

No-Pajamas Party for Girls

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Title: No-Pajamas Party for Girls

Summary: A girl gets invited to a sleepover with her new friends, but it's not a typical sleepover.

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I considered the invitation with mixed feelings.



My first sleepover with my new friends! But there were drawings of naked girls on the invitation, which read "No-Pajamas Party" and "Please bring a sleeping bag and pillow, but leave the swimsuit and PJs at home!"

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I had asked Lauren what that meant, and she had told me, "Just what it says: We go starkers the whole time. You're not gonna wimp out because you're afraid to be naked in front of other girls, are you? We'll be in middle school, next year, and we'll have to shower naked in front of a bunch of girls--and the PE coach. Don't be a baby!"

"I'm not a baby!" I complained, with a whine that I immediately realized made me sound like one. My attempt to recover was just as pathetic. "It's just that I don't know if my mom will let me go to a naked sleepover." Yeah, that helped.

"You don't have to show her the invitation; that's just for fun. Just tell her you've been invited to a sleepover. You've been on sleepovers before, right?"

"Of course!" Well, technically, *a* sleepover, but Lauren didn't need to know that.

"Do you want me to ask your mom for you?"

"No! I'll do it. I'm not a wimp!"

"I know," Lauren said with a smile. "That's why I got you invited." Then her smile changed to a devious grin, and she added, in a conspiratorial whisper, "Just remember: What happens at Colleen's sleepovers, stays at Colleen's sleepovers."

I didn't know what she meant by that, but there was no way I was going to miss this sleepover.

Mom was fine with it--the sleepover part (I left out the naked part). She was happy that I had made new friends so quickly.

At the end of the summer, we had had to move because of my dad's job. I started the school year knowing no one, but Lauren and I had hit it off straight away, and here it was, not even October, yet, and I was already being invited to sleepovers. (Okay, *a* sleepover, but I was determined that there would be more.)

I showed up at Colleen's front door barefoot. I was wearing shorts and a tank top and carrying a sleeping bag, pillow, and a backpack--packed with pajamas, a swimsuit, a change of clothes, and other things my mom thought I'd need for the sleepover. I hadn't complained about a single thing she crammed in the pack, which gave me some leverage when I insisted that she not walk me to the door.

My mom is the kind of mother who wants to meet the parents, and all that, but I insisted I was old enough to go to a sleepover "without my mommy tagging along." I got one of her annoying, condescending smiles, but I also got her assurance that she'd drive away as soon as someone answered the door, which she did--and it was a good thing she had because Colleen answered the door in all her glory!

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Colleen is incredibly beautiful. She has long, straight, dark, silky, shiny hair that comes down to almost the middle of her back, flawless, olive skin, and dark, mysterious eyes. (No, really: it's like looking into deep pools of water and wondering what lies beneath the surface--actually, being afraid of what lies beneath the surface!)

Naked, Colleen was even more beautiful. She had just the very beginnings of small buds on her chest (which was more than I had), a taut belly, and smooth, puffy labia (yeah, my parents have used the "proper" words for things from day one). They were the same rich color as the rest of her skin.

I suddenly realized that I was staring--and with my eyes lower than is proper. I looked up to see a broad smile on Colleen's face, and I blushed. I started to step forward into the house, but Colleen was blocking the doorway.

"Take 'em off!" she demanded. I just stood on the porch, looking confused. "Take off your clothes!" she explained, with a playful annoyance, as if it should have been obvious.

I looked around. "Out here?"

"Only naked girls are allowed in my house, this weekend!"

It was clear that Colleen was enjoying my discomfort, and she wasn't going to take no. She grabbed my sleeping bag from me and tossed it into the foyer. Next, she grabbed my pillow and tossed it on top of my sleeping bag. She took my backpack and tossed it in as well.

I looked around, nervously. There were wide pillars on the porch, which mostly blocked the view of the front door except from the house directly across the street--and anyone who might be walking or driving by.

"If you strip quickly, no one will see you."

Colleen waited until the precise instant before she had me convinced before adding, "Except for the old man who lives across the street."

Her mischievous grin left me unsure whether or not she was joking. What I was sure of was that I wanted to attend this sleepover--and be invited to future events--so I shucked my shorts and panties in one go, then placed them in Colleen's out-stretched hand. The shirt immediately followed, and I was standing completely naked on the front porch of my friend's house, deathly afraid that the neighbors would see me and call the cops--who would then call my parents.

I anxiously waited for Colleen to make way for me to enter the house, but now it was her turn to gawk. With an approving smile, her eyes scanned my body from head to toe and back up again. When her eyes met mine, I gave her an urgent, demanding look. Her smile widened, but she stepped aside and let me in.

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After closing the door, Colleen picked up my backpack, stuffed my clothes into the outer pocket, then headed off through the house. I grabbed my pillow and sleeping bag and followed her through the living room and into the kitchen, which opened out into a family room, where I was pleased to see that Lauren was already there. She and Julia were sitting on the floor--completely naked, of course--among a pile of beads, strings, rolls of colored duct tape, and other, barely-identifiable items, making what appeared to be bracelets.

Lauren is the epitome of cute. She was the shortest girl in our class. She had straight, blond hair in a bobbed haircut, sparkling blue eyes, and a cute little nose. Her breasts were small, firm, and round, with pin-point nipples. They were the same, light-golden tan as the rest of her body, except for the small triangles of creamy flesh that attested to the skimpy, string bikini bottoms she must wear.

I dumped my pillow and sleeping bag in the pile with the others (where Colleen placed my backpack) just in time to receive Lauren's hug. She bounced on tip-toe and squealed as she hugged me.

It was very awkward being naked in front of my girlfriends from school, and Lauren's hug made it worse. Actually, it felt incredibly good to have Lauren's bare flesh rubbing against mine, but the thought that I would get caught enjoying it embarrassed me even more than I already was.

Julia, too, welcomed me with a hug--but without the squealing and writhing that had accompanied Lauren's.

Julia is a tall, athletic girl with coal-black skin, well-developed breasts--and a patch of curly hair between her legs. She's slim without being skinny, rather every muscle in her body seems to display its own, well-defined shape. Her hug was firm and just as enjoyable as Lauren's, but in a different way.

Over the next fifteen minutes, or so, the other girls arrived.

Caitlyn is tall and athletic, like Julia, but with a huskier build. Her hair is light brown, straight like Colleen's, and almost as long. Her breasts are a little more developed than Colleen's, but not as much as Lauren's.

Emily is a tall, skinny girl with wavy, shoulder-length red hair, and pale skin. Her breasts are much like Lauren's, but slightly smaller, and she has just a few strands of fine, red hair between her legs.

Arianna and Gabriella were the last two girls to arrive. They're identical twins (but I can tell them apart, already) with curly, black, shoulder-length hair and lightly-tanned skin, who are just as flat and hairless as I am.

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Each arrival was met with squeals and hugs, and I decided that naked hugging is hands-down superior to any other kind of hugging.

We all made anklets for ourselves--because, Colleen explained, being naked doesn't mean you can't wear jewelry.

I got so caught up with making anklets and talking with my friends that I almost forgot that we were all naked--until Colleen's father entered the kitchen to announce, "Pizza's here!" which sent my friends scrambling.

Actually, I got up off the floor and took two full steps towards the kitchen before I remembered that I was naked, in front of a man! I hesitated a moment but quickly realized that I could remain in the family room--alone and exposed--or continue into the kitchen with the other girls, which would at least give me some cover.

Before I had a chance to die of embarrassment, I was further mortified to see Colleen's younger brother enter the kitchen. I hadn't even known she had a little brother (or maybe I'd heard about him and seen him around school, but I must have assumed he'd be away for the weekend; anyway, I certainly wasn't expecting him).

Lauren introduced us, "Ashley, this is Colleen's eight-year-old brother, Caleb."

Caleb grunted without so much as glancing at me; he was thoroughly focused on getting his share of the pizza before there wasn't any.

Unlike us girls, Caleb was at least partially dressed. He was wearing what looked like boxer shorts except that they were shorter than any boxers I'd ever seen before. The legs ended just barely below his crotch, rather than extending to mid-thigh or even the knee, as I was accustomed to seeing them. The bulge in the front of his boxers wasn't very large, but it was big enough to clearly say, "I'm a boy!"

Caleb had the same olive skin and black hair as his sister, but his hair was a little wavy and ended just short of his shoulders. He had some little-boy pudginess, but he wasn't fat. In fact, he was rather cute--a realization that made me glad my girlfriends couldn't read my thoughts.

Realizing that I had twenty-one-some-odd hours of nudity ahead of me to contend with, I decided to suppress my anxiety and just be cool. Besides, the pizza smelled too good to do anything but enjoy it.

After pizza, Caleb wandered off to wherever his parents were, and it was just us girls, again. Colleen got out the Twister mat--actually, two Twister mats so we could go six at a time, with the last two to fall sitting out the next round. After stuffing ourselves with pizza, the object of the game was not only to try not to fall, but also to try not to barf.

Twister is a goofy kids' game--until you play it naked. It's not long before spread legs are showing off vaginas, and there's lots of bumping and rubbing. In the first round, Lauren

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stuck her arm between my legs to reach for a color, and it brushed against my spread labia. I jumped a little, and my nose bumped into one of Julia's breast. In trying to avoid two obstacles, I lost my balance and fell.

"Ashley's out!" Colleen announced. In a quieter voice, she explained, "Now, you have to sit cross-legged at the edge of the mat and rub your clitty until someone wins."

I gave Colleen a wide-eyed look of disbelief. Arianna confirmed, "Those are the rules, girl!"

Now, I was eleven years old, so I was quite familiar with masturbation, but I had never--ever--masturbated in front of anyone else, before. I looked at Lauren, who was trying to give me her sternest "don't be a wimp" look while simultaneously trying not to fall. Being more afraid of disappointing Lauren than being embarrassed, I followed the rules.

There were quite a few snickers, so at first, I thought the girls were putting me on, but Gabriella soon went down, and she payed the penalty without hesitation.

Being naked with a bunch of other naked, pre-teen girls is exciting all on its own. Watching a bunch of naked, pre-teen girls contort and intertwine their bodies is even more so. Masturbating while all this is going on is wild!

At first, I had just gone through the motions to follow the rules, but after Gabriella and Emily were out, watching them masturbating--with everything else going on--really got me going. I was really working my clitoris, and without realizing it, I had started to squirm and make small gasping and grunting noises. I turned bright red when Lauren sat next to me and whispered that she had fallen because I had distracted her.

Julia and Caitlyn were the final survivors of the first round. They're both very competitive, so the game turned into a full-contact sport, with each girl trying to force the other down. That evolved into a wrestling match, and it took all six of the rest of us to pull them apart. I was worried that the game had turned into a fight, but Julia and Caitlyn were laughing so hard--as was everyone else--that I realized they were just having fun.

Masturbating for so long had really worked me up, and my vagina was really wet. I was determined to last longer, this round. I guess the other girls had gotten excited, too, because after a few turns, I could see that I wasn't the only one with a glistening vagina.

Having watched most of the first round, I had learned that the game was more about physical contact than the official rules had intended, and this time, I gave as good as I got: giving the occasional elbow or knee to the appropriate sensitive bits of my friends' bodies. I managed to outlast everyone but Colleen, whose long hair created an unfair tickling hazard, and Lauren whose uncanny flexibility offset her limited reach, allowing her to access circles few others could.

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Of course, that meant I had to stay in for the following round, too, but the best strategy for this version of the game seemed to be to play to finish third--which I managed to do, except when Julia, Caitlyn, and Lauren were playing at the same time.

After Twister was ice cream--with all manner of toppings. By this time, I wasn't even bothered when Caleb joined us in the kitchen. At least, I wasn't until Colleen made a point of introducing him to me. I told her that Lauren had already introduced us.

"Yeah," Colleen said in a hushed voice, "But my dad was in the kitchen at the time. Everyone who meets my little brother has to kiss him."

I looked at Caleb, who was engrossed in ice cream and, therefore, ignoring all of us--including his sister.

"Caleb!" Colleen snapped, but still with a lowered voice. Caleb looked up without appearing annoyed or bothered with his sister. "You need to properly greet my new friend, Ashley."

Caleb gave his sister a sheepish grin, then set his ice cream down and walked over to me. He glanced over his shoulder, as if making sure his parents weren't around, then quickly placed his hands on my shoulders, raised up on his toes, and kissed me.

To my surprise, it wasn't a little-boy peck on the cheek. He pressed his lips to mine, then pushed his tongue into my mouth! I tried to pull away, but he was just heavy enough that his grip on my shoulders kept me close, so I grabbed his sides and gave him a firm push.

When our lips broke, Caleb removed his hands from my shoulders and simultaneously gave each of my nipples a tweak. He gave me a big smile before returning to his ice cream. My friends were all giggling uncontrollably.

"Was that the first time a boy kissed you?" Arianna teased. I tried to keep from blushing, but my body betrayed the fact that it was the first time I had ever been kissed by a boy--except for relatives, like my dad, grandfathers, and uncles.

"Show her how it's done," Gabriella urged her.

Arianna put down her ice cream and walked over to me.

"Here, stand like this."

She placed my hands on her hips, then placed her own hands on my shoulders. She leaned in towards me, and I reflexively pulled back.

"No, just stay right there," she told me as she pulled me close, again.

The first kiss was very brief.

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"Relax your mouth, and open it a little."

She kissed me again, taking a brief pause to say, "That's better."

This time, I felt the tip of her tongue touch mine, and I pulled away. Arianna gave me a look of exasperation before pulling me back towards her and kissing me again. When her tongue touched mine, I pushed back slightly. Arianna gave me an approving, "Mm, mm!"

The world seemed to fade off into the distance, and it was just Arianna and me--making out like crazy. We pulled our bodies towards each other and writhed them together as we kissed. She let her hands slide down my back, grabbed one buttock in each hand, and gave them a squeeze. I slipped my hands around behind her and did the same. I felt my heart sink when Colleen and Gabriella pulled us apart.

"Okay, you two!" Colleen admonished. "That's enough for now."

It was the "for now" part that intrigued me.

"Now, Ashley, you have to give my little brother a proper kiss."

Caleb gave me a mischievous smile. His lips were smeared with chocolate syrup and whipped cream, but I didn't care. I bent my knees a little to get myself closer to his level, then gave him a full-on, wet kiss.

As with Arianna, I didn't hold back. I even squeezed his cute little butt--and he squeezed mine. When Colleen pushed us apart, I noticed that the front of Caleb's shorts were fully tented. He didn't have much, but what he did have was pointing straight out from his body.

"I think we created a monster," Gabriella commented.

After ice cream came "Truth or Dare Pop." We each had to write a question or dare on a slip of paper. When we were done, we folded them up tightly, and placed each one into a balloon. Colleen gathered all the balloons into a bag and mixed them up, then we each pulled one out and blew it up, so no one knew what was in any particular balloon.

"The idea," Colleen had explained before I had written anything, "Is that there's a good chance you could get your own question or dare, so no one writes anything they wouldn't want to answer or do themselves."

I didn't know what kind of questions and dares would be appropriate. I had played Truth or Dare before, but I could tell this group was a lot wilder than the girls I had played with in the past. I didn't want to go overboard, but I didn't want to write something babyish, either.

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Once they were blown up, the girls scattered the balloons around the room by launching them with a good smack.

"For later," Colleen had explained. "First, we have to initiate you into our sleepover group."

That worried me, and it must have shown on my face because Lauren said, "Don't worry: it's nothing too bad."

The "too bad" part did nothing to reassure me.

Colleen led me over to the couch.

"Sit back and spread your legs wide."

I sat down, but I was hesitant to spread my legs.

"Don't worry! We're going to check to see if you're still a virgin. You are, aren't you?"

I blushed.

"We all were, too," Caitlyn admitted. "Just do what Colleens says."

Nervously, I pulled my knees up to my chest and spread my legs.

"Wider!" Colleen instructed. "Now hold your lips apart with your fingers."

I did as I was told. I really wanted to get invited to the next sleepover.

Colleen stepped back, and before I realized what was happening, Julia had stepped forward and snapped a picture on her phone. I dropped my legs and stood up. The girls were all crowded around Julia's phone, trying to see the picture.

"Yep!" Julia announced. "She still has her cherry!"

I pushed my way into the bunch to see the picture for myself. Julia held her phone up for me, but wisely kept it out of my reach. The screen showed a brightly-lit picture of the thin membrane of skin stretched across my vagina.

"Back on the couch, now, and spread 'em!" Colleen demanded.

I decided I could handle a few pictures--as long as they didn't go beyond this group.

Julia took another picture of me spread wide, but this time from just far enough away to show my entire body, including my face.

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Next, Colleen knelt in front of me. She had what looked like a glass rod in her hand. It had a flat base and was rounded on the other end. She put the rounded end up near my vagina, and before I realized what she was going to do, it was too late.

She pushed the rod inside me! There was a little sting, but it wasn't as bad as I'd thought it would be. She slowly pushed the rod into my vagina until it wouldn't go any further. It was a strange sensation. Actually, after getting over the initial shock and sting, it felt kind of good.

After making sure I wasn't panicking, Colleen moved out of the way, and Julia took another pair of photos: one close up and the other full-body. Then Colleen removed the rod, and Julia took another pair of photos--and a photo of the red streaks on the rod, and the red stains on the white cloth she wiped it off with. She then patted my vagina with the cloth and once again held it up for Julia to photograph.

"There!" Colleen announced. "Now you're open for business!"

She helped me to my feet, then each of the girls gave me a hug. Julia loaded the images onto Colleen's laptop, and I got to see the whole gallery: similar pictures of each of the other 7 girls undergoing a similar initiation.

"Don't worry," Colleen assured me. "I know how to encrypt them. They're just for us. Now, everyone grab a balloon! If you don't do a dare or tell the truth, the rest of us throw you out the front door, and we don't let you back in for five minutes—and my street's busy on a Friday night."

I had to go first because I was the new girl. Lauren showed me how to pinch the paper inside so it wouldn't go flying, then she gave me a needle, and I popped my balloon. Even though I was ready for it, I still jumped.

"Won't your parents hear?" I wondered aloud.

"They don't care," Colleen explained. "Don't worry. They won't come in here unless we get really rowdy."

With more than a little apprehension, I unfolded the paper.

"Truth: Have you ever seen your parents having sex? If so, tell!"

This is one of those questions that's a bummer most of the time, but I was the exception that made the question worth asking. It would have been easy to say no, but again, my body betrayed me by blushing. All the other girls squealed and moved in closer to me.

"When I was seven years old," I began, "My parents and I were visiting my aunt and uncle on our vacation. I was sleeping on their couch, and my parents had their guest room. I woke up in the middle of the night and couldn't get back to sleep, so I went to the room my parents were staying in.

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"Without thinking, I just opened the door and walked in. My dad was lying on his back, and my mom was bouncing up and down on top of him. They were both completely naked! My mom's breasts were bouncing all over the place!"

"Did they see you?" about four girls asked, simultaneously.

"No. At least they didn't seem to, and they've never said anything to me about it. I just backed up, closing the door as I did, and went back to the couch. I never again opened a door without knocking and waiting, first!"

All the girls laughed.

I was peppered with questions, but I didn't have any answers. I really hadn't seen much in the dark.

Lauren was next.

"Dare: Pick any girl and go down on her for two full minutes."

Lauren picked me. I didn't know what "go down on" meant, but I found out rather quickly. After dabbing up a little residual blood, Lauren went to work with her tongue. It's way better than masturbating! I was really getting into it when Colleen called time.

Caitlyn got mine.

"Dare: Kiss everyone once on each butt cheek."

It was a little lame, but like I said, I wasn't sure about this group. Everyone giggled, and Caitlyn did it without protest or ceremony. She made a show of trying to kiss her own butt--because I had said "everyone." Gabriella threatened to have Caitlyn thrown out in the street because she couldn't complete the dare, but Julia intervened and suggested that I be thrown out in the street for making a dare that couldn't be done. After much arguing--and laughing--Colleen ruled the dare fair and completed.

Julia had to pick up an empty Coke bottle with her vagina and carry it across the room--allowing the use of her feet only to right a toppled bottle. We were all in hysterics watching Julia squat over the bottle, lower herself onto it, then try to grip it tightly enough to stand. Emily called foul, accusing Julia of using her thighs to support the bottle as she waddled across the room, but everyone was laughing too hard to second her complaint.

When Emily read her slip of paper, the room erupted in a thunder of excitement.

"Dare: Wear The Butterfly for 20 minutes."

"Do you have it?"

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"Of course! I snuck it out of my mom's dresser this afternoon."

"Isn't twenty minutes kind of long?"

"I've gone twenty minutes, before."

"Did not!"

"Did so! Ask Arianna!"

Emily's face looked almost as red as her hair. In addition to being embarrassed, she also appeared to be just a little bit nervous.

After Colleen fetched The Butterfly from her bedroom, the girls all crowded around her and examined it with wonder and awe. One end of The Butterfly was shaped like a penis! It was about an inch and a half in diameter and maybe four inches long. The other end expanded out into the shape of a butterfly with a large bulge in the middle and straps attached to it. The whole thing was mostly a rubbery plastic, but there were a couple of thin, metal strips running the length of the penis and a couple of small, metal patches at the butterfly end. In addition, Colleen also had what looked like a small remote control and a bottle of some clear goop.

Still looking nervous, Emily sat down on the couch and spread her legs wide. Colleen knelt in front of her. She popped the cap off the bottle and squirted some of the goop on the penis part of The Butterfly. She then used her hand to spread it all around. It looked as if she was masturbating the penis!

Next, she wiped her hand between Emily's legs, spreading what was left of the goop onto and into her. Then, she slowly and carefully inserted the penis part into Emily's vagina. Emily drew in her breath and shuddered a little when that happened.

When it was fully inserted, Caitlyn handed Colleen a paper towel, and she used it to clean her hand before attaching the straps around Emily's legs and waist. Then she picked up the remote and pressed a series of buttons. The Butterfly began to hum softly, and Emily shuddered, again. There was a chorus of giggles.

"It vibrates in your pussy and against your clitty," Lauren explained to me, "And every so often, it gives you a small, electric shock! Sometimes, the electricity pulses for a few seconds."

At that moment, Emily gasped, and her body stiffened.

"See!" Lauren exclaimed. "Like that!"

Julia set the time on her phone to twenty minutes, then it was Gabriella's turn.

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Gabriella had to name all the boys she had kissed, and I was surprised by the length of the list, which included about half the boys in our fifth-grade class at school. There were a lot of "oh, no you didn't" and "what about..." comments, but Colleen overruled them.

Meanwhile, Emily seemed a little detached. Every so often, she'd shudder or gasp or let out a little moan, which always drew giggles. I was a little concerned for her, but the game continued.

Arianna was blindfolded, then each of us pushed our vulvas against her mouth. She had to guess who each girl was. If she got at least half of them right, she was done; otherwise, she had to go down on every girl she guessed wrong for one minute each. Amazingly, she guessed everyone of us correctly!

Just after Arianna finished her dare, Emily let out a rather loud and long moan. She had been kneeling on the floor, and she was now bent over. I rushed to her to see if she was alright. When she sat up, she had a big, goofy smile on her face. All the girls laughed.

"That was a good one!" Emily announced, with glee.

"Did you pop?"

"Oh, yeah! Big time!"

"Half way there!" Julia announced, consulting the timer on her phone.

"I still have ten minutes to go?"

"Nine minutes, thirty-seven seconds!"

"Cool!" Emily said, with a big smile.

Colleen's question was a bit of an anticlimax.

"Truth: If you had to have sex with one boy from our school, who would it be?"

"Mark!" everyone but Colleen said, in unison.

"Is not!" Colleen protested.

"Don't make me put you out that front door," Julia warned, "Because I can do it all by myself!"

"It's not Mark!"

Mark was the dreamy boy in our class that most of the girls wanted. Colleen was probably the only one of us who had a chance.

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"It's not Mark," Arianna said, plainly. Colleen shot her a dirty look. "Colleen, I know who it is, and if you don't tell everyone, Julia won't have to put you out the door because I will."

Colleen fumed for a moment, then Emily let out another moan, causing everyone to laugh, and breaking the tension.

"Okay. Fine! It's Alex! Satisfied?"

"Alex?" came a chorus of doubts. "Goofy, geeky Alex? Alex!"

Even with her dark skin, you could tell Colleen was blushing. Alex was the annoying boy that made all the girls go, "Ew!"--even the girls who had started liking boys, which was most of the girls in our class. He was actually rather cute, but his goofiness destroyed that advantage.

"Remember the third week of school, when we did the electricity thing?" Arianna started to explain.

"No, no, no!" Gabriella interrupted. "Colleen has to tell it, herself. It's her Truth!"

Colleen gave Gabriella a dirty look, which Gabriella returned, in equal measure.

"Mr. Smith picked partners randomly," Colleen began, still glaring at Gabriella. "I didn't choose to work with him!" Then, in a much softer voice, "He's not so bad when it's just you and him. When he's away from everyone--you know, just you and him--he's really nice."

"Whoa!" Lauren interrupted. "When were you alone with Alex?"

"Well, I mean, we were working alone--just him and me, not in a group."

"That is not what you meant!" Lauren argued.

"Alright! After working with him that day--just him and me, not in a group--I realized how nice he was. So, I got Leanne to tell me where he lives--Leanne gets off at Alex's bus stop. Then, that Saturday, I rode my bike near his house. I didn't see him, but on the way home, I went past the park, and he was there."

There was a lot of snickering at this point, and Emily popped, again, letting out a really big, "Oh!" which turned the snickering into all-out laughter.

"How much longer does she have to go?"

"Four minutes!"

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"Anyway, he was at the park, so I rode my bike up to where he was and said hi. We talked for a while, and it turns out he really is nice!"

"And..." Gabriella said, which earned her another dirty look. This one she didn't return. She just repeated, "And..."

Colleen fumed for another moment before blurting out, "And we went under the bridge and made out! There! Are you happy, now?"

"Ecstatic!" Gabriella laughed.

"You made out with Alex? Alex!"

Colleen just sulked. Even a hug from Arianna didn't help.

"I think Alex is okay," I said, timidly. Colleen's sulking turned into a look of surprise--and then a flash of jealousy--and then a smile. And then another dirty look at Gabriella.

The tension was once again broken by Emily popping for the third time--and she still had two minutes to go!

"I think Ashley should try The Butterfly when Emily's time is up," Colleen proclaimed.

"But the dare wasn't hers," Lauren protested, when she saw the look on my face.

"It's not a dare!" Colleen countered. "It's part of her initiation."

I was beginning to wonder how many parts there were to this "initiation," and I suspected that it was as many things as Colleen could come up with before four o'clock tomorrow.

We all gathered around Emily. You could tell every time The Butterfly zapped her because she gasped and twitched. She had a far-away look on her face: a blank expression with the occasional eerie smile.

We counted down the last ten seconds, but when we reached zero, Emily pulled away and gave us an emphatic, "No!" About ten seconds later, she popped again--really big!

"Emily, don't be greedy: Give Ashley a turn." Many, many giggles.

I had never had anything in my vagina before Colleen put that glass rod into me. I hadn't even ever put my fingers inside because I didn't want to tear my hymen. The penis end of The Butterfly really stretched me. It felt weird. It didn't look very long, but it felt like it was way up inside me.

I flinched when Colleen turned it on. The vibrations felt weird, at first, but then I started to enjoy them.

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I jumped and let out a yelp when the first zap hit! I felt it both in my vagina and on my clitoris. I jumped at the second zap, too. Then the pulses hit me! It seemed a lot longer than a few seconds. Every part of me seemed to throb with the pulses, and I let out a long, "Ohhhhhh!" which made everyone laugh.

"How long does she have to go?" Lauren asked.

"Until she pops," was Colleen's reply.

It only took four minutes. I say, "Only," but it seemed like an eternity. I thought I had orgasmed a few times masturbating, but nothing was like what I experienced from The Butterfly! Everyone was very amused by my performance.

I wanted to keep going, but Julia announced that it was time for the dance competition.

Colleen set up her laptop so the camera had a good view of the area in front of the couch, and the image was showing on the TV. A few of the other girls moved the coffee table and cleared out the other stuff so there was a clear dance floor.

Each girl took a turn doing her sexiest dance. Gabriella was really nasty, spreading her legs and thrusting her hips. Lauren showed off how flexible she was. Julia and Caitlyn danced together, rubbing and grinding their bodies against one another. Emily did some kind of punk thing that was really good. Colleen and Arianna did a ballet duet that didn't really fit the music but was very funny.

Because it was my first time, I was allowed to go last. I had watched all the girls carefully, so I knew what was expected. I spread my feet a little more than shoulder-width apart, bent my knees slightly, then started moving my hips in time to the music.

I slowly worked my way around until my butt was facing the camera, and I made sure to do plenty of shaking. By this point, I was really enjoying myself.

I pulled my feet together, stretched my arms up high, and began working my whole body the way I had done my hips. Waves rippled from my toes, up to the tips of my fingers, and back down. Then I did a few splits, elbow stands, and other simple gymnastic exercises. I couldn't compete with Lauren, but I thought I gave a good showing.

I finished on the floor, facing the camera, propped up on my elbows with my legs spread and toes pointed straight out. Everyone clapped. That made me feel really good!

"That was great!" Emily told me. The other girls added their own approval. "I bet you win!"

"Win? How do we determine that?"

"We don't" Arianna explained. "The guys who were watching do."

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"Uh, what guys?" I asked, very nervously.

"I was streaming the video on the Internet," Colleen said. "There's a bunch of guys who watch us. They all get a vote."

I gave Lauren a questioning look.

"Sorry! They wouldn't let me tell you."

"How many guys?" I asked, with a shaky voice.

Colleen studied the screen. "Uh... 1,423."

"One thousand...what?! You're putting me on, right?"

I ran over to the computer. There was a window on the right-hand side of the screen with a list of user names. There was also a count of the total number of users logged in: 1,423!"

"No... No! You didn't just... I didn't just dance naked in front of 1,423 guys! You're making that up!"

"Don't worry," Colleen said. "I don't use our real names, and I go through a proxy, so no one knows who we are."

I didn't know what a proxy was, but I did know that I didn't just dance naked in front of 1,423 guys!

"No, no, no!"

Lauren gave me a hug.

"It's okay. We've done this lots of times, and we've never gotten caught. No one's gonna find out."

"Alright!" Colleen cheered, rather too loudly! "Ashley got 647 votes! That's almost half!"

Everyone congratulated me, but I still wasn't sure that this wasn't an elaborate joke.

Colleen continued announcing the results:

Gabriella	160
Lauren	173
Julia/Caitlyn	121
Emily	219
Colleen/Arianna	103

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"Hey!" Caitlyn complained. "We were robbed! We deserve more than 121 votes! That's only sixty votes each!"

"You were robbed?" Arianna sympathized. "Colleen and I only got 103!"

"The dirty old men who watch these web cams aren't into cultural things like ballet," Julia explained. "Caitlyn and I were hot!"

"Not as hot as Ashley," Lauren said, with a big smile.

"Okay, so Ashley gets The Butterfly for the rest of the night," Emily added, with a devious grin.

"Mom and Dad told me to tell you it's late." That was Caleb.

"I think Ashley should get Caleb for the rest of the night," Gabriella said with a laugh.

"Hey!" Colleen complained. "That's my little brother!"

"Yeah, but you get him every night!" Everyone but Colleen laughed at that.

"I don't sleep with my little brother. Well, okay, I sometimes sleep with him--but that's all we do: sleep!"

"Caleb, tell the truth: Do you and Colleen ever fool around? We won't tell anyone."

Caleb blushed. "When we take a shower, together, Colleen washes my..."

"Caleb!"

"O! M! G! You guys shower together?"

Caleb blushed, again.

"What else do you do?"

Before Caleb could answer, Colleen explained. "We cuddle, and kiss, and fool around, some, but we don't make out--and I've never let him put his wiener in me!"

There was a chorus of protests and exclamations, but Caleb confirmed that he had never put his "wiener" in any girl's "coochie." The way he said it was simply adorable!

Colleen was adamant that it was okay for us to make out with her brother--though she never did--examine his "boy parts," and cuddle with him, but none of us was going to have real sex with him--oral, anal, or vaginal.

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The anal part threw me. I hadn't ever considered letting a boy stick his penis up my butt! Ew!

"Speaking of examining boy parts," Lauren said. "I think we should let Ashley have a look."

"Yeah," Emily agreed. "She's probably never seen a boy, before."

I opened my mouth to protest, but instantly realized that I didn't want to get into explanations, so I stayed quiet, which the girls fortunately took as an admission that I hadn't.

Caleb was happy to drop his shorts and spread his legs for me. His penis was shorter than I expected, but it was also a little thicker, and his testicles were a little bigger. Caleb said I could touch him, and I didn't need to be offered twice.

I had seen a few boys, before--and some pictures--but this was my first opportunity to touch. His penis was spongy, but as I handled him, it got stiff. Everyone giggled--including me. It lengthened to about two or three inches. Tentatively, I gave it a few strokes. Caleb smiled really big!

"Thanks!" I said, with an equally-big smile.

"You have to finish him," Arianna said, plainly. After a questioning look from me, she added, "You can't leave him hanging like that. When you get a boy worked up, you have to stroke him off."

I looked around to see that all the other girls were in agreement--and Caleb's smile was even bigger.

With unsolicited directions from the girls, I gave my first hand job. Judging by the way Caleb pushed up and grunted after only about two minutes, I guess I did it right!

After pressure from the other girls--and Caleb--Colleen consented to letting Caleb share my sleeping bag--but Caleb better not try to put his penis in me, and if he did try, I better well not let him! Her threat seemed serious enough that I almost passed on the opportunity, but I was glad I didn't. It felt really good cuddling up to Caleb's soft, warm body, and I fell asleep incredibly content.

I woke up to the smell of bacon and realized that I was alone in my sleeping bag. I groggily sat up and looked around.

Julia, Caitlyn, Colleen, Arianna, Gabriella, and Caleb were crowded around the kitchen island, eating pancakes. Colleen's father was at the stove, cooking. Emily was still asleep. Lauren was laying in the sleeping bag next to mine with her eyes open.

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"It's about time you woke up!"

On her way to the kitchen, Lauren kicked Emily, who grabbed Lauren's ankle and almost tripped her, but Lauren is too nimble for that.

I completely forgot that I was naked. I wasn't at all bothered by the presence of Colleen's dad, who was wearing only a pair of boxers--the kind I was used to seeing. Caleb was still naked, and it was only after I got a couple pancakes and a few strips of bacon in me that it occurred to me that he might have seen Caleb sleeping with me. If he did, he didn't say anything.

After breakfast, we lounged on the floor of the family room and watched cartoons. Caleb joined us, snuggling next to Arianna.

When we had reached our limit of lazing, Colleen announced that it was time for the pool. Emily stopped me just outside the sliding glass doors.

"You have certain body parts that aren't used to the sun," she said, holding up a bottle of sunscreen.

"Oh, yeah," I answered, sheepishly. "I guess that would be a hard sunburn to explain."

Emily nodded in agreement. I reached for the bottle, but rather than handing it to me, she squirted some into her hand and rubbed it into my chest. Then she did my butt, then between my legs, where she spent rather more time than was necessary.

She handed me the bottle, indicating that I should do her. I sized her up and realized that I pretty much needed to do her whole body.

"Yeah," she said, noticing my look, "I pretty much just burn everywhere."

I saved between her legs for last, and I didn't spend quite as much time there as she had with me, which drew a complaint.

"Are you sure you got enough there?"

I slapped her butt and took off running for the pool. It earned me a serious dunking, but it was worth it!

Swimming naked is fun. In fact, everything is more fun when you're naked! I highly recommend sleeping naked (I have, ever since the sleepover)--and if you can find a naked little boy to share your bed with, I highly recommend that, too!

After a while, I noticed that Colleen's parents had joined us outside. They were sitting on a couple of lounge chairs under an umbrella. Colleen's mom was wearing a very skimpy string bikini, and her dad was wearing a Speedo!

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The main reason I noticed her parents is because, after they came out, the other girls started to find excuses for getting out of the pool. Prior to that, the argument was who's turn it was to fetch the wayward ball--something that Colleen made Caleb do, until he had had enough of being our gofer.

After her parents came out, the girls started throwing the ball out of the pool on purpose--then insisting that it was their turn to go get it. There was a lot of bending over with legs spread, and stuff like that, during the process, with everyone trying to show off for Colleen's dad. Colleen seemed annoyed by it and was happy that I wasn't participating.

After one particularly atrocious display by Gabriella, Colleen's dad scooped her up and tossed her back into the pool, himself diving in after her.

That began the free-for-all. Colleen sided with her dad, and the rest of us--including Caleb--switched sides, depending on how it benefited us at the moment. Needless to say, there was a lot of grabbing, and bumping, and rubbing going on.

I was horrified when Colleen's dad grabbed me between the legs--more than once! After the first time, I started to notice that I wasn't the only one he was grabbing--and he wasn't even trying to make it seem like an accident. The other girls were grabbing at his crotch, in return, and he was doing a lot of breast-grabbing, as well.

Eventually, Colleen's mom broke us up, insisting that we "give the old man a rest."

The adults tired out before we did and went back into the house, leaving us to play chicken, with each of us taking a turn carrying Caleb.

In addition to the pool, Colleen had a large back yard with a fence and lots of bushes and trees that made it private. When we had exhausted ourselves in the pool, we sat in the shade of one of the bigger trees. Caleb went back into the house after complaining about not wanting to listen to "girl talk."

"Which would you rather do, Ashley," Gabriella asked, "Spend another night sleeping with Caleb, naked, or sleep with Colleen's dad, naked?"

"Gabriella!" It was now obvious to me that Gabriella's favorite pastime was punching Colleen's buttons--and she excelled at it.

"It's a fair question!"

"Colleen is fine with just about everything else," Lauren explained, "But she gets really annoyed when anyone talks about her father or brother."

"So, Ashley, which one?"

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The girls started snickering when I hesitated. I realized that by not answering immediately, I was admitting to being interested in Colleen's dad. It was far too late for an "Ew!" so I just sat there and blushed.

"You have to answer!"

I looked at Colleen and knew that either answer was going to get me in trouble, so I said, "Caleb," not quite sure, myself, that it was the truth.

Half the girls told me that, if this had been True or Dare, I would have been thrown out the door; the other half came to my defense.

"Which would you rather do, Gabriella," I retorted, "Kiss Caleb or kiss Colleen?"

It was only there for an instant, but the look that flashed on Gabriella's face told me I had asked the winning question. I didn't wait for her to answer. I just said, matter-of-factly, "It's clear you like Colleen, that's why you try so hard to hide it from everyone by annoying her all the time."

To my surprise, I had nailed it! From everyone's reaction, I could tell that I had hit upon something that no one else had considered, but--having heard it--everyone knew was true. I immediately felt bad.

Colleen smiled, bashfully, and rescued me from the awkwardness.

"Emily, would you rather run naked on the playground during recess or kiss Joey Martin in the cafeteria during lunch?"

Joey was like Alex, but without the benefit of being cute.

"Run naked!" was Emily's immediate response.

"If she could do it without getting in trouble, Emily would run naked at recess every day!" Lauren said with a giggle. Julia and Caitlyn piled on.

The questions got sillier, and the awkwardness was long-forgotten by the time we smelled the hotdogs and hamburgers that Colleen's dad was grilling. I hadn't realized I was so hungry.

After lunch, with full bellies and tired bodies, we crashed on the family room floor and played a movie. I don't remember which movie it was because I spent most of the time making out ("practicing kissing") with Lauren--and the other girls, in turn. Apparently, it was important that they each, individually, assess my kissing skills. lest I embarrass myself with a boy in the near future.

When the other girls started to get dressed, it occurred to me that I had been naked for more than 21 hours straight! A personal record, I was sure.

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On the way out the door, Colleen reminded me, in a low voice, "Remember, what happens at my sleepovers, stays at my sleepovers!"

My dad picked me up and asked if I had a good time.

"Wonderful!"

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