

# Truth or Dare

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*Written and edited by PgFalcon*

Seven cars pull into a suburban driveway. Four men and three women step out of their vehicles, hands in the pockets of their expensive suits and smoothing over the fabric of their dresses. The lights in the house all turn on at once, the door audibly unlocks then swings open, and they all walk inside, a sense of resolution shared between all of them, the door closes with a bang.

“Strange weather we’re having,” states one of the men, taking off his jacket.

“Yea, freezing...” agrees another.

“Well, at least it’s warm in here!” says one of the women cheerfully.

They all walk into the living room, where a table and seven chairs have been set up. The walls are tastefully decorated with paintings and pictures, and the dull orange paint compliments a small fireplace set into the corner wall. They can all smell food cooking in the kitchen, but don’t investigate it. They sit down. No one wants to talk about why they’re here, and everyone nervously watches the clock on the wall.

At five o’clock precisely all the doors lock with a series of very loud clicks. Curtains pull tight, the sound of the wind deafens until it’s gone entirely, and the lights dim slightly as a glowing ball of radiant color materializes at the center of the table.

“Welcome to the game. You all know the rules, I believe, and you all know why you are here... If want to quit, if you break the rules, or if you are deemed unfit to continue you will be escorted back to your car without delay. I must remind everyone that everything that takes place today is permanent, even if you forfeit. The prize is one billion dollars.

“We shall begin immediately. During the first round you have seven seconds to choose. Let us begin with you. Truth or dare?”

A beam of red light shines from the colorful orb to illuminate the youngest of the men, a skinny kid hardly over twenty with longish hair. The number seven appears inside the glowing ball, then starts to count down.

“Truth!” shouts the young man.

“No need to be so loud...” says the ball. “Name generated: Sally. Question: Do you enjoy wearing women’s clothing?”

The question appears to take ‘Sally’ off guard. He starts to say “No.” but the orb interrupts him.

“I must remind you that a false answer will result in a penalty.”

The young man blushes, looks at his feet, then answers through his teeth “Yes.” One of the women giggles, and the men next to him smirk.

“Next! Truth or dare?”

The red light illuminates the man sitting next to Sally. He’s older, greying in fact, takes good care of his body, and has a look of utter contempt on his face. He looks like he doesn’t want to be there.

“Bloody awful child’s game... Dare.”

“Name generated: Gently. Dare taking effect: do not take off your underwear.”

Gently raises a bushy eyebrow, wondering what it could mean, when he feels his boxers shrinking. They continue to shrink to a very uncomfortable tightness until they turn into a thong. He tries to dig the fabric out of his ass, but quickly realizes the futility of it, gives up, and resumes sitting, albeit now uncomfortably.

“Truth or dare?”

Next is a large man with a full beard on his face.

“Truth,” he says, sweating a little.

“Name generated: Titan. Question: have you ever engaged in an act of incest?”

“Yes,” he answers immediately, shocking everyone around the table. He doesn’t elaborate, however, and the orb doesn’t ask him to.

“Truth or dare?” asks the orb, illuminating the last of the men. He is the skinniest of all of them, and sits cross legged on his chair with his hands held together, palms inward. He’s also balding.

“Dare,” says the man, hardly moving.

“Name generated: Monk. Dare: Serve everyone drinks.”

The gangly man unfolds himself from his chair and quickly asks everyone what they would like to have. Everyone chooses their favorite alcoholic beverage; no doubt tonight they’ll be needing them. He disappears momentarily into the kitchen, finds the drinks ready made on a silver platter, and quickly serves them to everyone at the table, including the orb who ordered a glass of Chambord. No time is lost before they continue.

“Truth or dare?” asks the orb. Next is a pretty woman with straight blond hair and pale skin. She has a very naïve face.

“Um...dare.”

“Name generated: Christian. Dare: sit still.”

Christian’s brow furrows, but not for long. Her dress, a very nice blue strapless thing, begins to turn black and the soft fabric turns shiny and rubbery. Then, the whole dress starts to change shape and now she has to grip the arms of her chair to stay still as the latex begins to flow over her skin until it has become a seamless full-body suit. Last but not least, the suit begins to shrink, tightening over her shapely body and making her squirm as it sinks into every nook and cranny of her form. The latex digs deep into her ass crack, separates and lifts her breasts, her nipples press against the latex to form dimples, and it slides up into her pussy to give her the mother of all camel toes, which more than anything else nearly causes her to jump out of her chair. She manages to stay still by taking a very deep breath, and then it’s over.

She’s still shaking when the orb illuminates the next contestant.

“Truth or dare.”

This woman is taller than Christian, and definitely looks more naughty. Even now she’s staring at the poor woman trying to cope with the very snug latex and having a difficult time of it. She has black, flowing hair, a fit, trim figure, and exquisite breasts. She doesn’t hesitate with her answer, biting her lower lip while staring at Christian’s new clothes.

“Name generated: Cherry. Dare: remain seated.”

A smile plays across Cherry’s lips, but disappears in disappointment when all that happens is her pants and panties disappear, leaving her sitting on her chair bare bottomed. He lets out a sigh and crosses her legs, although not before everyone notices that she’s already wet.

Last up is a short brunette, perhaps a little older than the other two women. She’s also far more serious looking.

“Truth, I have nothing to hide.”

“Name generated: Manson. Question: Do you wish you had a penis?”

“What kind of question is that? No!” she looks highly offended.

“Lie detected, punishment commencing...”

The woman’s eyes widen in shock.

“I’m not lying! I swear I’m not...oh god.”

She suddenly shudders violently, and covers her crotch with her hand. She can’t hide what’s coming, however, as a small tent in her business pants grows bigger and bigger, finally sliding up past her waistline and under her shirt.

“No no no no...” she whimpers as the phallus continues to grow until nearly eight inches long. She struggles to pull her shirt down over the large bulge, and is brought to the brink of tears. The orb wastes no time bothering with her.

“Round one finished. Round two has a five second timer, and stakes have risen. Sally, truth or dare?”

“Dare,” he says quietly, not wanting to answer any more personal questions.

“Excellent choice, don’t make a sound for the next minute.

Immediately Sally’s chest starts to expand into a very nice bust, pressing out his business suit. His new breasts continue to grow until they’re large c cups. Cherry lets out a wolf whistle, which is made worse when it becomes obvious that Sally, despite no other cosmetic changes, now looks hot.

“Now that’s not fair!” he shouts, unable to contain himself.

“Penalty, punishment commencing.”

Suddenly Sally jumps out of his seat, fury on his face as he now gropes down inside his pants.

“You mother fucker! What’d you just do to me!?! Change me back now!”

“Sit down or incur another penalty, final warning.”

“No!” shouts Sally, “I qui-“

But he’s too slow, and before he can finish his sentence:

“Penalty, punishment commencing.”

Sally is yanked back into his chair with a yelp and buckled in forcefully. Sally immediately attempts to remove the seatbelt, which is pressing down tightly against his new and very shapely hips when his pants and boxers are torn off by an invisible force, exposing his new, flat pussy. He tries to shout, and begins to try to quit once again but a sock appears, is stuffed into his mouth, and tied into place with a strip of cloth. Then the wood of the seat pushes up, as if it was suddenly a liquid, and extends up into poor Sally in one fluid motion causing him to scream around his gag. He tries to remove the gag, but his wrists are forcefully strapped to the arms of his chair. He tries to push away from the chair frantically as the wood continues to flow up into him, trying desperately to escape, but his protests quickly turn into a loud moan as his face blushes rapidly and he loses his voice, his hands stiffening and his back arching. Then everything stops, leaving him panting for breath with a wooden dildo a full nine inches up inside of him, his glistening womanhood visible to all. He looks around at everyone watching him, suddenly confused, and looks down at himself in shock. His cheeks go a deeper red as he tries to steady himself. He’s in shock.

“Let’s keep this moving, truth or dare Gently.”



Gently is himself in shock, and immediately chooses truth. He doesn't want something like that happening to him.

"Do you want to fuck Sally?"

"What!?"

"I won't repeat myself."

Gently looks over at Sally and growls to himself, muttering under his breath.

"Your answer? You have another five seconds before you're penalized."

"Hrmm, ah....Fuck it yes. Yes I do." Now he too is sweating, and attempting to hide a growing chubby. He continues to mutter under his breath about how stupid the game is.

"Interesting...Titan, truth or dare?"

Titan's eyes dart from person to person, then at the last second he blurts out:

"Dare!"

"A risk taker, I like that. Keep your dick in your pants for the remainder of the round."

Titan scoffs. "That's it? You make it sound like it'll be a challenge. Haha...huh."

Titan suddenly looks confused, then looks down at his crotch. His dick is moving, and more disturbing than that is it's getting longer, and thicker. Titan reaches into his pants and grabs his dick by the head, and to surprise of everyone a loud hiss emits from his pants.

"My dick turned into a snake," he grunts by way of explanation, and it's not done turning into a snake. It's getting longer, as if slithering out of his crotch. The head of his dick has fully transformed into the head of a snake, and it appears to have a mind of its own. In no time at all it's nearly doubled in thickness, is over three feet long, and beginning to man handle Titan.

He's getting red in the face trying to subdue his increasingly powerful snake-dick, its muscular body coiling and writhing. It won't be much longer until it overpowers him and forces its way into the light, so Titan comes up with a new plan of attack. He yanks his hands out of his pants, then tightens his belt as far as he is able. The now five foot long snake, which has become as thick as a baseball bat, is wrapping itself several times around his waist, and butts its triangle shaped head around his belt line looking for an exit. Not finding one, it then begins to journey south down his right pant leg.

"Oh no you don't!" shouts titan, and he pulls up his legs up to sit cross-legged, effectively blocking off escape through the legs. Very quickly there isn't much room in his pants for much more snake, the previously loose fabric now stuffed tight with the scaly reptile, until the snake stops growing out of his crotch at six feet long, and a little wider than a baseball bat. It continues to move, wiggle, and hiss but Titan has conquered it and folds his arms over his chest in victory, pleased with himself. He also *very*

much likes the sensations coming from his new dick, which is still a part of his body, and also still his dick. It just now has a mind of its own.

“Well done! Next up is Christian again, truth or dare?”

“Um, truth, I think.”

“How many times in the past week have you used a vibrator?”

“That’s private!”

“Nothing’s private, please answer the question or suffer a penalty.”

“Okay, okay... just let me think a bit.”

Christian then begins to count on her fingers, looking at the ceiling as she does so and biting on her lip. Everyone watches as she count’s past five, ten, fifteen, and even past twenty.

“Um, twenty two times, I think... No wait! Twenty three! Twenty three!”

“I’m sorry Christian, too late. You already answered... punishment commencing.”

Christian frantically looks from side to side in fear of her punishment, but doesn’t have to wait long. Her belly starts expanding.

“Ooo, what’s happening? Oh my god, what’s happening?!” she shouts, her eyes bugging as she watches her stomach begins expand from a flat, taught, muscled abdomen into a round beach ball belly. The latex rubber suit squeaks and slides over the expanding ball of flesh, the sound of it stretching similar to the noise you get when you dig your fingers into a balloon.

“I hope you like puppies Christian,” says the orb. “Because that’s what you’ve got inside of you. A litter of puppies. Can you feel them moving?”

“Oh good Jesus, I felt a kick!” she shouts, growing hysterical as her belly continues to expand, making her rubber suit squeak. It’s not stopping, and it’s already nearly the size of a small beach ball. She grabs her stomach and squeezes, as if to contain it and stop the swelling mass from getting bigger. It doesn’t stop until she looks to be at least nine months pregnant. Tears start to fall down her face.

“Do you wish to concede, Christian?”

“No,” she says. “I just can’t believe you did that to me! I’m not ready for something like this!!!”

“You knew the risks when you joined the game, if you have a problem with that I can’t help you. Next up is Cherry, truth or dare?”

“Dare!” she says, her eyes flashing. It’s obvious she’s joansing for a sexual thrill. The orb makes a cackling laugh that makes her jump, however.

“Feisty! Very good, we like that. Dare: say ‘Supercalifragilisticexbeeallahdoetious’.”

“Ha! Superwuhwaahahhhugah...”

A look of alarm shoots across Cherry’s face as her mouth melts and droops like melting ice cream, her lips loosening until they are flapping with every attempt to talk. Then they squeeze together, forming a vertical line from her nose to her chin. She then starts to choke as her throat closes up, and her nose starts to melt and shrink, joining the top of the folds of her lips and reshaping into a nub, then a hood of flesh pulls itself over the nub. Staring everyone in the face is, unmistakably, a hairless pussy. Then there is a loud gasp for air, and it came from Cherry’s crotch when she unfolds her legs to reveal where her mouth and nose have relocated, and she pants heavily to regain her breath, panic evident in her eyes.

“Say supercalifragilisticexbeeallahdoetious or suffer a penalty,” says the orb.

Cherry frowns, which is a very strange thing for your crotch to do, then begins to try to speak.

“Suba, Soop, super...cali...fragil..istic...exbeee...allahdoetious!” she manages to finally say, shouting at the end.

“Congratulations,” says the orb.

With that finished, she begins exploring her face, touching her pussy and pulling back the lips. No one can look away, and the orb stays silent as they watch. It’s a real, functioning pussy, and apparently descends down her throat. She also explores her relocated mouth and nose, biting and sucking her finger, sticking her tongue out, and accidentally sneezing, which was very weird and gross.

“Which do I eat with?” she finally asks, wiping her nose and the seat with the edge of her shirt.

“The one bellow darling, and you handled that excellently. Manson’s next, and after her we’ll take a small break to serve dinner. Truth or dare Manson?”

“Fucking truth!” she shouts, still angry from her sex change.

“Inappropriate language, punishment commencing.”

“You mother fucking cheater! I’m not the first one to cuss-” but she’s interrupted by the sudden appearance of a golden retriever next to her seat. It turns around, lifts up its wagging tail, and reveals a sopping wet pussy. Manson stands up, and it’s immediately obvious she no longer has control over her body from the neck down. Her head is twisting and jerking, as if she could yank her body back into the chair, but her body isn’t listening. Instead her hands drop her drawers, revealing (besides a nice ass and shapely hips) a pair of huge hairy balls and a massive, rock hard uncircumcised boner. Her hands grab her new member and begin stroking the shaft, a horrified look spreading across Manson’s as her body responds to her touch and her dick begins to leak pre. She uses the pre as a lubricant and continues her gentle attentions. As everyone watches the boner begins to change. It turns a dark red, the foreskin pulls down taught while the skin at the base of her dick loosens to form a sheath, which rapidly becomes furry, along with her balls and groin. The head of her dick also changes shape, becoming more pointed and angular, the crown less pronounced, and her shaft grows thicker and more veiny. Then, with the dog waiting with a happy look on its face, and a disbelieving look on Manson’s, she grabs the golden retriever’s ass and starts to force her newly redesigned dick into the bitch’s hot, wet vagina.

“Stop it! Stop! I don’t want this, just fucking stop it I’m sorry!!!” she shouts. The dog’s pussy is very tight, and her dick is very big, but she slowly stretches the dog’s skin over her member. To Manson it feels sinfully good, her arousal and horniness escalating far more rapidly than she is used to as a woman, but she resists the sensations even as she buries her dick in the happy retriever’s flesh. Halfway in she is starting to lose control, and at the same time gaining some control of her body. She makes small thrusts of her own free will, grunting with pleasure yet horrified at what she’s doing. She stops herself several times, but as she penetrates the dog further and further she can’t help herself, crying as she voluntarily reaches under the dog’s hips and pulls herself in deeper until she bottoms out in the bitch. When she doesn’t make a move herself, her body once again takes control and starts to fuck the dog. She tries to pull out, growing more and more frantic as she realizes that she’s approaching an orgasm. She only succeeds in lengthening her strokes, the dog’s well lubricated pussy now used to the intruder and making every movement smooth as silk and butter.

It doesn’t take long before she feels it happening, the base of her dick swelling into a knot. It starts to make a popping noise as she pushes the growing ball of flesh in and out of the bitch’s pussy, each time the knot growing bigger and becoming harder to push in and out until, finally, she can’t pull out. Then, like a switch, she has full control over her body again.

She is very close to orgasm, dangerously close, and her organ continues to swell. Manson tries to pull out with all her might, but only causes the dog to yelp and her to shout, both in pain. They’re stuck good, and with every second that passes they get stuck even worse as her expanding knot lodges tighter and tighter behind the dog’s powerful ring of outer vaginal muscles. The dog can’t release the tension in those muscles right now any more than Manson can deflate her own dick. During her struggles, however, she can’t help but notice the wonderful feelings created when she moves inside the bitch, and she finds herself slowly moving her hips, pressing her dick a little further into the dog’s pussy, grinding against its pelvis. She can’t control herself any more, and begins to grind against the dog’s rear with more and more enthusiasm, and the dog is very happy that things have resumed and the painful tugging stopped.

Manson, hating herself all the while, finds herself growing closer and closer to orgasm, and is fascinated by it. It feels as though her balls are tightening up, and there’s a growing feeling of pressure building up in her lower belly. Everything starts to feel twice as good, every movement becoming exponentially more wonderful and sensational with every passing second. She quickly loses all control and begins fucking the dog with wild abandon, drowning in a sea of sexual bliss, the feel of the dog, the touch of her skin, the weight of her balls swinging back and forth, the wonderful perfectness of it all. It’s approaching fast, like a freight train, and everyone in the room can see it. Even the dog senses it, she herself has already orgasmed twice without Manson noticing, and is preparing for her third one that will coincide with her lover’s own release.

It hits Manson like an explosion. Out of nowhere, as if someone had thrown a switch, her entire body begins to pump seed into the dog’s belly. Her balls feel as though they’re being squeezed, her belly spasms, her hips forced forward as her ass cheeks clench together and thick spunk flows up her long dick and sprays out into the bitch’s uterus. It happens again, and again. Flowing in waves, she becomes a cum faucet, filling the dog with her cum, ounces upon ounces of it. It feels like it would never stop, then suddenly, it does. She’s immediately exhausted, her breathing rapid and shallow, her body drenched in sweat and sexual fluids. Catching her breath, she tries to stand up and pull out of the bitch, take her seat and continue with the game, but finds herself to be still locked together. Still knotted.

She almost starts crying again, but instead grits her teeth, picks up the dog, pulls up her pants as far as she can, and sits back down in her seat with the dog held in her lap. Anger and humiliation are her only expressions, her hair is now a mess, and her shirt, bra, pants and panties are soaked through with sweat and spunk. She settles into the seat, smearing cum (both the dog's and hers), on the wood, then sits still with her arms wrapped around the dog while she glares at the sphere floating silently in the middle of the table. The dog looks as happy as a dog ever looks, her tongue hanging out of her mouth, and her pussy still speared on Manson's dick. She's content to sit and wag her tail.

"Hmm," says the sphere. "You're a tough one. I thought for sure that would have broken you... Oh well! That concludes round two, shall we break for dinner?"

The ball doesn't wait for answers, however, as plates and platters of the most delicious smelling food imaginable start floating out of the kitchen to set down on the table. The night has only just begun...