

Broken | 32: Epilogue

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LILY

(A couple months later...)

"Is our internet broken?" I yell through the house at my dad as I refresh my email app for the sixth time in the last thirty seconds.

"It's working fine!" Dad calls back, making me groan and drop my phone onto the sofa before falling down onto it, face first.

Waiting sucks!

Mason, Brittany, and Liam all got their acceptance letters to Ohio State last week, and I still haven't heard anything!

I got an acceptance letter from my backup college, but I don't want to go there.

I want to go to Ohio State with Mason and my friends!

If I don't get in, I'm going to hardly ever see Mason.

We'll be living nearly two hours away from each other.

We'll be lucky if we see each other on the weekends because he'll be busy with football stuff, and there's no way I'm driving that far, especially if it's raining.

"You need to get out of the house," Dad says suddenly, sounding really close.

"You scared me!" I exclaim, snapping my head towards his voice.

He's standing in front of me with an amused smile plastered on his face.

"Go on, Lily-Pad. Go for a run or something."

"Are you kicking me out?" I gasp, feigning hurt.

"Yes," he replies, pursing his lips together.

“Don’t make me take your phone.” His warning makes me jump to my feet.

I know he never would take my phone, but I’m not taking the risk.

I quickly grab my phone and call out a “cya” and walk straight out the door.

I may as well walk over to Mason’s house and see what he’s doing, and if he’s out, maybe Tayla or Gemma will be there.

I’ll just check my emails one last time.

Still nothing.

Sighing and dropping my shoulders, I slip my phone into my back pocket, then slowly start walking towards Mason’s house.

I swear waiting is worse than rejection.

Actually no, nothing is worse than rejection.

When I get to Mason’s house, I can hear yelling and squealing from inside, making my stomach knot.

What if something is happening with their mom?

I’m about to turn away when I hear Gemma laughing maniacally.

I smile and knock on the door, which flies open instantly.

“Oh thank god you’re here. They’ve lost their minds!” Tayla exclaims, throwing her hand in the air, but I don’t really process what she says because I’m distracted by the fact that she is in her pajamas and is soaking wet from head to toe.

“What is going on?” I ask slowly, taking a step back, but she grabs my wrist and pulls me inside.

“Cease fire! I have a hostage!” she yells, pulling me in front of her and slowly walking us into the empty living room.

I see Mason’s head peek out from the top of the sofa before he disappears.

"You don't want to shoot your precious Princess, do ya, Mase?" Tayla calls out over my shoulder.

"What?" I gasp.

Shoot me?

"She's fair game," Mason replies, and the next thing I know, I'm being sprayed with cold water.

Straight in the face.

"Useless hostage," Tayla mutters before she runs towards the kitchen.

"What is going on?" I ask, walking to the back of the sofa where Mason is crouched holding a water gun, another one tucked under his legs.

"Water fight." He grins up at me.

"Inside?" I question.

Do they not realize how stupid it is to have a water fight *inside*?!

"It'll dry," he says as he grabs the water gun on the floor and holds it out to me.

"You're all crazy!" I exclaim but take the gun and squirt him in the face like he did to me.

Regret overcomes me immediately.

I turn on my heel and run off to the kitchen.

"AHHH!" Tayla screams as she starts shooting water at me.

I fire water straight back at her, but soon I'm getting sprayed from multiple directions.

I close my eyes and aimlessly squirt my gun towards where I think the water is coming from, then suddenly, all the water stops and I hear a tap running.

I quickly wipe my eyes and see both Tayla and Gemma pushing each other, trying to fill up their water guns at the kitchen sink but stop, eyes going wide.

“Whose side are you on, Princess?” Mason whispers in my ear, sending goosebumps all over my neck and arms.

“Are you on my side or the traitors?” he adds when I don’t answer.

“Your side,” I whisper, feeling his body push up against my back.

“Wait, wait, wait. Lily, let’s just think about this,” Tayla says, holding her hands up.

“You used me as a human shield!” I point a finger at her accusatorily.

“It was out of love!” she exclaims as Gemma starts spraying me and Mason, who instantly lifts an arm and sprays her back.

I move away from his warm body and begin spraying Gemma, who is spraying Mason.

“Shit!” I hiss when my gun runs out of water and quickly duck under the counter, trying to hide behind the stools, not that they’ll protect me much if they walk around the counter.

“Fuck!” Mason shouts before his water gun lands in front of me. “Ha! Give up, you loser!” Gemma shouts back before she starts screaming.

I slowly crawl out of my terrible hiding place only to see Mason with his finger under the tap, making the water spray both of the girls.

“Give up!” Mason laughs, watching as they both hold their hands up, trying to stop the water.

I smile, watching Mason laugh at his sisters, who start yelling they give up.

I stand up and lean over the counter to turn the tap off, fighting back my own laugh.

Tayla and Gemma wipe their eyes and blink, looking at the tap, then me, and back again. “Why didn’t you think of that?” Gemma snaps to Tayla, who snaps right back at her. “You were closer!”

I laugh as Mason gently grabs my hand and leads me outside into the warm sunshine.

“Soooo, what was that?” I laugh as we sit down on the outdoor chairs.

“They were being annoying last night, so I decided to punish them this morning,” he says like it explains everything.

“Did you want to go out?” he asks, pulling off his soaking shirt, throwing it on the ground, and giving me the best view of his abs, his shorts low on his hips showing off his ‘V’ line. The water makes his already tan skin sparkle.

“Huh?” I ask, licking my lips, making him chuckle.

“Did you want to go out and do something?” he asks.

“Dad kicked me out of the house.” I sigh, making him laugh again and ask why.

“I keep checking for an email from Ohio State,” I explain, making him frown slightly.

“An email?” he asks.

“Yeah, you know, to see if I got accepted or not,” I reply in a ‘duh’ tone.

“Just check your portal,” he says, matching my tone.

“What my?” I frown. I don’t have a portal.

“Pass me your phone.” Mason holds out his hand. “Come on, I’ll show you.” He waves his hand as if to say hurry up.

“I don’t have a portal, I’m not a student there,” I state matter-of-factly as I slip my phone out of my pocket and put it in his hand.

“When you applied, you got a portal. For someone so smart, you really amaze me at times.” He laughs, tapping away on my phone.

“Here,” he says, holding my phone out to me with pursed lips and avoiding eye contact. I take my phone slowly with narrowed eyes. He’s being suspicious.

But when I look at my phone, I scream. Sure enough, Mason logged into my portal and opened the letter section with the heading:

ACCEPTANCE LETTER - BENNETT; L, J

“I got in!” I yell as I throw my body at Mason’s. “I fucking got in!” I actually feel like I might cry from happiness.

“Congrats, Princess.” He chuckles before I smash my lips against his, pouring in all my love, my excitement not only for college, but for *our* future together.

—The End—