

Broken | 17: Traitor

I watch my phone, waiting for the three little bubbles to appear, but they don't. Instead, he's calling me.

"Hey." My voice breaks as I answer the call.

"Are you okay?" he whispers.

"I'm fine," I lie, wiping my nose on my hand.

"Where are you?" he asks.

"Home," I whisper as more tears fall down my face.

"Everything's going to be okay, princess," Mason soothes.

"Has anyone at your school found out?" I sniffle, hoping they haven't.

"Not yet. But I'll deal with it," he tells me. "I'll talk to coach and see if I can leave," he adds quickly.

"You don't need to," I reassure him.

"I do. But if I can't, I'll come around before the game, okay?" he says, sounding stressed.

"It's fine. I'll see you after the game," I say.

"You're still coming?" he asks, sounding surprised.

"Of course," I state confidently, even though I feel everything but.

"I'll see you soon, princess," Mason says before hanging up.

I let myself cry some more before getting into my pajamas and curling up on the sofa and putting on *The Notebook*.

Not even ten minutes into the movie, there's a banging on my front door.

I mutter under my breath as I wrap the blanket around my shoulders and peek through the window, surprised to see Brittany standing at my door in her cheer uniform, clutching a grocery bag.

I slowly open the door, wondering why the hell she's here. "You look terrible," she states, walking straight past me.

"Um, why are you here?" I question, following her to see she's made herself at home on the sofa as she digs through the grocery bag.

"Do you know Liam lives like five houses down?" she asks, not answering my question, pulling out two pints of Ben and Jerry's.

"No, I didn't," I answer slowly.

"I'll grab some spoons," she says, jumping to her feet and going into my kitchen.

"Come sit down," Brittany says, flopping back down onto the sofa and patting the spot next to her.

"What are you doing?" I ask cautiously as I sit back down.

"Moral support." She shrugs, handing me a tub.

"How bad was it?" she asks quietly as she changes the movie to a comedy.

"They were just calling me a traitor, bitch, slut, whore." I sigh.

"And Harry yelled at me," I add, pursing my lips.

"You hadn't told him?"

"I was going to after football season." I shake my head.

"Won't you get into trouble for missing school?" I question, remembering it's game day and the footballers and cheerleaders are meant to be at school all day.

"My mom's the coach." She smirks.

We eat our ice cream together watching the movie until I decide to ask why she's here.

"No offense, but why are you here?" I ask, placing my empty tub onto the coffee table.

"Me and Mason are in the same Chem class, so I was there when you texted him, then he took off to call you, and being the nosey bitch I am I followed him."

She places her garbage by mine and folds her legs underneath her.

I pass over some of my blanket, realizing she's probably freezing.

Brittany gives me a grateful smile and pulls the blanket up to her chin.

"I followed him to Coach George's office, where Mason told him he was leaving but would be back for the game.

"George said if he left he'd bench him, and Mason said he didn't care, then they both started yelling at each other, so I offered to come here. Because, ya know, I kinda think you're awesome."

She says all this without taking a breath.

"I went and told Mom, and she was mad at me for not just leaving and calling her," she adds with a giggle.

"Thank you," I whisper, giving her a genuine smile.

"No problem." She smiles, reaching for the grocery bag again and pulling out a large bag of chips.

"I hope no one is mean to him," I whisper, wondering if Greendale has found out yet and hoping Mason is okay.

"No one will say anything," Brittany shakes her head. "Well, not to his face. Or in front of any of the boys," she adds, pursing her lips.

I reach for my phone to see if Mason has texted and see I have fifty texts, all except two from unsaved numbers: Leah and Ava.

I scroll through, not paying too much attention, but most of them are calling me a dirty traitor.

Leah

Always knew you were a whore xoxo

I roll my eyes at her text and move on to Ava's messages.

Ava

Seriously Lily??