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LILY

“What’s going on?” I ask, confused. One second Mason was crying, holding my hand; the next thing I know, he’s gone and a doctor is standing over me. My whole body hurts, and my mouth and throat feel so dry.

And where did Mason go?

“Where’s Mason?” I whimper as the doctor flashes a light into my eyes. “He’s right over there,” she smiles kindly down at me.

“I’m thirsty,” I whine as the bed starts to move, making my body move to a sitting position. I like it this way. I can see Mason standing against the wall, watching every move the doctor makes.

“You had a pretty bad accident,” the doctor comments, making me draw my eyes back to her. “What’s the last thing you remember?” she asks, grabbing a hold of a clipboard.

I frown and try to think back. I remember my parents leaving. I remember talking with Mason on the phone before the football game. I remember driving and then fighting with Mom.

“I was driving and my mom rang and yelled at me.” I frown.

“Do you remember why she was yelling at you?” she asks gently as she pulls something off my finger.

“Because I quit cheer months ago,” I mumble as another lady I hadn’t noticed before offers me water through a straw, which I happily gulp down.

“Do you know your name?” the doctor asks, and I roll my eyes at her. Of course I know my name. “It may seem silly, but I just need to ask some questions,” she replies, looking slightly amused.

“Lily Jane Bennett,” I reply, rolling my eyes again before answering her other easy questions like what school I go to and what grade I’m in.

“Now this one is going to probably seem really silly to you.” The doctor laughs to herself. “Do you know who they are?” she asks, taking a step to the side to reveal Mason and my dad of all people.

I frown as I look at my dad. Why the hell is he here? Shouldn't he be working like usual?

“Lily,” the doctor says, and I flick my eyes to her before they land back on Mason. He's lifted his hand and is pulling on his bottom lip as he rocks back and forth on his feet. He looks nervous.

“That's Mason.” I smile as I see his shoulders instantly relax. His hand drops away from his mouth as he gives me a small smile.

“And the other person?” she asks.

“My dad,” I mutter.

“Okay, well, it looks like you're healing really well. I'll leave you to catch up and will come see you later.” She smiles before leaving with the other lady.

Once the door is closed behind them, I look over to Mason and my dad, who both haven't moved. “What happened?” I ask, holding my hand out to Mason.

“You were in a car accident,” my dad answers and comes over to my right side to take my hand. “You nearly died,” he adds as Mason slowly comes to my left side and sits on the seat he was in before.

“I did?” I ask, looking at Mason, who gives me a slight nod.

“Your heart stopped beating twice. I was so scared,” Dad answers, making me frown. I just want to talk to Mason.

“What's today?” I ask, wondering how long I was out for.

“Friday,” Dad answers, and I nod.

“So I was only out for a couple of hours?” I ask, looking toward the window but becoming confused when I realize it's daytime.

“It's been a week, Lily-Pad.”

“I was out for a whole week?” I gasp, pulling my hand away from Dad.

“You didn’t want to wake up.” He shakes his head.

“When did you get here?” I snap, not really meaning to.

“Mom and I got here Saturday morning,” he replies gently, reaching for my hand again.

“Mom’s here?” I ask, looking around for her.

“I’ll just give you two some time,” Mason mutters quietly as he goes to stand up.

“No!” I quickly yell, feeling my heart rate pick up. I don’t want him to leave me. “Please don’t leave me,” I beg, feeling myself start to cry.

“I won’t leave,” he says, sitting back down and grabbing a hold of my hand. I instantly thread our fingers together.

“Mom hasn’t been back up.” Dad sighs sadly as he looks at Mason. “She said she’d come when you wake up, though,” he adds quickly.

“I should go call her,” he says before slowly getting up and giving me a sad smile before he leaves the room.

“Was I really sleeping that long?” I ask Mason, turning my head to look at him.

“It was the longest seven days of my life.” He sighs, squeezing my hand gently.

“You’re growing a beard.” I giggle, noticing the hair growing on his face.

“I am?” he asks, looking surprised as he runs his free hand along his chin. “Huh,” Mason mutters before dropping his hand down.

“You haven’t left, have you?” I whisper, squeezing his hand.

“Didn’t even cross my mind, princess,” he whispers back. “Brittany told the nurses she was your sister.” Mason smiles.

“She’s been to visit?” I ask, surprised.

“She’s been here every day. Same with Liam and Harry,” he replies.

“Harry?” I gasp, thinking I heard him wrong.

“Brittany called him after we got to the hospital. He’s really sorry,” Mason explains.

“What happened with the game?” I gasp, hoping Mason didn’t leave until after it finished.

“I don’t know.” He sighs, shaking his head. “Liam and I left before it started,” he whispers.

“You should’ve played,” I tell him pointedly. “I told you I needed that good-luck kiss,” he jokes.

“I remember.” I smile before my eyes drop down to the black hoodie I’ve been trying to steal from him.

“I did tell you last night if you woke up I’d give you it.” He laughs, noticing my gaze.

“Maybe that’s why I woke up.” I laugh back.

“You can have it when you get home,” he replies.

“Can you just kiss me now?” I demand, wanting to feel his lips against mine.

“Right now?” His dark eyebrows shoot up.

“You should’ve kissed me the second I woke up.” I pout, making him chuckle, and slowly move forward.

“If that nurse hadn’t pulled me away, I probably would have,” he whispers, brushing our noses against each other.

“Even with my dad in the room?” I whisper as his lips softly brush past mine.

“With anyone in the room,” he whispers back, his green eyes locked on mine.

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