



Chapter 11 - Riko

Damn them. Damn all three of the Frost brothers. "Well, let's get back to your work class," Ms. Grant called out, clapping her hands to get the attention of our class. Blushing brightly,

I hurried to a seat, finding Cassidy had left the spot next to her open. I could tell Cassidy was bubbling over with questions as I got out my sketchbook and tried to focus on the still-life drawing, we worked on today.

"Spill," she whispered. "Can we just not?" I pleaded. "When I left you, you'd been crying in the bathroom. Now you're late to art escorted by the Princes themselves. And one of them kissed you," she pointed out.

"And I don't have enough makeup in my bag to hide that blush on your face," she added. I groaned and put my face into my hands. "Please don't remind me," I sighed, embarrassed.

This was worse than when dad tried to explain tampons when I got my first period in the pharmacy with people watching.

"Okay, well, also, just so you know, Milly is glaring at you hard and trying not so discreetly to text under her table," Cassidy informed me.

Great Milly's telling Jane and the rest of them that I violated the rule that Jane had just set forth before homeroom, not associating with the Frost brothers.

"That's just great. Just great. And I have Jane in my next class unless she doesn't have study hall on the off Gym Class days," I frowned, trying to focus on the fruit bowl.

"No clue. But I hope for your sake that she doesn't. Is one of them in your next class?" she asked, and I knew she meant the brothers.

I nodded and blushed, touching my cheek where he'd just kissed me. "

next class?" she asked, and I knew she meant the brothers.

I nodded and blushed, touching my cheek where he'd just kissed me. "The one that kissed you?" she teased, elbowing me. I rolled my eyes and tried to shoo her away.

"Elijah," I stated. "You can tell them apart? What's your secret?" she teased. "No secret. I just pay attention," I shrugged. "Like how we both should be paying attention to finishing the still life assignment," I added, trying to focus.

I pushed down the worry of what Jane and her friends will do right, along with all the new feelings the triplets stirred in me.

Thankfully Cassidy didn't push during class. "Want me to walk with you to your study hall?" Cassidy asked, casting a glance at Milly, who seemed to be lingering unnecessarily. I frowned but shrugged.

"Sure. Why not. No rules about walking to classes with a friend," I smiled and followed her out. Milly wasn't far behind us, and it was starting to annoy me. Just as I was about to say something, an arm went around my waist.

I looked up to see who it was and realized it was Elijah. "Hey, cupcake," he greeted. "Hey, Cass," he nodded to Cassidy.

"Hi Frost," she nodded. "You are relentless, Elijah," I sighed but didn't try to remove his arm. He smiled, apparently remembering their names were still a novelty that made each of them happy. 1

"It's a family trait. When a Frost sets their sights on something, they never give up," he replied. "And what, my friend here, happens to be some trophy you and your clones have decided you want?" Cassidy asked



as we stopped outside the study hall room.

Elijah arched an eyebrow. I'm guessing he's not used to anyone really questioning or pushing back against him or his brothers. "A true Summers," he chuckled.

"We don't think of people as trophies. If I wanted a trophy, I'd go win some baseball tournaments," Elijah shrugged. Now it was my turn to raise an eyebrow. "What do you mean by a 'true Summers'?" I asked, looking between them.

"Mental note Elijah is the star pitcher for the varsity team," Cassidy nodded. "And oh, he says that because one of my moms hates his parents' guts. They went to school together back in New York. Many fights," Cassidy chuckled.

"Huh. And she willingly put you and James in the same school as her arch nemesis' kids?" I teased. "We moved for my other mom's job, and it's the best school around," Cassidy shrugged. 2

"Generally, we don't interact," Elijah shrugged. "But I guess if you're going to keep hanging out with her, we'll have no choice," he sighed. "Guess you'll have to deal with it. Riko is even on my bus," Cassidy stuck her tongue out.

"You two have fun. See you later, Riko," she smiled, but it quickly soured as she turned to see Jane coming our way looking pissed. "Good luck," Cassidy added before leaving for her class.

"Come on. Let's head into class," Elijah encouraged, and I let him guide me into the room and to a desk. I could feel the anger of Jane's eyes on me the entire time.



"She isn't stupid enough to try anything while I'm here," Elijah whispered as he sat down next to me. I shivered as I felt his warm breath against my neck and smelled the fresh peppermint from his toothpaste.

"Am I too much in your personal space, cupcake?" he asked, taking out some textbooks. "Why do you ask?" I questioned back, getting out my sketch pad wanting to refine my still life sketch even if I'm not looking at the fruit bowl anymore. 1

"Because you shivered. Or are you cold?" Elijah pointed out. Damn him and paying such close attention. "Or was that the good kind of shiver?" he teased. " 1

Shut up, Elijah. Study hall is supposed to be quiet," I grumbled, sure I was blushing. "You're fucking adorable," he whispered. "Mr. Frost, please work silently and leave others alone," the teacher instructed. "

You got it, Ms. Pethel," Elijah smiled before sneaking a kiss against my neck. I nearly snapped my pencil in half when he did that. Damn him and being sneaky. That's the second time he's snuck a kiss. 2

I rolled my eyes and tried to focus on my drawing. It wasn't easy. Elijah was right next to me. Our legs kept touching, and it was doing things to me. And then there was Jane glaring daggers at me.

Such a relaxing setting, right? But somehow, I managed to make it through class and not only finished my art assignment but did a profile sketch of Elijah frowning over his trigonometry textbook.

He looked so cute with his brow furrowed and lips in that combination of frown and a thin line of concentration. I quietly chuckled as I finished the sketch.



"What are you laughing at, cupcake?" he asked, turning his head, raising an eyebrow. Was there an expression any of these triplets could make that wasn't somehow sexy?

"You," I shrugged. "Me? And what's so funny about me?" he asked, leaning closer to me using his pencil to toy with my hair that I left down today.

"I like your hair down like this, by the way. But the braid yesterday was nice too," he commented, reaching out to twirl my hair with his finger. I sighed in relief as the bell rang. 1

I hurried to gather my things. Jane was still glaring at me as I left the room. I half expected her to try and follow me, but as soon as I stepped into the hall, Forrest pulled me into his side.

"Hey, beautiful. Ready for physics?" he grinned. I sighed. "Is this going to be a thing? Are you guys going to sneak up on me between every class?" I sighed. "Do you want it to be? Admit it. You like it," he winked.

"You're insufferable," I groaned as he started to lead the way to our physics class. "Aren't we waiting for Elijah?" I furrowed my brow. "His next class is the opposite direction. Don't worry," Forrest assured. 1



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