

Broken | 16: Friends

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LILY

As soon as she shuts the bedroom door, Brittany's demeanor totally changes. She grabs me and with a big smile says, "Okay, now you have to tell me everything!"

"I thought you were going to yell at me," I say.

"Oh, that little show was just to scare Mason. I really just wanted the gossip!" She squeals, jumping into his bed and making herself comfortable.

She pats the spot next to her for me to come sit down, which I hesitantly do.

"I want to know *everything*," she emphasizes. "How'd you meet? When did you kiss for the first time? How'd you get back together? Did my talk really not help at all?" she lists off, hardly taking a breath.

I let out a small giggle before I end up telling her pretty much everything, including exactly how we met and Oliver cheating on me.

"Whoa." She breathes out once I finish talking. "I always hated Kingsley," she mutters.

"I thought you hated me too," I mumble, picking at a loose thread on the blanket.

Brittany's black eyebrows shoot up in surprise at my words. "Admire, yes. Extremely jealous, also yes. But not hate." She shakes her head.

"Although I must admit I was pissed when I found out you quit cheer." She blushes.

"How come?" I ask, pulling my eyebrows together.

"Cause I was finally going to beat you in the competition in the New Year." She replies in a "duh" tone, making us both laugh.

"I'll just have to settle for the volleyball game next week." She sighs dramatically.

“Not happening.” I giggle.

“Okay, what’s the secret? Why can we never beat you?” she asks, leaning back.

“Two reasons,” I say, holding up my fingers and leaning back next to her.

“Number one, your spike sucks,” I say, and she nods along in agreement.

“Number two, you need a new partner.”

Brittany groans and sits back up. “Natasha sucks, right?” She huffs, falling back down.

“My coach wants Tayla to transfer,” I tell her.

“No fair! We’ve wanted to hear her for so long,” she groans as the bedroom door flies open and Liam and Mason both waltz in.

“What are you two talking about?” Liam asks, sitting down on the chair by the desk.

“None of your business,” Brittany sasses.

“We’re bored.” Liam groans as Mason comes over to the bedside table, grabbing his Xbox controller before he sits on the foot of the bed.

“Go tell someone else your problems.” She brushes him off.

“We are going to play a game,” he states, picking up a controller and shaking it.

“Ugh.” Her face screws up in disgust before a big smile breaks out on her face, and she slowly turns to look at me.

“I finally have someone to endure the torture with.” She smiles, making Mason laugh.

“Do you know how many times I’ve had to sit here for hours listening to them play some stupid game, bored out of my mind?” she asks me.

“No one said you had to stay,” Liam singsongs, getting up to sit next to Mason as he loads up a game.

“Yeah, well, you’re my only friends, so I have to. Unless I want to be stuck at home with my mom and her boyfriend giving each other the bedroom eyes all day.” She shudders.

As the two boys play some sort of shooting game, Brittany and I keep talking about her volleyball spike and cheer until she asks when my homecoming is.

“Next weekend, after the game,” I answer, chewing my bottom lip.

“Same.” She sighs as Mason and Liam share a secret look. “Wait, since you two are together, does that mean the prank is off?” She directs her question at Mason.

“Ahh, I guess so?” he answers, scratching the back of his head.

“What prank?” I ask, intrigued.

“We were going to just do a bunch of harmless stuff.” He brushes it off.

“You should still do it.” I shrug, not really caring about this war anymore.

“Are you actually encouraging us to prank your school?” Liam laughs as the TV turns black.

“What happened?” he asks, looking between the controller and TV.

Mason frowns as he gets up and flicks the light switch a couple of times, but nothing happens.

“Power’s out.” He sighs, going to the window and looking down the street.

“The whole street’s out by the looks of it,” he adds, pulling the curtains closed and sitting back down.

“Is your mom coming back tonight?” Brittany asks with an evil smile plastered on her face.

“It’s Saturday. What do you think?” He snorts.

“Go get some of her very expensive and delicious wine.” She smirks.

“It’s so disgusting though,” Liam groans, throwing his body back onto the bed, and Brittany instantly puts her feet in his face.

“Suck it up,” she sasses as Mason gives me a nod toward the door.

We both get up and head back downstairs together toward the kitchen.

“Was it as bad as you thought?” he asks, wrapping his arms around my shoulders.

“She’s actually really nice.” I smile up at him and wrap my arms around his waist.

“Told you you had nothing to worry about.” He smiles before leaning down and kissing me.

“You were right,” I say as he pulls his lips away from mine.

“Hm, I like the sound of you saying that.” He chuckles, opening the fridge and grabbing two bottles of wine out and passing them to me before getting another two.

“How much wine does she have in there?” I ask, peering around him and seeing the whole fridge is practically full of wine.

“A lot,” he mumbles, slamming the door closed. “And she has more red wine in the cupboard and spirits in the living room.” He sighs.

The four of us sit around on Mason’s bed drinking the wine. I still don’t love it, but it’s kind of growing on me. Liam and Mason cringe every time they take a sip.

“I’m hungry,” Liam pouts.

“Order pizza,” Mason tells him, nodding his head.

“Get it from Sal’s. Tayla has a crush on the delivery boy.” He snorts, rolling his eyes.

“Who is he?” Brittany asks with a toothy grin.

“Dunno,” he shrugs in response before taking a large gulp of his wine.

Thirty minutes later there’s a knock on the door, and Mason and I go downstairs together to get the pizza.

Well, he's getting the pizza—I'm going to look out the window to see if I recognize the guy from school.

When I see who the delivery boy is, I let out a gasp and quickly duck down just in case he can see me through the window. Mason turns slightly and looks down at me with an amused look.

"I know him," I mouth, making his eyebrows shoot up.

"No power, huh?" Jonah's voice comes through clearly.

"Nope," Mason replies, handing him some cash.

"My friend lives not far from here," he comments, making Mason look back down at me. "I might have to swing by to make sure she's okay," Jonah continues.

"You do that," Mason mumbles, looking at the change in his hand with a frown.

"You might know her, actually. Lily Bennett," Jonah states, saying my name louder and making me cringe.

"Never heard of her." Mason shrugs, handing all the change in his hand back.

"Dude, this is like thirty bucks!" Jonah exclaims, and Mason shrugs in response before grabbing the pizzas and closing the door.

"Please tell me he's not some creep." He groans as we make our way back to his room.

"Well, he did tell me he loves my ass." I smirk, making his whole body freeze and become tense.

"He what?" he asks lowly.

"Mm-hmm. I believe it was something along the lines of turning straight for me." I laugh as Mason's body relaxes. "That's Jonah, Harry's boyfriend," I explain as we enter his bedroom.

"Well, that's a relief." He sighs, putting the pizzas in the middle of the bed.

The four of us sit around eating pizza, playing Snap and Go Fish, and of course drinking the very delicious wine well into the early morning, only going to sleep when the TV turns back on at two a.m.

Liam and Brittany are sleeping downstairs on the sofa while Mason is spooning me in his bed.

“Do you think Jonah saw me?” I whisper, playing with Mason’s long, slender fingers.

“I don’t think so,” he mumbles into the back of my head.

His words ease my anxiety some, but not fully. There’s something not quite sitting right with me about the way he said my name.

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