

## 12: The Party

### LILY

Friday night, I'm sitting huddled next to Jonah at Westmoreland High, watching the football game. Ava decided not to come with us.

She said she was still trying to get with a guy from Christ College and is going to their game instead.

"That's a touchdown, right?" Jonah asks as Oliver catches the ball and everyone cheers.

"Yup," I answer, clapping along.

"We're going to win!" he exclaims, looking at the scoreboard.

There are ten seconds left and Ridgewood has won by far.

Once the final whistle blows, Jonah and I rush down to his car to wait for Harry.

"That was actually really exciting!" he exclaims as we sit on the hood of his car.

"I feel hyped." He laughs.

"Wait until Harry gets here." I join in with his laughter, knowing Harry is going to be like a hyper bunny.

"Did you see us?" Harry exclaims, running up to the car and sliding to a stop with the biggest grin plastered on his face.

"You played great!" Jonah exclaims, opening his arms and hugging Harry.

"Get in here, babe!" He doesn't give me a chance to reply before he's pulled me into their hug, which is pretty much just me being squished between them.

"Come on. We've got a party to go to!" Harry hollers, giving us one last squeeze before he lets go.

"Where's the party?" Jonah asks, climbing into the driver's side.

"Some rich kid from Christ College is throwing a huge party at their house and invited all the schools," he replies.

"I need an address." Jonah chuckles.

After Harry finally finds the address, Jonah pulls up outside a fucking mansion.

It seriously looks like a prince should be living here.

"We're under strict instructions not to fuck with Greendale or we're never invited back," Harry explains as we walk up the drive.

"I'll try my hardest to behave," I tease, looking at all the people.

"It's you I'm warning." He laughs, throwing one arm around my shoulder and the other around Jonah's.

"Let's get fucked up!" he yells, deepening his voice.

And that's exactly what we do.

I don't know how long it's been or how much I've had to drink, but I do know when I stumble into the kitchen, I find a familiar face.

"Ava!" I exclaim, wrapping my arms around her lazily.

"Lily!" she exclaims back, hugging me.

"This is Jack." She introduces me to a tall guy with dark hair.

"You're tall." I hiccup, making him laugh.

"Maybe you're just short," he replies.

"This is my buddy, Killian," he says, nudging the blond guy next to him.

"You are more beautiful than Ava said," Killian smiles down at me, giving me the shivers.

The bad kind. Not the Mason kind.

"Babe!" Harry yells, making me turn my head to see him walking—well, stumbling—toward us.

"Sorry, boys, I need my girl back." He slurs, grabbing my wrist and dragging me away.

"That guy gave me the creeps," I say as he pulls me into another room.

"What did he do?" he asks, stopping and becoming tense.

"Just said I was beautiful, but there's something about him," I explain.

Harry searches my face for a moment before nodding and continuing to drag me somewhere.

"Jonah's too drunk to play, and I need a decent partner," he explains like I would know what the hell he's talking about.

But when I see the beer pong table, I understand.

"I suck too," I try to remind him.

"I also may need a girl," he blushes, pointing to the people at the other end of the table.

I look over and see Liam and Brittany both staring back at us.

Brittany gives me a sad smile while Liam starts whipping his head around like he's looking for someone.

"Mase! Come fill in for me! Gotta pee," he calls out, and my whole body tenses.

If Mason comes to play, his new girlfriend will probably be right by his side, and I don't know if I can emotionally handle seeing that.

"Hurry up then." I hear him sigh before walking up to Liam's side by himself.

"You ready for an ass-whopping, Cooper?" Harry taunts, and Mason looks up from the table, his tired-looking eyes widening when he sees me.

"We'll see, Sinclair." He smirks, ripping his eyes away from me.

"I'll start." Brittany smiles, throwing the ball in her hand toward our cups, but it bounces off the rim and misses, making her pout.

"Your turn, babe," Harry says, shoving the ball into my hand, and I do the exact same thing Brittany did, making Harry groan.

"I told you I suck!" I sass.

"I forgot how bad though," he whines as Mason sinks the ball into one of our cups.

Harry picks the ball out before downing the drink and throwing the ball and of course landing it.

When we both have five cups left, thanks to Mason and Harry, Ava and her new friends walk up to the table.

Harry's arm instantly wraps around my shoulders, pulling me into his side as he glares at Killian.

"Who's winning?" Ava asks, giving the evils to Jonah over the table.

"It's tied," Harry snaps as I make eye contact with Mason for the first time tonight.

I lick my eyes toward Killian, hoping he understands he makes me feel uncomfortable.

Mason's eyes slowly move to him before he visibly tenses too.

"Gotta see how my beautiful girl is doing," Killian laughs, winking at me, and that uneasy feeling returns to me again.

"She's not interested," Harry snaps again, holding the ball up with one hand, still not letting me go.

"Oh no! Whoops!" Brittany interrupts, making everyone look at her then the five spilled cups in front of her.

"I'm such a klutz. Oh well, game's over," she sighs dramatically, making me giggle.

"Yeah, you are," Ava snaps.

"I said no fights tonight, remember?" Jack sighs.

*This is his house?*

"Let's go play truth or dare," Ava smirks, looking at Brittany still.

"Unless you're too scared?" she taunts, and I see Brittany's blue eyes twitch.

"Never. Come on," she replies, grabbing Mason's arm and dragging him with her.

Mason shoots me a glance, wondering if I'm coming too.

I look away, fiddling with one of the beer pong cups—I'm terrified of having to do some crazy dare in front of him.

I'm even more worried about what kind of Truths might come out.

"We're coming too!" Harry laughs, taking me and Jonah with him.

"No, I don't want..." I start, but Harry picks me up and carries me.

"No way you're missing this!" he says.

As we head down the hall, I hear Leah's annoying voice ask, "Ooh, do you have room for two more?"

She and Oliver follow after us.

Truth or Dare in a tiny room, filled with people from rival high schools, with my summer flake and my ex-boyfriend both there.

Awesome...