**[Dare To Be Exposed Gone Too Far](http://truthordare.friendslovesex.com/forum/viewtopic.php?f=13&t=708" \l "p5356)**

[](http://truthordare.friendslovesex.com/forum/viewtopic.php?p=5356" \l "p5356)by **[Shark](http://truthordare.friendslovesex.com/forum/memberlist.php?mode=viewprofile&u=371)** » 27 Oct 2008, 00:01

It all started about a month ago. I had told the group that I was willing to take a dare for the guys. After some back and forth discussion, I agreed to let a female friend who uses my apartment for a few hours once a week between appointments catch me “full monty” style. Well, I went through with it on a Wednesday afternoon in late-August and the situation ended up being a little more embarrassing than I had originally anticipated (as you will see). In fact, I have to admit that I hoped that after I posted “Natalie’s Golf Outing” that everyone would forget about my little dare. Unfortunately for me, Frog Kisser has a great memory, holds people to their word and was kind enough to remind me (and everyone, for that matter !) of my dare to expose myself.
Since she remembered, I’ll tell the whole exciting and yet somehow still embarrassing story.

Okay, a little background. Lisa is a friend of mine who works in my county but lives in an adjoining county. Her job requires her to visit different businesses for customer support and customer relations purposes. In order to avoid going back to her office, she schedules weekly appointments with her regular customers but about once a week she ends up with a few hours to kill in the afternoon. Since she doesn’t want to go back to the office and doesn’t have time to go home and return, I had offered to let her use my apartment for her “downtime” since I am rarely home in the afternoon. Our agreement is that she’ll let me know her schedule at the beginning of the week so I can let her know if the apartment will not be available on a particular day. As a result, I gave her a copy of my key and she has been using the apartment one afternoon a week for the past year or so.

In late-August, Lisa called me on Monday, as she normally does, and left message on my answering machine that she wanted to use the apartment on Wednesday of that week from about 1 p.m until about 2:45 p.m. She also asked me to call and let her know if there was a problem with it. After the conversation in our group, I decided that this would be the week I would complete my dare. I thought I could let her walk in on me and just deny that the message was on the machine when I got home so I really didn’t know she was coming that day. It seemed straight forward enough.

I had given a lot of thought (and, yes, I mean “a lot”) as to how I was going to go about it. I had been given a few suggestions such as walking out of the bathroom after a shower naked as she walked in or in a towel and then accidentally dropping my towel in front of her. While these possibilities have been tried successfully by many people many times, I was too worried about the timing of walking out of the bathroom naked or how quickly I would have to cover up with a towel to give the situation a dose of reality. So I decided to go with the following.

I started by taking the day off from work because I didn’t want to lose out on this prime opportunity. At about 12:15, I took a shower and even trimmed my pubic hair so I would look a little more “presentable”. I put all of my clothes in the hamper and left my towel in the bathroom. Without any clothing on or towel readily available to cover myself, I went into my living room and lay down on the sofa. I spent a few minutes trying to figure out what position I would be in on the sofa when Lisa walked in. I decided that the best possible scenario would have me lying on my back on the sofa and “napping” when Lisa walked in. I figured that if I was “napping”, it would take a minute for me to “wake up” when Lisa reacted to the view. I could then grab one of the two small pillows I keep on the couch and try to cover myself when I woke up with a startle but that Lisa would still get a little longer view than if I just dropped and grabbed a towel. By 12:50, I was laying on the sofa waiting for Lisa in case she arrived early.

Around 1:05, I heard Lisa fumbling with the key in the lock. I closed my eyes and did my best to regulate my breathing so it appeared that I was resting. I heard Lisa walk down the main hallway and into the living room. When Lisa walked in she was treated to a full view of me lying flat on my back, my hands behind my head, my flaccid penis lying across me toward my hip. Then the one thing I hadn’t contemplated happened.... or, I should say, didn’t happen. I didn’t hear Lisa react at all other than to take a deep breath. She didn’t make any sound which would allow me to “wake up” and cover up in shock.

I lay there concentrating on breathing easy so Lisa couldn’t tell that I knew she was there. As I lay there, I thought that she would have to make a sound to startle me sooner or later. As I lay there, I heard her walking around the living room and even heard her breathing just a foot or two away from me. I assume she was just taking in the view. A few minutes passed and she didn’t make so much as one sound, didn’t bump into anything, didn’t do anything which would allow me to move things along without letting her know she was set up.

To be honest, I was so nervous and concentrating on breathing easy, that despite my predicament, I didn’t even start to get an erection. I didn’t even realize this was the case until later on. To my count, about seven or eight minutes had passed when I decided it was time to just pretend that I was waking up normally. As I took a deep breath and moved my head without opening my eyes, I heard Lisa whisper, “Hi, it’s me.” At first I thought she was talking to me but before I could respond in any manner, she continued, “you won’t believe where I am.” It was then I realized that she was on her cellphone. Two words went through my head, “Oh, shit !”

I moved just a little bit to make it look like I was stirring. Lisa hesitated and then continued in an even lower whisper, “I’m at Bo’s apartment.... I stopped between appointments and I walked in on him naked.....no, he’s still naked.... he’s asleep on the couch... of course, I told him I was coming by today. I left him a message on Monday..... I don’t know.... about ten minutes.... yeah, he’s been lying there the whole time.... no, nothing’s covering him.... I can see everything..... yes, for ten minutes..... just lying there....no, he’s asleep.... he doesn’t even know I’m here.... I don’t know what to do....should I just leave and pretend I was never here ?.....no, I don’t have my camera with me !..... Are you kidding ?.... okay, he’s....”

Lisa then went on to describe what my flaccid penis looked like to whoever she was talking to. Length, girth, shading, pubic hair, size of my balls.... you name it, she described it. I couldn’t look at a clock but by now I had estimated that about twelve minutes had passed since Lisa arrived. Knowing that she was looking directly at my private parts to describe them made my penis stir a little. The blood was definitely starting to flow.

Lisa then continued to whisper into the phone something about the person on the other end not coming over because I would probably wake up before she got there and it would be too hard to explain why she was there.

Well, having gone this far and feeling the life start to come back into my penis, I decided to take the situation a step farther. I decided it really didn’t matter since this had already gone beyond the quick innocent exposure and humble embarrassment I had intended to portray. I stirred a little bit and heard Lisa whisper, “He’s waking up... I have to go....I’m not sure....” I lowered my left arm from behind my head and slowly brought my hand down across my body and began to gently massage my balls and slowing hardening penis. I intentionally left my right arm behind my head so as to not block Lisa’s view. I kept my eyes closed as though I was still at least half-sleeping while I massaged myself.

I heard Lisa whisper, “Oh my God !.... no, he’s rubbing himself... he’s starting to get hard...I think he’s still asleep.”

I continued to pretend I was doing this in a state of at least semi-unconsciousness. Within two minutes, my penis was as hard as I think it ever has been. I started to slowly stroke myself. After a minute, during which I thought that Lisa had hung up her phone, I heard her whisper, “he’s jerking off....still asleep..... six, maybe seven, inches....”

I lay there slowly stroking myself for a few minutes, trying my best to last as long as I could. To be honest, I really expected Lisa to react at some point and “wake” me. Well, I tried to slow things down a bit but the excitement overtook me. I exploded into the air, a wet splash landing on my abdomen and stomach. Even that did not get a loud reaction from Lisa. She quietly said, “I have to go.” I believe she hung up her phone at that point. I stroked myself a few more times and then pretended to be waking up. I slowly opened my eyes and made sure to just look down at my body. I pretended to be disturbed by my “wet dream” and the semen on my body and my hand. I started to sit up and reach for tissues on the end table next to the couch. As I got to a sitting position and had my hand on the top of the tissue box, I acted shocked at seeing Lisa in the room. I could have gotten an Oscar for the performance. “Oh my God !! I, uh.....” I grasped the tissues and pretended to use them along with my hands to cover my penis.

Lisa seemed shocked herself. She stammered herself in response, “I...um.....”

Before she could finish, I got up and rushed from the room. I went into the bathroom and closed the door. I smiled as I started to clean myself off. As I ran a warm washcloth over my stomach and then my penis, I heard Lisa from the other side of the door. She was saying, “Bo, I’m sorry. I just walked in and.... well, you were just getting up... the timing was.... what happened anyway? I told you in my message that I’d be stopping today.”

I laughed a bit to myself. I couldn’t believe that I had carried it so far– I mean, not even in my wildest dreams. It just happened when she didn’t react to seeing me and I had no choice but to stay there in front of her. I also was laughing to myself because she was lying to me by saying she just walked in as I was getting up to clean myself.

Through the door, I told her that I never got any message from her about her stopping by that day. She swore up and down that she left the message. By the time we did our back and forth on this issue, I had cleaned myself off. I took a towel, wrapped it around myself and opened the door. Our eyes met and we were both truly embarrassed. We were both embarrassed over what she saw but only I knew that (1) she saw a lot more than she admitted to; and (2) we were both lying to each other about what had just happened.

The embarrassment left a little tension in the air. Lisa tried to break the tension by teasingly smiling and saying, “after that, do you really need the towel ?”

I chuckled and said, “I’ll tell you what. I’ll lose the towel when you even things up. It may not be today but maybe someday you can let me watch you masturbate.”

Lisa laughed and replied, “Maybe..... and maybe not.”

I stepped past her and into my bedroom. I closed the door while I got changed to keep up the charade of embarrassment. When I got into the living room, Lisa had her bags and was getting ready to leave. I said, “Listen, you don’t have to leave. Things happen.”

Lisa said, “No, I have to go. I think today I’ll just be early for my next appointment.”

We said goodbye and I closed the door behind her. I stood by the door for a minute thinking about what had transpired over the last half hour or so. It was then I heard Lisa’s voice through the door saying, “I’m sorry I had to cut you off but you won’t believe what happened....”

Within the past month, I ran into Lisa with some of her girlfriends in a bar. Maybe it was in my mind but, based upon their respective looks and flirting, I’m sure that all three of her closest friends have heard the story. Regardless, to this day, I’d give anything to know who Lisa was talking to the whole time.

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