

Chapter 242

Ashley's pov

Somehow through my half drunken state I managed to ask. "Wait we?"

Was this how it felt to be drunk?

Ryan nods eagerly and draped his arm around my shoulder. I groaned trying to balance myself from his weight. "Yes we, you're coming along." He states dragging me along with him.

I look at Blake, the protest on the tip of my tongue but it doesn't come out. Blake follows with Stacy beside him. I turn to face the front. Even with my half drunken state I still felt the burning jealousy when I see them. Alcohol doesn't numb the feelings I have for Blake.

I bite my tongue. Somehow I wanted to tell her to get her nasty claws away from him. I blamed my alcohol consumption. We weave our way around sweaty bodies and found ourselves entering a dimly lit room.

The scent of marijuana was powerful, like a strong blow to the face. Usually I would gag or cringe at the scent and probably turn around and said no way. But I found myself wanting to enter in further.

There were a couple of teens in the middle of the room. Half of them looked out of their minds, like me. They sat in a circle, some smirking while others looked ready to crawl in a hole and die.

Ryan drags me to the circle and sits down with me plopping down beside him. I look at the faces, trying to recognize some of them. Was it that bad that I didn't know half of the kids that went to my school?

Blake and Stacy sat down opposite to us. I grit my teeth seeing how close she was to him. She's his girlfriend Ashley, this is how couples normally act. At least my conscience didn't seem to be intoxicated by the alcohol.

I turn to Ryan. "This is a kids game." I whispered but it seemed to be louder than I thought. I was now the center of attention.

I turn to face everyone, the alcohol currently in my system didn't allow me to care. I shrugged staring at the faces that would ignore me by tomorrow. "What it's the truth."

The guy who came to call Blake and Ryan smirks. "Not the way we play it."

I rolled my eyes. "That's what they all say. There's nothing you can say or do that'll make me think otherwise."

He doesn't lose the smirk instead it got wider. A creepy wider smirk that had me cringing internally. "How we play is different. We make our own rules, it's not just a simple truth or dare game, it's way more."

I narrow my eyes, not buying his ridiculous way of trying to make me see that the game wasn't stupid. "How is it different, please elaborate." I taunt. Since when do I have a snarky mouth. Alcohol and I really don't like each other.

He notices my taunting tone and doesn't look the least bit of amused. "Well for starters you can't choose truth more than five times. And as for the dare, if you so happen to chicken out, you'll be getting shaved. Oh and before I forget, once the game starts, you're already in, with no backing out."

"Shaved?" I voiced my confusion.

The guy smirks looking at the others. "Shaved bald."

I gulped not liking the thought of staying there after all. I looked at Ryan. Seeing that he was busy making goo goo eyes at a girl I turn to face Blake. He notices my distress. "If you don't want to play Ley, you don't have to." He smiles.

"Yeah we all know you're the only one who'll be getting bald anyway. Chicken." Stacy insults.

Maybe it was the rage from her words or the alcohol but I find myself agreeing to the terms of the game and staying to play.

"Well let's start!" I state.

The guy cheers and call for another guy to bring a beer bottle. As soon as the bottle is in his hands he doesn't hesitate to push it to his lips and gulp down its contents. When its empty he places it in the middle of the makeshift circle.

I feel the nerves prickle but I force it down. I can do this right? It's not like they'll say some ridiculous dares, right? If I get shaved bald dad would surely kill me.

"Let the game begin." He laughs then spins the bottle. It was too late to back out now.

My heart thumps with every spin the bottle does. It slowly comes to a stop. I lift my head to the girl it had chosen to be first. She looked familiar but I couldn't pinpoint where or what class I had seen her. She didn't seem at all afraid in fact she looked eager.

"Sandy truth or dare?" The guy ask. I needed to stop calling him guy but it wasn't my fault, I didn't know his name. I don't think I ever bothered to know anyone's name not that they cared to know me.

Sandy smirks. "Let's start with truth." She says and licks her lips.

"How many blowjobs have you given this week?" His lips are curled into a smirk, one which lets someone know that he had the answer to the question.

She sighs like the question bored her. "About ten or more, counting you."

I cringe wanting a way out of this stupid game. Didn't I learn from my last lesson to not let Stacy provoke me into doing things I didn't want to do?

The girl spins the bottle and a few seconds later it lands on Stacy. Sandy looks at her and grins. "Truth or dare?"

"Truth." She answers not seeming that all bothered that the attention was on her now. I think she loved it.

"Where was the craziest place you had sex with Blake?" Sandy asks seeming to be pleased with her question.

I bite my lip wanting to look away or zone her out. But somehow I couldn't, my body refused. Blake eyes flickers to me before he quickly moves them away. "Well we've had sex in a lot of crazy places." Stacy starts, her blue eyes directly on me.

I feel the sting, the jealousy and the hatred.

"But I guess the craziest place would be in a theme park." She finishes off.

My hands are clenched into fists on my thighs as I sat crossed leg. I remember the day I was supposed to be tutoring him for an upcoming test. But he had other plans to bring Stacy to the theme park and ended up failing the test. That was a week ago.

Stacy spins the bottle and I watch as it slowly stops on me. I feel my breath get stuck in my throat, praying that I somehow could gain magical powers to not make it stop on me. But my prayers aren't answered and I'm left staring at the bottle that taunted me.

My eye slowly drags up to face the cruel smirk on her red stained lips. I straighten my posture. I couldn't let her win, I wouldn't.

"Ashley." She drags out. "Truth or dare?"

"Truth." I answered with a slight shake to my voice. The alcohol must be wearing off.

Her eyes are mocking and her lips split impossibly wider. "Who's your crush?" She questions. From the look in her eyes she knew exactly who. She knew. And that realization set me on edge. She was trying to trap me in her own game.

I gulped in some air and let my gaze settle on her. Not wanting to show her that she has the upper hand. I could feel Blake's eyes on me, almost feel the burning sensation through my skin from his gaze.

"Raven." It wasn't a lie exactly. I did have a crush on Raven because I pictured him as Blake so it wasn't a complete lie. It helped that Raven somehow had the same feature Blake had which made it easier.

She doesn't look pleased at my answer but doesn't voice it out. Instead she snarls and turns away from me. Goo goo eyes at a girl I reach over to spin the bottle.

After a few dares and truths the bottle had finally stopped on Ryan. After getting dared to do a body shot on one of the girls he spin the bottle. It lands on Blake and he raises his brow. I look over at Ryan seeing that mischief was printed in his eyes. My heart thuds. This isn't good.

"Truth or dare Blake?" Ryan asks. Blake had already used up all his five truths so it wasn't a surprise to hear him pick dare.

Ryan smirks and turns to face me. "I dare you to makeout with Ashley for two minutes."