



Chapter 15 - Darius

I found myself rereading the text from Elijah. Riko had detention for slapping the little shit, and Brant was suspended as this was just another in a long line of sexual harassment misconduct. 1

I didn't like she had detention for it, but at least Brant was getting what he deserved. But he deserves much worse. 3

I felt terrible about the damn rumors going around about her. It was our fault. If we'd not all pursued her, if we'd just ignored the attraction to her, she'd not be in this mess. But we can't change the past.

Just must keep moving forward. And there is no going back. I don't think any of us could go back even if it's only been two days. I know we all like the way we feel when with her, too much to walk away.

We grew up on stories about our parents falling in love. About how they'd been friends, they never initially saw each other as a possibility.

Yet in high school, dad started to see mom in a new light, she's older than him, and he had to work to get her to see him as more.

And once she did it, all clicked into place. They had a friendship, and then they had love. We grew up seeing my parents support each other through everything. It's what we all want.

Granted, we all always figured it would be with different women. But that's what we want. We want someone that will support us and that we can support.

And I think we all have this same gut feeling that Riko is that someone. I anxiously watched the clock counting down for the bell.

Finally, the bell sounds, and I'm the first one out of the room as I quickly move through the hall to reach Riko's trig class.



I'm scanning the people leaving till I spot her and make my way to her. "Hey, sweetheart," I called out. Her eyes find me, and a smile toys at her lips. "Hi Darius," she greets as I get my arm around her.

It feels good having Riko close to me like this. "Ready for lunch?" I asked. "Um yes," she answered, not quite making eye contact. I raised an eyebrow as we started walking. "What?" I question.

"I brought my lunch again," she said, taking her bento box out of her bag. "Okay. And?" I said, still confused why she seemed bashful.

"I made more than I should cause well. I was thinking about you when I was making it," she admitted, and I laughed.

"Awe, sweetheart," I teased and kissed her temple. "That's so cute. You made extra just for me. Feeling the love," I winked.

She rolled her eyes at me as we entered the cafeteria. "Let's grab a table," I said, guiding her to an empty table pulling out a chair for her.

I noticed her glancing around and how people were watching us. "Ignore them, sweetheart," I whispered, taking the seat next to her, bringing the chair closer to her. "Easy for you to say," she sighed.

"Yes. I'm used to being looked at. And I'm sorry that being associated with us puts you in this situation," I shrugged, putting an arm across the back of Riko's chair.

"I know. You've all apologized in some way. However, I don't know how sorry you are. I'm not the one that sought you guys out," she sighed, getting her lunch out. And shit, she made more than she'd eat, and it all looked good.

"Let's just eat what you made us and try to enjoy each other's company," I suggested picking up a piece of sushi and offering it to her.

"Today, I feed you," I smirked. She blushed softly but did open her

mouth, letting me place the sushi in her mouth. "So, fucking sexy," I groaned as her tongue licked my fingertips.

She blushed, shaking her head. "Stop that. People are staring, and honestly, I don't like this much attention. I'm not used to it," she sighed. "I know. Few are used to people watching them," I nodded.

"No. I mean that too. But I mean the attention you and your brothers keep giving me," she bashfully confessed, stuffing half a croquette into her mouth.

I furrowed my brow. Maybe I didn't fully get it, but I would try. "Well, I doubt many are. The attention of three guys, let alone identical triplets," I shrugged, leaning on and eating the other half of the croquette from her hand.

"Darius..." she scolded, narrowing her eyes. "What? You're a good cook," I said, licking some of the remnants from my lips. I couldn't help but smirk as her brown eyes darkened as she watched my tongue. "Elijah would love to get you in a kitchen with him. Forrest and I are useless as sous chefs," he smiled.

She sighed. "I had to learn to cook. Dad works odd hours, and well, it fell to me," she shrugged. I cocked my head. I could only infer her mom wasn't in the picture. But it's that from a divorce or something worse.

"Anyways... I don't want to talk about why I learned to cook," she dismissed. Noted. Her mother is a touchy subject.

I'll inform my brothers, so no one says anything. "Okay. Then what would you like to talk about, sweetheart?" I asked, accepting the subject change.

"Alright. So how about you explain why? Why are you three behaving this way? Treating me the way you do? You don't know me," she frowned, biting into a rice ball.



"We want to. We want to know everything about you, Riko. As for why. I'm not sure I can place it. When I saw you in history, Forrest had texted about a cute new girl that had run into him on Jane duty. And he was right. I won't say I have the same attraction to Japanese girls as Forrest does." I shrugged.

"But you... your eyes caught my attention. I've always been a sucker for brown eyes. And depending on your mood, the shade of them changes," I explained, rubbing her shoulder.

"So, Forrest has a fetish for Asian girls, you like brown eyes girls... though Jane doesn't have brown eyes," she sighed but relaxed into my touch.

"Jane was the biggest mistake I've ever made," I shrugged. "What about Elijah? Why is he in this?" she asked.

"Because while we generally have different taste in women, on you, we all agree. Mostly I think he liked your legs in the Gym shorts. But the fact you were getting bullied by Jane, the protective nature of his kicked into high gear," I explained.

"I just. But isn't that weird? I mean, it isn't normal. Especially since none of you seem to get jealous," she sighed. "Maybe it's weird. But we have shared everything since the womb," I shrugged. "So... you've done this before?" she said, choking on her drink.

I laughed, stopping from shoving a rice ball into my mouth. "No, we've never shared a girl. Our mutual interest in you is new for us. But none of us are backing down." I explained.

"Not unless you say you either have a preference or want none of us," I assured her before biting into the rice ball. "Mmm, pickled plum," I groaned at the taste.

