

Broken | 18: Football and Fighting

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MASON

If I ever find out who sent that photo of me and Lily around her school—then to mine—I'm going to kill them.

I don't give a shit what people say to or about me; it's Lily I care about.

When that asshole Brock came up to me as I was leaving coach's office and said I may as well go fuck a hooker if I'm that desperate, I couldn't stop my fist before I punched him square in the face.

At lunchtime, people were staring at me and talking in whispers, but no one said anything to my face until fucking Molly decided to.

"Why are you dating that scum?" she asks me point-blank, making me throw down my sandwich and stand up.

I'm about to tell her to go fuck herself when Liam stands up and yells out, gaining the attention of everyone.

"Does anyone here have a problem with Mason's love life?" he asks, looking around. "But if you're a jealous little girl, you can shut your mouth," he adds, staring right into Molly's eyes.

She holds his stare for a moment before turning away.

"I do," a junior states, standing up. "Someone from Ridgewood? That's the ultimate betrayal," he states while others around him nod.

"How?" Liam asks, pushing my shoulder to make me sit down, like he knows I want to go punch him right in his stupid face.

"It's Ridgewood." The kid rolls his eyes.

"I don't think anyone has a problem," Brock's best friend pipes up, shaking his head at the kid.

"Oh, you heard what happened to Brock." Liam sighs, shaking his head slightly.

“You see anyone that has a problem or says *anything* bad about Lily, you will end up like him,” he warns, staring the kid down.

“What happened?” a freshman asks before slapping his hand over his mouth.

“One hit and he was out cold,” Liam answers, slapping my shoulder. “Just one,” he repeats, looking around.

“Now, does anyone have a problem?” he asks again, and the junior shakes his head, sitting back down.

“Problem solved.” Liam smiles, sitting back down.

“Britt said things are okay, but she’s had some pretty mean texts, so she confiscated her phone,” Liam tells me as we finish eating.

“This is fucking bullshit,” I grumble, wishing Coach didn’t threaten to kick me off the team.

I need to play so I can get a scholarship so I can get to college and away from my bitch-ass mother.

“I know.” Liam sighs, getting back to his feet seconds before the bell rings. He has this crazy sixth sense and always knows when it’s going to ring. It fucking creeps me out.

After school, I run straight out to my car, but my backpack is grabbed, stopping me.

“Let me go,” I grunt, trying to get free.

“In the gym now, Cooper!” Coach George yells at me.

“I’ll be back in an hour.” I try to protest, but he’s having none of it.

I drag my feet as I make my way to the gym, thinking about making a break for it.

“I’ll text Brittany,” Liam smiles sadly when he sees me come in.

“Thanks,” I mutter, feeling more and more pissed off.

Coach starts going through the plays he wants to run for tonight, and I only half pay attention.

“Cooper, you’re benched,” he states, making my head whip up and all the boys start protesting.

“He’s dating someone from Ridgewood!” Coach barks before leaving.

“Fuck that,” Ryder yells, getting to his feet. “He can’t fucking bench you,” he says, shaking his head.

“I pissed him off pretty good,” I half-smirk.

“Who leaked the photo?” Liam asks, turning to face the rest of the team.

“I got sent it from Hannah from St. Mary’s and deleted it,” Ricky says, and some of the other boys all agree.

“Hannah,” I mutter, hating that girl more than ever. Hannah is Izzy, my ex-girlfriend’s best friend. She’s always been a meddling bitch.

I end up driving Liam and me over to Ridgewood, where Brittany is standing outside the locker room door with her arms folded, looking pissed.

“Where’s Lily?” I ask Liam, who simply shrugs, looking around.

My heart begins pounding in my chest, thinking she didn’t come. I quickly climb out of my car and go over to Brittany, who throws her hands in the air.

“Finally!” she exclaims.

“Where’s Lily?” I ask, looking over her shoulder.

“She’s off with your sisters.” She waves her hand, and I feel relieved and disappointed at the same time. “You need to look at these,” she says, handing me Lily’s phone.

“She’s really upset because Harry won’t let her explain,” she orders before giving Liam a kiss on the cheek and walking off.

Liam and I make our way to the locker room, where I sit down and start going through Lily’s texts.

As I read each one, more and more rage builds up inside me.

But when I read the ones from Ava, my whole body begins shaking.

I get up, storming off to find Coach.

“Put me on defense,” I demand, still shaking.

“What the hell are you talking about, Cooper?” he grunts, barely looking at me. “Put me on defense. I’m going to drop every single one of those assholes,” I state.

“You’re benched.” He shakes his head, walking off.

By the time we’re all changed and standing on the sidelines, I’m still angry.

I scan the bleachers in front of us, looking for Lily. I finally find her sitting between both my sisters in the front.

She’s wearing a black hoodie, which I’m pretty sure is mine, and has a huge smile on her face as she looks at me.

She lifts her hand up and waves to me, and my anger slowly begins to fade.

I wave back and am about to go over and talk to her, but Coach pulls me by my shoulder pads.

“Can you stop that?” I growl, trying to free myself.

“Shut it, Cooper,” he growls back. “Take a knee,” he orders, but none of us do.

“I said take a knee!” he yells.

“Not until you unbench Mason,” Ryder states.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” he mutters, pinching his nose.

“I’ll be defense,” I state again, wanting to knock every single one of them out.

“Fine.” He finally agrees, and I smile, ready to let out some of this anger.

“You’re not playing defense.” He shakes his head, and I start frowning again. “QB,” he states before ordering us to start warm-ups.

“Drop every single one of those bastards as hard as you can,” I say once the boys are all huddled together just before the game is about to start.

“Got it,” Ryder smirks, rubbing his hands together. He’s probably the only guy I wouldn’t try to fight.

As we line up, I’m directly in front of Harry, and it takes all my willpower not to tackle him right then and there.

“Heard you’re sick of Greendale pussy.” The guy to the left of him smirks, looking directly at me. “I get it though, man—who wouldn’t want to fuck Lily?”

I stand by straight, ready to knock his fucking teeth out. “The fuck did you just say?” I spit out, ripping my helmet off.

“Cool it, dude,” Liam warns, shoving my shoulders back. “Get down there,” he orders, shoving me toward where he was standing and taking my place.

I put my helmet back on and get into position, glaring at the guy in front of me.

The second the ball is in play, I shove him to the ground as hard as I can and start running. I tackle a few more players before the whistle blows.

I turn around to see Ryder standing over someone lying flat on their back.

The ref gets down on his knees and checks the guy over as I make my way over.

“What happened?” I ask, looking down at the guy who was talking shit just before.

“Knocked the wind out of him.” He smirks. Both the ref and player stand up, the latter limping off the field clutching his ribs before we all get into position again.

After a few more plays, Ridgewood still hasn’t scored. Ricky gets an intercept, and I sprint like crazy to the end zone, dodging players from all directions.

Once I’m there, I see Harry running at me full speed, but Liam tackles him to the ground as the ball comes flying through the air, and I catch it.

By halftime, the score is tied nineteen–nineteen.

“What the hell are you doing out there?” Coach yells at us in the locker room. “Your defense is amazing, but where’s the goddamn offense?” He keeps yelling.

“Playing defense,” Ricky mutters under his breath, sharing a smirk with the rest of us.

“Get your goddamn heads out of your goddamn asses!” Coach yells one more time before storming off.

“I’m going to get Kingsley,” Ryder states confidently as we walk back out to the field. We share a fist bump before crouching next to each other right in front of Kingsley and Harry.

“How’s my sloppy seconds?” Kingsley smirks at me.

“Pretty fucking good, actually,” I retort, clenching my jaw. “Just remember, every time you touch her, I’ve already done it.”

“Highly unlikely.” I snort, rolling my eyes.

“You can never make her feel as good as I made her.” He chuckles.

“What do you mean?” I ask, tilting my head to the side. “She told me you have the smallest dick she’s ever seen and can’t satisfy a woman to save your life,” I lie, knowing it’s going to piss him off.

“What’d you say?” Kingsley asks, standing up and ripping his helmet off, and I follow.

“You heard me,” I reply, practically begging him with my eyes to punch me. I know I can’t throw the first punch or I’ll be kicked off the team, but I sure as hell will be throwing the last punch.

Kingsley doesn’t reply; instead, his fist comes flying at my face, hitting me right in the jaw. *Thank you very much.* I lift my fist up and punch him right back, almost as hard as I punched Brock.

Soon enough, everyone’s helmets are off and fists are flying in all directions. I hear a whistle blowing, but I’m too busy punching that guy from that stupid truth or dare game in the face to care.

I'm grabbed by the neck of my jersey and pulled away from the fight by Coach. "What the fuck are you doing?" he yells, grabbing Ryder's jersey as well and dragging us off the field.

"Holy shit, what happened?" Brittany asks as he lets us go and goes back to the field.

I ignore her and turn to where Lily was sitting. Her face is full of worry and something else I can't quite decipher. She's never seen me when I've been angry. She's probably scared shitless of me.

The second I see her stand up and start heading for the stairs, I take off running up them, pushing through the people in the front row until we meet halfway.

"Are you okay?" she asks, grabbing my chin and moving my face around.

"I'm fine." I chuckle, letting her inspect my face.

"I was so worried about you." She sighs before biting her lip and looking out to the field. "Mason, I—" she begins, but I cut her off by grabbing her cheeks and slamming my lips into hers.

Lily's body melts into mine, her hands wrapping around the back of my head as she kisses me back just as forcefully.

I told her if I was her boyfriend I'd kiss her in front of everyone so they know I'm hers, and I meant it. I want every single person in the whole world to know I'm hers.

Next Chapter

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