

Broken | 11: The Run In

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LILY

“Fuck you,” I hiss as I poke him in the chest, making his blue eyes go wide. “I haven’t texted you once since I dumped your ass!” I yell, poking him again.

“I don’t care if you’re fucking Leah! You literally mean nothing to me!”

I continue yelling, and I’m about to poke him again when arms wrap around the front of my chest and I’m picked up off the ground and taken away from that asshole.

“Now channel this rage into your game,” Harry chuckles from behind me.

“He’s the biggest asshole I’ve ever met!” I exclaim as Harry puts me back on my feet by a shocked-looking Jock.

“I haven’t spoken to him once since we broke up!” I ramble while Harry just smiles at me and Jock looks scared.

By the time the period finishes and Harry drives me and Jonah to Greendale, I’m still angry. I’m actually probably angrier. I wonder what other lies that asshole’s been saying about me.

“You look happy.” Coach Lyall chuckles when I dump my bag on the bleachers beside him.

“I’m a ray of fucking sunshine,” I snap, pulling out my knee pads.

“Should I ask?” he asks Harry over my head.

“Nope,” he answers, sitting next to my bag.

“Where’s Sky?” I ask, looking around for my partner.

“Right here,” she chirps happily, sticking her head around Lyall. “I heard some girls talking, saying Brittany is a bigger bitch this year,” she tells me, and I roll my eyes.

“We’ll beat her,” I say confidently.

“Yeah, you will!” Lyall hoots, sitting down.

“When are the juniors playing?” I ask, seeing them sitting down the bleachers a little.

“They’ve already played.” He sighs. “I’m making them stay to watch you two to see how good teamwork is done,” he mutters.

“Bagsy’s not doing the coin flip!” Sky blurts out quickly as the referee starts walking toward us.

I sigh and stand up.

Coin flips with Greendale suck. Brittany always does it and tries to shit talk and get inside your head. It doesn’t work, but it’s still annoying.

I make my way over to the other side of the court, looking at the people.

There are two younger girls sitting in the third row with massive smiles on their faces, and right behind them is Liam. I frown, wondering why he’s here.

I don’t think I’ve ever seen him here—unless he’s just started dating Brittany or Natasha.

“Red calls,” the grumpy lady grunts.

“Heads,” I mutter, glancing at Brittany, who’s staring at me.

The ref flips the coin. “Heads. What do you want?” she grunts again.

“Ball,” I reply before she hands it to me.

“Liam wants to talk to you,” Brittany says lowly, making me turn to her.

“Not interested,” I say with a frown, turning toward my side of the court.

“It’s about Mason,” she says quickly.

“What about him?” I ask, turning back slowly.

“Just come to the bathroom after the game.” She shakes her head.

I walk to the back of the court and hand Sky the ball. "What'd she say?" she asks, taking it.

"Just her usual crap," I lie. I'm guessing Liam told Brittany about me and she's just saying it to get in my head.

Well, not today.

Sky and I end up winning by a mile. Greendale may have crushed us at football, but not at volleyball. Although, to be fair, Brittany has gotten a lot better since last year. Natasha not so much.

"You played great, babe," Harry exclaims, pulling me into a bear hug.

"Thanks," I smile, hugging him back.

"To celebrate, I'll take you for ice cream," he announces. "Sky, you in?" he asks, releasing me from his tight grip.

"Can't. Have to study for my geography test," she sighs. "Next week," she adds before walking off.

"I'm just going to the bathroom," I tell Harry and Jonah as we make our way out of the gym.

"We'll see you at the car," Harry nods, going off while I slip into the bathroom.

Curiosity has gotten the better of me. If Brittany was being serious, then I'll listen to Liam probably tell me to stay away from Mason and I'll tell him no problem. If she wasn't, then no harm done.

"You came," Brittany says, surprised, when I push the door open.

"Well?" I ask, not caring if I sound like a bitch.

"Liam and Mason are best friends..." she begins slowly as one of the stall doors opens and Liam steps out.

"What happened between you two?" he asks me with a neutral face.

"Ask him," I sigh. I don't know what he's told them, and I don't want his friends to turn on him, if they haven't already.

"I tried. He just told me to shut up and you don't talk anymore," he sighs, his face dropping to sadness.

"I'm just going to cut to the chase," Brittany states. "You obviously know about Callum," she says while Liam pulls his hand down his face.

"Be nice, Britt," he warns, making her roll her eyes.

"Mason was a wreck after he died. Then suddenly we didn't see him as much, but when we did, he was smiling and back to the old Mason we love. Until the last day of summer," she says, looking at me.

"He's terrible. He hardly talks, hardly eats. His sisters are worried—we're worried," she says, gesturing between her and Liam.

"If you make him happy, we support whatever weird friendship you two have," she finishes, looking at me with pleading eyes.

"He doesn't want to talk to me," I whisper, looking down at my feet.

"Have you tried?" she asks gently.

I shake my head. "He hasn't either."

"Can you try, please? For Mason," she whispers with a shaky voice.

"I'll think about it," I mumble. I don't know if I can handle another rejection from him.

"Thanks, Lily," she sighs.

I give her a nod before I turn to leave.

In the car, I plaster on my fake smile as I listen to Harry give a play-by-play of my game as if it were the best thing he's ever seen.

"I heard you were a great player, but seeing it in person was a whole other thing," Jonah smiles, leaning between the two front seats.

"She's the best damn player in the state!" Harry hollers as he pulls up outside the ice cream parlor.

“And how good does her ass look in those shorts?” he exclaims as we walk inside to the near-empty shop.

“I’d turn straight for you,” Jonah nods in agreement.

“You two are weird,” I roll my eyes with a chuckle before spinning around too quickly and bumping into someone.

“I’m so sorry!” I exclaim, grabbing hold of their arm to steady myself.

“Careful, princess.”

My whole body breaks out in goosebumps at the sound of his low voice.

“M-Mason,” I stutter out, whipping my head up to look at his face.

Brittany and Liam were right. He does look like shit.

His usual sparkling green eyes look dull and have dark circles underneath.

“I-I didn’t see you, sorry,” I blurt out.

“I guessed,” he half-smirks down at me.

I open and close my mouth, wanting to blurt out everything I’ve been feeling, but decide to settle with a simple *I miss you*.

But just as I’m about to tell him, a brunette walks up to us, glaring at my hand, which is still on Mason’s arm.

“You ready?” she asks him while I quickly rip my hand away, instantly missing the feeling of him.

“Yeah. Let’s go,” he replies, barely glancing at me as she slips her hand into his.

“Who’s this?” the girl asks, narrowing her eyes slightly at me, not moving.

“Just some girl that bumped into me.” Mason brushes me off casually as he gently tugs her hand and they both leave.

So I guess after all that, Brittany was wrong.

Mason didn't miss me.