



Chapter 14 - Elijah

I have never liked Brant Jones. Not even in kindergarten. He was a little shit back then, and he only grew into being a giant asshole. I was barely able to pay attention for the rest of the 6th period.

I kept finding myself rereading the texts for Riko. He had the guts to ask her that. To proposition her. He deserved so much more than her slapping him. I hope she left a mark.

Principal Walters better punish Brant. If he doesn't, I don't care if Brant's dad's a senator. Mine will bury them in legal battles.

I bet there are enough students, past and present, that would be willing to file against Brant for sexual harassment in his four years here at Ravenwood.

And it won't just be Brant I see facing legal action if Walters lets him have ANOTHER free pass to harass female students.

Walters and this whole school district would pay if it came to that. Yes, I know that I am only entertaining taking action because it's affecting Riko is bullshit.

The bell rang, and there were still no other texts from Riko. So rather than going to her English class or the cafe for my lunch, I went to the office.

In her mid-sixties, Mrs. Clark, a gray-haired woman, sat dutifully at her desk and looked up over her black cat-eye glasses at me. 1

Her pale green eyes were not to take that shit was a puzzle. Was she trying to figure out why I was here in general or which brother I am? "Mr. Frost? What brings you to the office today?" she asked.



"By all means, dole out whatever punishment is deemed necessary for slapping that pig for what he said to me. I know he's a senator's son, but I don't care," Riko huffed.

"But mark my words, if you don't punish him for sexually harassing me, there will be consequences for him, for you, and your supposedly prestigious school." Riko threatened.

"My father is an Air Force General, and he will put the fear of God into you and anyone that would dare make his daughter or any girl feel unsafe by letting predators like this scum walk your halls," Riko's voice carried from Walter's closed office door.

I couldn't help but smile. Maybe I should start calling Riko spitfire instead of a cupcake. "I'm here about that," I stated, nodding to Walter's door.

"I don't believe you are part of this situation. Nor do I think you getting involved will make it better," Clark shook her head.

"I'm not planning to intrude. Just waiting for my girlfriend," I shrugged, having liked how calling Riko mine felt. Granted, she's not my girlfriend, at least not officially. And she's not mine alone. She's ours.

Clark rolled her eyes. "Shouldn't you be in class?" she countered. "Lunch, not something they take attendance for," I shrugged. She sighed and pointed her wrinkled finger at a chair.

"Wait there. Quietly," she instructed. "Yes, ma'am. Thank you," I nodded and took a seat. I pulled out my phone to text my brothers. I knew they'd want to be kept up to date.

Elijah: Sitting in the office waiting for Riko



Darius: What's happening?

Forrest: She's still in there!?

Elijah: I heard her let into Walters. Saying if Brant isn't punished, her dad will be putting the, and I quote, "fear of God" into Walters and anyone else.

Darius: Good for her. Three years ago, Brant should have been dealt with when he pulled that stunt by putting hidden cameras in the girls' locker room. 1

Forrest: Fucking ass. He thinks because his dad is a senator, he's untouchable

Elijah: I swear if Walters doesn't take a stand, we sic dad and his firm on Walters, the school, and Brant himself. I bet Senator Jones doesn't want this kind of press when he's got a reelection campaign going on.

Darius: True that. Jones does like to boast about getting the women's votes.

Forrest: And having word get out that his son is an unchecked sexual predator who's about one stupid decision away from being a full-blown sex offender. 2

Elijah: So, help me if he even touches Riko

I looked up as I heard the door open to Walter's office.

Elijah: Text later Walter's door just opened.

Pocketing my phone, I stood up. Riko walked out first and blinked in surprise when she saw me. "Elijah?" she furrowed her brow. I smiled. I



love that she knows who I am so quickly.

"Hey, cupcake," I greeted, adjusting my bag on my shoulder. My eyes narrowed as I looked past her at Brant then at Walters. Both were surprised to see me. Brant snorted.

"Of course, one of you pricks is here," Brant snorted. "Mr. Jones, that will be enough," Walters scolded. "Mr. Frost, what do I owe the... pleasure?" Walters asked his attention, turning to me.

"Just waiting for my girlfriend," I shrugged. Riko blinked at me and looked unsure of what to say to that title. "Girlfriend?" Walters repeated, not sure he bought that. "She is a girl. She is my friend. Argo, girlfriend," I shrugged. 1

"And why are you here waiting for her?" Walters asked. "Because this school is unsafe to walk around in alone," I countered.

Riko sighed, taking my hand, and damn did it feel nice to have her initiate the contact. "Let's go, Elijah. I'm already late for trig," she sighed.

I nodded and tightened my hold on her hand. I gave a final glare at Brant before opening the office door leaving with her.

"You didn't need to come down here, you know. And what's with calling me your girlfriend?" Riko questioned as we walked down the empty hall.

"Yes, I did. Brant is trash. And as for calling you, my girlfriend..." I shrugged. "I liked how it tasted and sounded," I smiled.

"So, what ended up happening? I heard you raise your voice in there and the threat of the general putting fear of God into people," I teased, nudging her gently.



She rolled her eyes, blushing. "I shouldn't have raised my voice like that to the principal. It is so not like me to behave that way with an authority figure," she frowned.

"Just because someone's in a position of authority doesn't mean they don't at times need to be knocked down a peg or two and realize they are not infallible," I shrugged.

"So, what happened?" I repeated. "Well, I have detention tonight. Dad will not be thrilled," she pouted.

"Look at you being such a bad girl getting detention," I teased. "I'm sure your dad will understand. I mean, from what you said in there, he ought to be proud he raised his girl not to take that shit," I smiled.

"Hopefully. He won't like having to come to get me after detention," she sighed. "We could drive you home," I offered.

"First, that's what got me into this rumor mill. Second what part of staying for detention didn't reach your ears?" she rolled her eyes.

"Okay, so point on the first part. And we are truly sorry for that. We know staying away from you would maybe slow the rumors, but it could also, at this point, start new ones. Either way, damned if we do, damned if we don't. And we liked you way too much to stay away," I smiled, squeezing her hand.

"As for the second point, we're staying late anyways. Forrest has basketball practice," I explained.

"Well, I think my dad would prefer to pick me up. I doubt he'll be a fan of you guys when he realizes the classmates that drove me home yesterday are all three boys," she frowned.

"This is my class," she nodded to the door. Dammit, we reached her class too fast. "Okay. Well, just tell me one more thing. What did Walters decide to do about Brant? Because if he did nothing...." I growled at the thought of Brant just getting away with this behavior.

"He took my warning to heart. Brant is suspended for a week. His dad was called to collect him," she sighed. "Good. I'm glad he's finally getting in real trouble," I nodded. It's about damn time.

"Now go to your class. And I guess you can tell your brothers what happened," she nodded. "And thank you for walking me to class," she added, leaning up and giving me a quick kiss on the cheek before she ducked into class.

I smiled and touched my cheek. Well damn. I'm the first one she's kissed. I'll try not to hold that over my brothers...too much.



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