

Broken | 19: Aftermath

19: Aftermath

LILY

“Is that my hoodie?” Mason asks me as we walk toward his car hand in hand.

“Nope. It’s mine.” I smile up at him, knowing full well it’s his.

“I think it’s mine, princess.” He laughs, tugging my hand so I fall into his side.

“Are you sure you didn’t get hurt?” I ask, looking back at his face, half expecting to see some sort of bruise or cut.

The moment I set foot onto the school grounds this evening, I knew something bad was going to happen.

I wasn’t expecting Oliver to throw the first punch, though.

Once the fight broke out, I lost sight of Mason and was panicking that he was going to get seriously hurt.

“I’m fine. I only got hit once and he punches like a bitch,” he reassures me with a shy smile.

“Do you, um, want to come over?” he asks, sounding unsure.

“Do you want me to?” I counter, stopping at his car.

“Yes.” He answers immediately, squeezing my hand.

“Then I’d love to.” I smile back.

“I’ve got to tell you something first.” He sighs, letting go of my hand and taking a step back.

“What is it?” I frown, wanting him close to me.

“I said something to Kingsley. I said you told me he has a small dick and can’t satisfy a woman to save his life,” Mason says quickly, looking down at his feet.

“Oh,” I reply before I burst out laughing. “At least you didn’t lie,” I giggle.

"You're not mad?" he asks, snapping his face back to mine.

"Of course not." I shake my head before I wrap my arms around his waist.

"Thank fuck," he mumbles, putting his arms around my shoulders and kissing the top of my head.

"All right, break it up, lovebirds." Brittany smirks, wrapping her arms around my arm and pulling me away from Mason.

"Like you two can talk." Mason snorts, rolling his eyes.

"Are you coming to homecoming?" Liam asks, and Mason shakes his head.

"And why not?" Brittany asks, sending us both a glare.

"Seriously, Britt?" Mason snaps, and she bursts out into laughter.

"I'm just kidding." She giggles, giving me a wink.

"Oh! Can I get my phone back now, please?" I ask, realizing she still has it.

"Mason has it." She half-smiles, looking at a frowning Mason.

"We should probably go," he mutters, nodding to the right at some Ridgewood players starting to leave their locker room.

"Yes, please," I nod quickly, wanting to be as far away from here as possible.

On the drive to Mason's house, we hold hands, neither of us breathing a word until he pulls into his driveway.

"I read your texts," he whispers, tightening his grip.

"They're pretty bad, huh?" I sigh, squeezing his hand.

"They're awful." He shakes his head.

"It's just words." I brush it off.

Even though it hurts, I can handle people talking shit.

I just wish Harry would let me explain.

“You shouldn’t have to go through this—especially for me,” Mason whispers, trying to let go of my hand, but I don’t let him.

“I don’t care what they say or think. I want to be with you,” I tell him, almost blurting out that I love him.

“Princess, I’m just saying, if it becomes too much, I understand if you want to end it.” He sighs sadly, closing his eyes.

“Do you want to end it?” My voice cracks as I ask my question.

“No. God, no.” Mason’s eyes fly open as he shakes his head vigorously.

“Good. We’re on the same page then.” I nod, letting go of his hand and turning to get out, but I’m stopped by him whispering, “Princess,” to me.

I turn back to face Mason, and before I can even blink, his lips are on mine, kissing me feverishly.

“We should go inside,” he mumbles against my lips, pulling back far too quickly for my liking.

I nod in agreement and climb out of the car.

I wait for Mason to get his duffle bag before we walk into his house.

“Is your mom home?” I ask quietly once we’re in his bedroom, where I instantly climb under his blankets and snuggle in.

“No. She’s never home on a Saturday,” he replies, pulling off his school hoodie and T-shirt at the same time.

“Oh,” I whisper, admiring his chest and stomach.

“Oh?” He smirks, raising an eyebrow as he crawls onto the bed.

“Mm-hmm,” I hum, grabbing either side of his face and smashing my lips against his, just as roughly as he did to me earlier.

Mason pulls away from me slightly before placing his lips against mine softly, slowing our kiss down.

His hands guide me to lie down on my back as he climbs over me, holding his weight above me.

His lips slowly drag themselves away from my lips and down my neck, reaching the spot right above my collarbone, making me sigh.

“You’re the most beautiful person I’ve ever seen,” Mason whispers against my skin as one hand slowly pushes up my hoodie and shirt.

“I meant everything I said to you that night,” he continues as he moves lower and starts gently kissing my stomach.

“Every single day, you mean more and more to me.”

His voice comes out low as his tongue brushes my hipbones.

“Mason,” I let out breathlessly as my heart pounds heavily in my chest.

“When I’m with you, I’m the happiest I’ve ever been,” he says as he brings his face back up to mine.

“No one makes me feel like you do,” he mumbles against my lips as his fingers slowly unzip my jeans.

“I love you, Lily,” Mason says clearly as his fingers slip inside my panties and into me.

“Mason...,” I moan, my hips bucking against his hand.

“I love you too.”

I try to answer as clearly as he did, but with the way his fingers are moving inside of me, he makes it come out breathlessly and needy.

By Monday morning I’m too much of a nervous wreck to go to school.

Everyone knows I’m with Mason, and if they didn’t know, they will by the time they set foot onto the school grounds.

I’ve had over one hundred texts abusing me over the weekend, calling me all sorts of names and warning me not to show up to school.

I tried ringing Harry a couple of times to try to get him to hear me out, but after the second time I called, it started going straight to voicemail.

As I walk through the halls, people are yelling out at me, throwing crumpled-up paper at me and a fucking pencil?

I slip into my English classroom and mumble a “good morning” to Mr. Garcia, who gives me a sympathetic smile.

“Lily.” He sighs, shaking his head as I slip into the last seat in the front row. “Is it true?” he asks, leaning back in his seat.

“Yes,” I answer with as much faux confidence as I can muster.

“You’re a brave girl,” he comments, shaking his head again.

The class quickly fills up and Mr. Garcia begins the lesson, thankfully talking most of the time—not giving anyone a chance to say anything to me.

But that didn’t stop the notes landing on my desk. I let them pile up on my desk, trying to appear unbothered.

The second the bell rings, I chase after Harry. I call his name and follow him to his second period, but he ignores me.

“Back to class, Miss Bennett,” Mrs. Morgan, the home economics teacher, snaps at me.

I sigh and slump my shoulders before going to my next class.

After each class for the next two days, I beg Harry to just listen to me, but each time he ignores me.

On Tuesday afternoon, I walk into the school gym, nervous for my volleyball game.

I quietly put my bag down next to Lyall, who gives me a simple nod and begins pacing in front of me, as the juniors all start bitching about me, loud enough that they know I can hear them.

“Hey, girl,” Sky chirps happily as she drops her bag next to mine.

“Hey.” I answer quietly, pulling my eyebrows together. Surely she’s heard.

“So, Mason Cooper, huh?” She smiles, waggling her eyebrows up and down.

“You’re not mad at me?” I ask cautiously.

“Wanna know a secret?” she asks as we both sit down to put on our knee pads. “My boyfriend goes to Greendale too,” she comments casually, making me gasp and Lyall freeze in front of us.

“Really?” I gasp, shocked.

“Mm-hmm. He’s on the football team too. Ryder. The big guy fighting with Mason last week,” she explains, shocking me even more.

“You are *both* dating someone from Greendale?” Lyall asks, looking between us.

“Sure are. Oh, and look, the footballers have come out to support us!” Sky replies, nodding at the door, where sure enough almost half of the Greendale football team is walking through.

“Oh shit,” Lyall mutters before pulling his cell phone out of his pocket and walking toward the ref.

“No Harry tonight?” Sky asks, looking behind us.

“He’s not talking to me,” I whisper, fighting back my tears.

“Fuck him,” she snaps as Lyall walks back to us.

“You girls are playing first, then you’re getting your asses out of here. Are we clear?” he uncharacteristically barks out.

“Whoa, calm down.” Sky laughs nervously.

“Are we clear?” he repeats, and we both nod silently.

“Bagsy not doing the coin flip,” Sky blurts out quickly.

“She’s actually not that bad when you get to know her,” I say, defending Brittany.

“That’s what Ryder says.” She sighs, rolling her eyes as I make my way over to the Greendale side.

“You look like you’re finally ready to be beaten.” Brittany smiles as I walk up to her.

“In your dreams.” I smile back.

“I’ve been working on my spike,” she states, pushing her shoulders back confidently.

“Oh, by the way, Mason said not to run away after the game.” She winks before turning to the frazzled-looking ref and calling tails.

I scan the crowd looking for Mason but see both his sisters sitting in the front waving at me excitedly. I smile back and wave at them before my eyes land on Mason sitting two rows back.

I feel my smile grow wider as he smiles at me, mouthing “good luck.”

Brittany wasn’t lying when she said she’d been working on her spike. By halftime we are tied one–one.

When we’re halfway through the second half, the whole gym falls silent and Natasha misses the ball, letting it roll away.

“Oh shit!” Sky gasps under her breath, looking at the door where all of Ridgewood’s football team is walking through, dressed in their practice uniforms.

“Do you want to forfeit?” The ref directs her question at me and Sky, who both instantly shake our heads.

All four of us players stand on the court watching as the Ridgewood players start filling up the bleachers. I try to catch Harry’s eye, but he simply looks away.

Tension fills the air as we begin playing again. It seems as if the only one who can actually concentrate on the game is Natasha.

“Get your head in the game!” Lyall yells at us as Sky jumps and spikes the ball down, earning us another point—thankfully, the winning point.

“Good game.” Sky half-smiles, giving me a hug before we make our way to the middle of the court to shake Brittany and Natasha’s hands.

“Maybe I’ll beat you in college.” Brittany laughs as she squeezes my hand.

“Maybe.” I laugh back.

Sky and I turn around and link arms to head back to Lyall, but he’s already jogging toward us, shoving both our bags into our hands.

“Get out of here now,” he states, nudging my arm toward the door.

“Is there a problem?” Sky asks, leaning around him.

“Just go,” he repeats.

“What’s with him?” I ask as we start heading out of the gym.

“No clue.” She shrugs with a frown etched on her face.

“Lily!” Mason’s voice calls out, making me stop and turn around to see him jogging up to us along with Ryder.

“Hey.” I smile widely, wrapping my arms around him as Sky does the same to Ryder.

“You played great,” he says lowly with a proud smile plastered on his face.

“Thanks.” I smile widely back up at him as he takes my bag with one hand and my hand with the other.

“We’re playing Ridgewood on Friday,” he comments as we walk toward my car.

“The day after Thanksgiving?” I question, thinking he’s got his days wrong.

“It’s a rematch for last week. Special circumstances,” he explains, looking over at a sheepish-looking Ryder and a frowning Sky.

“She’s mad at him for fighting,” Mason whispers to me with a small smirk.

“Anyway, do you want to come? To the game?” he asks, squeezing my hand.

“Of course I do,” I reply, squeezing his hand back, knowing that no matter where or who he’s playing, I’m going to be there cheering him on.

The next day at school, I decide to continue to follow and beg Harry to listen, but he keeps ignoring me until gym class.

“Just shut up, Lily!” he yells, turning to face me and finally speaking to me for the first time in almost a week.

His face is red with anger, the vein on his neck sticking out farther than I’ve ever seen it before.

“Please, just let me explain,” I beg.

“No. I don’t want to hear what you have to say. I hate you,” he states calmly before turning his back on me.

Next Chapter

Continue to the next chapter of Broken