

Chapter 79 I Choose The Truth

The day after their arrival, Sabrina went on a shopping spree with her female companions from the resort, capturing moments in pictures.

At half past twelve noon, three tables were reserved on the second floor of the canteen for a barbecue gathering with all the employees.

A table for the ladies, and double for the men.

While the ladies sipped from a few juice bottles, their male counterparts knocked back several beers.

Laughter filled the air, as some indulged in wine, teasing Tyrone just for fun.

Despite the jests, Tyrone responded with a gentle smile. His composed demeanor further lifted the spirits of the staff.

Lunch gave way to game suggestions, to which everyone eagerly agreed.

"So, what game should we play?"

"Let's keep it simple. How about spin the bottle?"

An empty bottle was promptly grabbed and positioned flat on the table. "The bottle decides who plays truth or dare."

"Okay." A chorus of agreements answered back.

With Tyrone in their midst, refusal wasn't an

option, even if some might have preferred otherwise.

Cason Patel, the director of MF department, proposed, "Mr. Blakely, would you like to partake in the game with us? I'm sure everyone here would love your participation, right?"

"Yes, Mr. Blakely, come join us!" Everyone agreed. "All right, I'll entertain you for a bit," Tyrone consented.

An uproar of approval ensued.

Led by Joshua, the crowd relocated to the villa behind the resort to continue their amusement.

The villa boasted a spacious living room, billiards table, game room, entertainment table, movie projector room, gym, bar, and other features to accommodate visiting tourists.

The staff assembled in a circle on the living room floor, with a brown beer bottle serving as their game's centerpiece.

Cason initiated, "I'll give the first spin. Let's see who's lucky enough to be the first pick."

As the bottle spun, the room hushed, and all eyes fixated on the bottle in nervous anticipation.

Eventually, the bottle pointed out a man.

"Mitchell, aren't you fortunate? Truth or dare?"

The identified man, Mitchell, opted for truth, unabashed.

A flurry of queries rang out.

Cason hushed the crowd. "Easy, folks. You've fired a barrage of questions. But remember, it's the spinner's job to ask the question."

Once again, silence dominated the room, all eyes on Cason.

With a grin, Cason directed his question at Mitchell. "Mitchell, have you ever had sex?"

Giggles and laughter filled the air. Some women blushed, yet they remained attentive, curious for Mitchell's response.

Mitchell blushed and shook his head. "No."

Another wave of laughter rippled through the crowd.

"Your turn to spin, Mitchell."

"Just you wait. I might end up picking you," Mitchell warned as he spun the bottle.

The bottle's choice was another man.

After a moment's consideration, he chose for dare.

Mitchell said, "No worries, I'll be kind. Just give a kiss to the person on your right."

The dare recipient, now embarrassed, looked at the man on his right who was equally flustered.

Under the cheers and encouragement from the crowd, he quickly planted a kiss on the man, stood up, and declared, "Okay, now it's my turn to spin the bottle."

"Proceed!"

Meanwhile, Sabrina, amid the boisterous crowd, observed their merry antics.

The questions, she noticed, were gradually becoming trickier.

Someone asked about the timing of one's first sexual experience and how long they lasted during that encounter.

The question triggered apprehension among many, with a preference for daring over answering such a personal question.

The rule was clear. Dodging the question or the dare meant drinking three glasses of wine as a penalty.

With so many participants, it would take more than 40 rounds before everyone had a turn.

Sabrina hadn't yet had her turn. Along the way, several girls had their turns, and thankfully the questions posed weren't overly personal.

Having just completed a daring task, Cason declared, "Finally, my turn to ask. Let's see who fate chooses."

The bottle spun at the center of the crowd.

All eyes were locked onto the spinning bottle, which ultimately came to rest pointing at Tyrone, causing a ripple of excitement.

Grinning, Cason asked, "Mr. Blakely, now it's your turn. So, truth or dare?"

Tyrone said, "Truth."

"Did Ms. Clifford take your virginity?"

This audacious question left everyone speechless,

admiring Cason's bravery.

They all eagerly awaited Tyrone's response, their ears straining.

With a swift, subtle glance at Sabrina, Tyrone simply said, "No."

Despite his past relationship with Galilea, they had never been intimate.

He was an illegitimate child, always mindful of his desires, and ensured never to overstep any boundaries.

Thanks to the love from his grandparents and a good relationship with Larry, he desired to marry Sabrina after they had been set up.

"But then, who was it?" asked an eager Cason.

"I've answered one question already."

A smile spread across Sabrina's face.

When she and Tyrone got married, she knew of his previous relationship, but she didn't know the details. Now she knew for sure they hadn't been intimate. Sabrina laughed quietly to herself.

The crowd appeared disappointed. Someone suggested to Cason, "You should've asked directly who it was."

"I'll ask him next time," Cason replied.

Unexpectedly, after a few rounds, Tyrone was picked again. But this time, the question came from another man.

Following the crowd's advice, the man asked, "Mr.

Blakely, who was your first?"

After a few moments of silence, Tyrone said, "I'll take some wine."

To their surprise, Tyrone chose to drink rather than answer.

Cason couldn't resist prodding, "Come on, Mr. Blakely. Won't you share? Do you really need to drink?"

"Yep."

"Is it because her identity is something special?"

"It's a secret."

Tyrone then stood up, took the bottle from a nearby employee, and poured himself a drink. After quickly downing three glasses in succession, he showed the group the empty glass. "Is this acceptable?"

"Alas."

Disappointment pervaded the group, denied the juicy details they hoped for.

They wondered if she was a prostitute or an ex-girlfriend, and why such details needed to be kept secret.

Did Tyrone keep quiet because they knew the girl in question?


The game resumed with the next round.

After two more rounds, Sabrina was chosen.

She felt a wave of nervousness.

The next question came from an impulsive man. "Ms. Chavez, truth or dare?"

"Truth," replied Sabrina.

"Well, then I won't ask about you. Let's discuss your boyfriend. I heard you have one. How long is his dick?" 

Sabrina's cheeks flushed a bright red.

Someone had posed a similar question before. The recipients always had a range of reactions, but the onlookers were consistently entertained.

