

Broken | 14: Sisters

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LILY

On Tuesday, Harry, Jonah, and I walk into Saint Mary's school gym, and I swear it is the coldest gym in the whole state. I hate playing here.

"I'm so cold," I groan, bouncing my legs up and down, trying to warm up.

"I hate it here," Sky agrees, rubbing her hands together.

"Let's go warm up," I say, thankful we're playing before the junior varsity teams today.

Sky and I make our way to the far corner of the gym and start doing some stretches when a group of four girls dressed in the Saint Mary's uniform walk up to us.

"You say something," one of them whispers, shoving one of them forward.

"Hi." The one who was pushed forward blushes, and I instantly recognize her as one of the smiling girls from the game at Greendale last week.

"Hello." I smile politely.

"You're Lily Bennett, right?" she asks nervously.

"I am." I nod.

"Oh my god!" she whispers with wide eyes, making one of her friends shove her again. "We just wanted to say we love you, and you're such a good player." She blushes again.

"Thanks." I smile at her while Sky giggles.

"OMG, Tayla, is that your brother?" the red-haired girl squeals, grabbing her arm and pointing to the other side of the gym.

"What the hell is he doing here?" she grumbles, freeing herself.

"Who cares!" the other girl replies.

“Your brother’s Mason Cooper?” Sky asks, her eyebrows shooting up, and my eyes instantly lock on him walking toward the bleachers.

“Unfortunately.” She rolls her eyes. “But I’m nothing like them. I mean like people from Greendale,” she rambles, spinning around to face us again with wide eyes.

“It’s a shame he goes to Greendale. He’s fine.” Sky sighs dreamily.

“He has a girlfriend,” Tayla says, making her friends all drop their jaws and look at her.

“I walked in on them during the summer, and it was so awkward. And I’m sure I heard her talking in his room on Saturday,” she explains, and I have to fight the blush off my cheeks.

“I’m sure I could make him forget about her.” The red-haired one smirks, pushing up her boobs, and Tayla snorts.

“Good luck with that.” She rolls her green eyes, and I start to see the similarities between the two.

“Dreams are free.” Sky laughs, making the girls turn back to us.

“Is it true you’ve never lost to Greendale?” the smallest girl pipes up.

“Never,” Sky confirms with a proud smile.

“We should totally go to your next game!” the red-haired one squeals, and Tayla’s face pales the slightest amount.

“I’d have to sit on Greendale’s side, though,” she mumbles.

“Oh no, tell your brother to get over himself. You can sit on our side.” I wink.

“Yeah, like that’ll work.” She snorts before covering her nose and mouth.

“Blame me. I don’t mind.” I shrug.

“You know what? I might just to see him lose his shit.” She laughs, throwing her head back.

“Well, we’d better keep warming up,” Sky says.

The four girls all wave goodbye before they walk off.

“I wonder why Mason’s sister goes here,” Sky comments as we hit a ball between us.

“It’s a bit weird,” I reply, my eyes wandering over to where Mason is sitting with an older-looking lady—maybe his mom.

After we’ve finished warming up, we head back to the bleachers, where Harry is pouting.

“What’s your problem?” I smile, amused at his face.

“Mason Cooper’s here,” he mutters.

“His sister plays junior varsity,” Sky says, sitting down.

“Oh,” he comments before frowning. “Why the hell does she go here?” he questions.

“My sister goes to Saint Mary’s too,” Jonah pipes up, confusing poor Harry even more.

“Why?” he asks.

“She liked their music program better.” He shrugs as Lyall orders me and Sky onto the court.

“Bagsy not doing the coin flip,” I quickly say, making Sky huff.

The game against Saint Mary’s is a lot easier than playing Greendale. We win five–two.

“You girls are on fire!” Lyall exclaims as we walk off the court.

“Hell yeah, they are!” Harry exclaims.

“Aren’t you supposed to be at football practice?” Lyall asks him, quirking his eyebrow up.

“Probably.” He shrugs, sending me a wink. Ever since freshman year, Harry has ditched practice on a Tuesday to watch my games.

Coach Burns threatened to kick him off the team a few times but eventually realized he didn't care and just lets him skip. He just has to train for longer tomorrow.

I watch the juniors playing, mainly watching Tayla. She's good. The best on her team, who unfortunately aren't very good except maybe the small girl.

With some more training they'd be amazing as a pair.

"That one is really good," Lyall says quietly to me and Sky, nodding toward Tayla.

"It's like you read my mind," I chuckle.

"Think she'd transfer here?" he asks, looking between me and Sky.

"Her brother's the star quarterback at Greendale," Sky whispers, and Lyall's shoulders instantly drop.

"I guess I can't be too greedy, can I?" he sighs, standing back up.

They end up tying two-two—much to Lyall's annoyance. "Where the hell am I going wrong with them?" he mutters to us before walking up to them, no doubt critiquing their form.

"He's right. They really do suck," Harry states, standing up and stretching.

"They're not that bad," I defend.

"I could offer my team-building services for extra credit," Harry laughs as we start walking out of the gym.

"I'll see you later," Sky waves, rushing off, and I spot Mason leaning against the wall, looking down at his phone.

"I'm just going to the bathroom. I'll see you tomorrow," I tell Harry and Jonah, thankful that I drove myself tonight.

I give them both a hug and say goodbye, but Jonah whispers something in my ear, making me freeze.

"Mason was staring at your ass the whole game."

I pull back and raise my eyebrows at him, trying to figure out what he knows.

“See you tomorrow,” he winks before leaving with Harry.

I watch as their figures disappear before slipping up to Mason’s side.

“Hey,” I say, making him jump and almost drop his phone.

“Hey, princess,” he smiles, sliding his phone into his jeans.

“So, did you come here to watch your sister play or me?” I ask with a teasing smile.

“She spoke to you, didn’t she?” he groans, reaching for my hips and pulling me against his body.

“Yes, she did,” I laugh, wrapping my arms around his neck.

“We should start running again tomorrow,” he says, brushing his nose against mine.

“But I like sleeping,” I groan, going up onto my tiptoes and gently kissing him.

Mason kisses me back for a few seconds before pulling back a little. “We’re still going running.” His breath hits my lips.

“Fine,” I huff in agreement before closing the small gap again.

“Mason?” Tayla gasps, making us pull away from each other again.

“What?” he groans, pulling my face into his chest.

“First of all, is that Lily Bennett?” her voice sasses, and I turn around in his arms to face her with a small smile.

“Hello.” I wave while her face is frozen in shock.

“What the heck?” she whispers, shaking her head.

“Is there something you need?” Mason sighs, dropping his arms off of me.

“Mom left,” she answers quickly and purses her lips.

“What?” he asks, looking around the parking lot.

“She texted saying she had a date and had to run,” Tayla says sadly, holding her phone up, which Mason instantly takes.

“What a fucking bitch!” he seethes through his teeth. “She literally told me she was going to wait in the car,” he adds, shoving Tayla’s phone back into her hands.

“I’ll call Liam and see if he can give us a ride.” He sighs, pulling his phone out of his pocket, but I stop him.

“I can take you both,” I tell him, holding up my car keys.

“If you don’t mind?” he asks, looking unsure.

“It’s not like you live far.” I roll my eyes.

“Oh my God! I’m getting a ride home from Lily Bennett!” Tayla squeals while Mason glares at her.

“Are your parents home?” Mason asks quietly as we get into my car.

“No. I haven’t even heard from them.” I sigh.

“You want to stay?” he asks, and I nod enthusiastically.

“So how long has this been going on for?” Tayla asks, sticking her face between the seats.

“None of your business,” Mason snaps, pushing her face. “Gemma is going to freak out.” She laughs as she falls back.

“How come?” I ask curiously.

“We saw you play when you were a freshman and have been totally obsessed since. We actually wanted to go to Ridgewood, but Callum and Mason packed a shit,” she explains.

I fight back my laugh.

“I told you, you can go there once I graduate,” Mason mumbles.

“And I plan on it,” she sasses.

“You want to transfer?” I ask, raising my eyebrows.

“The second he graduates I am,” she confirms.

“My coach actually asked me and Sky if we think you’d transfer,” I say casually, making Mason whip his head toward me.

“Wait, what?” she asks, putting her face between the seats again as I pull up outside their house.

“You’re a really good player. Lyall likes to have the best,” I shrug, killing the engine.

“Oh my God!” Tayla squeals and starts bouncing up and down. “This is the best day of my life!” she exclaims before jumping out of the car and sprinting inside.

“She’s never going to shut up about this,” Mason sighs, taking his belt off.

“It’s cute,” I smile.

“You’re cute,” he smiles, making me burst out laughing. “Are you ready to meet my other crazy sister?” He sighs again, looking at the house.

“I’m ready,” I nod. I mean, she can’t be that bad, right?

Mason and I walk slowly up to his door, and the second he opens it, a younger version of Tayla is standing there with her arms crossed and hip sticking out.

“And what the hell is this?” she snaps, making me take a step closer to Mason.

“What do you think?” Mason deadpans back.

“You’re being a hypocrite!” she sasses, throwing her hand in the air.

“Gemma!” Tayla scolds from the sofa.

“He is!” she snaps back before her eyes settle on me. “Holy crap. I actually can’t believe I get to meet you.” She smiles widely, suddenly no longer angry.

“Go order some dinner,” Mason orders, grabbing my hand and tugging me toward the stairs.

“I already have. From Tayla’s boyfriend.” She smirks, making Mason freeze before he slowly turns around.

“Her what?” he asks, looking at Tayla.

“He’s not my boyfriend,” she denies quickly, giving her smirking sister the evils.

“Fine, she just has the biggest crush on him.” Gemma laughs while Tayla blushes.

“I think we’ll wait down here,” Mason says slowly, dropping down onto the sofa while I sit in the armchair.

The four of us watch TV for a little bit until the doorbell rings, and then both Mason and Tayla are on their feet.

He gives her a little shove, making her fall back down onto her butt before he runs to the door.

“This is so embarrassing,” she groans, covering her face.

The door slams and Mason walks back in holding two pizza boxes, looking very unimpressed.

“You like that douchebag?” he asks, dropping the boxes onto the coffee table.

“What did you say?” she groans.

“Nothing,” Mason smirks, opening the boxes up.

After eating the pizza and watching a movie with Tayla and Gemma, Mason shows me where the shower is so I can get all the sweat off me before we snuggle up in his bed together.

“Are you going to be here when I wake up?” he asks quietly, drawing circles with his fingers on my lower back.

“I will,” I confirm.

“When you left last time I was really pissed,” he mumbles. “And sad,” he adds just as quietly.

“But I probably would’ve begged you to stay.” He clears his throat, moving his hand up my back to pull me impossibly closer.

“Then maybe this last month wouldn’t have sucked.” I half-smile, wishing I could go back in time.

“Maybe,” he agrees, closing his eyes.

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