

Broken | 7: Goodbye

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LILY

He kisses down my body, only stopping when he gets to the waistband of my shorts. I lift my hips, and he tugs them and my bikini bottoms down together.

When he starts kissing my inner thighs, I let out a mix between a gasp and a moan. My hips involuntarily buck toward his mouth, which he soon attaches to my core.

“Oh my god,” I moan, tangling my fingers into his hair as he starts licking and sucking me. “Mason...” I moan as he slips a finger inside of me.

An unknown pressure builds in my stomach, and before I know what’s happening, my whole body is shaking in euphoria.

As my body slowly stops shaking, Mason kisses up my body again, stopping at my lips.

“That was so fucking hot,” he growls as I breathe heavily underneath him.

I pull his face back to mine, attacking his lips with mine while my hands push on his waistband. As he pulls his pants off, our lips never leave each other’s.

“Condom,” I breathe out as I feel him rubbing against my entrance.

Mason kisses my lips once more before getting on his knees and pulling open his bedside table, grabbing a foil packet.

“Can I?” I ask, biting my lip nervously.

“Anything you want, princess,” he smiles, placing the wrinkled packet in my hand.

“I’ve never done this part before,” I blush as I fumble slightly. As I roll the condom down his length, his eyes close and his head rolls back.

“I don’t think I’m going to last long,” he groans, getting in between my legs.

“I don’t care,” I say, hooking my legs around his butt and pushing him closer.

As he slides into me, we both let out moans. He feels so good. Mason leans his forehead against mine as he starts slowly moving in and out of me.

“Mason,” I moan, scratching at his back.

Our lips find each other again, swallowing each other’s moans as he makes love to me.

“I’m going to come, Lily,” he breathes out against my lips.

“Come for me,” I moan, digging my heels into his back.

He grips me tightly as his body tenses. I feel him shudder against me, his breath catching as he lets go. The warmth of his release sends a wave of emotion through me, and I follow him over the edge, my whole body trembling.

He collapses gently onto me, his arms wrapping me up tight as we catch our breath together.

“That was...” he starts, his voice low and husky.

“Yeah,” I whisper, a contented smile spreading across my face as I run my fingers through his messy curls.

I wake up early the next morning, still in Mason’s tight grip. Somehow, I manage to break free without waking him up and quickly find my clothes.

Before I leave, I think about waking him, maybe just to see his sleepy smile or get a hug goodbye, but I hesitate. Would that be clingy or annoying? Instead, I place a gentle kiss on his cheek before walking out of his room, not knowing when I’m going to see him again.

When I get home, I have a shower and change my clothes and do a quick tidy-up before Mom and Dad arrive home, hoping they’ll be here before it’s time for me to go to school.

I’m lying on the couch thinking about last night with Mason, when I hear the front door open and Mom calling out my name.

“Mom!” I squeal, running downstairs and throwing myself into her arms. “I didn’t think you were going to make it,” I say, squeezing her tightly.

“I couldn’t miss my baby’s last first day, could I?” She laughs, hugging me back.

“I missed you,” I say, wanting to cry and tell her everything that’s happened this summer.

“I missed you too, sweetheart.”

“No Dad?” I ask, noticing he’s not here.

“No. He won’t be back for a while,” she sighs. “I was going to tell you this tomorrow, but I may as well rip the Band-Aid off. I’m only here for two nights,” she states, and my shoulders slump.

“Okay, Mom,” I sigh, biting my lip, finding it hard to stop the tears. “I can’t believe my little baby is a senior!” she exclaims, trying to change the subject. “This time next year you’ll be in college.” She sighs, kissing the top of my head.

“It’s crazy, right?” I say.

“How’s everything with the house?” she asks, opening the cupboards until she finds a mug.

“Everything’s fine,” I frown, wondering if she’s going to ask how I’ve been.

“Good. You’ll email me if something breaks, won’t you?” she asks, starting the coffee machine.

“Yes, Mom,” I sigh. “I’d better go,” I mumble, grabbing my lunch out of the fridge and my car keys.

“Have a great day, sweetheart,” Mom smiles. “I’ll see you after school.” She kisses me again before letting go of me.

On the way to school, a huge truck scares me when it lays on the horn at a stoplight—I’m so busy thinking about Mason and our night together I didn’t notice it turned green. I keep driving, still thinking about the way his hands moved over my skin, slow and deliberate. A shiver goes through me. No one

has ever made me feel so good—I didn't even know it was possible to feel that good.

But as soon as the school comes into view, the warmth in my chest turns into anxiety and my stomach tightens.

What rumors are already going around about my breakup with Olly? What are people going to say? Will anyone talk to me or am I an outcast now?

After I park, I check my phone, hoping for a message from Mason—nope.

Looks like I'm facing this alone.

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