**Truth or Dare**

by NotHemingway

Sometimes a game reveals the truth

Most people view Truth or Dare as a silly game, played mostly by college kids. A means of shocking your friends, and maybe yourself. Or maybe as a way to justify doing or saying things that you shouldn’t be doing or saying -- but really want to, and need permission. Sometimes, though, it’s a way to find out the truth about yourself.

I belong to a co-ed bowling league. There are four of us on our team, two guys, two girls. We were just casual acquaintances, thrown together randomly by a lottery from the league. We’re not very good, but we enjoy the game. One of the girls, Liz, is very attractive, with an ample figure up top. The other, Simone, while pretty, is smaller breasted. She has a natural shyness and awkwardness about her body. The marked disparity between the two girls in their build became a distraction. Not to us guys, but between the women. Simone was very conscious of it. She’d make reference to Liz’s fullness, while deprecating her own build. I’m sure it didn’t help that she’d occasionally overhear the guys in the bowling alley making appreciative comments as Liz’s ample figure moved and shook with the motion of bowling. A bra was not sufficient to constrain her.

After our last match of the season, we returned to my house for some food and drink. Half a celebration, half to console ourselves for a losing season. After a few drinks – maybe more than a few -- Liz suggested we play a game. Truth or Dare. Conveniently, she’d brought a deck of cards with questions and dares. Adult version. My partner Billy and I were all in. Simone less so. “I don’t know if I’m comfortable with this” she reluctantly said. She wanted out, but didn’t want to be the only one dissenting.

“You only live once Simone”, said Liz. “We’re all committing to the game. Let’s have some fun.”

So we started.

I got the first choice. “Dare”

D.“Massage the feet of one of the players.”

I removed Simone’s shoes and gently rubbed her feet, sending wonderful sensations up the legs. As a bonus, I massaged the calf. She was skittish at first, but finally smiled.

Billy: “Dare”

D.“Slow dance with one of the players for two minutes.”

He choose Liz and they danced, without music, holding on to each other with their bodies close, perhaps a little closer than required.

Liz: “Dare”

D.“Find someone to kiss and demonstrate the technique.”

Liz chose Billy and with her tongue demonstrated how the French enjoy kissing. Apparently they do a very thorough job.

When it was Simone’s turn, she chose ‘Truth’. I think she thought that was the safest approach. Not so.

T.“What is the body part you are least proud of?”

She blushed. We all knew what was on her mind. And I half expected her to say something safe like “my toes.” But to her credit, she faced the music.

“I’ve always hated my small breasts.”

Liz was the first to speak. “Your breasts are beautiful, firm and proportioned to your body. You should be proud of them.” Simone looked down at the ground, not convinced.

Liz went on, “Look, I’m too big. I have such trouble finding clothes to fit me. And I always have to fight off guys who just want a grope. I’d die to have perfect breasts like yours.”

“Thank you, but you know that’s not true” said Simone.

I spoke up. “Liz is right. You have a wonderful figure. I’ve always admired your firm body.”

This was more direct that I had intended. I had never broached the subject of her sexuality before. It was a little awkward.

Liz took charge. “Let’s see them.”

“What?”

“You heard me” said Liz. “This is now your dare. Take off your top.”

“You’re joking.”

“No”, said Liz. “You’re living with an inferiority complex, one that’s unwarranted. You’re beautiful with a perfect body. I want to see you. That’s a dare.”

Neither Billy nor I said a word. Let the girls sort this one out. But we were rooting for Liz.

Simone sat still for at least a minute. No one spoke. What was she thinking? Then she stood up. Her fingers began to unbutton her blouse. She took a deep breath and continued on. She slipped the blouse off and stood before us in her bra. Her frail figure shook. Surely this was the boldest thing she had ever done in her life.

Liz spoke. “Now the bra.”

Simone’s eyes widened. She had tried to meet the dare half way, but Liz wouldn’t hear of it.

Simone hesitated, with a look of fear on her face. “I can’t.”

Liz said, “Let me help.”

She crossed to Simone’s back, and unhooked the bra. Simone held it in place with her arms for a few seconds. Then she closed her eyes, accepted her fate and let the bra fall to the ground. She stood quietly with her arms to her side, exposed to our gaze.

She was beautiful. The breasts were perfectly formed, firm, not too large, not too small, with erect nipples surrounded by small areolae. Lovely curves on soft white skin.

Billy whistled appreciatively. Simone ventured a small smile. She opened her eyes.

“You are beautiful” I said, and meant it. I was moved by how brave she was standing there, and yet so vulnerable. I went to her and took her head in my hands and kissed her. I had never done that before. Never knew that I wanted to do it before. She did not object.

Liz spoke up, “It’s not fair that you’re the only one here getting cold.” And she took off her blouse and her bra, her large breasts spilling out. And she pulled off her slacks. “Guys, are you not going to reciprocate?”

That was our cue. We took off our shirts and pants, clad now only in underwear. I turned to Simone and rubbed her neck and her shoulders. I worked my way down to her breasts with my mouth. Billy went to Liz and they fell onto the couch, hands flying.

We had built up desire with that foolish game. Soon panties and underwear were removed.

I caressed Simone’s body, and those lovely breasts. Her woman’s mound, covered with trimmed hair, fell to my probing fingers. She grabbed me and gently scratched my buttocks with her nails, moving up my spine. Then she came down the chest, to the waist and below. She cupped the testicles, stroked the penis, now erect.

I had never made love before with other people in the room, but in truth we were so involved in our own lovemaking that, except for hearing some sounds and moans, we were absorbed only with our partners.

Billy and Liz moved into the bedroom. Simone and I remained in the living room and groped at each other like animals. I entered her and we shuddered, holding each other tightly. When we were finished, Simone smiled sweetly at me. “I never thought of myself as being sexy. Maybe I was wrong.”

When Billy and Liz rejoined us, we all went into my hot tub. There never was any discussion about bathing suits. We sat there, exposed to each other, drinking wine, talking and laughing. We all were at ease, including Simone.

Simone has new confidence now. She dresses in more revealing ways and is more comfortable with her body. I love to look at her, and she enjoying being looked at: with clothes and without.

We still bowl every week. But now the after-party is an established part of the routine. And truth and dare is our favorite game. It gets bolder each week. It reveals truth. And as they say, the truth will set you free.

© Calem Geyser, 2020