

# Truth and Dare

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# 1 - Chapter One

There she goes again, Sam thought. Of course, her sister had to flip out on Mom, again. And it was just because Mom wasn't gonna let her wear what she wanted for the Halloween party they have at their house every year.

"I don't care what you want to wear," Mom said. "You are not wearing that outfit!"

"You shouldn't have to tell me what I wear to the party!" Shannon yelled back. "It should be my choice, not yours!"

"That outfit is most definitely one of the most insane outfits I have ever seen. You can not wear that!"

Sam heard her sister yell something back, but she drowned out most of the noise with her headphones. This happened practically every day. Shannon always had to get mad at Mom for something. Whether it was because she was hanging out with her group of insane friends, or she was wearing an insane outfit. Sam agreed with Mom; Shannon did practically anything insane. And then, she had to go and flip out, when it's her fault in the first place.

Sam at least listened to Mom. That's why she never got in trouble with her. She had a group of completely sane friends, wore clothes that looked very nice on her, and still fit the "sane" category, and not to mention, she was popular.

Although, with her older sister, she doubted she would have ever been popular. Shannon was the most unpopular girl in school. But, the fact that Mom was rich helped with the popular factor. And the fact that her older brother was, according to a lot of the girls in school, hott.

Sam was only one year younger than Shannon. Although, they looked nothing like sisters. Mom was "a bit on the wild side", as she likes to put it, when she had all three of them. Shannon and their brother, Sean had the same father. They were twins, and they looked a lot alike. Shannon was actually very pretty, but if only she was just a little bit different, she would be popular.

If Sam wasn't Sean's sister, she has to admit that she would probably want to date him. He had jet black hair, vibrantly bright green eyes, and a beautiful face. Shannon's hair was more of a really dark brown, but her eyes were a green, almost as bright as Sean's. Although her face shape is exactly the same as Sean's. Sam has examined it tons of times, but she can't find any difference. As for Sam, her hair was dirty blonde, with boring brown eyes. Although, she has to say, she got a pretty good face shape as well.

Sometimes Sam kind of wished her father was around. She never met him. Of course, her sister and brother never met their father either, but she still wished she could have known her own father. All they had was Mom. No step-dad, no Mom's boyfriend, just Mom. Not that she was a bad Mom. In fact, she was a very good Mom. She just demanded order. Which Shannon had absolutely no sense of.

Sean was very quiet, unlike Shannon. If Mom thought he was wearing something insane, he at least

sometimes changed his clothes. Other times, he would just ignore it, but he wouldn't talk back. Which makes him so much cooler than he already was. Everyone thought of him as a rebel. Okay, if Sam wasn't his sister, she would want to date him.

But, the one flaw Sean had, was hanging out with Shannon's friends. Shockingly, Sean and Shannon actually got along pretty well, and he was always hanging out with her and her friends. If only he had his own group of friends, ones that weren't as insane as Shannon's, then he would be absolutely perfect. But, oh well. You can only have so much.

Finally, Shannon stopped arguing with Mom and slammed her door shut down the hall. Even though they were rich and had a very big house, and the hallway was very long, with Sam's room on one end and Shannon's on the other, she could still very clearly hear the door slam shut.

It was only a few minutes later that she heard Shannon's door open again, then there was a knock on the door next to Sam's room, and Shannon asking Sean if he wanted to go out somewhere with their friends.

Of course. She always hangs out with her insane friends when her and Mom argue. Which meant she was hardly ever in the house. It was ridiculous.

After Sam heard Sean and Shannon leave, she turned on the intercom in her room. "If you didn't know already," she said to every room in the house, "Sean and Shannon just left." It was so much easier to find someone with the intercoms than to search the whole house.

"Thanks for the memo," Mom said back. "Is it time for another guilt-free shopping spree with my favorite child?"

"You bet!" Sam answered. "Just give me like twenty minutes to change and put on makeup."

"I'll be waiting downstairs."

It really does take Sam at least twenty minutes to get ready. She decided to wear a white miniskirt, her yellow tank top, and her favorite pair of white flip-flops. So what if it was only spring? Today was chilly, but Sam doesn't get cold very easily.

They left as soon as possible, since they didn't know when Sean and Shannon would get home. They called it "guilt-free shopping spree" because it rhymed and sounded cool, and because they don't have to feel guilty about not bringing Sean and Shannon with them. Just Sam and Mom time, without the brat or her follower.

"Your sister tried telling me again that I shouldn't let you dress the way you do," Mom said in the car on the way to the mall.

"Figures," Sam said. "She's always trying to tell you that. Her head is messed up. She has to get it in the right place. I mean, look at that garbage she wears! Its disgusting!"

"I've told her time and time again that there is nothing wrong with looking beautiful and that she should

try to as well."

"Exactly! She should try on some of my clothes. I bet you she would look better than me in my clothes."

"Honey, no one can look better than you. You're gorgeous."

Sam smiled and flipped her hair behind her shoulder with her hand. "I know." Sam thought she was the most beautiful girl in the world. Even prettier than Shannon, who was shockingly beautiful.

The thing that made Sam so mad, even more than Shannon did, is when her friends make plans without her. They were her friends, the ones that she always hangs out with. She felt really left out if the group made plans without her. She was basically like their leader anyway, so it was just wrong.

## 2 - Chapter Two

I can't believe Mom! There she goes again, telling me what I'm supposed to wear! I can't believe she isn't yelling at Sam to change what she's wearing! She looks like a hooker!

All I wanted to wear was a cute angel outfit. The skirt goes down to the knees, the top is a long-sleeved v-neck, and then just wings, everything with sparkles.

As for Sam, she's wearing a skimpy little outfit. She's always wearing skimpy little outfits, even in the winter. She wears really short skirts and shorts, and she wears really tight shirts, most of the time disobeying the school dress code. But, she gets away with it because she's a suck up to the principal and a teachers pet. So, no matter if her boobs are hanging out of her shirt or not, she still gets away with dressing like a tramp.

Mom's head is most definitely in the wrong place. Although, Sam agrees with her on everything. The popularity just got to her head. The last thing I want is to be popular. I just want to live a good life, get a good job, and get enough money to take care of myself and my future family. That is it. I could care less about the popularity.

Sean pretty much agrees with me too. He is just a lot more calm about it. He doesn't get into arguments with Mom like I do. I am trying to convince Mom that she shouldn't let Sam dress like that. But she believes there is nothing wrong with "trying to look beautiful." Although, apparently there is something wrong with "trying to hide beauty." So what if I don't want to dress like a hooker? I just want to dress reasonable, while still looking nice. If I have a low-cut shirt, I wear a shirt under it. There is no problem with that.

I slammed the door as I entered my room, knowing that Sam was probably sitting on her bed, listening to music to drown out all the noise, and inwardly complaining about how much of a troublemaker I am, and how Sean shouldn't hang out with me and my friends.

Out of all the things that I hate about Sam, the thing I hate the most has to be the fact that I know she wants to date Sean, when he is her half-brother. I don't care if he doesn't have the same father as her, we all have the same mother and that makes us all biologically connected and just her thinking about how she wants to date him makes me so angry. Its a good thing that Sean hates incest, and also that Sam isn't his type.

Although, Sam is one of those girls with the mindset that everyone loves her. She thinks all the girls want to be her, and all the guys want to have sex with her. Okay, so she has a kinda nice body, kinda big boobs, and blonde hair. But that doesn't mean that everyone is envious of her. I know for a fact that Mom let her get her boobs done. They are a size C, but naturally, they are an A. Not to mention she's a twig, just like Mom. Which makes those C-cups look horrible on her. It makes me wanna puke.

Even better, it makes me wish that I could pop one of them. Just one. That way, one will be tiny and one will be big. I would love to see her try wearing tight shirts after that. No amount of tissues will be able to

make her boobs look right. I would laugh my @\$ off.

Not to mention, she is only fifteen! I can't believe she is worrying about what she looks like. I just ignore her though. It doesn't matter. She wants to be like that, so let her be like that. Let her turn into a stripper. It's her choice, and I will stay out of it.

After I got into my room, I called my best friend, Tara, and we made plans to hang out with the gang. Even though I may be very unpopular, I still have a decently sized group of friends.

I changed my shirt really quick, and within only a few minutes after entering my room, I headed down the hall to ask Sean if he wanted to tag along. As usual, he agreed to come along and he walked out of his room.

I think he agrees to come along all of the time because, although I'm not quite sure I'm right, I believe he has a gigantic crush on one of my friends, Rachel. Every time he is around her, he becomes so much more talkative than he normally is and tries to be around her a lot. I think I've even seen him blush a few times around her as well. I think she has a big crush on him too. I know I shouldn't think this because Sean is my brother and Rachel is one of my closest friends, but I think it would be so cute if they started dating. Rachel, who is almost the exact opposite as Sam, is definitely Sean's type.

We decided to just hang out at the local shopping center. There were two other guys in the group, but they never minded going shopping with us girls. Especially since the shopping center also had plenty of food stores.

It seemed like every time we were all hanging out, Sean seemed to be a bit more magnetic to Rachel. Yep, he definitely has a crush on her. And an even bigger one than what I would have thought.

I was actually shocked to see Alex, one of Sam's best friends there. He was just there, hanging out by himself. I found it kind of odd.

When he saw me, he walked over and said, "Hey. What's up?"

"Umm..." I said. "Nothing."

"Sorry I just kind of popped up out of nowhere," he said, after a minute or two of silence. "I know it must be weird for one of your sister's friends to just randomly come up and say hi to you, but I thought it would be rude not to. Plus I'm probably the only friend your sister has that isn't stuck up. I actually think you guys are pretty cool." He smiled, somewhat nervously.

I was completely taken aback. Alex always seemed really sincere and I didn't take him for a liar at all. In fact, I've always had an excellent knack for telling when someone is lying or not, no matter how good they are at lying. "Umm... Its okay," I said, too shocked to be able to say anything else. Sean looked really shocked too. I'm pretty sure everyone else was shocked as well.

"Sometimes I even wonder why I'm friends with her..." Alex said. Yet again, he seemed completely

sincere. His face even seemed to look a bit sad. "I know its not for popularity. I don't care about that. She just... I don't know. She just randomly decided that I was part of her little posse of girly girls. The truth is, I would much rather hang out with you guys..."

I was still even more shocked. One of Sam's friends is actually admitting to me, in front of my group of friends, that he wants to hang out with us, and not Sam? It was really shocking! You know the world is ceasing to exist as you knew it when one of your popular sister's friends admits to you, the dorky, extremely unpopular sister, that he wants to hang out with you. Either that, or we were all going crazy.

"Well then why do you hang out with her?" Sean said.

"I don't know," Alex said. "She just drags me along everywhere. I would feel bad if I just went up to her one day and told her I wasn't gonna hang out with her group anymore. Besides, I don't have any actual friends. They are the closest thing I have to friends... I don't know why she chose me as part of her posse."

All I could think was, Wow. My incredible lie detector that was implanted in my head when I was born wasn't picking up anything. And, although he didn't know why she "chose him as part of her posse," I could tell very clearly just by looking at him. This kid hadn't even turned fifteen yet, but I even thought myself that he was really cute. And I know that Sam and her friends are the types of girls who love to have really cute boys around them, so they would naturally take any cute boy they can and have them become part of their group.

"Um," Alex said, seeming to be a bit unsure if he should say something he wanted to. His face even seemed to turn a bit red. "W-would it be okay if um... If I h-hang out with y-you guys today?" He was most definitely blushing by now.

"Sure!" Tara said, seeming a bit mad. "Let's just let him hang out with us so that he could go and tell your lovely little sister things that could embarrass us."

Alex seemed to be hurt by this.

I walked over to Tara and whispered in her ear, "I'm not picking up any lies from him." She knew how good I was at telling lies from the truth.

"Well then its being defective!" she whispered back. "We shouldn't trust him!"

"Tara, he's fine. Trust me."

"Its not that I don't trust you. I just don't trust him. Any friend of your sister's has to be scum."

By now, Alex seemed to think that it was useless asking in the first place to hang out with us, and he started to walk away. But, I walked back over to him, grabbed his arm, and pulled him back with the group.

"Of course you can hang out with us!" I said with a large smile on my face.