

Broken | 4: Two for One

4: Two for One

LILY

Mason's eyes stay locked on mine, like he's daring me to make the first move. It would be so easy. Just a few inches closer, and I'd know what his lips feel like against mine.

But a small voice in the back of my mind reminds me of the possible fallout—the rumors, the stares, the hate from my friends. A kiss would feel so good, but it would really complicate my life when it's already complicated enough. *Get it together, Lily. Not the time.*

I slip out from under his arm and stand up.

"I'm hungry," I say. "Do you want some eggs?"

"Are you offering to bring me breakfast in bed? Well, breakfast on the couch?" He smirks, sitting up and stretching so that his T-shirt rides up over those magazine cover abs. It's enough to make me almost reconsider.

No, stay strong.

I head to the kitchen, get out the pan. He follows, leans against the counter. His bedhead is so cute.

"Do you have any plans today?" he asks.

"None," I reply, pulling out the frying pan and cracking some eggs.

"Do you want to go get your nose pierced?"

An excited smile spreads across my face. "Why not?"

"Why are we going all the way to Stokes Junction?" I ask Mason as he drives his car to the smaller city an hour away.

"I figured you wouldn't want to be seen in the mall with me," he mutters, gripping the steering wheel tightly.

"Right. Enemies," I mumble, picking at the hem of my dress.

"So, what side are you going to get done?" he asks, changing the subject.

"I'm thinking my right," I answer, pulling down the sun visor and looking at my nose in the mirror. "I still think you should get yours done too," I tease, flicking the visor back into place.

"Absolutely not." He shakes his head.

"It'll make you look badass." I laugh as he screws his face up.

"It'll make me look like a bitch. I don't have the face for piercings."

"Hmm, I guess you're right." I giggle. His face is perfect as it is.

"You ready for this?" Mason asks as we walk around the mall.

"So ready!" I exclaim excitedly as I spot the shop we've been looking for.

As we walk in, I try to tone down my excitement, but when I see a small sign on the counter it rushes back. I nudge Mason and point to the sign. "Two for One Body Piercings."

"Not happening." He chuckles, shaking his head.

"What can I do for ya?" A large, bald, heavily tattooed and pierced man asks from behind the counter.

"Can I please get my nose pierced?" I ask. "And nipple," I add. Out of the corner of my eye, I see Mason's head snap to me.

"Sure thing. Fill this out." The man smirks, looking between me and Mason. I quickly fill out the piece of paper and hand it back to the man, who scans it and nods to himself. "All righty, let's go, Lily." He says, gesturing to the back of the shop.

"Can he come too? To hold my hand?" I ask, gesturing to Mason.

"For sure," the man agrees, still smirking.

I sit down on a hospital-type bed as the man wipes my nose and does a dot in marker. "Is that spot good?" he asks, passing me a handheld mirror.

"Looks good to me," I confirm.

As the man gets into position, Mason moves to stand next to me. "Deep breath," the man says, and I grab hold of Mason's hand and squeeze it as the needle goes through my skin.

My nose stings and my right eye begins to water. "There ya go." The man smiles, stepping back and handing me the mirror again.

"I love it!" I gasp, amazed how one ring of thin silver metal has changed my face so much.

"It looks good, princess," Mason smiles down at me.

"You sure about this one?" the man asks, holding up another needle packet. I nod, sticking to my decision. "Okay, which side?" he asks.

"Left," I answer. Once he's prepared everything and changed his gloves, I pull down my dress and bra, exposing my left boob. I look up at Mason, who is staring at the wall directly in front of us. "Mason," I whisper.

His eyes flick to mine, then down, then back to my face. I hold my hand out to him and he grabs it, giving it a little squeeze.

As the needle pierces through my skin, I curl my toes and squeeze his hand. "All done," the man says, and I look down.

"It's kinda cute." I smile. "What do you think?" I ask Mason, looking back at him. He's staring at the wall again. "You've already seen me naked—you can look at my boob." I laugh.

"It looks good," he breathes out, glancing down only for a moment. He blushes and looks away while I pull my clothes up.

"You know, most boyfriends spend their time scowling at me when I do their girlfriends' nipples," the man says quietly to me when I pay. "He only scowled once." He chuckles, handing me my receipt. "Be gentle for the next few weeks!" he calls out as we leave, making Mason blush even harder.

"Do you want to come to my house?" Mason asks out of the blue.

"Your house?" I repeat, wondering if he's asking what I think he's asking. My stomach flips again.

"My mom has a shitload of wine and won't notice if a couple bottles go missing," he explains. "We can check another thing off your list."

"Oh. Yeah. If you don't mind?" I ask, biting my lip.

"Not at all." His eyes drift back down to my cleavage and he coughs, suddenly fascinated by the window display of the women's shoe store we walk past. "Why your nipple?" he asks as we walk side by side, our shoulders bumping every few steps.

“Well, I have my belly button done already, and tongue seems like it’ll hurt too much, so that pretty much just left one option,” I explain.

“It looked painful.” He winces.

“It wasn’t too bad.” I slip my hand into his and link our fingers together. “Thank you for bringing me.” I squeeze his hand like I did on the table. I’d planned on letting go then, but I don’t. I like the way his hand feels against mine.

“Anytime, Lily,” he replies, squeezing my hand and not letting go either.

His house is similar to mine, since it’s in the same neighborhood. His parents must be rich too. “Do you like white or red?” he asks, holding open the front door.

“White,” I answer as I step inside.

He goes to the kitchen and grabs two bottles out of the fridge. “My room’s upstairs,” he says.

Mason’s room is pretty much what I expected. Unmade bed, cluttered desk, a TV mounted on the wall with an Xbox sitting underneath it, clothes scattered around.

Basically the boy version of mine.

“Cheers, princess.” He smiles, clinking his bottle against mine.

“Cheers.” I smile before taking my first sip of the bubbly drink. “This is expensive wine!” I gasp, looking down at the label.

He shrugs. “Mom’s got expensive taste.”

He pulls up YouTube on his Xbox and puts on a chill playlist. Then he sits down on his bed and pats the mattress next to him.

I cross over to sit next to him, suddenly feeling self-conscious. But the feeling fades as we drink our wine.

“Let’s play a game,” he says, leaning back against his headboard.

“Like what?” I ask, scooching to sit opposite him and crossing my legs.

“Twenty questions? Except you have to drink every time you ask or answer a question,” he suggests, and I laugh.

“So we just ask questions and drink.”

“Pretty much.” He smiles.

“You start,” I say.

“When did you start dating Kingsley?” he asks and takes a drink.

“The summer between freshman and sophomore year,” I answer before taking a sip.

“Do you have a girlfriend?” I ask.

“No.” He snorts, rolling his eyes.

“Why not?” I ask.

“Not your turn.” He smirks. “What kinds of things did he not let you do in bed?”

I blush, taking a big sip of wine before I answer. “Just like...basic stuff. Being on top, or going down on me,” I mumble. “He didn’t even like kissing in public.”

Mason looks shocked, like I’ve just told him I have an evil twin. “There’s something seriously screwed up with that guy.”

“Anyway, my turn,” I say quickly, eager to shift the focus back to him. “Why don’t you have a girlfriend?”

“Because I haven’t met a girl I wanted to be with.” He shrugs. “Emotionally,” he adds.

We trade some safer, more basic questions, getting halfway through our bottles before I’m brave enough to ask him what I really want to know.

“What happens when school starts again?”

“I don’t know.”

“You don’t want to keep hanging out?”

“Do you?”

“Yeah,” I say, looking away shyly.

“I do too. But I just don’t know how that will be. Football, school. People talking. It’ll be a lot.”

“Yeah, I know.”

We both take a drink of wine. I want to say more, but I don't know what.

"My turn," Mason says, locking eyes with me. "Did you love him?"

"I never said I did. There was a point I thought I did," I whisper.

"He really never kissed you in public?" he asks, setting his bottle down on the bedside table.

"Not once." I shake my head.

"Never once went down on you?" he asks gently, taking my bottle out of my hands.

"No," I breathe out.

"Never let you be on top?" he asks.

"No," I whisper my confirmation as Mason leans forward the slightest amount.

"If you were my girlfriend, I would've kissed you every chance I got," he breathes out. "I would've gone down on you whenever you wanted, would've let you do anything you wanted," he whispers, getting closer.

My breath catches like it did when he leaned in on the water tower. Then I was scared that he'd kiss me. This time I'm scared he won't.

"Mason," I say breathlessly, closing my eyes.

"Tell me to stop, princess, and I will," he whispers, breath hitting my face.

"I don't want you to stop," I whisper, feeling his hand touch my cheek gently.

Mason pulls back slightly, locking our eyes for a moment before his lips are on mine.

His soft lips move against mine gently at first, but when I tangle my hands in his hair his kiss becomes desperate.

His hands find my waist, pulling me closer. A soft, muffled sigh escapes me.

He responds with a low sound from his throat that sends a shiver through me.

My fingers tighten in his hair, and he grips me harder too.

After several minutes of the most intense make out of my life, we finally pull apart, both of us breathing hard, his hands still holding my waist.

I don't know what to say, and from the way he's looking at me, I don't think he does either.

"Now what?" I whisper, my voice barely steady.

He brushes a strand of hair from my face and then answers with another kiss, this one even deeper than before.

He pulls me onto his lap, my hips automatically rolling against him. "God, Lily," he moans against my lips.

His hands start exploring my body, moving down to my ass then over my waist, up my back, reaching the clasp of my bra beneath my low-backed dress.

Next Chapter

Continue to the next chapter of Broken