ever again. My heart beats rapidly in my chest as I just stare at Frost who sits in the chair at the bedside. I can't speak, my heart feels like it's about to burst out of my chest. "Bo, I'm so sorry about all of this," he says dropping his head into his hands. I don't want to say or do anything because I know if I do it will set him off again. "Please, talk to me."

I pull my knees up to my chest to try and make myself small when something pinches in my arm, making me hiss. I look down to find wires and stuff sticking out of my arms. I track the length of them up to the IV on a hook and the machine that's bleeping beside my head. Bandages wrap around my wrists and I can feel the tug of the dressings on my thighs. I look out of the window in the door, cringing as I find the space outside empty. Where are they? Why have they let him come in here?

"I'm going to find the others. I know they will want to know you're awake," he says with a softness to his tone I've never heard before. I nod my head as the only way of communication. He smiles softly and stands up. He moves toward me and I flinch, causing his brows to furrow. I watch him cautiously as a sad look fills his eyes as he leaves the room.

He disappears out of view and I wait a few seconds. Yanking the wires out of my hands, the machine begins to screech. I jump off the bed, nearly falling flat on my face. I manage to stop myself on shaky legs. I look out of

the room, thankfully the hallway is empty. I take off running down the hallway, looking over my shoulder to make sure he hasn't come back. I need to get out of here, he will hurt me! Titan will find me. I slide to a stop, hitting the button for elevator. It doesn't move fast enough, a ping rings out from the other end of the hall. I panic, rushing to the stairwell, I look back trying to see if it's him. When I crash into something solid.

“I thought I told you to stay away from other men.”

CHAPTER SEVENTY

FROST

We walk out of the lift, the other's talk with excited chatter as we head to her room. Screeching comes out of the open door as I rush forward to find the room empty. "Where is she?" Axel shouts to the nurse who jumps out of her skin.

"We don't know. Security is looking for her," one of them manages to say through the stuttering.

"What did you say to her," accusation comes as I'm slammed into the wall beside the door. Knox glares down at me with a firm hold of my T-shirt.

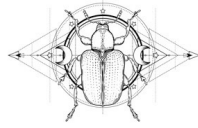
"I apologized and said I was coming to get you guys," I say through a lump.

"You did something to her," he bellows. Pain radiates through my jaw as I fall to the floor. Knox readies himself to jump on me. But Deacon stops him with a hand on his shoulder. He deflates under the other's touch, leaving me lying on the floor like the piece of shit that I am. I have to find a way to make this up to her and them no matter what.

"We have to find her," Axel snarls striding back toward the elevator. The others agree and follow. I pick myself up and follow behind them, keeping my distance. They step into the lift. "Not you. You've done enough," Axel snarls, hitting the button and the doors close in my face.

I yank my phone out of my pocket, my fingers fly across the screen as I go to the one person for help I never thought I would ask. But I need to find her, to show them that I know how badly I fucked up. Even if she never wants me, I can make amends this way. My phone pings in my hand. I scan the message and relief floods my body as I stuff it back in my pocket. I hit the button, a plan forming in my mind with the help I can have to find her. I

will search every area of this town.



I stride through the house, determination fills me as I look for my father. I know he's a bastard but he has the best security guards there are. Most of them are ex-military in one way or the other. "April, have you seen my dad?" I ask one of the kitchen staff, her eyes widen and I see the relief flood her at it being me and not him.

"He's in his office in a meeting Mr. Frost."

I smile as I head off in the direction of his home office. As I get into the corridor I hear raised voices. I check around me, but it's silent as everyone avoids this area of the house when he's home. "You promised me you would help me with this," a high pitched voice screeches

"Calm yourself. You've got what you wanted, haven't you?" my father snaps.

"No, I haven't. Geoffrey is helping her and thanks to him, he has proven everything is hers. I've lost it all!"

"I'll give you three million to stop your incessant whining," my father snaps again.

"I'll tell them. I'll tell them everything. You will go down with me, Frost." I slide against the wall, as quietly as I can as the door to the office is open. I look around the door frame, trying to stay out of view. My eyes widen as I spot my dad and Cassandra Walker. "Fuck you Frost," she spits. Turning on her heels, she heads to the door. A shot rings out, deafening me as blood covers the carpet.

"It's not a good idea to be snooping," a gruff voice says behind me. Something hits the back of my head, making my knees give way beneath me. I fall forward and the dark swallows me.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-ONE

I know I wanted everything to end, but not at the hands of this psycho. How did he even find me? How did he know I was at the hospital? The presents have stopped since I left the Academy and moved into the house, so I thought I had lost him again. “I know you’re awake,” a gruff voice snarls into my ear. I try to throw myself to the side to get away, but something cuts into my wrists and ankles.

My eyes snap open, the feeling of something uncomfortable beneath me has all my attention. I try to lift my arms again. A chuckle fills the room as I see the cuffs on my wrists. I look around in a panic. What the fuck? “I should have done this sooner,” the voice says. “I don’t know why I waited this long.”

I thrash around hoping to break the bindings, which has the man chuckling again. I lift my head up so I’m in a half crunch. I spot the hospital type bed. My cuffs are tied to it, they’re the weird leather-looking ones you would see in a mental asylum. “Did I or did I not tell you, you belong to me?” the voice rumbles from somewhere in the room. “I will not allow these things to touch what is mine again.”

Dread fills me at the threat in his tone, but deep down I know it isn’t. I’m going to pay for not believing the words he left for me. I close my eyes to try and shut everything out. I hear footsteps and I flinch as I hear them getting closer. A hand runs up the inside of my leg and I scream, in terror. The memories of Titan touching me, doing what he did, has vomit hitting the back of my throat. “Get off her,” a voice bellows.

“You took what was mine, son.” My eyes widen as I take in the ice-blue eyes that I know well, but the owner of them isn’t the person I associate with

them. He looks like an older version of Frost. “You couldn’t even keep her on a leash. So I’m going to do what I should have done a long time ago. The bed swings forward, the sudden movement has me throwing up all over the floor. “You vile little bitch.” A hand connects with my cheek with enough force to snap my head to the side and pain roars through my head.

“Get your fucking hands off of her!”

“Now, now. What makes you think I’m going to do that, boy. She is mine,” he roars, striding over to Frost. I notice he’s tied to a chair as he glares daggers at his father.

“I hate you,” he spits, gnashing his teeth together.

“That’s fine, you were never man enough to do what I really needed you too anyway,” he says with a sadistic smirk. I shudder trying my best to get my restraints off while he’s occupied.

“Now you will see what a real man does to put his woman in her place,” he sneers. Frost thrashes around in his chair, roaring his anger as his father leers at me. I’m still in the hospital gown. A scream tears from my throat as he pulls the bed backward. He eyes the contents on the floor in disgust.

“Please. Let me go,” I beg with the man in front of me. He smiles sadistically, I hear the clink of a buckle being undone. My chin trembles as the tears escape making tracks down my face.

I sob as the hospital gown is ripped from my body. “Don’t fucking touch her,” Frost bellows, yanking harder on his own restraints. A hand tugs at my right breast and I feel the bile rise in my throat.

“Such a pretty girl,” he murmurs pulling and tugging at me.

“Please don’t do this,” I say between sobs. He sneers at me, slapping me again.

“Bo?” The tone has me opening my eyes and I can see the tears on his face. “Bo, look at me,” he commands and I find myself staring at him and only him, wanting to be anywhere else at this moment. “I’m so sorry, baby.” His tone sounds defeated and my chest deflates.

“I wonder if you’re going to feel as sweet as I imagine.” I close my eyes, trying to bring the best memories of my life to mind. Anything to keep me out of reality. I begin to violently shake. A body presses in on mine and I whimper.

“Are you ready for a real man, girl?” The dam burst and I sob. “Switch off. Be anywhere but here,” Frost commands and I nod my head.

A huge crash fills the room as gunshots ring out. I can’t bring myself to

open my eyes. Sharp voices command others as chaos erupts around me. I scream as hand lands on me. “Shhh, I got you Bo-Bo.” My head snaps up as I open my eyes, to find Frost undoing the bindings on my wrists. My ankles are free touching the ground.

“Get her out of here.” My head looks to the voice, I see Knox fighting a man twice his size.

“Frost, go!” Axel screams from somewhere in the chaos.

Frost tugs on my hand taking me through a door at the back of the room. We end up in another hallway. He drags me behind him, as he runs down the hallway, then through another door at the bottom. “Frost, we can’t leave them,” I plead with him, trying to stop his momentum.

“Bo, they can handle themselves. Trust me,” he says. A shudder passes through me as a cold breeze brushes over my skin. “Shit!” He rips his T-shirt over his head passing it to me, then looks round a corner of the hallway again. I pull it over my head, thankful for the size of it as it falls to my knees, giving me some privacy from anyone we might see and the cold. “This way,” he says pulling me around the corner through another door and I’m shocked when the sun blinds me.

I raise a hand to block out the light as Frost nods to a path at the other side of the immaculately kept gardens. We keep our eyes peeled as we make our way across the grass. “Stop,” a voice booms. Frost spins so fast pushing me behind him. His father stands there glaring daggers at us with a gun aimed at us. “If you want this waist of space to live, come with me, Bo,” he commands. I tremble at the psychotic look in his eyes.

“She isn’t going anywhere with you,” Frost snarls pulling his father’s attention to him.

Something tugs at my hand and I look down to see him flicking his fingers toward the path. I hiss no under my breath, telling him I’m not going without him. He snarls in response, flicking his fingers again. The noise is getting louder as the chaos continues in the house. Frost yelps as he drops to his knees, blood seeping from a cut on his head. “Run,” he bellows diving at his father. I take off toward the path, my arms and legs pumping frantically. If I can get out of the way and hide I know one of them will find me. A boom fills the air as someone screams, I hit the ground with a thud. Pain radiates through my head as darkness creeps in pulling me into its depths.

EPILOGUE

“Today we are gathered here to remember a troubled young man, who left this world to soon.”

I shut my brain off so I can't hear the rest of the words the Vicar is saying. My body feels like ice as I try to take comfort in the warmth that surrounds me on all sides. They all have a hand on me the best way they can without it looking weird to the other people here. I still can't believe he's gone. I know we had a rough time and he was an asshole, but I would never wish for him to die... but that's what happened. He put himself between his father and me, paying the price that I should have. A sob works its way free of my throat, as the tears escape the corners of my eyes as the guilt consumes me.

“Babe, it's ok,” Knox coo's, pulling me closer to his side. I feel the weight of each of them press in on me as they try to comfort me in their own ways.

“I should have been the one lying there,” I mumble as my heart becomes heavier at the declaration.

“Listen to me,” Deacon growls behind me. “He did what he had to do to make sure you got out of there alive. I know we had our differences at the end but Frost wouldn't have forgiven himself if he had survived and you hadn't.” I know he's trying to make me feel better, but it doesn't. I hated him before the whole his father kidnapping me thing, but they don't understand what happened in the room, before the chaos started.

They didn't see the guilt on his face as he realized his father was my stalker, or how he begged me to keep my eyes on him so I wouldn't have to see whatever his father was planning on doing to me. The hopelessness I

could see when he realized he couldn't get free. That was who I imagine Kenton Frost was, what I wished he could be, so we could be together. Now he's gone. Leaving his friends and everything else behind, but the thing that hurts the worst is I never got to tell him thank you or that I forgive him for everything he did.

My body moves on its own, like I'm being pulled forward by an invisible wire. The guys grab at me as I move closer to the coffin. I pick up the one black rose, the only one amongst the white ones. I bring it to my lips and kiss the petals before watching it drop into the hole. It lands onto of the plaque with his name carved into the gold, my legs give way beneath me as I hit the ground sobbing.

Rain begins to fall as I'm kneeling on the ground, staring at the coffin as it's lowered further into the ground. The guilt I feel is all consuming. I wish my life didn't fuck up the way it did so I could have lived my life with my parents and not had to endure everything I have since coming here. Hands wrap around my stomach, pulling me into a warm body as the scent of cedar fills my nose. I snuggle myself closer to Axel as I try to take some warmth from him. "It's not your fault, majesty," he says.

A throat clears, pulling my attention. "Excuse me, Mrs. Frost?" an older gentleman says. He stands behind the others with a sheepish look on his face. "My names Ben Haines," he says with authority. I quirk a brow not having a clue who this guy is. "I'm on the board for Frost Enterprises?" he says with a lifted brow.

The guys and I all look to one another with confusion. Knox, Rafe and Deacon all have confused looks on their faces. That tells me they haven't got a clue who he is either. "Ok, Mr. Haines, what can I do for you?" I ask with a clipped tone.

"Well, you see, you own the company and we are wondering how you would like to proceed?"

Is this guy for real right about now? He comes to speak to me about the company the day of the funeral. How inconsiderate can you be? I look between the guys who all look at me with love. I look Mr. Haines in the eye as I square my shoulders. "I don't want it," I say with a snarl. His eyes widen as he looks between my men and I glare further as I see his Adams apple bob I his throat.

"But Mrs..."

"It's Ms. Walker," I correct him. "I may be married to Kenton but that

doesn't mean I want anything to do with his or his father's company. Now if you excuse us, we have a wake to attend."

AFTERWORD

Thank you to you for giving this unknown author a chance and making it to the end of Black Frost Academy. It means the world to me that you have read the words that I have written, and I can't tell you how much I appreciate your support. I know some of you may be angry at the way the epilogue ended in this but there is a method to my madness I promise.

Did you love Bo's story as much as I did? This one was a whirlwind to write with so many ups and downs. Tears, oh I can't forget the tears.

Thank you all again, if you enjoyed this and you would like to stay up to date on new releases please join my reader group on Facebook.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Tatum is a mum of two girls, while also being a writer, Netflix and coffee addict. She loves to write dark stories with both why choose and MF romances that will take you on one hell of an emotional rollercoaster. Characters that will have you blowing so hot and cold you won't know how to feel at any given time and who love to shatter your heart. Does she laugh while she puts the shards back together? Maybe just a little bit.

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