

## **Betrayed By Everyone, Loved By Four**

### **Read Betrayed By Everyone Loved by Four Chapter 1**

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Millie's P.O.V.

New year, new me. That's the moto I am trying to stick with as I stare at myself in the mirror. It's early in the morning, about 6 a.m. and I am ready for school. I'm dressed in regular jean shorts and a plain baby pink T-shirt. It brings out the tan of my skin and I love it. I haven't worn bright colors in a long time, this year will be different though. I am getting back to my normal self. My long dirty blonde hair is pulled back into two french briads, something I learned how to do over the boring summer. I say boring because it's boring as hell when you have no friends and had to work all summer. I applied light makeup, a bit of highlighter to my cheek bones, mascara, and a little bit of lip gloss.

I did a few poses in the mirror trying to hype myself up. Let's face it, I look good. Grabbing my backpack I booked it down the stairs. My dad and little brother are sitting at the table having breakfast. Dad is reading from the newspaper and drinking his coffee. I look just like my dad, same dirty blonde hair and light green eyes. My annoying little brother looks like a perfect mix of our parents with his dark chesnut colored hair and the same green eyes.

"Good morning honey." Mom sings from the counter in the kitchen.

"Good morning Momma." I said to her as I slid into a chair at the bar top.

Mom slides a plate of bacon and eggs to me and I smiled brightly at her. My mom is so sweet. Always taking care of us. Her dark brown hair is tied up in a messy bun on the top of her head. She's still in her pajama's since she doesn't work. Dad makes enough to support us all, being a project engineer.

"You excited for your first day of school?" She asked me, her warm brown eyes shining with her smile.

I gulped. Mom had no idea about what happened last year. All she knew was that James and I broke up. I had to tell her something about why I was depressed. Thankfully she didn't press me about it. Mom just told me that she would always be here if I needed to talk. Honestly, I wish I could of. I was too embarrassed to tell anyone. Besides, I made it through just fine on my

own.

"Sure am. I have all AP classes this year and I get to work on college applications." I told her.

Mom rolled her eyes at me. "Always so much work and no play, just like your father." She teased.

"That's not a bad thing dear." Dad said without taking his eyes off of the paper.

My mom was the advocate for 'kids should be kids'. She believes I should be sneaking out, breaking curfew, drinking, all that. Even before I became a social pariah I wasn't into all of that. I liked hanging out with my friends, don't get me wrong, but I was also focused on school. Getting into a good college was a big deal for me, I want to be a marine biologist. My parents can afford to pay for my college so luckily I don't have to deal with a scholarship, but I do have to worry about getting in. I'd also like to stay close to home. Despite what happened to me over last year, I still wanted to remain close to my family.

"I think we should be asking if Caleb is excited." I said as I turned in my chair to look at my little brother, who rolled his eyes.

"It's my second year, nothing to be excited about." He grumbled.

"But this is the year that you are finally on varsity for the football team. You've been practicing all summer." I said with a pout.

Caleb rolled his eyes and turned to look at me.

"I am going to be the best player on the varsity team." He said with complete arrogance.

I narrowed my eyes and smiled. "Atta boy." I said proudly.

Caleb chuckled and shook his head. Just then there was a loud honk of a car horn outside. My little brother jumped to his feet and grabbed his bag.

"That's my ride. See ya later." He said as he exited the room.

"Why don't you take your sister to school too?" Dad called after him.

"You want to come with us Mil?" Caleb asked.

He knew I was going to say no. Caleb has actually been a safe haven for me through all of this. He's the only one who doesn't care about the bullying. I mean, he gets like, really mad but he doesn't care about being seen with me. His friends do, and I know that, so I always decline. Caleb never really cares about anything other than football. He is the only one in the school and this house that knows the truth. Caleb was furious and he had gotten into a few fights last year over me. It's a good thing he was a big 14 year

old, even bigger now. He was always protecting me and I appreciated it. I very much appreciated that he never let me eat lunch alone too.

"No, I'm good. I enjoy walking." I said with a smile. "Thanks though."

Caleb nodded. "Kay, I'll see you at lunch then?" He asked.

"Yup." I said as I turned around and shoved a piece of bacon in my mouth.

After I was done eating breakfast, I tried to help my mom with the dishes but she refused. I kissed my dad on the top of his head and hugged my mom before walking out of the door. Slipping my airpods into my ears, I flipped through my music until I found something that I liked. There is a bit of a pep in my step. Today is going to be a good day. Everyone has totally forgotten about me and about last year. Right?

I should probably explain what happened to me last year. It wasn't anything super big but it was for me. My whole life flipped upside down. It was life changing for me.

Vanessa had been my best friend since we were in kindergarten. We were as thick as thieves. Vanessa and I spent every day together. As we got older our interests changed a bit. We still made time for each other every day though. Between my extra studying and Vanessa's cheerleading, we made it work. We had movie nights and ate lunch together every day despite her new friends clear disdain for me. Then at the beginning of our sophomore year Vanessa made me go to a party with her. It was my very first party and Vanessa had dressed me and done my makeup. I have to admit that I had never looked better.

When we got to the party, Vanessa had ditched me almost immediately to hook up with her latest fling. I had wandered to a secluded area with a cup of water that I was pretending was alcohol. That was when I met James. He had wandered out to get away from the loud noise too. We ended up spending several hours just talking and laughing. Next thing I know, we were searching the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

dating.

James was picking me up every morning in his fancy car, he would walk me to class, hold my hand. It was so nice. I went to all of his football and basketball games. We went on dates, all of it. The whole nine yards. It was very sweet honestly. I used to think that he was my prince

charming.

Until the beginning of last year came around. Within the first month my whole world came crashing down. After attending a party, that I did not want to go to, with James, I lost my virginity. James had taken me to a room upstairs and finally after a year of

dating I let him have my virginity. Something I still regret. It took him only moments to break up with me. Like literally, I was still naked in the bed when he dressed and told me it was over. He finally got what he wanted and no longer needed me. At least that's what he said.

At the time I cried about it a lot. I ran out of the house and all the way home. For a few weeks after that Vanessa had comforted me. Then, one day I had come into school and the air had completely changed. People were looking at me and whispering about me but I had no idea what they were saying. When I had arrived to my locker Vanessa was there waiting for me with three other cheerleaders.

She had made a huge scene for the whole school. Vanessa had admitted to me that she had been sleeping with James for almost the entirety of our relationship. She told everybody how I had stolen him from her in the first place and that he had wanted to break up with me for months but that I made it impossible. Apparently, he had broken up with me several times and every time I had begged him to stay and he gave in. It was wild for me to hear, considering it

was all lies.

Vanessa also told me that our friendship was a complete lie. She said that she just felt bad for me and I was a charity case for her. Then I had stolen her man and she only stayed my friend to get revenge on me. My world had turned upside down. I was so confused about everything. Honestly, Vanessa pretending to be my friend hurt worse than my breakup.

After that the whole school turned against me. Not that I was a big deal anyways. In fact, I was only ever really noticed after this little incident. Then it was a whole shit show. Every day someone wrote on my locker the word 'slut' or 'whore' or whatever else they could come up with. Girls would push me into lockers, tease me, throw trash on me, I even got into a couple fights. I also found out that James had told everyone that we did have sex. Rumors were flying around and if the girls here weren't picking on me, then the guys were making comments about me. Sleeping with that sleaze ball was the worst thing I had ever done. Next time I sleep with someone it'll be someone I know can keep their mouth shut.

By the end of the year last year I was wearing nothing but black and hoodies. Anything to hide

myself. You would think that over the course of months the bullying would die down but it never did. The amount of people who bullied me was the only thing that changed. Most of the school had moved on from 'my' little stunt. But, the cheerleaders and the rest of the popular

crew never stopped.

## Betrayed By Everyone Loved by Four Chapter 2

Honestly, the whole thing is just silly. I didn't do anything in the first place. I was betrayed by my best friend and my boyfriend, the two people I thought loved me more than anyone, aside from family of course. Yet, this was my life. Vanessa and James had started that didn't stop everyone. It wasn't until Caleb started to eat with me that I would be left alone.

dating, they flaunted their relationship everywhere and to everyone. Annoying I know. If I was ever caught in the cafeteria I was bullied, had food thrown on me or at me, or my lunch stolen. Eventually I had moved outside under a tree to be by myself. Unfortunately,

Everyone else was too afraid to be my friend. I think that they were afraid to get bullied along with me. How could I blame them? Caleb started to pick up on the change in the school even though we were two grades apart. After one particularly bad day, he cornered me at home and made me tell him everything. Caleb got into a lot of fights with the other guys after that. It came to a point where I had to have a talk with him before he got expelled. Thankfully my little brother settled for spending lunch with me. I stopped telling him the details of my bullying and by the end of the year things were good. Well, good enough I guess. Caleb was no longer getting into fights, and most days I could avoid the populars.

This year will be different though. I hadn't heard a thing from anyone all summer long. Even working at the only movie theater in town I managed to avoid them all. When one of my bullies would see me they would settle for an eye roll and a snarky comment. I could deal with those. At least they weren't cornering me anymore. So, they must have forgotten about it then right?

My walk to school wasn't bad at all. I was feeling pretty good acutally. Even when the dull school came into view I was feeling confident. This year I would just stay focused on school. No one even cares about what happened last year. I mean, why would they? Surely they were over it now.

I walked through the doors of the school with my schedule in hand. My locker is number 367, and close to all my classes but one. I kept my head down as I rushed to my locker. So far so good. Nobody has even noticed me. Just how I want it to be.

I'm putting my things in my locker when two girls start walking towards me. My body froze. Then the one opened up the locker two down from mine. I breathed a sigh of relief. They aren't part of the popular crowd that hates me with a burning passion, but I do remember the two of them making comments to me. Pretty sure the blonde one tripped me one time.

"Did you hear?" The blonde says to her friend.

"Hear what?" Her friend asked.

"James and Vanessa broke up." The blonde squealed. "Like forreal this time. Not like all the other bullshit times." She said.

Her friend rolled her eyes and picked at her nails. "Sure they did." She said sarcastically.

The blonde huffed. "They really did. Like a month into summer vacation." She whined out.

"Do you think it has anything to do with that ex of his?" Her friend asked and I froze again. "Ya know, that one that used to be friends with Vanessa?"

"Oh please." The blonde said with an eye roll. "You heard about how desperate that girl was for James. And he could have anyone, he would never go back to her. First of all, she's plain, and a total goth. Don't you remember how she started dressing at the end of the year?" The blonde asked and then visibly shuttered. Okay rude. I wasn't dressed that badly. "No, he is moving on to better things a.k.a me." She said proudly.

"Oh okay." Her friend snorted. "Like James Melrose would be interested in a nobody like you." Ouch. What a friend.

The blonde slammed her locker shut and turned to her friend. "Jealousy is a very ugly color on you Harp." The blonde stated before stomping away.

Unfortunately, because the blonde left I was caught looking. Her friend 'Harp' and I connected eyes. My face flushed as the girl stared at me with amusement. Her brown eyes trailed down my outfit and back to my eyes.

"Glad to see you aren't a goth anymore." She said with a smile.

"Thanks." I mumbled as she walked away.

As weird as that was, I'm taking this as a win. Only one person noticed me so far and she wasn't even mean. This year is going to be totally normal. Just me and the library most of the time. I have a college essay to write and AP classes to keep up on.

I gathered up some supplies and headed to my first class, AP English. The teacher is here sitting behind his desk. I walked to the furthest seat from the door in the first row and sat down. Class starts in ten minutes but I didn't mind being early. It gives me time to work on what my essay will be about.

Shortly after I started to write out topics to choose from, the classroom started to fill. I was hoping that because all of my classes are AP that none of the popular kids would be here. So I frowned when Milinda, Vanessa's BFF walked in. We connected eyes and she glared at me before taking her seat in the back corner, far from me.

Oh no, I hope that's all I get from her. I could do dirty looks and snarky comments. What I don't want, is to be bullied so bad I go back into hiding. I don't want to hide anymore. I don't want to get beat up or trash thrown on me. I just want to be left alone. It's slightly amazing how cruel teenage girls could be.

The class went by pretty okay. We didn't do much since it was the first day though. The teacher gave us a reading list and I was proud to see that I had already read most of the books. There were only five on the list of 25 that I haven't read. During my free hour I would have to go to the library to get them.

When the class was over I stayed back to talk with the teacher. Mr. Douglas is a nice guy and I asked him if he would mind reading over my essay when I finish before I turn it in. He was all smiles when he agreed. I get the feeling that most students here aren't as concerned with school as I am. Whatever, I'm just glad he agreed.

After talking with Mr. Douglas I rushed to my next class which is AP Biology. My favorite class, the one I am looking forward to the most. The teacher Mrs. Gibbson, is a really nice lady in her mid 40s. She beamed at me as I entered the class. "Good morning Millie, I was looking forward to seeing you today." She greeted me.

"Good morning Mrs. Gibbson." I greeted back with my own bright smile.

Mrs. Gibbson found out that I wanted to be a marine biologist last year and took me under her wing. I would come in after school and she would teach me all sorts of things. She told me what colleges had the best programs for the profession I wanted. Mrs. Gibbson even offered to write me a letter of recommendation and said she would put in a good word for me at the college she and her husband attended. Her husband is a zoologist too.

I walked to the furthest seat from the door in the front and opened my notebook. For the next few minutes I doodled more notes for my essay and then the bell rang. When I looked up from my notebook I saw that the class was full. Two seats to every desk, but mine. I was alone. Mrs. Gibbson's eyes looked to my desk. Something resembling pity flickered in her eyes before she shook it off.

Even though I never told Mrs. Gibbson about what happened I think she knew. I mean, any teacher with ears probably knew. She never asked me about it though so I never told her. We were always preoccupied with better conversations, and that was fine by me. Although, there were times that she told me things always get better and to keep my head up.

The class went by fast and I was disappointed when the bell rang. Mrs. Gibbson waved a goodbye to me as I walked out the door. My next class is AP calculus, the class I am most nervous about. I was never bad at math but it was not my favorite subject. This class I played it the same I had my first two. Front far corner seat, notebook out ignoring everybody, and I kept my head down. It was harder to pay attention in this class and I was already thinking I might need a switch classes, or maybe a tutor.

The rest of the school day went the same. When the lunch bell rang I found my little brother waiting by my locker. I ran up to him with a smile on face.

"Wait, how did you know this was my locker?" I asked when I got to him.

Caleb gave me a look that told me I wasn't going to like what he was going to say.

"I have the janitor coming to clean it off. The principal said he would have it gone by the time lunch is over." Caleb told me.

I groaned. "Move." I ordered.

"Why don't you just take your stuff to lunch with us. I can carry it if you want." He suggested instead.

I stomped my foot like a child and glared at my over protective little brother. He towers over my small 5'3 frame, which is completely unfair, he's my little brother. Caleb crossed his arms like he was prepared to argue with me. Sucks for him because so am I. After seeing that I wasn't backing down, Caleb sighed heavily and moved to the side.

A small gasp left my lips as I took in the white writing across the navy blue locker. It reads 'Fat Pig'. Tears filled my eyes. It's only the first day. No one even said anything to me. Shaking my head, I blinked the tears back before they could fall. Then I opened my locker, shoved my belongings inside, and turned to my brother with a smile.

"Ready for lunch?" I asked and then started walking away before he could answer.

"It's okay if you want to skip and go to the library or something." Caleb offered.

We used to do that when things would get too hard. I would run away and my little brother would come with me. But this year is different. I'm done running away and I am done letting these people bully me into silence.

"Nope, that's totally not going to happen." I said.

I could see Caleb smile out of the corner of my eye.

"This really is a new year new you huh?" He teased as he bumped me with his shoulder. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

That's right. New year. New me. I can't wait.

The rest of the day went by smoothly. I'm honestly surprised. I thought for sure after seeing my locker that comments would be made. Yet, it seemed like no one even knew about it. I wonder if that has something to do with Caleb. Did he find out before anyone could see it? And it was gone by the time we got back from lunch. Whatever. I was thankful for it no matter how it happened.

My AP classes were smooth as well but it is only the first day. The only one I had to worry about so far was calculus. I'd give it some time before transferring out of it though. I can do this. All AP classes for me looks good on a college application. I would not give up easily.

My second to last hour is a chosen class. Most people pick choir or band, but this school offers an extra course that allows you to help your under classman. You can only take it if you are a junior or senior though. I was in it last year but no one wanted me to help them. It ended up being a silent hour for me to catch up on my studies. I was a little sad about it but oh well. This year I was determined to be different and it was already working out for me. I spent the whole class preparing a few freshman girls what to expect for their science class. They thanked me when the bell rang and I told them I would be here for them anytime they needed.

The last hour of school is a silent hour. At least for me. That means I had the whole hour to do what I want. Most seniors have an hour like this but none of them except a select few have it as their last hour. Probably because they would just leave and not use it how it is meant to be used. Oh well not me. I went straight to the library and opened my notebook.

When the last bell rang I stayed in the library for a while working on my essay. At about 4:30 I decided that was enough for one day. When I reached my locker there were no more words. The halls were quiet as I slipped my books into the locker and grabbed my backpack. Sticking my airpods into my ears I smiled. Today was definitely a good start to a new year. Nothing was going to be thrown at me that I couldn't handle.

*Follow this page*

## **Betrayed By Everyone Loved by Four Chapter 3**

The next two weeks went by totally smooth. Just like I planned. There was only one more incident with my locker. This time someone wrote 'Happy Birthday Fat Whore', on

my birthday, which is today. It's Friday and my locker was the first thing I saw this morning. I rolled my eyes when I saw it and pulled out a white eraser sharpie I had bought. I wrote 'Thanks A Ton!' back and then did not report it. What was the point?

Honestly, I was feeling good. Words are words. It was the actions and words from the two people I loved that hurt the most. Since I didn't love them anymore I was feeling less affected. And I have no idea who is even leaving these little love notes for me. After I grabbed my stuff I headed to my first class and took the same seat I had since the first day.

Mr. Douglas was sitting behind his desk staring down at some papers in front of him. He has grown to be one of my favorite teachers. Mr. Douglas even gave me some topics to choose from for my essay. He told me to take my time since I have a few months until it's due. Something about kids being too impatient and things never come out good when you rush.

"Good morning Mr. Douglas." I said cheerfully.

"Good morning Millie and happy birthday." He told me.

I beamed at him. "Thanks."

"Teachers pet." Mumbled a female voice.

Why is she so early to class?

Mr. Douglas frowned but I gave him a reassuring smile. Thankfully, he let it go and I took my seat. Mr. Douglas said that he had to grab something from the teachers lounge and would be right back. That was when Milinda decided to change her normal seat and sit next to me.

"Heard it was your birthday today whore." She said and I ignored her. "Oof, should I have said fat whore?" She asked with a giggle.

I turned my head to her. Milinda's platinum blonde hair is pulled back into a high ponytail that hung straight down her back. Black winged eyeliner adorned her blue eyes. She's in her cheerleading uniform since there is a game tonight.

"Was that you that left me that lovely message on my locker?" I asked her sweetly.

Milinda seemed taken aback for a moment. After all, I never gave them sass back before. I would always cry or run away. This year I would not be so weak. They want a fight, a fight they'll get.

"Lovely huh? Being called fat isn't what I would call lovely." She said.

I only shrugged at her and turned back to my notebook.

"So, not sure if you heard but James and I are dating now." She told me.

"Congratulations." I mumbled without looking at her.

"Thanks. I just wanted to let you know so there were no hard feelings between us." She said sounding bored.

I snorted as I continued to write. "Believe me, there are hard feelings between us Milinda." Then I looked up to meet her blue eyes. "But it has nothing to do with James. I hope you guys are happy together, truly." Then I sat back in my chair. "Although, it does make me question what kind of friend you are." I said as I scrutinized her with my gaze.

Milinda's face turned into a sneer. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?" She asked.

I shrugged. "I doubt that Vanessa is pleased with your new boyfriend." I stated.

Milinda rolled her eyes. "Because you didn't do that same thing." She accused. I didn't but okay.

"And look what happened to me." I said and then smiled when her face paled.

Before Milinda could say anything else Mr. Douglas was back and started class. Milinda was forced to sit in the seat she moved to for the rest of class. I had zero problem paying attention but it was clear that the cheerleader was struggling. She had tried to pass me notes several times and everytime I tossed them into the trash can that was right in front of me.

I would like to say that it didn't satisfy me to make Milinda squirm, but it does. It really really does. Though I would not keep it up. I'm not a bully like they are. I wouldn't of even said anything had Milinda left me alone. So, when the bell rang and the cheerleader tried to stop and talk to me, I ignored her and rushed to my next class.

"Happy birthday Millie!" Mrs. Gibbson practically shouted when I walked through the door.

I looked up to two birthday balloons and a cute little teddy bear sitting on my usual spot. A wide grin spread across my face when I saw it. I walked over to the gifts and snuggled the teddy bear.

"Thank you so much, this was very sweet of you." I told Mrs. Gibbson and gave her a quick hug.

"Do you want to pop the balloons before anyone gets here?" She asked and I gave her a strange look.

"Why would I want to do that?" I asked her.

Mrs. Gibbson gave me a small shrug. "I know how cruel teenagers can be. I didn't want anyone teasing you." She said.

I gave her a bored look. "You saw my locker this morning I take it?" I asked her as I sat down on the stool.

"I talked to the janitor about removing it and then the principal." She told me.

I pulled my book out from my backpack and set it on my desk.

"And how did that go for you?" I asked her.

Mrs. Gibbson huffed in annoyance. "Does he even care? When I told him about it he didn't seem the least bit interested." She told me.

I nodded. Principal Melrose is James's grandfather. Not one time did he care about the bullying. I didn't tell my parents or complain directly to him so he brushed everything off. Caleb calls him useless and I agree. There was really no point in seeking out his help. "He's probably just used to it." I said.

"That doesn't make it right Millie." Mrs. Gibbson said.

I looked up from my book to see her angry expression.

"Well, one thing it did was make me stronger." I said and then looked back to my notebook. "I couldn't care less if any of these kids make fun of me for the gifts. It makes me happy that you remembered and I am thankful for that." I told her with a bright smile. I meant it too. What would they say that they haven't already? Besides, maybe they should just get a life. It's two balloons and a teddy bear, is it really that big of a deal? No, it's not.

"It won't hurt my feelings if you want to hide them." She said quieter as the first few students came strolling in and looking in our direction.

"No thank you." I whispered back.

Thankfully Mrs. Gibbson let it go after that. A few kids did make remarks about being a teachers pet but I ignored them. Mrs. Gibbson managed to hold her tongue at the other students and I was thankful. A couple of the students even offered me a polite happy birthday. See, things are already better than last year. I wasn't holding out hope that I

would have friends but at least people were being decent. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

By lunch time my locker was completely forgotten about. By me anyways. Caleb was still fuming over it. We are sitting outside under the tree that I love, eating our gross cardboard pizza.

"Will you stop sulking already?" I whined out in irritation. "It happened to me and I'm not even as upset as you are." I told him.

"It doesn't piss you off in the slightest? The shit they said about you isn't even true. So what you gave your virginity to a total asshat? And your best friend had betrayed you in the worst way? Wasn't that enough? Can't they leave you alone?" He rambled out in an angry voice.

I blinked at him. "Were you purposely trying to bring it up?" I asked him with a shake of my head.

"Sorry." He mumbled. "But doesn't it piss you off?" He asked again.

I shrugged as I bit into my greasy pizza. "I think I skipped over being mad. I spent too much time crying over everything last year. I want this year to be different. Even if they keep up their bullshit, I want to ignore it. I want to have a good senior year, well, the best I can have anyways." I said.

Caleb smiled at me. "I envy your ability to not care." He said while shaking his head.

I smiled brightly. "So tell me, how is football going?" I asked him. "Big game tonight."

"Yeah, my first game on varsity." He said with a slightly nervous tone.

I patted his leg. "You'll kick ass out there. You're too good not to." I said reassuringly.

Caleb nodded and gave me an arrogant smile. "You're right. I am good. Hella good." He said.

I laughed. "That's right." I said amused.

"There's this new guy on the team now. It's a bit annoying. I'm not sure I'll even get to play because of him." Caleb told me.

I frowned. "What makes you say that? I didn't even know there was anyone new here." I asked.

Caleb shrugged. "He hasn't started yet. They just arrived a couple of days ago. He's going to be starting Monday, but... He's a senior and apparently really good. I mean... At practice he's dumb good." Caleb told me.

I patted his shoulder. "I think you'll get the chance to play still." I told him.

"I hope so." He said. "So, are you going to come out tonight?" He asked me.

"Do you want me to?" I asked.

Caleb gave me a shy smile and rubbed the back of his neck. "Mom and Dad are coming. I would like it if you came to see my first game but you don't have to. I understand if you don't want to be there." He rushed out.

James is the quarter back. And the cheerleaders hate me. My ex best friend is the captain of the cheer team. I haven't been to a football game since everything happened. But, new year, new me.

"Oh, I'm coming." I said confidently.

No more hiding for me.

The rest of the day wasn't as smooth as my start though. Apparently James is in my AP history class. I don't think he was there before but I'm not sure I guess. It's not like I seek him out or that I even look around the classrooms anyways. Nobody here was new and nobody was my friend. So, when James sat down next to me I was a bit shocked. At first I ignored him but I could feel his eyes on me.

"Happy birthday Millie Bear." He said and my body went rigid.

"Fuck off James." I said without looking up from my notebook.

"Awhh, is that any way to talk to someone who bought you a present?" He asked.

A present?

I looked up at him confused. He smiled at me and held up a rectangular velvet box. I stared down at it as he held it out to me, and then raised a brow at him.

"It's a bracelet. I got it as an apology." James said with a hopeful smile. His dark brown hair is hanging in his light brown eyes.

"Oh James." I said sweetly and his smile grew. "You can take your apology present and shove it up your a\*s." I said while keeping the sweetness in my tone. James frowned. "Come on Mil, what do I have to do for you to forgive me?" He asked.

I gave him an incredulous look. Forgive him? What does he have to do? The audacity. He hasn't even said sorry and I'm supposed to accept an apology? Is he serious? "Ya know what James? I forgive you." I said and then turned back to my notebook.

I don't have the time or patience for this. It's better to just ignore him. Besides, I deserve to forgive him. So, he's forgiven. Now we both can move on I guess. "Great! So, I'll pick you up after the game tonight?" He asked.

"Mhmm." I hummed. Wait, what? "Wait, no." I said as I looked up at him. "Just because I forgave you does not mean I'm going out with you." I told him almost laughing. "Why not? We were good together, and you know you've always been my good luck charm." He said with a sweet smile.

I gagged. Literally. James looked displeased.

"Gross. I just ate lunch so if you could go easy on me so I don't have to taste it coming back up that would be great." I said.

"Don't be a bitch Millie. I'm trying to be nice." James gritted out.

I looked up at him with raised eyebrows. "Ya know who would love for you to be nice to them?" I asked and he just stared at me. "Literally anybody but me. Especially Milinda. I hear you're dating her now." I told him as I returned back to my notebook.

If James was going to say anything else I wouldn't know because the bell rang and the teacher came into the classroom. The class seemed to drag on and on. When the bell finally rang I practically booked it out of there. I could hear James calling after me but I ignored him.

*Follow this page*

## **Betrayed By Everyone Loved by Four Chapter 4**

I sighed a breath of relief when I made it to my next class. What a total f\*\*\*\*\*g a\*\*\*\*\*e. I can't believe he thinks I would ever go back to him after what he did to me. And people used to call me delusional.

About half way through my class, while I was helping a freshman boy with his algebra homework, a ding sounded over the PA.

"Would Miss Millie Holmebrooke please come to the principals office. Thank you." Came a womens voice and then another ding sounded letting us know that was all.

The teacher and I connected eyes and he nodded for me to go ahead and go. I gathered up my belongings and apologized to the freshman I was helping. Then I headed to the head office.

Once I arrive the secretary greeted me with a tight smile. Mrs. Oakly. She is a middle aged women who is rail thin and I am pretty sure she has slept with a lot of the underaged students here. Someone should open an investigation against her, seriously. Her lips are painted red and she is wearing a tight black pencil skirt with a navy blue blouse. Her hair is pulled back into a tight bun. She looks like a sexy librarian, not a high school secretary.

"Miss Holmebrooke." She greeted me like I was scum under her shoes. "Principal Melrose will see you now." She said and gestured to the door of Mr. Melrose's office.

I nodded and walked into the office. Even though he was expecting me I still knocked on the door. After a gruff 'come in', I stepped into the room. Mr. Melrose is sitting behind his desk with his arms folded over his large belly. He's bald on top of his head with thin white hair on the sides and back. Mr. Melrose has the same light brown eyes as James. His frown did little to ease the anxiety in my stomach.

What really caught my eye is the crying Vanessa sitting in the chair across from him. Black watered down streaks ran down her pink cheeks. Her bottom lip is juttet out and trembling. When she turned her head to me she scowled. Uhm okay...

"Miss Holmebrooke, have a seat." The principal told me as he gestured to the seat next to Vanessa.

Cautiously, I took the seat and set my backpack on the floor in front of me.

"What's going on?" I asked as I looked between the two of them.

"Miss Elms here has told me that you have been picking on her." He told me.

My eyes went wide. "What?" I breathed out with a laugh.

"Is this funny to you Miss Holmebrooke?" Mr. Melrose asked with narrowed eyes.

"No." I rushed out. "I mean, I'm confused. I'm here because I've been bullying her?" I asked as I pointed between Vanessa and I.

"Don't act like you haven't been picking on me for the last two weeks." Vanessa said and then turned to the principal. "She even did it before the year started. All because she's still mad that James and I are together." She whined out. Wait, so James is with her and Milinda? While also trying to 'apologize' to me? How rich.

"We do not tolerate bullying in this school Miss Holmebrooke." The principal said making me almost snort.

"We used to be best friends Millie, I know what I did was wrong but James and I are in love. You have to get over that so we can make up." Vanessa said with the utmost fakeness.

Yeah, James is in love with you and everyone else apparently. Does she really not know what is going on with her own BFF? Wow. I'm shooketh.

"Well, what do you have to say for yourself Miss Holmebrooke?" Mr. Melrose asked.

My eyebrows shot up. "That I'm completely flabbergasted." I said honestly. "I haven't done anything wrong and I think you and I both know that sir." I said with a smile.

Honestly, I have been waiting for this moment. I'm an extremely smart girl, I knew that as soon as they stopped getting a rise out of me over the lockers that something like this would happen. "Excuse me?" Mr. Melrose spit out.

"I don't mean any disrespect sir, but I do have proof and multiple witnesses to attest that I have been the one being bullied over the last year. I have lots of pictures of all the things they wrote on my locker." I don't, but let's lie anyways. "All of which you did nothing about. My brother has also tried to bring this to your attention on more than one occasion. Never at any point did you do anything about it sir. You let the bullying keep happening to me. As you know my father has lots of connections with lawyers, I'm sure that they would agree you are not doing your job appropriately." I finished with a sweet smile.

Mr. Melrose's face is beat red now, letting me know he's fuming. Vanessa is stunned to silence next to me. I've never been the bad girl type. I don't even want to be now. But enough is enough. I won't be bullied by anyone, not even this adult. "Are you threatening me?" He finally asked.

I shook my head. "Not at all sir. Just letting you know what could happen." I sighed. "Listen, I don't want trouble Mr. Melrose. I just want to finish out my senior year in peace and pay attention to my classes. Nothing more." I said.

Mr. Melrose cleared his throat and nodded his head. "Very well. You may go Miss Holmebrooke." He said dismissing me.

I beamed at him and grabbed my backpack from the floor.

"You're just going to let her go?" Vanessa wailed.

Oh, someone is pissed off. How sad that her little plan didn't work. Boo hoo.

"You are dismissed as well Miss Elms." Mr. Melrose said with a tight tone.

"But-" Vanessa tried to say.

"But nothing. Go on." He said.

At this point my back is turned to them and I am walking out the door. The secretary didn't utter a word to me as I walked out and I didn't spare her a glance. Sometimes it baffles me that adults can treat kids this way. I know we're teenagers but damn. If my mother and father really knew what was going on here they really would take action. What I said to Mr. Melrose wasn't a complete lie. No, I did not take pictures and I highly doubt anyone but Caleb and Mrs. Gibbson would be witnesses for me. But yes, my father does know so high end people. In fact, a few of his friends from college have just moved here and started a firm. Dad would be more than happy to take action.

I might not know the ins and outs of being a principal but I'm pretty sure if they found out he has been letting me be bullied this way that he would be in trouble. There were several times that I had went to the nurses office last year with bloody lips or my hair pulled out. I was always able to make an excuse but anyone could tell I was lying. It was a miracle that Mom and Dad never pressed more about it. Mr. Melrose never did anything about that. If I were to tattle on him, he would deserve it.

"Millie wait." Vanessa called once I had started heading to the library.

I turned around and crossed my arms. "What?" I asked.

"Don't have an attitude with me." She started and then rolled her eyes and flipped her curly red hair over her shoulder. "I just want to talk. Like old times." She said with a fake smile.

"Oh, you mean all the times when you were just taking pity on me and pretending to be my friend? Those old times?" I asked, my voice dripping with sarcasm.

Vanessa pouted at me. "Come on, don't be like that. I miss you." She said.

Her voice sounded genuine. If I didn't know better I would have fallen for it. Unfortunately, we have already been down this road. She has already played this card. At one point she pretended to be sorry for what she did. Vanessa tricked me into coming with her to a party to make it up to me. Her and her little popular squad dropped me in the middle of the woods and left me there. It took me three hours to walk home.

"What is it you want Vanessa?" I asked sternly.

Vanessa's beautiful smile faded and she rolled her eyes. "Fine." She said finally dropping the act. "Are you and James dating again?" She asked me.

My eyes went wide and I just stared at her for a moment unable to respond.

"Look, if you are, just know we were together just last night. He doesn't love you. And if this is some kind of revenge against me then-" She started but my laughter had interrupted her. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I doubled over and held my stomach as I laughed. Oh this is too rich. I can't stop.

"It's not fucking funny you stupid whore. You stole him from me once already Millie, just let me have him." Her voice almost sounded pleading.

It's pathetic really. So pathetic that my laughter finally died down. I stared at Vanessa as she glared at me.

"I didn't steal anybody from you Vanessa. He was my boyfriend and was sleeping with you behind my back." I told her and then sighed. "I'm not with James. I would never embarrass myself by going back to him." I told her.

Before I could finish Vanessa scoffed. "You should be lucky he wanted you to begin with." She told me.

My eyebrows shot up once again. "Right." I said and then rolled my eyes. "I should be totally lucky that someone convinced me they loved me, just to take my virginity and dump me." I said sarcastically.

"He took your virginity?" She asked with a soft voice.

I looked up to see that she was genuinely curious.

"Yeah." I said like it was no big deal. "He only told the whole school." I said with a furrowed brow.

"I thought he was just lying to spread rumors." Vanessa said as she looked at the ground.

"Okay." I said and then turned back for the library. I don't care if he lied to her or to me. James is a liar and I want nothing to do with him. Or her.

"Wait Millie!" Vanessa called out as she grabbed my wrist.

I turned around to face her. "What now?" I asked angrily.

"You really aren't sleeping with him?" She asked me.

I shook my head. "No. I would never let him touch me again. But he did get me a present and tried to apologize to me today." I told her.

Did part of me tell her that just to make her mad? Yes. Did part of me say it because my feelings are hurt that she doesn't remember it's my birthday? Yes. Did part of me want to give her a reason not to go back to that scum? Also yes.

I can't help it. Vanessa was my best friend for so long. I really thought it was her and me against the world. I'm not sure what happened on her part, if she really faked the whole friendship or not. But it was all real for me. "Your birthday.. I forgot.." She whispered.

I shrugged. "Well, we aren't friends so don't feel too bad about it." I said.

"Right." She replied.

"Is there anything else or can I go now without being dragged back to this conversation?" I asked annoyed.

Vanessa huffed and rolled her eyes. "Whatever nerd. You should be happy I didn't hit like I used to last year." She stated as she strutted passed me.

I shook my head as she walked away.

*Follow this page*

## **Betrayed By Everyone Loved by Four Chapter 5**

After Vanessa had stomped off I went straight for the library. This was where I spent my last hour of the school day anyways. The bell was going to ring in ten minutes for the class I was pulled out of, so there was no point of going back to my last class. Hopefully somebody else was able to help that boy out with his algebra.

When I entered the library I was expecting to greet the librarian, Ted. Ted is a very sweet man. He's probably in his mid 30s and has dark hair and light eyes. This was often the place I ran to last year. Anytime the other kids would follow me in here Ted would make them leave. Library rules of being quiet and all. I was extremely thankful for him. Eventually he became a mentor to me much like Mrs. Gibbson. Ted is the reason why I have read most of the books on the AP English reading list.

Back to the present, Ted is not behind the desk like he normally is. I looked around but didn't see him. Shrugging I went and took a seat at one of the desks. The library is completely empty, thank God.

I had just pulled out my books to do some homework when I heard voices come from behind me.

"This should be everything for that the five of you will need." That's Ted's voice. "Are you sure that the others can't come to get their own books? This is a lot for you to carry all by yourself." Is he talking to someone?

"It's really not a problem." Came a deep and polite voice. "I can make a few trips if I need to and I have my own car. The others can pick them up from me. They are all pretty busy today." The voice said.

I couldn't help it. I turned in my chair to see Ted and a boy that I have never seen before come through a row of books behind me. Ted looks like his normal self with his khaki pants and white polo shirt tucked in. The boy however.... I gulped. Wow he is hot. He's tall, like 6'2 probably, with golden curly hair sitting in a sexy mess on top of his head. The boy has those old timey glasses, like the ones Jeffrey Dahmer wore that are now popular. He's lean with a bit of muscle, and wearing a pair of jeans and a black T-shirt with some kind of anime on it. His ears are pierced and I think I can see one of those industrial bars but I'm not sure with his mass of curls.

The boy's eyes found mine as if he could feel me staring at me. His bright hazel eyes bore into me and I could feel heat crawl up my neck and settle in my cheeks. The boy smiled politely at me. Ted, realizing that the boy was no longer paying him attention, followed his line of sight right to me. The librarian beamed once he saw me.

"Millie my dear!" Ted greeted.

I cleared my throat. "Hi Ted." I greeted back with a small smile.

"You're here kind of early. You didn't finish your other class?" He asked.

I looked between him and the boy. "Uhm, I was called out early." I said vaguely.

Ted gave me a confused look but thankfully didn't push me in front of the stranger.

"Well good, maybe you can help me out." He said and then turned to the boy. "This is Oliver, he's new here. He and a few of his friends are transferring here. They are starting Monday but he came by to get the books for he and his friends." Ted told me. "Okay." I said as I looked between the two of them again.

Ted chuckled. "Would you mind helping him carry these books to his car before the bell rings. I fear that the students will over run him if they see him. You know we never get new comers here." He said.

I nodded and put my pen down. "Sure. Can you watch my stuff please?" I asked Ted.

"Of course." He said and then the office phone started to ring. "Excuse me." He said as he went to go answer it.

The boy, Oliver, stayed there staring at me for a moment. Gee, no wonder those glasses are popular right now. He looks smoking hot with them. I'm sure he looks smoking hot without them too though.

"Hi, I'm Oliver." He introduced himself with a bright smile.

I gave him a nod. "Ted said that." I told him. "So, are these all the books?" I asked as I pointed to the stack of books on the table. Oliver is already holding a pretty big stack himself.

"Yeah." He replied while nodding. "You don't have to help me if you don't want to." He whispered to me.

I shook my head at him and then looked to see Ted was now off the phone. "Ted." I called and he looked over to me. "Why don't you let us use the cart? I know it's clean because I cleaned it off for you yesterday." I said with a smile.

Ted gave me a sheepish look. "I didn't even think about that. Go ahead. I want you to still go with him though. I trust you won't let anything happen to my precious cart." He said as his eyes went back to his computer screen.

I shook my head as a smile spread across my face. Then I went and got the nearly empty cart out. Oliver and I stacked all the books onto it in silence and then began wheeling it out to the student parking lot.

"So, you gonna tell me your name? Ya know, since you know mine?" Oliver asked once we were outside.

"Millie." I said simply.

"Millie.." He repeated. "Cute name for a cute girl." Oliver said and my face heated.

I was walking behind him so thankfully he couldn't see my face. I wasn't being the most polite and I knew that. Honestly, I felt a bit guilty about it. Oliver seems like such a nice guy, being friends with me would make him a target though. It was best we stayed away from each other, even if he is the hottest guy that has ever talked to me. Much hotter than James.

"So, Millie, tell me, do you like it here?" Oliver asked.

Oh God.

"Sure." I said sweetly.

Oliver turned his head and raised a brow at me. "You don't have to lie to me Millie. I have to attend here whether I like it or not." He said with a chuckle.

We were now at Oliver's car, which looks expensive. He opened the back door behind the drivers side and began putting the books in. I stood there awkwardly. Should I tell him this place sucks? I don't really want to get into the details of my personal experience here. Once the books were in Oliver's car, he shut the door and turned to look at me. He leaned against the car and smiled at me.

"So?" He asked with his eyebrow raised. How can someone look so cocky and so smart at the same time?

I sighed and rolled my eyes. "This school sucks ass. But it's high school. Stay away from me though and it shouldn't be too bad." I said and then grabbed the cart to wheel it back.

I could hear Oliver chuckle behind me as I started walking back to the school. "Stay away from you? I don't think so Millie." He called out but I ignored him.

My face heated up instantly at his words and my steps moved quicker. It took me no more than three minutes to get back to the library. The moment I got back and sat back down the bell rang. I could hear the hallway fill with kids and a few of them staggered in here. Thankfully all of them left me alone though.

I tried to focus on my homework for the whole hour but my thoughts were consumed with the blonde boy I had just met. Why would he say that? Is he really not going to leave me alone? Does he want to bully me? Is it....something else? Why do I feel nervous and excited?

Ugh! Get a grip Millie! He's just a boy and who cares if he wants to bully you. It's not like the rest of the school hasn't. And if he wants something else... Well, I'm sure he won't once he finds out that everyone hates me. So, win win for me. Right?

When the last bell rang I waited in the library as I finished up my homework. I was just waiting for the halls to clear more before leaving. One more question on this stupid calculus homework and I was good to go. Only, I was having trouble with it. Ugh! Calculus is going to be the death of me.

"Want me to tell you the answer?" A voice came from behind me. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I jumped and let out a little yelp. Ted's eyes narrowed at me and I gave him an apologetic smile. Then I turned a glare onto the voice that interrupted me.

Oliver was standing behind me with a wide smile that made his hazel eyes brighter. He has a few more books tucked under his arm. I continued to glare at him.

"You scared the shit out of me." I whisper yelled at him. Oliver chuckled and took the seat next to me. "What are you doing?" I asked him.

"You look like you need help." He told me as he pulled my book and notebook towards him.

I pulled it back. "I am doing just fine thank you." I stated.

Oliver raised a brow at me. "Really?" He asked and then snatched my notebook away. "Because questions 3, 5, 10, and 18 are wrong." He stated with slight amusement.

"What?" I asked seriously and took my notebook back to look over my work. "But I followed what the book showed me.." I mumbled and then let out a loud groan before turning another glare on Oliver. "How do you know I'm wrong?" I asked.

Oliver's smile widened. "Math is what I am best at. Calculus is no biggie for me." He said and then leaned back in his chair. "But I gotta say, it's pretty hot that you're taking an AP math class." He said and I blushed. Goddamnit.

"Wait, why is that hot?" I asked with furrowed brows.

Oliver chuckled and leaned back up in his seat. "Smart girls are sexy as hell to me." He whispered in my ear.

Oh no. My face has got to be as red as a tomato by now. What the hell is with this guy? I haven't even been nice to him.

I turned my head ready to say something snarky but he was so close to me that the words died on my lips. Instead, I gulped. Shit, did he hear that?

"Now, would you like my help or not?" He asked and then his eyes flickered down to my lips.

I gulped again. "I.. Uhm.." Wait, what did he ask me again? I need help with something right? Yeah, help. I need..help..

"Millie!" Called a voice that broke me from my trance.

I jumped so far back I almost fell out of my chair. Thankfully, Oliver grabbed my arm to stop my fall. My breathing was coming out hard and my face was hot again.

"Mr. Holmebrooke, I love your sister dearly and I know it's her birthday so I will let you off with a warning this time. Shhhh." Ted said to my brother who had called for me.

"Sorry Ted, Millie is running late and our parents are looking for her." Caleb said as he walked over to us.

"Shit already?" I asked as I looked at the clock. They must be early for the game. "Wait, shouldn't you be getting ready?" I looked up at my little brother.

Caleb stopped in front of the table and looked between Oliver and I. Oliver still has his hand around my upper arm. The heat from his body feels... so nice. Caleb narrowed his eyes at Oliver.

"Who the fuck are you?" My little brother asked.

"Caleb!" I scolded him.

Oliver finally let my arm go and then reached his hand out to my brother. "Hi, I'm Oliver. I'm new here. Pretty sure my friend is on the football team too. You might know him. His name is Atals." Oliver said politely. Caleb's eyes hardened at the name 'Atlas'. Oh no, that must be the guy Caleb is worried about. Still, my little brother took Oliver's hand politely.

"Caleb." He stated. "And yeah I know him. He's good." My brother said and then turned his eyes to me. "I know it's your birthday and all but could you hurry your ass up. Mom and Dad are outside waiting for you. They want to take you out for food before the game." He said.

I started to gather up my things. "You aren't coming?" I asked.

Caleb gave me a blank look. "I have a game to prepare for. And I'm sure we'll go out after. Not like you can't put away food." He teased me.

I rolled my eyes. Caleb is right. I can put away a lot of food. In fact, I love food. If I didn't have such a good metabolism I would be 500 pounds by now.

"Wait, it's your birthday?" Oliver asked after I stood up.

I slung my backpack over my shoulder. "Yeah." I said.

Oliver graced me with a huge and sexy smile. "Happy birthday Millie. If I would have known I was going to meet such a pretty girl today I would have brought you a present." He said.

Caleb tensed and then grabbed my wrist. "She doesn't need anything from you but thanks anyways." Caleb said and then started to drag me out of the library.

I looked behind me as Caleb pulled me threw the door. Oliver was staring at me still with a smile on his full lips. He gave me a small wave and then I disappeared.

"Did you really have to do that?" I asked Caleb once we reached my locker.

Huh, no new love notes, good.

"That guy was flirting with you." Caleb said like it was a defense.

I sighed. "You could have let me live in a blissful bubble for a little bit though. I'm sure once he finds out the rumors he won't want anything to do with me." I whined. "Exactly why he doesn't need to flirt with you in the first place. You've been hurt enough." Caleb said.

I let out another sigh as I shut my locker. "I'm supposed to be the one protecting you, little brother." I said.

Caleb beamed at me and then ruffled my hair. "Then you should be taller." He said with a laugh.

I swatted his hand away and smoothed down my hair. "Whatever. I'm going to find Mom and Dad."

*Follow this page*

## **Betrayed By Everyone Loved by Four Chapter 6**

My parents were waiting right outside for me. On our way out I spotted Oliver's car still in the parking lot. I wonder if he's staying for the game. He did say his friend is on the team and this is the first game of the year. I shook my head, it doesn't matter anyways. The three of us went to dinner at my favorite restaurant in town. It's a bit fancy though. I didn't realize we had time to sit for this kind of dinner. "Are you guys sure we have time for this? I don't want to be late to Caleb's first game." I asked them.

Mom waved me off as she scanned the menu. "Your father called ahead and told them we would need to be quick." She told me.

I looked at Dad who gave me a bright smile. "Perks of knowing every, even slightly important person." I mumbled.

Dad chuckled. "Well, I told the owner that I could help bring some rich cliental to his business. You know my old friends have opened a firm in the city and are staying here in this town. This place could be a meeting ground." He told me.

I shook my head. "All so that you could rush your daughters birthday dinner." I teased.

Mom, Dad, and I made small talk while we ate. Dad was right, they were quick for us. They asked me about school and I told them about Mrs. Gibbson's gifts and how Mr.

Douglas offered to help me with my essay. I left out all the bad things though. It was nice, the only thing missing is my annoying little brother that I love so dearly.

"So, how does it feel to be 18?" Mom asked excitedly.

I chuckled at her. "The same as it felt being 17, only now I can go clubbing." I said.

Mom beamed at me but Dad went rigid and his face went a bit pale. I had to take a drink of my water to stop from giggling. It can be so fun to tease dads.

"You will not be going clubbing." Dad said.

"Oh come on honey. We did much worse when we were 18." Mom said.

"Exactly." Dad argued.

I giggled as they continued to argue about it. There was no way in hell I would be going to any club. Or out at all.

After we were done eating we rushed back to the school. The bleachers were filled with people and the cheerleaders were already pumping up the crowd. I followed behind Mom and Dad onto the bleachers until we could find room for all of us. Football games could be so boring. I only ever went to them before because of James. Even though Caleb has been into sports his whole life. He knew it wasn't my thing. I was only here right now because this was important to my little brother and he has been there so much for me, the least I could do is support his games. Besides, with Mom and Dad here no one would bother me. They never did when my parents were around.

"Oh look, there's Vanessa." Mom said as she pointed to the redheaded cheerleading captain.

I gave my mom a lame 'mhm' but didn't look at Vanessa.

At half time Caleb still hadn't played. I was getting worried for him. The new guy, Atlas, played the whole game. That's a bit unfair. Caleb worked his a\*s off all summer and went to every practice. This guy just got here like a few days ago and he gets to play? No way in hell.

"Hey I'll be right back. I want to get a snack." I told Mom and then slipped away.

Oh, I am not going to get a snack. I marched right down to the gates that separated the team from the rest of us. The cheerleaders are doing their half time show so everyone was paying attention to them. "Hey!" I called out to the coach.

A few of the team members turned to look at me but the coach did not.

"Millie?" Caleb asked shocked. "What the hell are you doing down here?" He asked.

I ignored my brother. "Hey you! Coach Whatsit!" I shouted.

Caleb groaned after I got the attention of a few more team members and the coach.

"What do you want girl?" The coach asked.

My eyes went wide. "Girl? What are we, in the 70s?" I asked.

The coach sighed. "Miss Holmebrooke, is there something I can help you with?" He asked annoyed.

"That's much better Coach Miller thank you." I said and he rolled his eyes as a few of the guys snickered. "You can help me by telling me why my brother isn't playing." I said.

Coach Miller walked closer to me. "He will have his time, Millie. Now go on." He said.

"Caleb has been working his ass off all summer and has attended every practice. Yet you are letting some noodle who has only been here for a week play!" I shouted.

"Noodle?" Someone asked.

"Oh my fucking God." I heard Caleb groan. [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Are you trying to tell me how to run my team?" Coach Miller asked angrily.

"Not at all Coach. I would never dream of disrepecting you the way you disrespect my brother, ya know, the tall 15 year old who looks up to you." I said.

Coach Miller's face softened when I said that. Bingo. Sure Caleb looks up to him, a little, maybe, okay like a sliver of looking up to.

"I will try to get him in when the break is over. Okay Millie? Now go back to your seat." He told me and then turned around to walk away from me.

I gave my brother a triumphant smile.

"I hate you." He said to me.

"That's okay." I said and then my eye caught someone else staring at me.

James.

Ugh! I rolled my eyes and gave him a disgusted look. Thankfully Caleb had turned back around so he didn't see.

"Millie, told you that you are my good luck charm." He said to me with a wink, and I saw Caleb go rigid.

"And I told you to fuck off." I shouted back.

The guys snickered and James gave me a sour look.

"Damn, this chick is fiesty." Someone said.

I turned my head towards to voice to find one of the most attractive men I have ever seen in my life. His short dark brown hair is damp with sweat. Bright blue eyes were shinning with mischief at me. They trailed down my body and back up to my face. A perfect smirk fell on his sexy lips. Oh no.. that's the guy I called a noodle? There's nothing noodle like about him. He's huge, like is he even a teenager?

"James can tell you how fiesty she really is." Snickered James's best friend Josh.

"If James utters one fucking word about my sister, he'll never be able to play football again." Caleb warned dangerously.

Panic coursed through me when James's head snapped to Caleb.

"What was that Holmebrooke?" He said.

"Oh no." I whispered.

"Nah, Caleb is right." The noodle said getting all of our attention. He's staring at me like I'm a piece of meat. "James utters one word about this girl..." He trailed off as he turned around to face his team mates. "And I'll fucking kick your ass myself." He said and then looked at the coach. "Coach Miller. I could use a break anyways and this chick is right, I haven't worked as hard as half of these guys. Why don't you let Holmebrooke here play the rest of the game? It's only fair." He said shocking all of us.

"Shut up Norris!" Coach Miller said. "I make the rules." He said. "Holmebrooke, get geared up." He said making me beam.

The guy, Norris, turned to me and my smile turned to a glare. "You can thank me, I don't mind." He said with all the arrogance.

I scoffed at him. "As if. I'm not thanking you for doing what's right, you noodle." I said.

Where did all of this bravery come from? And me, calling this giant of a man a hunk a noodle? What the f\*\*k is wrong with me? His one arm is as big as my head, and he's got to be at least 6'4.

The guy raised a brow at me and chuckled. "I assure you cutie, there is nothing noodle-like about me." He said and then winked.

Cutie? Why is my face hot? Is he... flirting with me? No way, not two guys in one day.

"Norris, get your ass on the bench since your so tired." Coach Miller barked out.

Norris chuckled. "I'll be seeing you later cutie." He said with another wink before going to the bench.

Both James and Caleb are glaring at the guy but he didn't seem to care.

"Anything else you want to say Millie?" Coach Millier asked me.

"Yes actually thank you." I said like a proud brat. "Can you ask your wife to make me some cookies, I'll be over Sunday." I said with a sweet smile.

Caleb and the guy, Norris, snickered on the bench.

"I will ask her now go away." Coach Miller said.

I nodded with a huge smile and walked back to my seat with my parents. This feels like a win. I can't believe I had the balls enough to go yell at the football coach. Sure the Millers were long time family friends. Mom and I went over every Sunday for 'girls time' which was usually just brunch. They have a daughter that is only 12 and she joins us as well. But still, I can't believe I went and yelled at him like that. And then that guy.. Oh my gosh, I should be embarrassed. So why do I feel giddy?

*Follow this page*

## **Betrayed By Everyone Loved by Four Chapter 7**

The moment I sat down with my parents they started asking about my snack I went off to get. I ended up telling them that I had to wait in line for the bathroom and forgot. Which lead me to where I am now, standing in the never ending line at the concessions stand.

I have my arms wrapped around myself trying to shake off the chill. We live in California but it is fall time. At night it gets to be a bit chilly, especially if you are only in jean shorts and a purple T-shirt. The line is moving slower than ever and I was regretting the lies I told my parents. "Hey Millie." Someone called from beside me.

I turned my head in time to see Oliver walking over to me with a bright smile spread across his face. Oh for f\*\*k's sake, did he get hotter? In the matter of hours? Unfair, totally unfair.

"Hi Oliver." I mumbled once he reached me.

"Hey, I'm glad I ran into you. There are so many people here I was afraid I wouldn't find you." He said.

Find me?

"Were you looking for me?" I asked him.

Oliver gave me a shy smile. "Maybe I was." He said. "Let me buy you something. Ya know, since I didn't get you a birthday present." He said.

"That isn't necessary Oliver but thank you." I said hoping he would go away.

There are several students around us now staring at the interaction. A hot guy talking to the schools misfit? I'm sure the news would spread around until someone teases me over it. I just wanted to fly under the radar this year. "Awh come on. Let me buy you a school hoodie, you look cold." He told me.

I snapped my eyes up to him. "I am not cold but thank you anyways." I stated and then the wind blew and I shivered.

Thankfully I was next in line. I gave the student working behind the counter my order. She gave me my total and before I could slip her my cash, Oliver reached over me and gave her a card. I turned my head and glared at him. "Great, another high school boy that doesn't know what no means." I stated.

Oliver chuckled behind me. Fucking chuckled. Like this is a joke. I mean, it was but it was meant to be snarky and make me off putting. Not make that deep sexy chuckle come out of him.

I took my snacks and drinks from the counter and headed back to my seat with my parents. Thankfully Oliver didn't seem to be following me. I do feel a bit bad that I didn't thank him, but I did decline his offer several times so really it's his fault.

A couple of minutes later I was half way through my hot dog when someone sat next to me on the bench. I didn't bother looking to see who it was. Always visit for more novels and updates. I'm sure that it's just another person who was looking for a seat. So, when a dark purple school hoodie fell into my lap I was surprised.

I looked up to see Oliver sitting next to me with a bright smile. "You ran off before I could get your size so I hope I got the right one." He said.

I glared at him. "I told you not to buy it." I said.

"Oh honey, who is this?" Mom asked from beside me.

"This is one of the many hormonal teen males that doesn't understand no means no." I stated still glaring at Oliver.

Oliver, who looked amused at my comment reached his hand out to my mother, who I bet looks horrified. "I'm Oliver, I'm new here. I met Millie earlier today. She helped me with some books. I found out it was her birthday and bought her a hoodie after she told me not to." He said.

"Well good!" Mom said. "I was just beginning to get annoyed with her teeth chattering." She said.

I turned wide eyes at my mother. "Mom!" I whined out.

"Shh, say thank you and put the hoodie on dear, you know you're freezing." She said and then turned back to the game.

I turned and narrowed my eyes at Oliver. "Hold my hotdog." I ordered as I shoved my food at him.

Oliver took it gladly and I slipped the hoodie on. Then I snatched my hotdog back. I took a bite angrily and tried to ignore Oliver.

"I believe your mother said to say thank you as well." He whispered in my ear.

"If I do will you go away?" I asked as I turned my head to face him.

"I will. But only because I have to. I left some friends waiting." He told me.

"Fine." I said with a tight smile. "Thanks for the hoodie I didn't ask for." I said extra sweet.

Oliver chuckled and then stood up. "It was nice to meet you." He said to my parents who smiled at him in return. Then Oliver's hazel eyes looked down to me. "I'll be seeing you around Millie." He said and then walked off. How can someone so weird make me feel so fuzzy inside?

"What a sweet boy." Mom said.

"Looks just like his father." Dad said.

My head snapped to Dad. "What?" I asked.

Dad shrugged. "I haven't met the kids of the friends of mine that just moved to town before, but if I had to take a guess, that one would belong to Marcus Harrison. He was my roommate in the dorms." Dad said proudly. "Why didn't you say anything?" I asked him.

"Because my darling daughter, I could tell that you wanted him to go away." Dad said with a proud smile.

I rolled my eyes. "Thanks." I grumbled.

The rest of the game went by in a flash. Thankfully Oliver didn't come back to bother me. I tried to keep my focus on my brother, who is doing wonderfully, but my eyes would wander to the bench. I was surprised to find that guy, Atlas, looking at me a few times. Every time I would catch him staring at me he would either send me a dazzling smile or a wink. I would glare at him in return. What is with these new guys?

When the game was over Mom, Dad, and I waited in the parking lot for Caleb. He came out with several of the other guys who were all patting him on the back. Caleb won the game for them after all, they should be thanking him. I gave my brother a proud smile once he saw us.

"Ahhhh. The older sister that I hate." He greeted and then ruffled my hair.

I rolled my eyes and swatted his hand away. "Shut up." I said.

"Where do you wanna go to celebrate son?" Dad asked.

"Shouldn't that be up to the birthday girl?" Caleb asked.

"Oh, so it's your birthday?" Came a familiar voice from behind us. What the fuck is with these boys?

I looked passed Caleb to see the Atlas guy staring at us. Caleb rolled his eyes but didn't pay the guy any attention. Dad and Mom smiled at him.

"It is her birthday." Mom offered up.

Oh Jesus Christ.

"Atlas! Come on!" Someone called for him through the parking lot.

Atlas turned his head before turning back to me. "Happy birthday cutie." He said and then winked at me before walking away.

"Oh my he was handsome." Mom said.

My jaw dropped. Not only did this stranger feel bold enough to call me cute in front of my parents, but Mom complimented him after he left. I shook my head. Search the Findnovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Are we in a parallel universe?" I asked Caleb.

"Sure feels that way." He mumbled as he slung his bag into the car and slid in.

We all got in the car and Dad started it up. "I want pizza." I declared.

Caleb beamed. "Pizza sounds bomb!" He agreed.

20 minutes later and we are at the local pizzeria enjoying a Hawaiian style pizza. Caleb and I are lucky enough that we have the same exact taste in food. Mom and Dad settled for a plain pepperoni. Lame.

"This was the best decision." I said with my mouth full.

"So good." Caleb agreed.

Just then a ding sounded letting everyone know someone had walked in. I turned my sight to the door to see the whole cheerleading squad along with a few football players come in. They took up almost four tables in the back corner. James sat down and then pulled Vanessa into his lap. It's so hard to keep up on who he's with these days. Not that I really do, today was just an eventful day.

Milinda was also here. I watched as she glared at Vanessa's back while she sat on Josh. Rolling my eyes I decided to ignore them. That is, until Josh's annoying voice called out.

"Yo Holmebrooke! Why don't you join us? You won us the game after all let us buy you some more food." He said.

Caleb was mid bite when Josh asked. He looked at me as if to ask if that was okay. I gave him an encouraging smile. Caleb can do whatever he wants, he's a big boy.

"Go on honey, we don't mind and I'm sure your sister doesn't either." Mom told him.

"Not at all." I agreed with our mother.

Caleb beamed at us. He kissed the top of mine and Mom's heads and then thanked us. Dad sighed as he watched Caleb go. I looked over to my dad.

"Why are you sighing?" I asked him.

Dad looked at me with a big fake pout. "I didn't get a kiss on the head." He said making me burst out in laughter.

"Honey why don't you go join them too? I know that it might be awkward with James but Vanessa is your best friend." Mom suggested.

I shook my head. "No thanks." I said.

Then we heard a loud squeal of laughter. "Jamesssss, ssstooopp." Vanessa drawled out.

I rolled my eyes and ignored them.

A little while later I was finally in my bedroom. I just finished my homework for the weekend. My thoughts were completely consumed with the events of today. It's only the second week of school. So far I have managed to receive much less bullying than last year, that was something good. Then I had to go through that awkward conversation with Milinda. James 'apologized', which I am still mad about. What an arrogant a\*\*\*\*\*e. Speaking of arrogant assholes...

Atlas and Oliver. Are they arrogant? Well, they seem so. Are they assholes though? That, I'm honestly not sure of. Oliver was kind enough to help me with my homework even if I declined. He also bought me a hoodie just because I was cold, I also declined that though. And Atals. He laughed when I called him a noodle and then defended me to James. Not only that, but he vouged for Caleb to play. Maybe they were both nice guys.

I shook my head. It doesn't matter anyways. Once they get to school on Monday they'll hear all the rumors about me and won't want to be my friend. That's why I gave them the cold shoulder. I really didn't want to get my hopes up only to be crushed again. The last friend I had slept with my boyfriend behind my back and then destroyed my life. I think it's normal that I'm not ready to trust anyone again. But hey, if they hear the rumors and still want to be friends I'll give them a chance, but only as friends, nothing more.

*Follow this page*

## **Betrayed By Everyone Loved by Four Chapter 8**

A little while later I was finally in my bedroom. I just finished my homework for the weekend. My thoughts were completely consumed with the events of today. It's only the second week of school. So far I have managed to receive much less bullying than last year, that was something good. Then I had to go through that awkward conversation

with Milinda. James 'apologized', which I am still mad about. What an arrogant a\*\*\*\*e. Speaking of arrogant assholes...

Atlas and Oliver. Are they arrogant? Well, they seem so. Are they assholes though? That, I'm honestly not sure of. Oliver was kind enough to help me with my homework even if I declined. He also bought me a hoodie just because I was cold, I also declined that though. And Atals. He laughed when I called him a noodle and then defended me to James. Not only that, but he vouged for Caleb to play. Maybe they were both nice guys.

I shook my head. It doesn't matter anyways. Once they get to school on Monday they'll hear all the rumors about me and won't want to be my friend. That's why I gave them the cold shoulder. I really didn't want to get my hopes up only to be crushed again. The last friend I had slept with my boyfriend behind my back and then destroyed my life. I think it's normal that I'm not ready to trust anyone again. But hey, if they hear the rumors and still want to be friends I'll give them a chance, but only as friends, nothing more. The next day I got to sleep in. Having a family that has money was something that I was very thankful for. I only had to work over the summers. During the school year Dad gave Caleb and I an allowance. He said that we should focus on our studies but he also wanted us to learn the value of money. So, not only does Dad not budge on giving us more money, he also makes us work for the money. With chores. Saturdays are meant for chores. If we have plans with friends we can do our chores before we go, but they are to all be done before the following Monday rolls around.

So, I rolled out of bed and trudged down the stairs. Mom and Dad are sitting at the table talking over coffee. Their conversation went hushed when I walked into the kitchen. "Morning." I grumbled as I poured a cup of coffee.

"Good morning sweetheart." Mom said.

I took my coffee to the table and sat down. Taking my first sip I sighed and a smile fell on my lips. When I looked up at my parents they were both looking at me amused. "What?" I asked.

"It's 8 a.m. why are you even awake yet?" Dad asked teasingly.

I shrugged. "I'm an early bird." I defended myself.

Mom chuckled and patted my arm. "You should have stayed out like your brother did. He didn't get home until midnight." Mom told me.

"Great for him." I said and took another sip of my coffee. "So, what's on the list of chores today?" I asked them.

Since my mother is a stay at home mom, she usually does the cleaning throughout the week. Every weekend she assigns us jobs to do. Most of them involve doing our own

laundry, cleaning our rooms, possibly other chores like cleaning the pool, dusting, things like that. "Oh, no chores today." Mom said as she avoided my eyes.

I narrowed my eyes at her and Dad. "No chores?" I asked it like I didn't believe them, because I don't.

"Nope." Dad said as he stared into his coffee cup like it's the most interesting thing in the room.

"Okay." I said setting my cup on the table. "What is going on? Did someone die? Is it Nana?" I asked as panic hit.

"No, no no." Mom said as she rested her hand on my arm. "Nothing like that dear. We just... have somewhere to go tonight." Mom said.

I raised a brow at her. "Somewhere to go... tonight... that makes it so we can't do chores..." I shook my head. "Am I not getting an allowance? Cause that is totally okay, I can still do chores." I offered.

"No honey." Dad said with a chuckle. "We just know that you won't like it so we are giving you a break. And if we give you a break we have to give Caleb one too." He told me.

Fair.

"Okay, so where are we going that I'm not going to like?" I asked.

"We are having dinner at one of my old college friend's place tonight. He has a daughter and a son. It's going to be casual." He said and my eyes went wide before I groaned and rested my head on the table.

I hate meeting new people. I've never been a people person which was why Vanessa was my only friend. I think I might have social anxiety or something. Usually when our parents went out anywhere with people I didn't know I was able to stay home. My parents are very understanding people and they never push my boundaries.

"Why do I have to go again?" I asked after I lifted my head from the table.

"These are old friends of mine. Important people to me honey. I want them to meet my only daughter, my pride and joy, the light to my life." Dad went on.

I gave him a bored look. "Okay Dad." I said.

Dad beamed at me.

"You're going to love them dear and they are going to love you." Mom assured me. "Their kids are your age, twins, maybe you can make friends. They'll be starting school with you on Monday." She told me. Great. More people to either tease or avoid me. I sighed in defeat. Looks like I have to do this whether I like it or not. I will be taking full advantage of no chores today though and doing some self care.

After a long day of doing my nails, toes, face masks, exfoliating, and a long bath I was nearly ready to go. In fact, I am feeling so relaxed that most of my anxiety is gone. I'm staring at my reflection in my bathroom mirror. Yes, I have my own bathroom off of my bedroom. I'm wearing a cute little sundress. It's yellow with white daisies all over it. It has buttons down the front of it and it's a thin fabric. I love it though. It looks really cute with my dirty blonde hair that is hanging around me in curls. The top part of my hair is up in a half pony that has curls hanging on top of the longer curls. I pulled up white see-through thigh highs and then a white pair of flats. I went back to my bathroom and applied mascara and clear lip gloss. Then I gave myself another look over. I look great! There was a knock to my door just then.

"Come in." I called out.

Caleb opened my door. "Mom and Dad wanted me to ask if you're-" He stopped once he took in my outfit and then frowned. "You are not wearing that." He said. [Search The FindNovel.net](http://SearchTheFindNovel.net) website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

I frowned back. "Why not?" I asked.

"Because." He stated.

"Wow." I breathed out.

I grabbed my brown leather purse off of my bed and slung it over my shoulder. Then I pushed past my little brother and walked down the stairs. Caleb was following behind me complaining about my dress being too short and how I need to put on a pair of pants. "Mom." I said once we reached my parents who were waiting for us at the door.

"Don't ask her!" Caleb yelled. "She's going to agree with you." He accused.

I put my hand on my hip and our parents exchanged a look.

"Mom. Tell your son that I look just fine." I said a bit demanding.

"Dad. Tell your daughter that she needs to put on a pair of pants." Caleb said with the same tone.

Caleb and I are glaring daggers at each other. Neither of us are willing to back down. I look just fine. My dress is so long that you can't even tell my thigh highs are thigh highs,

they look like tights. Caleb is acting like my a\*s is showing. I know he's just being a protective brother but come on.

"First of all, do the two of you want to try that again. I did not appreciate your tone." Mom said.

Caleb and I both gulped and turned guilty expressions to our mother.

"Sorry Momma." I said quietly.

"Sorry Dad." Caleb said just as sheepish.

"We accept your apology." Mom said with a satisfied smile. "Now, what is the problem exactly? I think your sister looks fine Caleb." She said.

Caleb rolled his eyes. "Her dress is too short." He complained.

"Then don't look at me." I offered up sounding like a brat.

Caleb opened his mouth to make some remark but Dad cut in.

"Alright, that's enough you two. Caleb your sister looks fine. Let's go." He said and then opened the door for us.

I gave my little brother a cocky grin that says 'ha ha I won' and flipped my hair as I walked out. Caleb grumbled a few things that I chose to ignore. We all piled into the car and began our drive.

"So, did you have fun last night?" I asked my brother.

Caleb shrugged. "It was alright I guess." He said.

I frowned at his words. "What happened?" I asked.

"Nothing." He answered.

"Liar." I accused.

Caleb rolled his eyes and blew out a breath. I chose to let it go for now. I'm sure it was difficult for Caleb to be friends with the people who tormented me for a whole year. I felt a bit bad. If I wasn't such a baby last year than my little brother wouldn't be feeling this way. He's part of the reason why I decided to be different this year. Caleb shouldn't be worried about protecting me, he should be going to parties and having girlfriends. Although, I'm not so sure that is Caleb's scene. I think that he would like to party like a normal teenager but I don't think he likes the crowd. Even without my involvement. And I don't blame him. The popular crowd are all mean and fake, even to each other. It would

be different if he could genuinely be friends with some of them, but I think that is exactly the problem.

The rest of the drive was decently quiet. Just the sound of the radio as it played 80's rock hits. I rolled my eyes. Dad and his old style rock. Although, I must admit, I really like Guns and Roses. Not that I would ever admit that to my brother. Dad knows though. One time when when I was 13 Dad got us tickets to one of their shows. I couldn't believe they were even touring honestly. Dad and I told Mom and Caleb that we were having a daddy daughter date, just a movie and dinner. It was a lie, Dad took me to the concert and we had a blast. Of course we got caught when we came home close to 1 a.m. with new T-shirts and such. Mom tried to be mad at us but it only lasted a half an hour.

I was lost in the memories when we pulled into a fancy gated community. Dad stopped at a very small office looking thing. There was a man waiting there in a security guard uniform. His skin is dark and he has a stoic look on his face as he stared at my dad. Dad smiled brightly at him.

"Good evening." Dad greeted the security guard.

"What business do you have here?" The man asked.

Oh straight to the point with him.

"We are here to see Adam Whitlock. I'm an old friend of his." Dad told him.

"One moment please." The security guard said before returning to the small building a foot away.

Mom and Dad shared a look, which caused Caleb and I to share a look. Caleb shrugged at me and I rolled my eyes at him. This place must take their safety seriously. That must be nice. Maybe we should move here too.

"Maybe we should move to a gated community like this." Mom said voicing my thoughts.

I snorted at the horrified look that Dad gave her. "My dear, I make a lot of money but not this kind of money." He told her with a laugh.

Mom gave him a shrug and Caleb and I struggled to hold in our laughter. Then the security guard came out of the small building and walked back to the car. He still had the same stoic expression.

"Mr. Whitlock is expecting you. You may go." He said and then the gates opened up.

Caleb and I shared another look as Dad drove through. All of the houses here are huge, like really huge. There are some kids outside playing basketball as the sun sets. Some

women and men are outside as well tending to their yards. They all waved at us as we drove through.

"Friendly neighborhood." Caleb mumbled.

"I'll say." I agreed.

Dad drove all the way to the back of the community and pulled into the driveway of the very last house. No one was outside back here but lights were on in all the houses. Dad put the car in park and we all looked up at the house. It's modern style and half brick. This is probably the biggest house I have ever seen, and the biggest one here. It's gorgeous though, I must admit that.

"Alright, let's go in." Dad said and I could hear the excitement in his voice.

Dad jumped out of the car and came over to open the door for Mom. I looked at my little brother who was still staring at the house. When he looked at me he narrowed his eyes.

"Don't think I'll be opening doors for you." He said.

I scoffed and threw my door open. "Who needs you anyways." I said and then stepped out.

I looked all around me taking in all of the houses. This place is beautiful, even with all the houses that look similar. My eyes caught sight of movement in the house next door. One of the curtains waved as if it had just been shut. I stared at it for a moment. "Come on Millie." Mom called.

"Coming."

## **Betrayed By Everyone Loved by Four Chapter 9**

"David!" The man practically shouted as he embraced my dad.

"Adam!" Dad shouted back as they hugged each other.

"Much too long." Dad agreed as they released each other.

"Come in, come in." Adam gestured for us to come in as he stood to the side. "Introduce me to your family Davy." He said.

Caleb and I looked at each other.

Davy? I mouthed to my brother, who only shrugged at me.

Dad chuckled. "This is my darling wife Betty." He said and Mom rolled her eyes.

"Betty my dear, you are looking even finer than the last time I saw you." Adam said.

Ew.

"You've met?" Dad asked causing Adam and Mom to laugh.

"He was too drunk at our wedding apparently." Mom said to Adam.

"Oh that's right." Dad said. "Anyways," He continued as he wrapped an arm around me. "This is my first born, Ameilia, she prefers Millie though." Dad said. "Hi." I said with a tight smile.

"Millie, it's a pleasure to meet you." Adam said with a bright smile.

Then Dad released me and slapped a hand on Caleb's shoulder. "This is my second born Caleb." Dad said proudly.

"Ahh, the football star." Adam said as he held his hand out for Caleb. "Even a firm handshake, that's great." Adam complimented.

I rolled my eyes at Caleb's smirk.

"Dear, are your friends here?" A woman called and then came around the corner. "Oh good." She said with a smile once she noticed us.

The woman is stunning. She has curly brown hair and bright green eyes. Her figure is to die for. She has on a silk blue blouse and black dress pants. "Sarah!" Mom said excitedly when she saw the woman.

"Betty!" Sarah replied with just as much enthusiasm.

The two women threw their arms around each other. Once again, Caleb and I shared a look. We had no idea that our parents had a life before. They are pretty much stay at home people. Sure, they have a couple of friends like Mrs. Miller who we have brunch with everyday, but nothing like this.

"Oh my, this must be your children!" Sarah said as she let go of our mom and came over to inspect us. "Wow Davy, this one looks like your replica but female, and much prettier." She said and then winked at me.

Dad chuckled. "This is Millie, my pride and joy." He said earning a glare from Caleb. I smirked and stuck my tongue out at my brother.

"Millie, what a pretty name. It's so nice to meet you dear." She said and then hugged me. "Although, I did meet you once but you were only a couple of weeks old." She told me and I smiled at her.

"Thank you. It's very nice to meet you too, sorry I don't remember the first time." I said with a small laugh.

Sarah chuckled with me. "That is quite alright dear, we can be good friends now." She told me, and then moved on to my brother. "Wow, a perfect mix of your parents I see." She commented and then threw her arms around Caleb shocking him. He awkwardly hugged her back and I snorted. "Sorry, I'm a hugger." She said to him.

"Uhm, it's okay." He said and, I'm sorry, is that a blush I see?

"Well, come on in, dinner isn't done yet but we have drinks." Sarah said.

"Ooou, drinks." I said with a teasing voice.

"Nonalcoholic drinks for the kids." Sarah said with a laugh.

I sighed heavily earning laughs from the adults. We followed the couple down a long hallway. When we came out there was a huge living room to the left and a large dining room to the right. Sarah walked over to the table and then turned around to hand my mother a glass of wine. Mom thanked her and then Sarah walked over to a small white box that is attached to the pretty gray wall.

"You two get your asses down here, we have company." She said sweetly.

"Be right down Mom." Came a female voice. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

Holy shit they have an intercom? And I thought we were rich. Apparently not as rich as these people. Holy cow. The decor in here looks more expensive than our house. Mr. Whitlock must make a lot of money as a lawyer. I wonder if Mrs. Whitlock has a profession that pays just as well.

I had wandered away from the crowd to another hallway. The artwork here is just stunning, absolutely stunning. I hadn't realized how far I had wandered off until I heard a deep voice come from behind me. "Lost?" He asked.

My blood ran cold and I turned around to face a boy about my age. I gulped as I took in his appearance. His messy black curls look sexy sitting on his head and slightly over his deep green eyes. There is a silver hoop through his bottom lip on the left side. He's tall, probably 6'3, and full of muscles. How do I know that? Because he's shirtless. My face heated as my eyes traveled down his toned body. I can see his V with how low hanging black jeans are.

"I, uh, I." I stuttered out like an idiot. The boy raised a brow at me and I cleared my throat. "I was just looking at the artwork. There's a lot of it." I said.

The boy gave me a nod and then started walking towards me. My body froze in place as he got closer. He stopped only inches away from me. His face is expressionless as he stares down at me. Then he steps to the side and looks at the painting behind me. "Don't see what's so pleasing about it." He said gruffly.

I frowned. "What are you talking about?" I asked. "It's beautiful." I argued as I turned around to look at the abstract art. "All the colors and wildness of it... It's stunning." I said.

"There is definitely something stunning in this hallway." He said lowly, goddamn he has to have the deepest voice I have ever heard.

I looked up to find him staring down at me. My face heated under his intense gaze. Wow, he has such pretty eyes. I can't look away from him. He took a step closer to me so there was almost no distance between us. Then he dipped his head down to my ear and my heart rate spiked.

What the hell just happened? Was he flirting with me? No way. This has to be a parallel universe. Yup, that's it.

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## **Betrayed By Everyone Loved by Four Chapter 10**

I walked back to the main area to find a new girl had joined us. She looks exactly like the boy that was in the hallway with long black curly hair and deep green eyes. The girl has on a summer dress just like me but hers is white with pink flowers and looks much more expensive. She beamed at me once I came into the room.

"There you are Millie." Mom said.

"Sorry, I was looking at the art and before I knew it, I was down the hall." I said with a small laugh.

"That's alright dear, feel free to treat this like it's your home." Sarah told me.

I smiled at her. "Thank you." I said.

"So you're Millie." The girl said as she came up to me and grabbed my hands in hers. "Oh my god you are soooooo pretty. I love your hair and your dress!" She said.

"Uhm, thank you." I said a little awkwardly.

"Millie this is my daughter Lila, she is just like her mother. Eccentric." Mr. Whitlock said.

Lila beamed at me. I couldn't help but return her smile. She seems warm and nice.

"Mom can I show Millie around and take her to my room?" Lila asked.

"Sure. Stop by your brothers room and introduce them. Then tell him to get his ass out here before I come and get him." Mrs. Whitlock said.

Lila grabbed my arm and dragged me down the hall I was just in. She stopped at the door I saw the boy disappear behind and turned to me. Am I nervous? Why am I feeling nervous?

"If you want to, we can totally just go to my room. My brother is annoying and grumpy." She told me.

I opened my mouth to say something when the door swung open. The black haired boy stood in the doorway expressionless. His eyes flickered between the two of us before he pushed between us and walked down the hallway. I watched him walk away. Damn, even with the black V-neck shirt on he looks muscley.

"Leo is an asshole." Lila mumbled to me.

So, his name is Leo.

"It's okay." I shrugged. "Nothing I'm not used to." I said.

Lila lead me to a staircase that was just around the corner. Apparently her room is on the next floor. When we entered into her bedroom I almost gasped. It's huge, like way huge. The walls are a lilac purple and there is artwork all over the place. This room is probably twice the size of my own.

Lila plopped down on her bed that is in the middle of the room. "Have a seat girl." She told me.

I sat down on her bed across from her and gave her a polite smile. This is awkward. I'm making it awkward. The last time I was in another girls room it was Vanessa. Lila is sweet but... She won't ever be my friend. Not with all the rumors flying around school. "So, you're the famous Millie." She said after a moment.

I furrowed my brow. "Famous?" I asked. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Lila giggled. "Oh yeah. You are all Atlas and Oliver talked about after the game last night." She told me.

My face heated. "Oh." I said and then rolled my eyes. "I don't know why. It's not like I was nice to either of them." I grumbled as I folded my arms across my chest.

Lila let out a loud laugh. "That." She said. "That right there is why." She said.

I gave her a confused look. "They like mean girls?" I asked.

"They like a challenge is what they like." She told me.

I shook my head. "I don't want to be a challenge. Trust me I'm not worth it." I said half heartedly.

Lila frowned at me. "What do you mean by that? Most girls throw themselves at the guys. Why do you think you're not worth it?" She asked.

I shrugged as a response. "Well, what about you? How come you're not with one of them? I heard that you guys have all been friends for like, ever." I said.

Lila giggle again. "Ewwwww." She drawled out. "All of them are like brothers to me." She said.

"Makes sense." I said.

"So, tell me about school. Who's the hottest guy? What are the teachers like? Who should I watch out for? Tell me everything." She said excitedly.

My face fell and I looked away from her. "Uhm, I'm not sure who the hottest guy is. If I have to go based off what the other girls say, it's James Melrose." Then my eyes snapped to hers. "Stay away from him though. He's a player. He has a girlfriend right now but he isn't a faithful guy." I told her. Lila nodded. "Do you know that from personal experience?" She asked softly.

Again, I looked away from her. "The teachers are all lovely, unless you have AP Calculus. The teacher isn't bad he's just boring and the class is hard." I told her as I ignored her question.

Lila grabbed my hand and I turned my head back to her. "Listen Millie, our families are going to be spending a lot of time together, which means we will be seeing a lot of each other. I really like you so far. You're not like other girls I've met, which is great. If you want to tell me about school you can. It'll stay between the two of us." She said and then squeezed my hand.

I sighed. "I'm sure you'll hear about it when you start Monday." I told her.

"Hear rumors or the truth?" She asked.

Her question surprised me. No one had ever bothered to ask me if the rumors were true or not. All of them just believed the rumors. Not one other person cared enough to ask me except my brother. "Would you really believe me if I told you?" I asked her.

"I have no reason to not believe you." She said.

"You have no reason to believe me." I countered.

"True. But I like you a lot and two of my best friends are practically in love with you already. Our parents are also best friends. I have no choice but to trust you." She said with a proud smile.

Just when I was about to respond the intercom dinged. "Dinner is ready you two." Sarah's voice floated through.

Lila looked at me and I stood up and headed for the door. I paused with my hand on the doorknob. When I turned my head Lila was still sitting on her bed. She gave me a small smile.

"I'm really sorry Lila. You seem really nice. Maybe we could be friends but I just don't trust you back." I said and then walked out the door.

By the time I had gotten back to the dining room Lila was right behind me. She had tried to stop me a few times but I ignored her. I have already made a fool of myself by saying all of that, but she would know in time I'm sure. Then she would join in with the rest of the school and ignore me. Or maybe she would bully me too.

Everyone was seated at the table with food across the whole area. It was all Chinese take out. I couldn't help but giggle when I saw it.

"When you kept saying 'dinner will be done soon' I thought it was in the oven or something, not on its way here." I teased as I took my seat next to my brother.

Before I could sit down Caleb pushed me away. I gave him a 'what the f\*\*k is your problem' look. He ignored me and smiled at Lila.

"Lila, I saved you a seat." He said with a bright smile.

My jaw dropped and I looked up at Lila, who was trying to hide her amusement behind her hand.

"Thank you Caleb." She said as she walked over to us and took the seat I had just tried to sit on.

I shook my head.

"Don't worry Millie, you can sit next to Leo." Sarah told me.

I looked across the table to see Leo staring down at his phone bored. He pulled out the chair next to him with his foot but didn't acknowledge me in the slightest. I rolled my eyes and stomped over to the seat.

"I'm eating your fortune cookie for that." I told my little brother.

"Worth it." He replied while he winked at Lila.

"Unbelievable." I grumbled.

"Sitting next to me is that bad huh?" Leo teased lowly.

Goddamn, that voice.

"So Millie, what classes do you have?" Lila asked me from across the table.

The next day I woke up to my alarm going off. It's only 8 a.m. and I am exhausted. We didn't get home from the Whitlock's until after midnight last night. Honestly, I had a lot of fun. Lila is someone I could really see myself being friends with but unfortunately I held her at arms length. She didn't press me more about school and instead we talked about other things. Caleb tried to flirt with her several times. I gagged a lot but Lila seemed to enjoy the attention. Leo had followed us around for the night but remained pretty quiet. He's definitely the brooding type, total opposite of his twin.

All in all, I didn't get my hopes up. I enjoyed my night but I'm sure things would change Monday at school. I flung the blankets off of me and decided to get ready for brunch with Mrs. Miller. Mrs. Whitlock and Lila will be joining us today. Mom and Sarah talked all night about how there other friends should join us next week and we can start making this a real grils brunch. Lila giggled and told me how excited about the idea she was. I was a little afraid honestly. What if I really do enjoy it and then all their kids secretly hate me and I have to stop going?

I shook the thoughts from my head. I'll deal with it when and if it happens. Right now I need to get ready.

An hour later and I am dressed in black jean shorts that had the sun and moon in white print on the b\*\*t pockets. I matched it with a plain black cropped T-shirt. My long hair is up in a high pony, but not as well done as most girls. I put on my favorite plain black choker and then grabbed my phone before heading down the stairs.

When I got to the kitchen I could hear voices. I looked up to see the Whitlocks already here. Even the men.. My eyes connected with Leo's deep green ones. His eyes trailed

down my body and back up. He gave me a pleased smirk that had my face heating up. "Holy shit Millie, you look hot!" Lila said.

"Language Lila!" Sarah scolded her daughter.

"Sorry Momma." She said softly making me smile. I do the same to my mother. Lila stood up, walked over to me, and engulfed me in a big hug. I awkwardly hugged her back and then she let me go. "Show me your room?" She asked. "I can show you my room." Caleb offered.

I narrowed my eyes at him but before I could say anything Sarah spoke up. "Why don't all of you go for a little tour and then we can leave." She said dismissing us.

Caleb beamed and then walked over to Lila. He grabbed her hand and wrapped it around his arm like they are some royal couple or some shit. Lila giggled as Caleb began to lead her up the stairs. I followed behind and rolled my eyes. "You shouldn't roll your eyes ya know." Leo whispered in my ear making me jump.

"You should come with a warning bell." I countered.

Leo chuckled and the sound was deep, just like his damn voice. "What fun would it be if you knew I was coming?" He asked.

I'm not sure he actually wanted an answer, so I didn't give him one. Caleb walked us to his bedroom and stepped in. I was surprised to see it decently cleaned. He stepped in, dragging Lila with him.

"Well, this is it." He said and then looked at Leo and I. "You two have seen enough." He said and then kicked the door shut with his foot.

My jaw dropped. "What a traitor." I mumbled.

"What makes him a traitor?" Leo asked.

"He just left me out here with you." I said gesturing to him.

If Leo was offended he didn't show it. Instead, he chuckled at me. I rolled my eyes and crossed my arms.

"Didn't I warn you about rolling eyes?" He asked with a teasing tone.

"Warn me?" I asked with a raised brow.

Leo took a step closer to me. "That's right. Keep rolling your eyes and you'll get punished." He told me and my breath hitched.

What the fuck does that mean? Punished how? And for what? Rolling my eyes?

"Punished my ass." I mumbled as I pushed him back.

Is it getting hot in here?

"Exactly." He said. What? What does that mean? "I believe you're supposed to be taking me on a tour. Let's see your room." He said. "But.." I trailed off as I looked at my brother's door.

"Trust me, I don't think they're going to come out for a while. Lila doesn't get a lot of... positive male attention." Leo told me.

I turned my head to him. "What does that mean?" I asked feeling angry.

Leo shrugged. "Not my story to tell. But I can say that your brother is super into her and even with the two year age difference, she's into it." He told me.

"Two? I thought you guys were 18." I said.

"We will be in a couple of months. Caleb said he'd be 16 in a couple of weeks." Leo said.

It's true. Caleb will be 16 in a couple of weeks. Despite the two year age difference with us our birthdays are close.

"So, you're room?" Leo suggested.

I sighed and walked across the hall to my room. Opening the door I walked in and stood to the side. Leo walked right in like he owns the place and kicked my door shut. I frowned at him. "Treat my things with respect or we're going to have issues bro." I said as I scowled at him.

Leo turned to me and raised his brow. "Bro?" He asked.

I shrugged and Leo chuckled. He took his time scanning my room. I watched as he walked around and touched my things. It feels slightly invasive. The only other guy I've had in here was James, and he never seemed this interested in what was in my room. I was starting to feel embarrassed. Does he not like my room? Wait, what do I care?

"Your room is cute. Pretty fitting for you." He said as he turned to me with a smirk.

"Uhm... thanks." I said and then plopped on my bed. "How long do you think Caleb and Lila are going to be?" I asked

Leo shrugged and then plopped on my bed next to me. He leaned back and propped his legs up as if he was going to take a nap. I pushed his feet off but he put them back up.

"What did I say about respecting my things?" I scolded him.

"I believe you said 'we're gonna have an issue bro!' He said with a big smirk.

"Listen Leo, I wasn't joking when I said that. Get your fucking dirty ass shoes off of my nice clean bed." I stated angrily.

"Done." He replied without missing a beat and then kicked his shoes off. "Your bed is super comfy." He said. "I could get used to it."

My face heated. What the hell does that mean? He isn't going to be getting used to anything in this room.

"Okay, whatever that means." I said sounding annoyed.

Leo propped himself up on his elbow and looked up at me. "It means that I plan to spend more time in this bed in the near future." He told me.

My jaw dropped. "You sure are bold aren't you." I said with an eye roll.

Leo sat all the way up and grabbed me by my chin. The contact shocked me and I froze. Leo brought my face close to his and he narrowed his eyes at me. I should feel scared. I should be screaming or telling him to let me go. So why do I feel excited? "Roll your eyes at me again princess and I will make other parts of your body red." He said lowly, then he traced my bottom lip with his thumb. "And I am much bolder than you even suspect." He said and then leaned in closer.

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god. Is he going to kiss me? He's leaning in pretty close. I can feel his hot breath on my lips. He's so close. Am I really going to let this happen? No, I'm not.

I raised my hand between us and put my palm flat against his lips. Then I pushed his face away from me. Leo chuckled and dropped his hand from my chin. I pulled my hand back and stared at him.

"Don't do that again." I tried to sound stern but my voice came out weak.

"Why not? I was enjoying it." Leo said.

"Because I don't want to be disappointed when you start ignoring me on Monday." I blurted out.

F\*\*k.

Leo narrowed his eyes at me. "What's that mean?" He asked.

"Kids! Come on!" Came my mom's voice.

I shot up to my feet and went to the door. I turned around to look at Leo with my hand on the doorknob. He's putting his shoes on and watching me.

"You'll find out Monday I'm sure."

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