**Nerf War**

by [TheWizard](https://www.girlspns.com/memberlist.php?mode=viewprofile&u=308)

My name is Samantha, but I’ve always gone by Sam, and I guess that says a lot about me. I’ve always been a bit of a tomboy, preferring to run around outside and get my hands dirty than do more traditionally “girly” activities. I grew up in a small, rural town, surrounded by hills and woods, so I’ve always been able to get all the exploration and adventure that I want.  
  
My companions in this exploration and adventure have been a group of five boys. We’ve been friends for as long as any of us can remember. Back in elementary school, they didn’t treat me any differently than if I had been a boy myself. Once I hit puberty, we still hung out like always, but I noticed them starting to look at me a little differently. I was still just as much a part of the group as any of them, but it was pretty clear that they found me attractive, or that I was at least an object of curiosity (this being a rural and very conservative town, we were all pretty sheltered and innocent). Fortunately, none of them outright confessed to having a crush on me, and I had fun occasionally letting them catch a glimpse of something that was usually covered—my belly button, or my cleavage, or my panties. It was kind of exciting to be able to tease them like that, though I wasn’t interested in going any farther with any of them, at least not yet.  
  
In general, things carried on like normal into our teenage years, and one day we decided to have a Nerf war. On a sunny afternoon, we gathered in one of our treehouses in the woods, all armed to the teeth with whatever Nerf weapons we owned. We all knew the rules of the Nerf war, but Justin took it upon himself to review them anyway, so that there wouldn’t be any disputes later. “Everyone listen up! There will be two sides, separated by the stream. The road and the edge of the woods are boundaries, and you can’t go further west than the climbing rock. This treehouse will be one team’s base, and the other team gets the clubhouse on the other side of the river. Each team’s base will have a flag.” Here he held up two colored bandanas. “Your flag can’t be hidden, and you can’t move your own team’s flag. The goal is to steal the other team’s flag and get it back to your base without being shot. If you’re ever shot while on your own side, you have to run back to your base and count to fifty before you can shoot again. If you’re shot while on your opponent’s side, you go to jail. You get locked up in your opponents’ base until one of your teammates breaks you out.” He held up six pair of handcuffs. They were cheap and plastic, but sturdy enough to hold someone in place. They didn’t require a key to open, you just had to squeeze a latch, but it was impossible to do if you were the one trapped in them. “If one of your teammates opens the cuffs for you, you get safe passage back to your side, but you can’t shoot anyone until you get there. Everyone good?” We all nodded. “Then let’s pick the teams! Luke and I will be the captains.” No one disputed that. Justin and Luke got to be the captains because they were the best armed. Justin was lucky enough to have a Vulcan—a huge, rapid-fire blaster that required a shoulder strap to carry and fired twenty-five darts from an ammo belt. Luke didn’t have anything that big, but he dual-wielded Barricades—both ten-shot semi-automatic blasters—plus he always two Jolts in his pockets for emergencies, making him the most efficient all-rounder.  
  
“I get first pick!” Justin said. “I’ll take Sam.” I grinned. I knew that there were multiple reasons the boys wanted me as a teammate, but one of them was that they knew how skilled and well-armed I was. I carried a Longshot—a rifle with a scope that had great range and accuracy—and I had a Triad tucked in the waistband of my skirt for close-quarters shootouts. (Yes, I was wearing a skirt. I come from one of those families that’s weirdly strict about girls wearing skirts, so here I was playing outside in a mid-length black skirt, while all the boys were wearing shorts or jeans.)  
  
“I’ll take Kyle,” Luke said. Kyle hefted his fully automatic 18-shot RapidStrike and walked over to Luke’s side of the treehouse.  
  
“Shawn,” Justin said. Shawn’s only weapons were two Mavericks. The 6-shot revolvers were a classic Nerf model, quite serviceable, but definitely one of the weaker weapons out there.  
  
“And I guess we get Micah,” Luke finished. Micah always got picked last for Nerf wars, because all he owned was two NiteFinders—short-range pistols that had to be reloaded after every shot. His parents didn’t think that bigger Nerf guns were a good use of money.  
  
“I got to pick team members first, so you get to pick your side,” Justin said.  
  
“We’ll take the treehouse,” Luke decided, unsurprisingly. The elevated position was a big advantage when it came to defense.  
  
“All right,” Justin said, looking at his watch. “The game will begin in five minutes, starting…now!” Justin, Shawn, and I hopped down from the treehouse and ran across the river and up the hill to the clubhouse, our base. “Okay, here’s the plan,” Justin said. “Sam, you stay here and guard the flag. I’ll head over to their base, blast everything in sight, and bring their flag back here. Shawn, you’ll back me up.”  
  
“Wait! I should be the one to attack their base,” I objected.  
  
“You’ve got a sniper, not an assault rifle,” Justin argued.  
  
“So? I’ll snipe their guards before they know what hit them. Besides, you’re not going to be able to dodge the defenders’ shots while lugging that Vulcan around.”  
  
“That’s true,” Shawn put in. “But you’d be great at mowing down anyone who tries to attack our base.”  
  
“Fair enough,” Justin agreed. “I guard, Sam attacks, and Shawn backs her up.” He looked at his watch again. “All right, the game starts in five…four…three…two…one…now!”  
  
Shawn and I moved out as soon as he finished the countdown. We worked our way quickly and quietly through the rough terrain until we got near the stream. “I’ll climb a tree and take a quick look around before we cross,” I whispered to Shawn, slinging my rifle over my back with the custom-made strap that I had added to it. Climbing a tree didn’t really make much tactical sense—there wasn’t much to see from up there with all the other trees in the way—but I wanted to because 1. I was the best tree-climber in the group and liked showing off and 2. It would give Shawn a chance to get a peek up my skirt. I made my way up the tree, taking only a moment to get twenty feet off the ground. I took a quick look around, not expecting to see anything. To my surprise, however, I did see something—a bit of movement in the bushes across the river. I looked closer. Yes, there was definitely someone hiding in those bushes; I could see a leg sticking out. Steadying myself on the branch, I unslung my Longshot and peered through the scope. The first shot would give away my position, so I wanted to get it right. I squeezed the trigger, sending a Nerf dart flying across the river to hit the ankle of the person I was spying on. Immediately, I dropped down out of the tree, hopefully too fast to be seen.  
  
“Darn it!” I heard a voice say, and Micah went darting back towards his base.  
  
“Took out an ambusher,” I said to Shawn, “but now they might know we’re coming.”  
  
“Let’s move fast, then,” he said.  
  
We made our way down to the riverbank. Shawn crossed on the stepping-stones while I covered him, and then he motioned me to follow. I made my way across, and we moved onward, crouching low, heading towards the treehouse. We stopped in a clump of bushes, about 30 feet from our target. The remaining distance to the base only offered sparse cover. Micah stood guard from the treehouse, both pistols at the ready.  
  
“It looks like Micah’s the only guard,” Shawn said under his breath.  
  
“He must have just finished counting to 50,” I whispered back. “Here’s the plan: I’ll snipe him, then you run to the base, get the flag, and get back to cover before he counts to 50 again.”  
  
“I don’t know if I’ll have enough time,” Shawn answered.  
  
“Then you’ll have to start moving before I actually shoot,” I said. “It’s a risk, but remember he only has NiteFinders. There’s not much chance he’ll be able to hit you with one of those.”  
  
“Okay,” Shawn said.  
  
I positioned my Longshot and centered Micah’s chest in my crosshairs. “Whenever you’re ready,” I whispered. Shawn took a deep breath and took off running directly towards the treehouse.  
  
“They’re here!” Micah shouted at the top of his voice. I heard a twig snap ten feet behind me and spun around, instinctively fumbling to draw my sidearm, but it was too late. Kyle was there, squeezing the trigger of his RapidStrike and bombarding me with darts.  
  
“Okay! You got me already!” I said, putting my hands up, and then I realized that Kyle had raised his barrel and was firing at Shawn as well. “Dodge and weave!” I shouted, but Shawn had already come to a stop with a groan of frustration, several bullets having bounced off his back.  
  
Kyle stepped forward, keeping his gun pointed at us as though we might run away, but bending down to scoop up his used darts. “You know the rules,” he said. “I’ll escort you to jail.” We were no cheaters; we had been taken down fair and square. We walked to the treehouse and climbed the ladder, Kyle following close behind with his RapidStrike pointed at our backs. “Nice job as decoy,” Kyle said to Micah. “You get out there and cover Luke’s back. I’ll secure the prisoners and stand guard.” Micah nodded, climbed down, and ran off. “All right, turn over your weapons,” Kyle ordered. I laid down my Longshot and Shawn stacked his Mavericks next to it. “I saw you reaching for another weapon,” Kyle barked at me. I put on my best clueless, innocent face, but he grabbed me roughly and spun me around. This was all part of the fun of the game, acting like real captives and captors. Kyle put his hand down the back of my waistband to take my Triad. He reached a bit further than he really needed to, and let his hand linger there, touching my panties, for just a minute. I gave a little giggle. He pulled the pistol out and set it next to our other weapons. “Now then,” Kyle said, lifting up the three pairs of handcuffs this base was supplied with. “Let’s put these to work.” He pushed Shawn down into a sitting position against the slatted wall of the treehouse, and handcuffed his hands behind his back, with one of the slats between his arms. Then he made me stand on the other side. He put a separate pair of handcuffs on each of my hands and cuffed me to the railing with my arms stretched out to either side.  
  
I took a minute to consider our team’s tactical position. Having two people captured was pretty bad. The only way we’d be rescued was if Justin came for us, and that would leave our base and flag unguarded as Luke and Micah moved in on it. Our best chance would be if Justin managed to shoot both Luke and Micah, put them in jail, and then make a solo attack run. He might be able to pull it off, with his Vulcan. But there might be some waiting involved; Luke and Micah had no reason to hurry and would probably spend a while finding an ideal position for their attack.  
  
Kyle stood guard at the edge of the treehouse for a few minutes, but he started to look bored. “This might take a while,” he said, putting on his “tough prison warden” voice again. “I might as well pass the time by…torturing the prisoners a little.”  
  
“That’s against international law!” Shawn said, playing along.  
  
“That’s right!” I joined in. “You’ll be court-martialed and demoted for sure!”  
  
“We’re at war,” Kyle said threateningly, taking a step towards me. “All bets are off.”  
  
“Leave her alone!” Shawn said, still playing the game.  
  
I changed my tone, also acting along. “Oh no, please don’t torture me! What do you want? Secret codes? Battle plans?”  
  
“I just want to have a little fun before you’re both executed,” Kyle said, moving even closer to me. I wondered, with some excitement, what exactly his plan was, but I would soon find out. He reached out, took hold of the front of my skirt, and started lifting it, very slowly.  
  
I smiled inwardly, enjoying our little roleplay. “Oh no, please don’t!” I said out loud, exaggerating my voice so that it would be clear I was just acting. Kyle lifted my skirt higher. Normally, it came to just above my knees, but now it was only covering about half that length, exposing the lower half of my smooth, pale thighs. I was enjoying this. I always liked imaginative, roleplay-type games, and I liked the hint of naughtiness that came from letting a boy expose me just slightly. I especially liked how transfixed both Kyle and Shawn seemed by what they were seeing. “Please stop! Leave me alone!” I said.  
  
“You want me to stop, eh?” Kyle asked, still in character. He dropped my skirt, and I felt a twinge of disappointment. The game wasn’t over, though. “How do you like this, then?” he asked, and he reached for the bottom of my green t-shirt instead.  
  
“Noooo!” I begged, and he started lifting, again very gradually. Inch by inch, my pale stomach came into view.  
  
“Stop it! Get your hands off her!” Shawn said from the floor, but it was clear from his eyes that he was enjoying this too.  
  
“I don’t think so,” Kyle grinned. My belly button was showing now, along with a couple of inches of skin on either side of it.  
  
“Please don’t do this to me!” I cried out.  
  
“Don’t like that either, eh?” Kyle said, letting my t-shirt fall. “How about both at once?” This time, he took hold of my skirt with one hand and my shirt with the other, and starting lifting both, a little faster than before.  
  
“No! No! Nooo!” I begged, still just playing along, but feeling a touch of actual fear this time. Maybe it was irrational, but having both my legs and stomach exposed at once somehow felt more revealing than one at a time. Kyle kept lifting. By now he was exposing three-quarters of my slender thighs, and six inches of my milky-white stomach. If he went very much farther with either, there was a chance my underwear would start showing. I wasn’t sure I wanted this to go that far. I was fine with giving just a flash of my underwear occasionally, but I didn’t want it to be exposed for any longer than that, and I wanted to be the one in control of what was revealed and for how long. “Please stoop,” I begged, still in character but again feeling some real nervousness. But Kyle didn’t show any sign of stopping…  
  
“Kyle!” There was a yell, and footsteps running toward the treehouse. “He got Micah, but I managed to escape!” Luke was shouting, running up to the treehouse and reaching the ladder. “We need to regroup and plan a way to…break him out…” Luke’s voice trailed away as he reached the top of the ladder and saw the scene: me standing, my arms out to my sides and cuffed in place, Kyle lifting my skirt and shirt to give both himself and Shawn a nice view of my legs and midriff. “What are you doing?” Luke asked.  
  
“I just thought I’d pass the time by torturing the prisoner, sir,” Kyle said in his gruff prison-guard voice.  
  
“Oh, I see,” Luke said, altering his voice as well to show that he was part of the game. “I hope you don’t mind if I join in.”  
  
“You’re the commanding officer, you can do whatever you want, sir,” Kyle answered. He had stopped lifting my clothes any higher, and was standing, still holding them, waiting to follow Luke’s lead.  
  
Luke stepped towards me, staring at my exposed skin. I was gratified, but also a little nervous, wondering how far this game would go. Luke reached out and rubbed my bare belly, then went lower, running his hand up and down my thigh. I was blushing now, and I could feel my heart rate quickening. I was enjoying the attention, but feeling more and more apprehensive. “Did I tell you to stop?” Luke asked, turning to Kyle.  
  
“No, sir!”  
  
“Then carry on!” Luke said. “Don’t mind me.”  
  
“Yes, sir!” Kyle said, a little too eagerly, and starting lifting again with both hands. Another inch…and then another…  
  
“Wait!” I burst out, breaking character for the first time. “If you go any farther, you’ll see my underwear!”  
  
“And you wouldn’t like that, would you?” Kyle asked, still in character, still lifting…  
  
“No, I, like, actually don’t want that!” I tried to explain, but it was too late. Kyle pulled my shirt right up to my chin, and my skirt right up to my waist. My little pink panties and sky-blue bra were exposed to three sets of hungry eyes. I was speechless, and so were the boys. They stared, wide-eyed, locking my skimpy underwear and bare skin forever in their memory. Then Luke started groping me again. With one hand, he rubbed my stomach, getting higher and higher until he reached my bra. He ran one finger up my cleavage, and then, very gently, began touching my breast, tracing the outline of my nipple through my bra. At the same time, his other hand travelled slowly up my thigh, higher and higher, until he was touching the fabric over my crotch. That was enough to help me find my voice again. “No…no! Nononono!” I said, almost hyperventilating, unable to form a coherent sentence. I’m not sure whether the boys thought I was still playing along, or if they were just too absorbed to care. Kyle rolled my shirt tightly and tucked it into itself so that it would stay bunched up under my chin, and his free hand joined Luke, feeling me up and down, touching my stomach, my breasts, my thigh, my panties…  
  
“Hey!” Shawn said, feeling left out. “Take these handcuffs off me! Let me join in!”  
  
“You’re still a prisoner, remember?” Kyle said, not taking his eyes off me. His voice sounded a little husky.  
  
“You up in the treehouse!” a voice shouted from down below. All of us jumped. Kyle and Luke yanked their hands off me as if I was a hot stove. My skirt, thankfully, fell back into place, but my stomach and bra were still exposed.  
  
“W-what is it?” Luke asked, looking over the edge of the treehouse. Justin was below, holding a handcuffed Micah at gunpoint. He couldn’t see me from his angle.  
  
“Don’t shoot! This is a truce!” Justin called up. “I’m here to offer a prisoner trade!” I breathed a sigh of relief. My teammate had arrived to save me!  
  
“Okay, we’ll release Shawn if you release Micah!” Luke answered.  
  
“Actually I was going to request Sam,” Justin replied. I smiled.  
  
“We…can’t do that at the moment,” Luke said. My heart froze. Would they really cheat, just to keep me prisoner? And if I did stay a prisoner, what more would they do?  
  
“What do you mean?” Justin asked.  
  
“Let Micah go first, and then you can come up and see,” Luke answered.  
  
“Okay, but remember, truce,” Justin answered, unlatching Micah’s handcuffs.  
  
“Yeah, truce,” Luke agreed. Justin and Micah started climbing the ladder.  
  
“Nonono,” I stammered. “Not more of them—don’t let them see me—please—”  
  
“Woah,” Justin said, reaching the top of the ladder and stepping into the treehouse to see me handcuffed and nearly topless. “What’s going on?”  
  
“We’re, uh, torturing the prisoner,” Kyle said.  
  
“Oh,” said Justin, and a moment passed while he stared at me, clearly not sure what to say.  
  
“Hey, I should be released, right?” Shawn asked. “Wasn’t that the bargain?”  
  
“Oh yeah,” Luke said, and bent down to unfasten Shawn’s handcuffs.  
  
“Let me go, too,” I begged. “Please.”  
  
Justin moved towards one of my handcuffed wrists, but Luke stopped him. “She’s just playing along,” he said.  
  
“What? No, no, no!” I cried. My heart was pounding. I had to get free!  
  
“Come on, since we’ve got a truce, why don’t we all join in?” Shawn asked.  
  
“No, no, please, no,” I whimpered, with tears in my eyes.  
  
“Okay,” Justin said. “Here, I’ve got something we can use. I brought it in case I needed to repair my Vulcan on the fly.” He dug in the cargo pocket of his shorts. I couldn’t see what he took out until it was too late. Moving quickly, he lifted up a roll of duct tape, tore off a strip, and slapped it over my mouth.  
  
“Mmmm! Mmmmhhh!” I begged, desperate, but my voice was silenced.  
  
“So, how does one go about torturing a prisoner?” Justin inquired.  
  
“Well, we had her skirt lifted up,” Kyle said, reaching for my skirt again, but Luke interrupted him.  
  
“Don’t lift it up,” he said. “Pull it down.”  
  
“Yes, sir!” Kyle grinned.  
  
“Nnnnnnn!” I whimpered, but Kyle had already grabbed my skirt from both sides and whisked it down to my ankles. I tried to kick him, but to no avail. With some help from the others, he lifted my feet, one at a time, to get my skirt out entirely, and then they even untied my sneakers and pulled my shoes and socks off. I didn’t care about my feet being exposed, but somehow losing my shoes still added another layer to my embarrassment—it was one step closer to being fully naked, and I was now much closer to that than I would like, standing, gagged and handcuffed, in nothing but my underwear and bunched-up t-shirt.  
  
“And then,” Kyle continued his answer, “we touch her.”  
  
“Mmmmmnnnnngghhhhhh!” I yelled into my tape gag, but I was completely helpless. For the next few seconds, it was chaos, as five pairs of hands groped me from head to toe. They explored every inch of my soft bare skin, stroking, rubbing, and pinching, and they didn’t stop there. They also touched me over my underwear, only a thin layer of fabric separating their hands from my breasts, my butt, my crotch…  
  
“Wait!” Justin said, and everyone backed off. All five boys were breathing heavily, and I myself was trembling, blushing, panting, my heart pounding in my ears. All five of my best friends were staring at the almost-naked me, and all of us were waiting expectantly to hear what Justin had to say. “Why…” Justin began, then stopped to clear his throat, looking unsure. “Why stop here?” he asked. There was a pause. No one dared say anything. “Why not strip her the rest of the way?”  
  
Everyone looked at each other, the words hanging in the air. I was so shocked to be in this position that I couldn’t even make another feeble effort to speak through the tape. I just stood, totally paralyzed. “Do—do you really think we could do that?” Micah asked nervously.  
  
“Why not? She’s our prisoner,” Luke said.  
  
“I don’t know, it was—just a game—” Shawn said.  
  
“A game she was fine playing along with,” Kyle pointed out.  
  
“Let’s vote,” Justin said. “Does anyone object to finishing the game?” The boys looked around, no one daring to speak first—no one wanting to. “All right then,” Justin said after a minute. Some of the tension dissipated. The group had agreed, and nothing would change their course now. “Let’s do this right. Take those handcuffs off so we can get her shirt the rest of the way off.”  
  
Kyle and Shawn unlatched my handcuffs. As soon as my hands were free, I tried to make a break for it, but Luke and Justin grabbed me and kept me from escaping. I struggled and kicked, but I couldn’t break loose. They pinned me facedown and wrestled my shirt over my head. Kyle and Shawn held my arms down; Luke and Micah held my legs. Justin stood over me, with one foot on either side of my stomach, and bent down to unfasten the clasps of my bra. “Mmmmnnn,” I protested, but I was tired out from struggling. The clasps fell away, and my back was now totally bare. All they had to do was flip me over to see my titties in all their glory. But they didn’t do that just yet. Justin turned around and took hold of my little pink panties. Nononono, I thought, but I was powerless. I felt the panties sliding down my legs, and then they let go of my legs one at a time to get them off my feet. I was stark naked. My pale, round ass was out in the open air, and even though I couldn’t see them staring at it, I could sense their gaze. And then, inevitably, they started touching it. Making sure to keep me pinned down at all times, they took turns, first gently feeling my bare cheeks, then rubbing, pinching, and squeezing them. But they didn’t waste too long on my backside; there were things on the front that they were much more eager for.  
  
In a coordinated effort, they rolled me over, pulled my bra away, and then pulled all four of my limbs apart, spreading me out like an X on the floor of the treehouse. I no longer had the energy to beg or struggle, but I was dying of shame. Every inch of my naked little body was on full display. They had already seen my legs and stomach, of course, but it felt a thousand times worse for them to be seeing them now. And on top of that, they could see parts of me that no boy had seen before: my pale, perky breasts, perfectly shaped for their eyes, and, between my spread-eagled legs, my most private, secret, intimate place of all.  
  
Up until now, they had all been silent, almost reverent, but now they began talking in hushed voices, commenting on what they saw.  
  
“Wow.”  
  
“I’ve never seen a girl naked before.”  
  
“It’s so much better than I ever imagined.”  
  
“Her boobs are so perfect.”  
  
“How about her private parts? Her—what’s it called?”  
  
“Her pussy.”  
  
“Hey, check it out. You can see right inside her.” This last statement was accompanied by a pair of fingers touching my pussy lips, spreading them apart to let the boys see the soft, pink inside of my vagina. I moaned softly at the sensation of being touched down there, but I don’t think any of the boys heard me.  
  
“Her breasts look like two perfect handfuls,” said another boy, I’m not even sure which one. Then I felt my breasts being cupped, squeezed gently in his hands.  
  
After that, all bets were off. They completely forgot about needing to hold me down, which was all right for them, because I completely forgot about escaping. I couldn’t put together one coherent thought as every part of me was touched, groped, squeezed, and fondled. My nipples stiffened as the boys played with them, rubbing and pinching. My bare chest rose and fell as I gasped for breath. I felt a tingling sensation in my pussy as many hands stroked and rubbed it. One of them touched my clit, and I moaned audibly through the gag. I don’t know if they knew what it meant, but they kept on touching me, and I kept on moaning. I couldn’t help it. I had been so excited right from the start, being naughty, showing off my body, getting attention from the boys. Things had gotten out of hand, but the excitement had stayed, and now there was so much buildup of tension that my body was desperate for release—I needed it. I began bucking my hips, grinding my pussy against their hands, moaning louder and faster. “Mmmnn…mmmmmhh…mmmgghhh…mmmm! Mmmhh! MMMM! MMMHH! MMMMMNNNNNHHHHHH!”  
  
I came hard. I probably would have been screaming if I wasn’t gagged. I just kept bucking as wave after wave of pleasure hit me, tingling throughout my body, making my toes curl and my back arch. Slowly, the orgasm subsided, and I was left blushing, panting, and slowly becoming aware of what had just happened. The boys had all backed off, and were all staring wide-eyed. Every one of them had a bulge in his pants. I was mortified. I was stark naked in front of my friends. I had been stripped, groped, and worst of all, I had let it happen. I had liked it. Wiping tears of shame out of my eyes, I stood up, ripped the tape off my mouth, and gathered up my clothes, not bothering to put them on. Without saying a word, I climbed down the ladder and left. None of the boys tried to stop me.  
  
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The next day, there was a knock on my door. I answered it. Justin, Luke, Shawn, Micah, and Kyle were outside. “You, uh, you forgot these. Yesterday,” Kyle said, sheepishly handing me my Longshot and Triad. I took them wordlessly, not making eye contact, and moved to close the door.  
  
“Hey,” Luke said, stopping me. “There’s something else.”  
  
“We wanted to—we wanted to say sorry,” Shawn said. “That wasn’t cool, what we did.”  
  
“You can hate us if you want,” Justin said.  
  
“We wouldn’t blame you,” Micah finished. “That’s—that’s all we had to say.”  
  
They turned to leave. “Wait,” I said. They stopped. “I forgive you.”  
  
“You—forgive us?” Kyle sounded shocked.  
  
“You guys are my best friends,” I said. “I don’t want anything to change between us. You’re right, that wasn’t cool. But…” I stopped. I was about to say “but I kind of enjoyed it”, but I thought maybe that was going too far. It was true, I did enjoy it, and thinking back to it even now gave me a tingle of excitement. But I didn’t want to give them that much encouragement, not just yet. “But let’s put it behind us,” I said.  
  
“You’re a good friend, Sam,” Luke said. “We’ll forget all about what happened yesterday, but if there’s anything we can do to make it up to you, just let us know.”  
  
“Just one thing,” I said. “Next time we play Prisoner, just get my permission first.” The boys all did a double take at the words “next time”, but I just gave them a wink and a smile and shut the door, my stomach fluttering with excitement.