

Broken | 21: Hospital

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MASON

I haven't felt this ecstatic since long before Callum died. I love the fact that Lily is coming to our game and is cheering for me.

I love everything about her. The second I laid eyes on her back in freshman year, I fell in love with her.

But she went to Ridgewood; I went to Greendale.

The only way things could be better was if she went to Greendale. Then no one at her school would be an asshole to her.

"All right, boys, let's go!" Coach George yells, tapping a locker.

Everyone starts leaving the locker room, but I hang back a little to check my phone to see if Lily's texted.

I frown, seeing no texts.

"You all right?" Liam asks as I throw my phone back in my bag.

"I haven't heard from Lily." I shake my head.

"She might just be running late," he offers, and I nod, although my gut is telling me something's wrong.

Last time I had this feeling, I found Callum's body.

As we run out onto the field, I scan the crowd looking for her, but there are so many people it's impossible.

"Have you heard from Lily?" Britt asks, slipping up to me and Liam.

"No." I shake my head, frowning.

"You go warm up—I'll call her," she says before jogging off.

"Come on, man," Liam says, shoving a ball into my hands.

We go out onto the field and start passing the ball back and forth when, out of the corner of my eye, I see Brittany talking on the phone.

But when I see her face drop, I know something's wrong.

"I'll be back," Liam says, running off toward her. I see their mouths moving, and Brittany wipes her eyes.

Liam turns around and jogs up to me with that same look of fucking pity he did during most of the summer.

"Mason." He sighs sadly. "There's been an accident."

His words feel like my heart's been stabbed repeatedly, then ripped out of my chest and stomped on.

"She's in the hospital."

I don't wait for him to say anything else before I take off running full-speed toward the locker room, pulling my gear off as I go, dropping it on the ground, not giving a fuck what happens to it.

I search my bag for my phone, grabbing it and calling Lily as I pull out my clothes, but it goes to her voicemail.

"Fuck!" I yell, throwing my phone against the lockers, watching as it shatters before I start tugging at my hair.

"Mason!" Liam's voice yells. "Get dressed," he orders, dumping my gear onto the floor and ripping his off.

"Hurry up!" he yells, making me pull out the hoodie Lily just told me she wanted less than an hour ago. I don't bother putting on a shirt or changing my pants. This will do.

"Let's go," Liam demands, pushing the door open. We run out to his car, where Brittany is sobbing and pacing.

"Mason!" she sobs, throwing her arms around me.

"Not now, Britt," Liam says, pulling her off me.

“What happened?” I ask in a scratchy voice as Liam drives his car, Brittany sitting in the back clutching my hand.

“I kept calling her and she wouldn’t pick up,” she whispers, squeezing my hand, which I leave limp. “Someone finally answered and said she was in an accident and to get her parents to the hospital.”

“I told them I was her sister and our parents are away, and she said I needed to call them and get there now,” she continues before breaking down again.

That’s when I do too.

Lily’s dead.

My princess is gone.

I feel Brittany wrap her arms around me and let me sob into her. Just like Lily did for me at the waterfall.

“We’re here,” Liam chokes out, stopping out front of the hospital. “You two go in. I’ll park the car,” he says.

“Come on.” Britt sniffles, tugging at my hand.

I let her drag me into the emergency department, numbness overtaking my body.

“Lily Bennett. I’m her sister,” Brittany says to someone behind a desk as I just stand there.

“Transferred...surgery...east wing.”

“Come on,” Britt demands, pulling on my hand again.

“I can’t.” I shake my head. “Britt, I can’t see her.” I swallow what feels like fucking razor blades. I can’t see another person I love dead.

“Mase, she’s in surgery.” She sighs, tugging me again.

“She’s alive?” I whisper.

“She’s alive,” Brittany confirms with a small yet sad smile. “Come on, let’s go,” she repeats, tugging me yet again, but this time I go with her.

We run through the hallways, getting to another wing of the hospital, where Brittany demands to know what's going on with Lily immediately.

"I can only give information to her family," the old woman behind the desk states, smacking her gum.

"I'm her fucking sister!" Britt yells, slamming her hands onto the desk.

"Miss Bennett is in surgery to remove some glass that is close to an artery and to help ease some of the swelling on her brain," the old woman answers straight away.

"Wh-what happened?" Brittany asks with a trembling lip.

"Car accident. Tires spun out in the rain," the woman states, picking up a magazine.

"Where's her phone?" she asks as Liam comes running up.

"Here. It won't stop ringing," she grunts, dropping it down in front of us.

"Thanks," Brittany snaps, snatching the phone up.

"Should I ring her mom?" she asks once we sit down on the uncomfortable vinyl chairs.

"Mason?" Liam asks, grabbing a hold of my shoulder and shaking me.

"Is she going to die?" I ask, frowning. Her surgery sounds dangerous.

"I don't know." He sighs as I start crying again.

I cry like a little bitch in my best friend's arms for God knows how long. I only stop when I hear more football boots running through the hallway.

"Where is she?"

I lift my head up to see Harry yelling at the old bitch behind the computer.

"She doesn't have a fucking sister!" he yells, hitting the desk just like Brittany did.

The woman points over toward us, making him spin around. His face turns from a mixture of anger and worry to just anger.

“Why are you saying you’re her sister? You hate each other!” he snaps, stomping over to us.

“Babe, calm down,” his boyfriend says, putting his hand on his shoulder.

“They only give information to family,” Brittany explains tiredly. “Just sit down and I’ll explain everything.” She sighs, and Harry and the boyfriend both slip into the seats opposite us.

I lean forward, resting my elbows on my knees, sticking my fingers in my ears, not wanting to hear this again.

Just as I take my fingers out of my ears, Brittany’s telling Harry and the boyfriend that her mom wouldn’t answer her calls.

I lift my head back up.

“She won’t?” I croak out, and she shakes her head.

“I texted too, but she just said ‘stop telling lies.’” She sighs, holding up Lily’s phone.

The five of us sit in silence for the next hour.

Harry sends us glares until I finally speak up.

“Why are you here?” I ask, mainly wondering how he knew that Lily had been in an accident and if he really does hate her like he claimed.

“I called him,” Brittany pipes up. “I thought Lily would want him here,” she adds, glancing at Harry while I nod.

“She’s going to die, isn’t she?” Harry finally whispers.

“We don’t know that,” Liam says as I close my eyes.

“She’s going to die thinking I hated her.” He keeps on going before he breaks down just like I did.

“What’s taking so long?” I ask, wanting to cry again too.

"I'll go see," Britt says, squeezing my shoulder.

"When did you meet her?" Harry asks, looking up at me through his tears.

"The day she caught Kingsley and Leah," I mutter, remembering how angry and sad yet beautiful she looked that day.

"She what?" He gasps.

"She didn't tell you?" I frown.

"No, all she said was they had a fight and she ended it." He shakes his head, looking pissed.

At least it isn't at me this time.

I don't have enough energy for a fight.

"I'm going to kill that son of a bitch," he states, standing up, but he's pushed back down by the boyfriend.

"You're going to get us kicked out," he mutters.

"Guys." Brittany's voice comes out weak, holding a brown paper bag. "She gave me her stuff," she whimpers.

"She's gone?" Harry asks while numbness fills my body again.

I knew having hope was a bad idea.

"She said there was a complication and it didn't look good." She shakes her head as Liam wraps his arms around her and brings her the rest of the way to seats.

"There's still hope, baby," he coos to her.

Yeah, false hope, I think to myself.

"Who wants coffee?" the boyfriend asks.

"Thanks, Jonah." Harry nods.

"Mason?" he asks me, and I nod, not really giving two fucks.

I just want to see Lily.

To hold her hand one last time.

To tell her how much I love her one last time.

Five hours later, just after midnight, everyone is asleep except for me and Harry.

“Do you really like her?” he asks me lowly.

“I do.” I nod, blinking a few times.

My eyes are so fucking dry.

“I see a difference in her,” he says. “The past couple of weeks she was so much happier. Like the Lily from freshman year.”

“I think you’re good for her,” he adds when I don’t say anything.

“She’s good for me,” I reply.

“Why her?” Harry grunts, leaning forward to rest his elbows on his knees.

“She needed someone to talk to. I needed a distraction. Then one thing led to another.” I shrug.

“This isn’t some sick joke to get back at Ridgewood, is it?” he asks lowly, narrowing his eyes at me.

“I couldn’t give a fuck about your school.” I snort, rolling my eyes, just as a doctor comes into the waiting room.

“Is this Lily Bennet’s sister?” she asks quietly, nodding down to Brittany.

“Yes.” Harry and I answer at the same time.

“Are her parents here?” she asks, looking at the five of us.

“We couldn’t get a hold of them,” Harry answers.

“Do you have their number? I should ring them.” She smiles politely.

"Lily's phone," Harry mumbles, pointing to Brittany's hand where it's clutched tightly.

"Is she okay?" I ask the doctor as I try to slip the phone out of Britt's hand, but she wakes up.

"What are you doing?" she mumbles, sitting up off Liam.

"The doctor wants her mom's number," I say.

"Is she okay?" Brittany asks, jumping to her feet.

"She lost a lot of blood and her heart stopped twice, but she's doing well now. She should wake up soon."

She died.

Twice.

"Do you want to tell your parents, sweetie?" she asks Brittany, who has stepped back into me.

I wrap my arms around her shoulders, knowing we both need this.

"No," she whimpers, passing Harry the phone.

"Can we see her?" I ask.

"Only family," the doctor states before taking the number and walking off, leaving us.

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