

Broken | 13: Truth or Dare

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LILY

“Harry, truth or dare?” Ava smirks.

We’ve ended up in what looks like a guest bedroom, sitting in a circle on the floor.

Somewhere along the way, Liam and Jock have joined our group as well.

There are two bottles of vodka sitting in the middle of the circle for whoever passes.

“Dare,” Harry answers immediately.

“I dare you to kiss the person you think is the hottest in the room,” she continues to smirk, and I have to fight my eye roll.

“Easy.” He shrugs before planting his lips against Jonah’s while Killian’s face scrunches in disgust.

What a fucking asshole.

“Liam, truth or dare?” he asks once he’s pulled away from Jonah.

“Truth,” he replies with raised eyebrows like he wasn’t expecting to be picked.

“Who was the last person you had sex with?”

“Brittany,” he says, sharing a smile with her.

“You two are together?” Ava asks with a frown as the bedroom door opens.

“Mason,” Liam says, clearing his throat. “Truth or dare?”

“Truth.”

“When was the last time you had sex?” he asks, not taking his eyes off Mason while Brittany looks at me.

“Last day of summer vacation,” Mason answers casually, and Brittany’s eyebrows shoot up.

I bite my lip, partly because I’m happy he hasn’t slept with anyone else, and partly because I remember how amazing that night was.

“You,” Mason says, pointing to Jack, who quickly says his name and chooses dare.

“Do a body shot off Kingsley,” Mason says, fighting back a smile.

“I’m not gay,” Oliver quickly says, making Harry grunt.

“You can pass,” Mason says, holding his hands up before pointing to the bottles.

Both boys quickly grab a bottle each and take a swig before putting them back in the middle.

“Killian, truth or dare,” Jack smirks.

“Dare.”

“I dare you to kiss Lily.”

“Pass,” I snort, grabbing a bottle.

“Come on, beautiful, it’s my dare,” he says, leaning toward me.

“I suggest you not do that,” Jock warns, pushing his shoulders back. “She’s scary when she’s mad,” he whispers loudly.

“I am not,” I snap, taking a large gulp of the burning liquid.

“I was there when you were yelling at Oliver,” he counters.

“You yelled at him again?” Leah gasps, and I roll my eyes.

“He deserved it.” I shrug.

“She poked him in the chest so many times I thought he was going to fall over,” Jock explains dramatically, making Mason and Liam chuckle while I simply roll my eyes again.

I tune out for a while, sick of the dares, which are mainly “kiss each other” and truths about sex, so when Ava calls my name I’m surprised.

“Truth,” I say before regretting it instantly.

“Why’d you break up with Olly?” she asks with a sinister smile.

“You don’t know?” Olly frowns, looking between me, Ava, and Harry.

“She hasn’t told us anything.” Ava shakes her head.

“That explains a lot,” he mutters.

“What happened?” she repeats, looking at me.

“Pass,” I mutter, grabbing the bottle and gulping down the burning liquid.

“Wait, so you haven’t told anyone?” Oliver asks, leaning forward to look at me.

“I’ve told one person.” I shrug.

“Was it that guy I have to beat up?” Harry asks, and I roll my eyes.

“Jonah, truth or dare?” I ask, changing the subject.

“What guy?” Ava asks, a line appearing between her eyebrows.

“Dare,” Jonah says, and I give him a grateful smile.

“I dare you to play the rest of the game with no shirt,” I mutter, not being able to think of anything else.

“Have I told you how much I love you lately?” Harry sighs as he ogles Jonah’s muscular physique, along with the other girls.

Just as I’m about to call it quits, absolutely sick of playing this stupid game, the door flies open and someone yells, “Police!”

In a flash, everyone around me is on their feet running for the door while I remain frozen, until a hand grabs the top of my arm and yanks me to my feet.

"We have to go, princess," Mason says, dragging me toward the window and pushing it open. "We're underage." He climbs out and holds his hand out to me.

I quickly follow, and he grabs my hand, and we both sprint for the small wooded area behind the house.

"You're getting slow." He chuckles as we stop, both catching our breath.

"So are you," I retort, sitting down on the dead leaves. "Where's your girlfriend?" I blurt out before I can stop myself.

"My what?" He frowns as he sits down next to me.

"Your girlfriend," I repeat, rolling my eyes.

"I don't have a girlfriend," he replies, making me roll my eyes again and scoff.

"Are you talking about Izzy?" Mason sighs, reaching out for my hand, but I quickly pull it away and wrap my arms around my knees, pulling them to my chest and resting my head on top of them.

"The girl you were clearly on a date with on Tuesday," I mutter, closing my eyes.

"Princess." He sighs sadly.

"Don't call me that," I snap, opening my eyes. It hurts to hear him call me princess.

Mason's face mixes with confusion and hurt at my words. "She was my girlfriend."

I close my eyes at his words, him hurting me right back.

"We dated for a few months in junior year," he explains as if it makes things better. "I went on one date with her this year, trying to get over you," he whispers sadly, making my eyes open again.

"But then you showed up in the middle of it." He half-smiles down at me.

"Why did you go out with her again if you'd already broken up?" I ask, clearing my throat.

"My friends." He sighs, looking down at his feet.

"Brittany and Liam?" I ask, and he nods. "They talked to me on Tuesday," I whisper, making his head snap back to me.

"They did?" he asks, surprised.

I nod and tell him exactly what they said to me in the bathroom.

"They're always meddling." He shakes his head. "Liam called you," he comments, and I nod again.

"After the game, when we saw you and Francis, he said I should call you," he says, looking back toward the house. "I told him almost everything," he adds.

"Why didn't you call?" I find myself asking.

"I wanted to," he mutters, looking back down at me. "I didn't think you wanted me to. You shut me down when I said I wanted to try," he whispers.

"But then we..." I say.

"Yeah, but you left without waking me up. I thought that meant it was just a hookup."

"I thought it would be easier," I mutter, wrapping my arms around his waist. "It wasn't. I've missed you."

Tears well up in my eyes again.

"Lily." Mason breathes out before his arms are wrapped around me and I'm crying into his chest.

"Can we be friends again?" I sniffle, pulling back to look into his eyes.

"I don't think I can be just your friend," Mason declines.

My heart clenches, and I try to free myself from his grip, but he pulls me straight back into him.

"Friends don't kiss each other the way I want to kiss you every time I see you," he murmurs into my ear.

“Why don’t you then?” I ask, locking our eyes together.

Mason brushes his nose against mine, our lips so close to touching. “I don’t think I should,” he whispers.

“How come?” I whisper back, lifting my arms to wrap them around his neck.

“I don’t think I can handle you leaving again.” He sighs, closing his eyes.

“I’m not going anywhere,” I say before closing the gap and pushing my lips against his.

It takes exactly two heartbeats for Mason to start kissing me back. When he does, I sigh into his mouth, giving him the perfect opportunity to slip his tongue into my mouth.

“Lily.” He breathes out, pulling away from me, making me pout. “Your phone won’t stop ringing,” he says, tapping my back pocket where my phone is.

“Just ignore it,” I say, going to kiss him again, but he dodges me.

“It’s rung three times.” He shakes his head, and I sigh, pulling it out of my pocket to see Harry calling me.

“Hello?” I answer the call, rolling my eyes.

“Babe, where are you? Did you get out?” he asks quickly.

“I’m with Mason,” I reply.

“Why the hell are you with him?” Harry yells so loud I flinch and have to move the phone away from my ear.

“He helped me run away,” I explain.

“Oh. Well, do you need a ride?” he asks, a bit calmer but still sounding pissed.

“No. I’m calling an Uber now.” I lie.

“Okay, well, I’ll see you Monday,” Harry says before we hang up.

“He’s going to hate me when I tell him,” I sigh to Mason as I put my phone back in my pocket.

“We can keep it a secret for a bit if you want?” he suggests, rubbing his hands up and down my back.

“Just a little bit,” I agree.

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