

Broken | 25: McDonald's

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LILY

My whole body instantly melts at the feel of his lips against mine.

Just as I grab the back of his hair and try to deepen our kiss, a clearing throat makes him pull back, making me whimper then pout.

"I just spoke to Mom. She said she'd come up tomorrow." Dad's voice fills the room, making me blush, but Mason just sits back in his seat as if nothing happened.

"She doesn't have to," I grunt, not wanting to see her after she yelled at me.

"She does." Dad's voice comes out low, surprising me.

The three of us stay in my room.

Dad mainly carries the conversation, constantly asking how I feel and that he is sorry he wasn't here quickly enough, and me complaining I want McDonald's.

"You have to wait for the doctor before you can eat," Dad tells me for the third time, making me roll my eyes and Mason smirk.

"But I'm starving," I groan just as the door opens and the doctor walks in, followed closely by Brittany, who has the biggest smile on her face.

"I heard you were hungry." The doctor chuckles, and I nod enthusiastically.

"You can eat, but if you start to feel nauseous, stop, okay?" she says, making me nod again.

"Good." She nods before squeezing Mason's shoulder and smiling at Brittany before she leaves.

"I can't believe you're finally awake!" Brittany squeals and wastes no time in gently hugging me.

"I can't believe I was out for so long," I complain, throwing my head back slowly.

"I got you a McChicken, fries, and I kinda drank the Coke on the way here, but I stopped at the vending machine and grabbed a bottle," Brittany babbles.

She takes off her school bag and pulls out a McDonald's bag, which I'm all but ready to pounce on.

"And I got you the same," she says pointedly to Mason as she hands the bag over to me, and he rolls his eyes.

"I already ate breakfast," he grunts as I start stuffing my face.

"Did he?" she asks, turning to my dad, who nods.

"Well, too bad it's lunchtime," she sasses and takes the bag off me and passes Mason some food.

He just rolls his eyes again but starts eating.

"So Liam tried to leave with me, but the idiot got caught by Mrs. Southee and got lunch—and—after-school detention," Brittany states as she sits at the foot of my bed.

"And Jonah said that Harry is going to come after school because he's also an idiot who also gets caught trying to ditch and text in class." She rolls her eyes.

"You spoke to Jonah?" I ask, surprised.

"Yup. I've been the messenger." She giggles.

"If I ask for girl time, are you going to tell me to fuck off?" she asks, fluttering her eyelashes slightly at Mason.

"Yes." He agrees immediately.

"Knew it." She sighs before winking at me.

"You look so much better," she states, her eyes wandering over me.

"I feel better now that I've eaten." I smile, patting my belly.

“How’d you know I wanted McDonald’s?” I question.

“Mason got your dad to text me, so I got what he said then found Sarah and begged her to let me feed you.” She shrugs casually.

“I’m going to let you kids catch up. I’ll come back before dinner,” Dad states before I can answer Brittany, and before he kisses my forehead gently, making me flinch slightly.

The three of us—well, mainly Brittany—talk, with Mason and me answering every now and then, for God knows how long.

I just know that school must’ve finished because a timid-looking Harry and Jonah walk in, stopping Brittany mid-sentence.

“Hello.” Jonah smiles, keeping his eyes on me as Harry stands awkwardly at the end of the bed beside Brittany.

“Hi,” Harry whispers so quietly I almost didn’t hear.

“Hey,” I greet back nervously.

“Well, you two have a lot to catch up on. Mason, come buy me coffee,” Brittany says, slapping her thighs and jumping to her feet.

“Mason,” I whisper, snapping my head to him.

I don’t want him to leave.

What if Harry yells at me again?

“I’ll get you a coffee,” Jonah offers, jumping to his feet and sharing a look with Mason.

“You two should talk,” Mason states, clearing his throat and getting to his feet.

“Please don’t leave me,” I beg, wanting to cry.

He can’t leave me.

“You should stay,” Harry agrees, making Mason sit down again.

“I’ll get you a coffee,” Brittany says and blows a kiss as she and Jonah leave.

"It's good to see you awake," Harry comments as he moves to sit in the seat my dad and Jonah had been sitting in.

"I'm really sorry, Lily." He sighs when I don't say anything.

"I shouldn't have said what I did. It's just, I don't know. I was hurt you kept such a big secret from me," he states, looking down at his hands, not even at me.

"After Mason and Liam left, Jonah came onto the field and almost hit me," Harry mumbles, making Mason chuckle slightly.

"He made me realize that I was so happy you were happy with him until I found out it was Mason, and this stupid feud shouldn't change that," he explains, looking at me this time.

"Then he dropped that you were in the hospital and I rushed here," he adds sadly, moving his eyes away from me to Mason.

"And since I've been forced to spend time with him, Cooper isn't that bad." He smirks, and Mason snorts.

"Anyway, I know it's a lot, but I truly am sorry and hope we can go back to how we were...but if you don't want to, I understand."

"I need some time to think," I reply, furrowing my brow.

This is all so much to take in.

"I get it." He smiles sadly.

"Jonah also told him he was stupid for not figuring it out earlier," Mason pipes up, amused.

"Shut up," Harry grumbles, making me look between them.

"Jonah said I was fucking blind not to put two and two together. Like the whole *M* thing, then the volleyball game, and that party," Harry huffs.

"He knew," I gasp, only half-surprised.

"Apparently."

