

Broken | 10: Anger and Numbness

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LILY

Alcohol is great! It makes me forget about my shitty-ass parents, but most importantly, it's helping me forget about Mason.

"Lily, come play with me!" Jock slurs, pointing at the makeshift beer pong table in the middle of his dining room.

"Sure," I chirp, skipping over to his side.

"We've got to beat them," he hiccups, pointing to Harry and Jonah.

"We will." I nod, full of confidence.

But as it turns out, both Jock and I suck at beer pong. I mean, we really suck. We only sink three balls.

"You made us lose." He pouts, making him look like a little child, and I laugh.

"I got two balls," I say, shoving my fingers in his face as Leah and Olly walk up to the table holding hands.

"Who won? We want to play!" Leah's stupid voice screeches.

Ugh. How didn't I realize how annoying she was?

"They did." Jock continues to pout, pointing at Harry and Jonah, who are still celebrating their victory. "They cheat," Jock warns as we walk over to the kitchen counter together.

"So, how's life?" he asks, grabbing two beers from the fridge.

"Are you trying to get deep with me?" I laugh, taking the beer from his outstretched hand.

"I just mean you're very different this year." He chuckles, leaning back.

"I'm just trying to be the real me." I shrug, leaning next to him.

Jock and I drink our beers in silence, watching Harry and Jonah beat Oliver and Leah, until Leah finally sinks a ball and squeals in happiness, throwing her arms around Olly's neck.

I watch as he smiles down at her before smashing his lips against hers, and my mind instantly goes back to Mason.

"I'd kiss you in front of everyone so they know I'm yours."

Why does my stupid brain not understand that I don't want to think about him anymore?

"I'm going to the bathroom," I tell Jock, handing him my half-finished beer before slipping out of the room.

I don't go to the bathroom though. Instead, I go outside, where I instantly break down into sobs and start walking home so I can cry by myself.

Oliver never once kissed me in front of anyone. Mason kept our kisses a secret. There really must be something wrong with me.

As I get home and climb under my blankets, I reach for my phone. I want to call him so badly. Just to hear his voice, to hear him call me Princess one last time.

I'm about to dial his number, but I chicken out and decide to just go to sleep.

When I wake up the next morning, all I want to do is stay curled up in bed and cry some more. So that's exactly what I do until my tears dry up and I start to feel numb.

By Tuesday, I still feel numb. I literally feel nothing.

"You ready for your game?" Harry asks me as we walk to the cafeteria together.

"Sure," I reply. After school is my first volleyball game of the year.

"Usually you're bouncing around like a bunny," he comments, looking down at me.

"I'm just tired." I brush it off, making him frown.

"Is Ava coming?" he asks, pushing the door to the cafeteria open.

"I'm not sure. I haven't seen her since Friday," I reply, heading to my new normal seat, which he surprisingly follows me to.

"I texted her a couple of times to see if she was okay, but she hasn't answered," I say, sitting down.

"Well, I'll be there," Harry says pointedly as Jonah comes up to our table.

"Where are you going?" Jonah asks, pulling out the seat to my left and sitting down.

"Lily's volleyball game." Harry smiles.

"Who are you playing?" Jonah asks, giving his attention to me.

"Greendale," I mutter, picking at my sandwich.

"They've never beaten our Lily," Harry states proudly, sticking his chest out.

"Not just me," I mumble, rolling my eyes.

The rest of the lunch period, and the rest of our afternoon classes, Harry talks nonstop, trying to make me laugh, but I just can't.

By the time we get to the gym, I'm trying to get my head into the right space for my game.

"Hey, squirt." Jock smiles widely down at me, and I give him my best fake smile. "I'm kindly offering my services to help you practice your volleyball skills," he says with a dramatic bow.

"So kind," I mutter, grabbing a ball.

"How are you feeling?" he asks as we begin hitting the ball between us.

"I'm fine," I state.

"If I were you, I wouldn't let Olly get to you," he comments casually, making me frown. I'm getting real sick of people telling me that.

"Why would he be getting to me?" I ask as he hits the ball back to me.

“Because they’re dating?” he replies, but he makes it sound like a question.

“Why would I care?” I snap, hitting the ball harder than I need to.

“Cause they were kissing in front of everyone on Friday, then you left and Olly said you’ve been texting him.”

“What the fuck?” I snap, grabbing hold of the ball as anger fills every inch of my body.

“I couldn’t give a fuck about either of them!” I snap, turning around and spotting Olly laughing with some of the other football players.

I throw the ball down and stomp over to their small group, stopping right in front of Oliver. He’s taller than me, his presence big and intimidating, but I’m not backing down. I can feel everyone in the gym staring and my heart starts pounding. They’ve all been waiting for this all day, for the baggage between Olly and I to come flying out into public.

They want a show?

Okay, I’ll give them a show.

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