

No-Pajamas Party

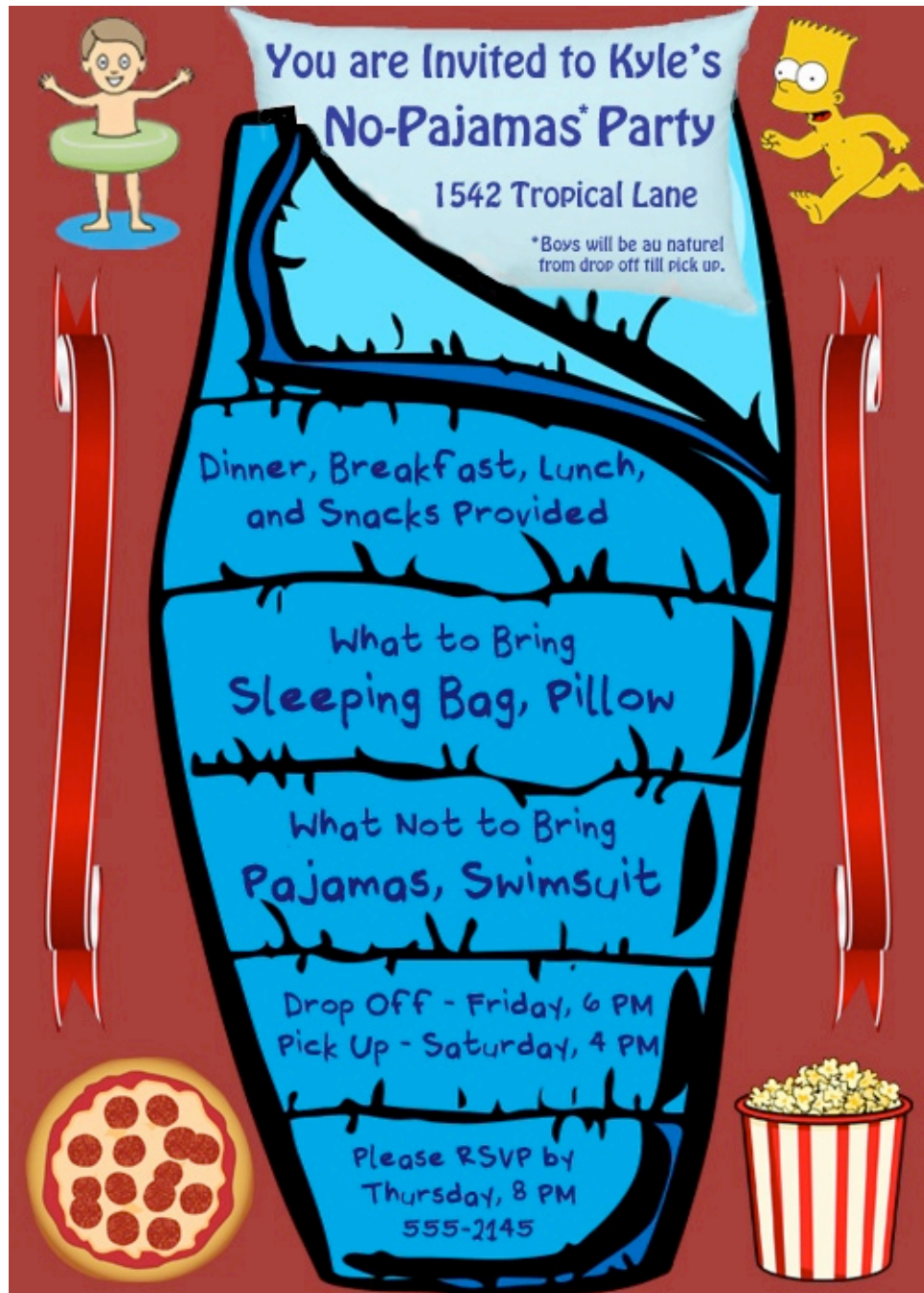
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Title: No-Pajamas Party

Summary: A boy gets invited to a sleepover with his new friends, but it's not what he expects.

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When my mom first handed me the invitation, my smile must have lit up the whole room.
My first sleepover with my new friends!



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My dad got a new job, so we had to move shortly after school started. Not only was I the new kid, but I was three weeks behind everyone else in my class. Fortunately, I'd met Josh, and we had quickly become good friends. When he told me about Kyle's sleepover and that he'd get me invited, I was doubtful, but he'd come through.

Kyle was one of the more popular boys at our school—maybe even the most popular—but he wasn't the stuck-up kind, like most of the popular kids I've known. He was actually pretty cool—even to geeky kids like me.

"So, are you sure you want to go?" my mom asked.

"Am I sure? Of course I want to go!" What was my mother thinking?

"Did you read the invitation? It says, 'No pajamas.'"

"So? Lot's of guys from school sleep in their underwear. It's no big deal, Mom." It was a little deal, though. I sometimes went around the house in only my underwear, and on warmer nights, I sometimes slept in my underwear, but I'd never been in my underwear in front of anyone other than my parents—especially not my friends or my friends' parents—but it was a small price to pay for getting invited to a sleepover.

Mom chuckled. That was never a good sign. "Read what it says under Kyle's address."

"Boys will be au naturel from drop off till pick up" was the part she was referring to. So what if Kyle couldn't spell? It wasn't going to keep me from his party. Mom can be real annoying about things like spelling.

"Do you know what that means?"

"We're gonna be camping out?" I said, unsure of myself. But what else would "natural" mean?

Mom chuckled again, and Dad, who was reading over my shoulder, did too.

"No, sweetie, that's not what that means. Read what not to bring."

"Pajamas and swimsuits," I read out loud. "So what? We're gonna sleep in our underwear, and we won't go swimming. It'll still be fun."

This time, Dad put his hands on my shoulders and gave me a playful shake like he does when I'm being silly.

"No, Son," he explained, gently. "'Au naturel' means without any clothes." He paused for a moment to let that sink in, but I wasn't getting it. After a moment, he added, "Naked! It means it's a naked boy party. You and your friends will be running around like wild little animals with bare butts and jigglng boy parts."

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Suddenly, the drawings on the invitation of a naked boy with an inner tube around his waist and a streaking Bart Simpson made sense. I had thought they were strange things to put on a sleepover invitation.

"Do you still want to go?" my mother asked, in that voice that implied that I was getting into something I was too young to handle. I hated that! But I was also a little nervous. Well, okay, I was a lot nervous. I'd never heard of a party where everyone got naked, before.

It was only the beginning of 5th grade, but the boys at school were already talking about middle school. One of the popular topics was how the boys had to shower naked in front of each other—and the teacher—after PE, each day. I'd asked my dad about it, and he'd said it was true, but I shouldn't worry about it. He said I'd get used to it after a few days, and it'd be no big deal. I still showered with my dad, from time to time, but I'd never showered naked in front of anyone else. (Mom says she used to take me in the shower with her when I was little, but I think she's just teasing. Anyway, I don't remember it.)

"I think he should go," my dad weighed in. "It sounds like fun! I went skinny dipping at the lake with my friends a time or two when I was Brian's age."

I swallowed hard. I often went barefoot in my own yard and around the house, and I never wore a shirt swimming at the beach or the public pool, like a lot of boys did, but otherwise, I was pretty much fully dressed any time I was away from home. I wasn't sure about being naked in someone else's house, in front of the boys I'd just met at school, or—it suddenly occurred to me—in front of Kyle's mother!

"I think he might be too embarrassed," my mother countered. "Maybe he should wait until one of his friends has a regular sleepover." Then, to me, she said, "You can tell Kyle we're busy around the house because we're still getting settled in. He'll understand."

That was it. Being babied by my mother was worse than anything else. In contrast, being naked in front of the guys was an easy thing. "Mom! I'm not wimping out on the guys! I'm going to Kyle's party!" I gave her my best stubborn look, but she just smiled back at me. I hate that, too.

"Okay, sweetie. Go if you want, but if you're uncomfortable, keep your underwear on, and tell the other boys that that's as naked as you care to get."

Dad gave me a hug from behind that expressed both his sympathy that I had to deal with my mother's babying and his approval that I had chosen to go to the party. I was opening my mouth to reply to my mother, but the hug made me change my mind.

Friday evening arrived, and I couldn't help being nervous. Since I made the decision to go to Kyle's party, I'd been excited about going. Now, as I was getting ready, I realized

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that I didn't know what to expect. This didn't look to be like any of the few sleepovers that I'd been to in the past.

First of all, I didn't know what to wear. I mean, if we were going to be naked at the sleepover, was I expected to show up naked? I wish I had asked Josh. When I told him I was going, he'd asked me if I knew what "no pajamas" meant. I told him I did and that I was cool with it. He'd smiled in a way that told me he knew I was nervous, but I decided to play it cool, anyway. And so, I'd asked him what to bring (Pokemon cards—yes; anything Star Wars—no), and what kinds of foods Kyle was going to have, and what kind of video games Kyle had (surprisingly, none!), but I'd stayed away from any mention of the naked part.

Now, with my sleeping bag, pillow, and a backpack with a flashlight, a towel, and other assorted items I'd taken on previous sleepovers (minus pajamas and a swimsuit), I was all ready to go except my clothes. I was standing in front of my closet wearing nothing but boxers when my dad walked in.

"I see you're all ready to go."

I turned to see my dad's devious smile, so I scowled at him, which only made him chuckle.

"Put on some shorts and a t-shirt so we can leave. I don't think you have to be naked for the ride over."

My scowl turned to a smile. My dad has always understood me. Without asking, he knew exactly what my predicament was, and he solved it without drawing attention to it. That didn't mean he never teased me, but I was okay with Dad's teasing.

Without thinking, I had followed Dad's instructions exactly, and I was half way to the car before I realized I hadn't put on shoes. I stopped short, turning around to go back into the house, but Dad pointed to the car, and said firmly, "In, or I'll strip you here in the driveway and tie you to the roof," which was his way of saying I could go without shoes.

Kyle only lived a couple miles away, so I soon found myself headed up the walkway to his front door with my backpack over my shoulders, my sleeping bag under one arm, and my pillow under the other. Dad politely stayed in the car. (Mom would have insisted on coming in with me and meeting Kyle's parents.) He waited in the driveway until he saw me enter the house.

Kyle answered the door—and he was bare-assed naked from head to toe! He didn't seem to care in the least that someone might see him standing in the doorway. I tried not to stare, but curiosity got the better of me, and my eyes went straight to his boy parts.

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I was surprised by how small his penis was. It was not much more than a bump with a little loose skin sticking out. In contrast, his testicles were rather large (compared to mine—not my dad's) and hung loosely but close to his body in a thin sack.

"Gawk later! Come in before the neighbors call the cops."

I blushed at having been caught, but Kyle's smile was an odd combination of devilish and friendly at the same time. I hurried in. Kyle closed the door behind me, but then he quickly maneuvered in front of me and stood where the tile of the entryway bordered the carpeting of the living room, with his arms crossed, blocking my way.

"You're not allowed in the house till you loose the clothes." He did his best to sound and look stern—and to keep himself from giggling at my obvious discomfort. In a conspiratorial (and comforting) whisper, he added, "It's okay: Andrew and Josh are already here, and they're naked, too."

I dropped the sleeping bag, and Kyle took the pillow from me. I set the backpack on the ground and immediately removed my shirt. (As I said, I went swimming bare-chested all the time, so that was not a big deal.) I hesitated with my hands on the waistband of my shorts, then bit the bullet and lowered both them and my boxers in one go—before I lost my nerve.

The first I knew my penis was stiff was when it briefly caught on the waistband of my boxers before springing up to slap against my belly. I quickly squatted and tried to hide behind my backpack as I stuffed my clothes into it. I blushed again when I saw the huge smile on Kyle's face.

"Don't be embarrassed. Andrew and Josh got stiffies when they got naked, too. Come on!"

With that, Kyle picked up my sleeping bag and headed toward the kitchen without looking back to see if I was following. I picked up my backpack, and, carrying it in front of me, took off after him.

Past the kitchen was the family room, both of which together seemed more like one big room than two smaller ones. Andrew and Josh were kneeling—naked, of course—next to the biggest pile of Legos I've ever seen. Kyle tossed my sleeping bag and pillow next to three others along the wall, then reached for my backpack, which I was hesitant to part with. Kyle took it from me anyway and placed it with two others.

"He's embarrassed 'cause he's got a woody," Kyle explained simply to the other boys. I blushed, yet again, and stood with my hands strategically held in front of me.

Andrew and Josh both stood up and held their arms out with the palms of their hands up, as if to say, "See? We're naked too. No big deal!"

"Don't be embarrassed, Brian," Josh offered. "I had a boner when I first got here, too."

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I relaxed a little and let my arms drop to my sides, revealing the stiff two-and-a-half inches of boy flesh that was sticking straight out from my body. Since Andrew and Josh were obviously checking me out, this time I wasn't embarrassed to give them a good eye-balling.

Andrew's penis was about the same length and thickness as mine—except that his was obviously soft, since it curved gently down and away from his body. I wondered how big it got when it was stiff. Under his penis, he had two, medium-sized testicles held close to his body in a thick, round sack, much like my own.

Josh, on the other hand, had a little nub, similar to Kyle's, but his sack was about the size and shape of half a golf ball, and the thick skin concealed any sign of his testicles.

After about half a minute of staring, Kyle knelt down next to the pile of Legos and resumed work on whatever it was he had been building before I had arrived. Andrew and Josh joined him.

"We're seeing who can build the strongest car," Josh explained, as he worked on his own creation. "Later, we're gonna smash 'em into each other to see whose holds together."

I began work on my own car, and it wasn't long before my penis softened to its usual inch-and-a-half length. As we worked on our cars while talking about the usual boy stuff, I began to forget that we were all naked. It seemed like any other time I had played with my friends.

Over the next fifteen or twenty minutes, the other boys arrived: Sam, Alex, Darien, and Miles (yes—Miles—but don't even tease him about it!). Of course, we all took a good long look at each other. I was surprised by the varying sizes and shapes of their boy parts (and pleased to see that everyone but Sam had a stiffy when he came in). I had always just assumed that all boys looked more or less like me and all men looked more or less like my dad.

Kyle and Josh were tied for the smallest penises, and Josh had the smallest sack. Andrew had, by far, the largest penis, and Kyle had the largest testicles. Me and the rest of the boys were somewhere in between.

When everyone had arrived, Kyle announced, "Time for pizza!" and headed off toward the living room. He came back a few minutes later, and said, "It'll be here in 30 minutes. Brian, 'cause you're the new guy, you have to pay for it when it gets here."

After taking a moment to enjoy the look of panic on my face, Kyle added, "Don't worry! My mom will give you the money—you just have to give it to the delivery guy."

"Or delivery gal!" Andrew added, much to the amusement of all the other boys but Josh, who said, "Come on, guys! Don't scare Brian off on his first night."

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"I'll do it!" Alex claimed, which got a sofa pillow thrown at him by Miles. "You would not!"

"Kyle would!" Darien said with a smile.

"Kyle has!" Andrew replied, to much laughter.

Josh turned to me and explained, "Kyle will get naked anywhere and in front of anyone—even girls!"

"I'd get naked in front of a girl," Darien insisted.

"Me too!" Alex added, chucking the pillow back at Miles.

"The only girl you'd get naked in front of is your mom," Miles retorted.

Quietly, Sam chimed in, "I've been naked in front of a girl before."

"Your sister doesn't count," Miles said as he fired the pillow at Sam.

Sam deflected the pillow with a swat of his hand as he pounced on Miles, scattering Legos as he did. Darien tried to grab Sam's legs to pull him off Miles, but Alex rolled him away with a half-nelson, both landing on Josh in the process. I tried to pull Alex off Darien so Josh could get up, but I found myself flattened by Kyle and Andrew. After that, I lost track of who was on what side and just fought against whoever was attacking me at the moment and attacked whoever was closest when I was free.

Wrestling is, perhaps, THE sport of boys, and a free-for-all is the ultimate format; however, if more boys knew how fun naked wrestling was, there'd be a lot more naked boys. The contest soon became how to grab someone else in the nuts while protecting your own nuts from the same fate.

At one point, I was face down on the floor trying to protect my boy parts while Sam and Alex were trying to roll me over and Josh was piled on top of me trying to stop them when I realized that Josh had a stiffy, and it was pressed against my butt crack. As we struggled, it slid up and down my crack, giving me a funny feeling that made my own penis go stiff. Now, I fought even harder to keep Sam and Alex from rolling me over.

Fortunately, Andrew and Kyle saw the opportunity to attack Sam and Alex. Unfortunately, this left Darien and Miles free to grab Josh and pull him off me. I knew my momentary freedom wouldn't last, but I was at a loss for what to do.

At that moment, I heard a man's voice say, "If you nimrods break anything, I'll break you!" Seconds later, the smell of pizza hit me, and I was immediately famished. Either the warning or the smell of the pizza—or both—caught everyone else's attention because everyone suddenly stopped fighting and sat up.

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Kyle was the first to yell, "Pizza!"

The man who had issued the warning was also holding four pizza boxes, which he promptly set on the kitchen island. Kyle threw himself at the man, giving him a big hug, and saying, "Thanks Dad!" before instantly pouncing on the first pizza box.

I had a full piece of pizza and half a glass of soda in me before I remembered the we were all naked. I hadn't been the least bit bothered—nor even had I acknowledged—the fact that Kyle's dad had seen me naked. I was relieved to notice that my penis had softened—apparently without anyone noticing it had been stiff.

After pizza and soda, we were all too stuffed to cause much trouble, so we continued the work on our cars. The contest was held out back. Kyle's family had a screened pool enclosure, and the concrete patio made a better runway than the carpeted floors inside the house.

The event consisted of two boys positioning themselves at opposite ends of the patio, then each hurling his car at the other's, head-on. Minor damage was fixed on the spot for the next round; more serious failures sent boys running back into the house to the Lego pile for some major reworking.

In the end, Sam's car survived almost unscathed. His prize was to get tossed into the pool by Kyle, Andrew, Miles, and Darien. Alex pushed Kyle in, who was then pushed in, himself, by Andrew, but Alex managed to drag Andrew in with him. Miles and Darien cannon-balled into the pool, followed closely by Josh and me.

The ruckus was momentarily interrupted by Kyle's mom. "If anyone pukes in my pool, you'll be cleaning it up," she announced, before taking a seat on one of the lounge chairs next to Kyle's dad.

I'd never been swimming at night, before. It was kind of eerie, but the underwater lights in the pool were neat. I didn't have time to worry about Kyle's mom seeing me naked because, as in the living room before, I was under constant attack from all sides.

After a short time, the water free-for-all turned into a water polo game. None of the other boys seemed at all bothered about climbing out of the water to fetch a stray ball, so when it was my turn to do the retrieving, I did so without worrying about Kyle's mom seeing me naked. I did, however, make speedy work of it.

After we were all exhausted (except Kyle, who never seemed to run out of energy), we climbed out of the pool and headed for the shower. There was an outdoor shower in the corner of the patio, which I thought was cool. (I had only seen showers like that at the beach.) What was really amazing was that it had hot water!

Kyle's mom handed us soap and shampoo, and we took turns washing each other. I hadn't expected that, and it felt funny having Josh's hands rubbing my wet, soapy body.

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By the time he got to my waist, I had a raging stiffy, but so did all the other boys, so I wasn't embarrassed.

I really got a surprise, next. Josh cupped my boy parts with one hand, getting as firm a grip on my testicles as he could with a wet, soapy hand. He then slid the fingers of his other hand down my butt crack. When he got to my hole, he stuffed his middle finger into it. This caused me to immediately raise up on my toes, and I danced on tip-toe as I tried to pull away from him. The other boys laughed, but I could see that half of them were getting the same treatment.

I settled down, and Josh worked his middle finger in and out of my butt for a few more seconds before inserting his index finger, as well. That sent me up on my toes, again, but this time I didn't dance around. He worked my hole really good for about a minute while he stroked my stiffy with the other hand. I felt like I was going to pee, which would have been really embarrassing, so I tried hard to hold it in.

Fortunately, Josh stopped, washed his fingers off, then continued with my legs. After he washed my hair, and I rinsed off, he handed me the soap and smiled.

I tentatively began to wash Josh, starting with his shoulders. It felt almost as good washing him as it had having him wash me. When I finished with Josh's belly, I paused. Josh—and all the other boys—were looking at me, smiling. I hesitated before grabbing Josh's boy parts. I put my other hand on his butt, then slid my fingers down his crack. When I got to his hole, I paused. All the boys were still watching me, but Josh had his eyes closed and was breathing deeply.

I really thought it was nasty to put my fingers in his butt, but it had felt really good when he had done it to me, so I clenched my teeth and let my middle finger slip into Josh's hole.

When Josh had done that to me, I had clamped my hole down hard. Josh, on the other hand, relaxed his, and my finger slid in easily. It was warm and felt funny. I had no problem getting two fingers in.

I wasn't sure how long I should go. I didn't want to embarrass Josh by making him pee, but I could tell that he was really enjoying what I was doing to him. Eventually, Kyle touched my elbow and indicated that I should stop.

I pulled my fingers out and examined them. It was hard to tell in the dim light, but I think I saw some yucky stuff on them. I quickly washed my hands and continued with Josh's legs.

When we were done, Kyle's mom handed us towels. It was then that I realized that she and Kyle's dad had been watching us the whole time. Wow! I couldn't imagine my mom and dad letting us do what we had just done!

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Back inside, there was ice cream with all kinds of toppings, which we ate on the floor of the family room while we watched some old monster movie. It was in black and white, and a little corny, but it was fun to watch. Josh told me that Kyle and his dad were really into old monster movies.

After we finished our ice cream, Kyle paused the movie so we could get out our sleeping bags. I was hesitant about the arrangements, but the other guys acted like it was no big deal, so I quietly went along.

The deal was that one sleeping bag was laid out on the floor (for padding, Josh explained), then another sleeping bag was laid on top of that one, and two boys got into the one bag on top. We propped both pillows against the couch so we could sit up and watch the movie. I shared a bag with Josh. Darien and Miles were to our right, Kyle and Andrew were to our left, and Alex and Sam were on the other side of them, all crammed together in front of the couch.

"It's a good thing you're here, Brian," Darien said after we were all settled in. "Usually, Josh squeezes in with Miles and me."

Kyle restarted the movie, but I didn't pay much attention to it. That was because Josh's hand had gone straight to my boy parts. He tugged and pulled and squeezed till I got a stiffy then kept right on going. With his free hand, he grabbed my wrist and put my hand on his boy parts, indicating that I should do to him what he was doing to me. I cautiously looked around, but it was clear that the same thing was going on in the other three bags, so I started working on Josh.

After a while, Josh rolled onto his side so that he was facing me, so I turned towards him. When I did, he surprised me with a kiss on my lips! I pulled back with a look of disgust.

Josh whispered, "It's practice. You know, for when we have girlfriends. You don't want your girlfriend to find out you can't kiss, do you?"

I looked around, again. The other boys were all enthusiastically "practicing" with each other, so I shrugged my shoulders and planted a slobbery one on Josh's lips.

This time, he pulled back. "Not like that!" he whispered, harshly. "Like this." Then he proceeded to teach me what I later learned was called "French kissing." It was a lot of fun—even with a boy.

Our make-out/fondling session lasted for the rest of the movie. Josh and I were interrupted by Kyle. "My parents have gone to bed, so we can do it, now." He had a mischievous grin on his face—and so did Josh.

Josh and I climbed out of our sleeping bag and joined the other boys, who were already up. I noticed that Kyle had a small jar in his hand.

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"Who's gonna go first?" Darien whispered.

"Brian should go first," Alex suggested, "'Cause he's new."

"He needs to watch how it's done, first," Josh advised.

"He doesn't need to know anything if he takes it first," Andrew snickered.

Kyle put an end to the discussion. "Knock it off, butt heads! We do it like we always do!"

Sam handed out slips of paper, and each of the guys wrote his name on one. I followed suit. Sam collected the slips, folded them in half, then placed them all in a bowl and shuffled them around.

Andrew reached into the bowl and pulled out the first slip. "Alex!" he announced.

Alex then drew a slip. "Josh!" Josh grumbled as the other boys snickered.

Josh reluctantly got on all fours. Kyle opened the jar he had and offered it to Alex, who stuck his finger into it and pulled out a scoop of something. Alex then stuck his finger into Josh's butt hole and wiggled it around. Josh squirmed a little. Alex pulled his finger out and wiped the rest of whatever was on it onto his stiff little penis. I was totally unprepared for what happened next.

Alex got behind Josh and pushed his penis into Josh's butt hole! The other boys laughed at the expression on my face as Alex began humping his penis into Josh's hole.

Darien nudged me on the elbow and said, "It's like fucking a girl's pussy."

"How would you know?" Andrew teased.

I knew what a girl's pussy was—in theory. I also knew that "fuck" was a bad word, but I had never before associated it with what Alex was doing to Josh. They looked like people who were having sex. Then it clicked: That's what fucking was!

My train of thought was interrupted when Alex started grunting. He was humping faster, now, and Josh was grunting, too.

"Keep it down!" Kyle whispered loudly. The other boys tried to stifle their laughter.

After about a minute, Alex grunted loudly, then collapsed onto Josh, his penis slipping out of Josh's butt as he did. After a very short time, Andrew touched Alex on the shoulder, and Alex rolled off Josh.

Josh rose up to his knees and drew a slip of paper from the bowl. "Sam!"

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Sam put the bowl down and got on all fours, like Josh had done previously, then Josh did what Alex had done to him. This proceeded to Sam fucking Andrew, Andrew fucking Darien, then Darien fucking Kyle. Then Kyle drew my name.

"At least his first time will be with a small one!" Miles said with hushed laughter. "I had to take Andrew first!"

By now, I knew exactly what was expected of me, but I froze. Having a boy put his fingers up my butt had been really weird, and I wasn't too sure about having a boy put his penis there!

Josh gently grabbed my arm. "Come on. It's fun! You can do it."

With that little encouragement, I got on all fours and waited for what I knew was going to happen. Kyle's fingers felt cold and wet as they slipped into my butt hole. I squirmed a little, but relaxed when he pulled them out—kind of like it was over. Then, I was surprised when I felt his knees push between my thighs and the top of his penis brush my hole as he pushed his hips firmly against my butt.

Because Kyle's penis was not quite two inches stiff, he only got the tip of it into me, which wasn't so bad. As he humped me, he'd push open my hole, then slip out, and it'd close back up before being opened again by his next thrust. About the time I was starting to get used to it, Kyle pushed hard against me and grunted. I felt a warm, wetter sensation in my butt, and I worried that Kyle might have peed in me. A few more grunts from Kyle, and the warm, wet sensation spread a little. When he climbed off me, my butt hole felt really messy.

Then Sam presented the bowl to me, and I, of course, drew Miles name, since his was the only one left. Miles quickly got on all fours and wiggled his butt at me. The other boys laughed—a little too loudly—so Kyle hushed them.

I scooped some of the slippery stuff out of Kyle's jar and pushed it into Miles butt. He wiggled it, again, which made the other boys laugh—but not so loudly, this time. Then I took my penis, which was so stiff that it was aching (it had been stiff since Alex had started humping Josh) and placed it against Miles' hole. Tentatively, I pushed forward.

As Josh had done with my fingers, Miles relaxed his hole as I pushed forward, so my penis slipped in easily. It was really warm in there! It felt incredible! Instinctively, I started thrusting my hips—and very quickly slipped out of Miles' hole; however, my hips kept thrusting on their own. Josh steadied me, and I pushed back into Miles. After several false starts—and more encouraging words from Josh—I finally got into a good rhythm.

Involuntarily, the pace of my thrusting quickened. I didn't really know what I was doing, but my body did (or thought it did). I felt like I was going to pee, but I couldn't stop. I just kept thrusting harder and faster. Without thinking, I pushed forward, hard, and felt a rippling sensation travel down my penis. I grunted—rather loudly. Josh immediately put

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his hand over my mouth. I felt another rippling sensation travel down my penis, then another, not quite as strong.

I was bent over, leaning on Miles' back, breathing hard, when Josh took my arm and gave me a little push. I rolled into a seated position next to Miles. I was sweaty and tired, but I felt wonderful! I regained my breath watching Miles hump Alex.

Kyle brought us a container of baby wipes, and we cleaned each other's penises and butt holes. The sticky stuff in my hole had leaked out between my butt cheeks, but Josh did a careful job of cleaning me up.

"Kyle makes a mess, doesn't he?" Josh said with a laugh. "He's the only one of us who can squirt—unless you can. Can you?"

I had no idea what Josh meant, but in the dimly-lit room, he must have taken my confusion for a no because he didn't say anything more about it.

We went to the toilet in pairs, which was embarrassing enough, but the door was left open, so it was really like having seven boys watching me do my business. I really just wanted to pee, but my butt still felt slippery, and I was afraid I wouldn't be able to hold anything in, if I needed to go later, so I ended up sitting on the toilet in front of all the guys, which really was not as bad as I had thought it would be. Besides, several of the other boys did it, too.

We returned to our sleeping bags, but there was no fooling around this time. We were all exhausted and fell right to sleep.



I woke up to the smell of bacon. That's the best way to wake up! Kyle, Andrew, Josh, and Miles were already up. I tripped over Sam making my way to the kitchen, and he got up with a grumble—punching Alex before climbing out of their sleeping bag and going out of his way to kick Darien.

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I was so bleary-eyed that I didn't even notice that I was naked in front of Kyle's mom, who was cooking breakfast. I stumbled onto one of the eight stools surrounding the kitchen island, taking a place next to Josh.

"So, what? Were you going to sleep all day?"

I opened my mouth to growl at him because that was the only reply I could manage, but before I could get anything out, he took a piece of bacon off his plate and crammed it into my mouth. As I chewed, I realized how hungry I was, which brought me fully awake. Soon after, Kyle's mom put a stack of pancakes in front of me, and I thanked her profusely.

Since they'd been up earlier, Kyle, Andrew, and Miles finished breakfast first. When they did, then went back into the family room, collapsed on the sofa, and watched Saturday-morning cartoons on TV. Josh waited with me until I finished my breakfast, which was good because Sam was grumpier than I was, Darien didn't say a word, and Alex was—well, Alex is annoying. Most of the time. Pretty much all the time.

As soon as I finished eating, Josh and I joined Kyle and the other boys in front of the TV. The other guys were sprawled over each other taking up the sofa, so Josh and I laid on the floor on top of our sleeping bags with our pillows propped against the sofa. Kyle climbed off the sofa and laid across Josh and rested his head on my belly. One of Kyle's hands went to Josh's boy parts, and the other went to mine.

I looked around and saw that Kyle's mom was still in the kitchen and had a clear view of us, should she look this way. I also noticed that Andrew had slid over behind Miles and was spooning him. Andrew was slowly rocking his hips—obviously rubbing his penis against Miles' butt—as one of his hands played with Miles' boy parts. I also saw that Josh had started playing with Kyle. It was clear that no one was worried about Kyle's mom, so I didn't worry either; I just relaxed and enjoyed Kyle's touch.

I noticed that while Josh played with Kyle with one hand, his other hand ran over Kyle's hips, butt, and legs, so I put a hand on Kyle's shoulder then ran it down his arm, over his belly and chest, then down his back. His skin was really soft, and it felt kind of cool to caress it like that. I ran the fingers of my other hand through Kyle's hair. He had wavy, shoulder-length hair that was longer than any other boy I knew. Like his skin, it was soft, and I enjoyed touching it.

Eventually, the other guys joined us, arranging themselves on the floor so that Sam could play with Darien, Darien could play with Alex, and Alex could play with Sam. I noticed that, every so often, Kyle would glance toward his mother, who was still in the kitchen. Eventually, she left the kitchen toward the living room. When she did, Kyle leaned over and took my entire penis into his mouth.

Boy, was I surprised! I gasped, which made Josh laugh. Apparently, I had a lot to learn; there seemed to be no end to the weird things my new friends did with each other.

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However, like the other things, this one felt really good—better than the butt fucking, even.

I lasted about a minute before I got the tingling feeling that I now knew did not mean that I was about to pee. I still didn't know what it was, but I knew I liked it! I felt my penis throb a few times, then it got very sensitive, so I pushed Kyle away. He looked at me with a big smile on his face. I smiled back.

Next, Kyle climbed off Josh and straddled my body, placing his stiff little penis right in my face. I knew what he wanted. I was reluctant to take it into my mouth—he peed with that thing, and it had been in my butt just last night—but he had done it to me, so I figured I owed him. It wasn't anywhere near as bad as I thought it would be.

I had never sucked on a boy's penis, before, so I just tried to remember what Kyle had done to mine and do the same to him. I guess I was doing it right, judging from the noises Kyle was making. About a minute later, I felt his penis pulse, and something thick and wet hit the back of my throat. I had to swallow to keep from choking.

I tried to pull away, but the sofa was right behind me, and Kyle was pressing forward. I pushed on Kyle's hips and did manage to get my head back, a little. That's when I felt Kyle's penis kick in my open mouth, and another glob of something landed on the back of my tongue. Whatever it was, it didn't really taste good—but it didn't really taste bad, either. It definitely wasn't pee.

There was another spurt from Kyle's penis, and I had to swallow again to keep from choking. Kyle fell back on his heels, and I saw a few thin, watery drops of fluid squirt from the end of his penis and splash on my chest. I examined it, trying to figure out what it was. Josh laughed, again.

"Tastes funny, doesn't it?" Josh said with a huge smile. I must have looked puzzled because Josh then explained, "We've all done it to each other, and we've all done Kyle. He started squirting just before spring break, last school year."

I guess I looked even more puzzled because Josh shook his head and laughed. "Cum! Jizz! Semen! You know, the stuff that guys squirt into girls to make a baby!"

I looked at Kyle, who was also laughing by now. My parents have talked to me about sex since I was little (I've even seen them doing it with each other a few times), so I knew what semen was (they always used the "proper" words for things, but Dad always told me the other words, too). I knew that I was too young to make it, but I also knew that I'd start making it some day—when I got older. I was surprised that Kyle was old enough—he was my age!

Then I thought about how I had swallowed it! I suddenly felt a little sick.

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"Oh, it's not that bad!" Kyle complained, then, to prove it, he leaned forward and ran his tongue up the full length of my belly and chest, licking up the few drops he had splashed on me. He sat back and smiled. "See?"

Josh leaned over and licked off a drop that had formed on the tip of Kyle's penis, then sat up and smiled at me, too. I got over the sick feeling, but I still wasn't sure I liked it.

"Do me!" Josh said to Kyle, and Kyle didn't hesitate. I looked around and saw that the other boys were finishing up, having been doing the very same thing. When Kyle had finished with Josh, which only took a minute, he jumped up and said, "We gotta measure while we're all soft!"

He then ran out of the room and down the hall. He was back in a flash with a ruler, which he was holding on top of his penis. "One inch!" he said, proudly.

"You don't have no one inch!" Miles argued, as he walked over. He took the ruler from Kyle and carefully positioned it. "Seven eighths!"

"Nuh uh!" Kyle protested.

Andrew came over and measured. "Sorry, pal: seven eighths." Kyle frowned.

By now, the other boys were all standing around Kyle, who took the ruler from Andrew and measured Josh. "One inch," he said in a sullen voice. Josh beamed, then took the ruler from Kyle.

"We gotta measure Brian, next."

Josh held my penis from underneath, laying the ruler on top. He looked carefully, adjusting the position of the ruler so the end just touched my belly without pushing on it. "One and...a half."

He then measured each of the other guys. Darien: 1 ¼". Alex: 1 ¼". Miles: 1 ¾". Sam: 1 ⅞" (although he insisted it was a full 2", Kyle and Andrew both agreed with Josh: 1 ⅞"). Andrew: 2 ¾".

Having established our vital statistics, we headed outside for a game of soccer. In less than one day, I had already gotten used to being naked inside, but it still felt a little weird to be outside without any clothes on—way different even from wearing nothing but a swimsuit.

Behind the screened-in pool and surrounding patio, Kyle had a big back yard surrounded by trees and bushes so that it was private. I still felt exposed out there on the lawn with no clothes on, but I quickly got over it as the sight of the guys' penises jiggling when they ran amused me to no end. Andrew's penis really flopped around!

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I'm not very good at sports, and the distractions didn't help, so I was messing up a lot. When the guys on my team would complain, Kyle would come over and show me what I had done wrong and how to do it right. That's what I mean when I say he's not like other popular guys I've known. Not only have I never seen Kyle try to make anyone feel bad, he's usually trying to help people out so they'll feel good. It made me want to try hard, so I stopped watching the guys' penises and focused more on the game. I still wasn't very good, but I got good enough that the other guys stopped complaining.

One time, a high kick sent the ball over the bushes and into the neighbor's yard. Kyle didn't hesitate to worm his way through the bushes to retrieve it. I heard voices on the other side of the bushes.

"Sorry, Mrs. Johnson."

"No problem, Kyle. Sounds like you have a crowd over there."

"Sleep over."

Josh turned to me with a smile. "Told ya! He doesn't care who sees him naked!"

Kyle emerged from the bushes with the ball, and the game resumed. However, it was interrupted again in a few minutes, this time by Kyle's mom.

"You boys need to be careful out here in the sun: You're not tanned all over the way Kyle is."

She was holding a bottle of sunscreen, and she insisted on applying it to each of us, herself, "to make sure you're covered everywhere." Of course, that meant her touching my butt—and boy parts—which was really weird—way weirder than being touched there by any of the guys. I didn't even let my own mother touch me there! The other guys didn't seem too happy with it, either. The worst part was that I got a stiffy, but so did Alex, Darien, and Josh, so I wasn't too embarrassed—till Sam teased me about it.

"Hey, Brian," he said, quietly, so Kyle's mom couldn't hear. "If you ask nicely, maybe she'll come back and finish it for you."

I gave him my best scowl and finished it off by scoring the next goal against him. It was the most I had enjoyed playing any sport ever!

When it got too hot even for eleven-year-old boys, we headed back inside. About half of us got into the air conditioning before Kyle's mom intercepted us.

"Stop right there! Dirty, sweaty boys need to hit the outdoor shower before coming into my house!"

I was confused, but only until I looked around and saw that we were, indeed, very dirty and very sweaty. We took turns rinsing off, but instead of going inside, we dove into the

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pool. This time, there was no horsing around; we just floated, cooling off. Eventually, Kyle did a couple laps, then he raced Andrew and Sam, but the rest of us were too tired.

After we showered again (to rinse off the chlorine)—and dried off thoroughly (at the insistence of Kyle's mom, who was once again guarding the doorway)—we went back inside to find that lunch was ready. There was ham, roast beef, turkey, and everything to go with them, so we could each make our own sandwich.

After lunch, we crashed in the family room to watch another monster movie. This time, we actually watched the movie because we were all too tired to fool around. By the time the movie was over, it was almost time for our parents to pick us up.

Kyle insisted that we had to measure our penises stiff before we left—and anyone who was too tired to get a woody had to take the soft measurement. Eleven-year-olds are resilient, so the threat was empty.

Kyle was still the smallest, but it didn't seem to bother him, this time: 1¾". Josh, Darien, and Alex were all right at 2". I was 2½". Miles and Sam were both 3". Andrew was 4½", which surprised me because I thought he'd be bigger.

"There are showers, and there are growers," Josh explained. "Andrew's a shower."

"When are you gonna do some growing, Josh," Andrew teased, but Josh wasn't bothered.

"When I go through puberty," he answered, confidently. "I'm not a grotesque monster, like some people I know."

As we were rolling up our sleeping bags, Josh warned me: "By the way. We don't tell our parents everything we do at Kyle's—if you know what I mean."

I had been curious since I'd figured out what the invitation meant, so I decided to ask. "Kyle, how come your parents are okay with...you know?"

"You mean the boy sex?" Kyle said playfully, taking pride that he wasn't embarrassed when I clearly was. "That's what my parents call it. Some people call it 'fooling around' or 'messing around.' My mom and dad say that that's how boys learn about sex before they're old enough to have girl friends. That's why there're cool with it. My dad said he used to do it with the other boys at summer camp, when he was our age."

Then he added a stern warning: "But we don't tell anyone outside the group about it! Not parents—and not the other kids at school. Got it?" I nodded. "Josh said you'd be cool, so that's why I invited you. So be cool."

"Don't worry; I won't say anything." There was no way I was telling my mom about the things we did. My dad, maybe, but not now that I'd promised. I certainly wouldn't say anything at school.

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In a hushed voice, Kyle added, "And don't talk about the butt fucking in front of my mom: It grosses her out, big time, and I'll get my hide tanned more than it already is if she finds out about it."

The boys, except Kyle, got dressed, which reminded me that I was still naked. I think I might have walked out to my dad's car, that way, if they hadn't done so.

Josh's mom and my dad were the first to arrive. My dad's always exactly on time for everything: never early, and never late. I had only put on my shorts (without my boxers). I often rode home from the beach or pool in just my swimsuit, so it wasn't so unusual, and I really didn't feel like getting dressed all the way.

On the way out, I thanked Kyle for inviting me, and in the driveway, I thanked Josh for getting me invited.

In the car, my dad asked me if I had all my stuff. "You were wearing a shirt and underwear when I dropped you off."

I blushed and adjusted the legs of my shorts because Dad's look told me how he knew I wasn't wearing underwear. "They're in my backpack."

"Did you have a good time?"

"I had a great time!"

"And you were okay being naked with the other boys?"

"Actually, I kinda liked it," I answered, shyly, which was an understatement because I really had loved it, which, of course, Dad could already tell.

"Kind of?" he asked, accusingly.

"Yeah, I liked it," I admitted, blushing just a little.

"Well, if you and your friends want to go naked around our house, I think I can quiet your mother's protests. Of course, it's usually little boys who like to run around naked, and older boys who start getting shy and putting on clothes, but you have a few years to make up for."

I thought about it. I knew I'd be okay in front of Dad; I wasn't quite sure about being naked in front of Mom, but it was worth a try!