

Sleepover Madness

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*Whitney host a sleepover for the Johto Gym Leaders... But she doesn't stop to consider the madness that will occur! *First ever Pokemon Fanfic!**

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1 - Sleepover Madness

Disclaimer: I don't own Pokemon.. If I did, it would have much more romance and the Buggy+Whitney pairing would be mentioned much more then and Ash pairings!

Author's Note: You might have read this before on another website. Just so you know; I AM DUPLICATED! I DIDN'T TAKE THIS AND CLAIM IT FOR MYSELF! THIS IS MY FIRST POKEMON FANFIC!

"Ooh...! I must hurry! They'll be here any moment!" Whitney cried as she rushed around her house, cleaning.

Clefairy and Miltank walked in and seen her, confused.

"What are you doing?" Clefairy asked.

"Cleaning!" Whitney answered.

"Why?" Miltank replied.

"Because I'm hosting a sleepover, and seven of my friends are coming!"

"Wait a second..." Miltank gasped. "You don't mean *the Johto Leaders*, do you!?"

"Yes, it's them!" The two Pokemon's eyes widened. Then, they started to laugh loudly, rolling on their backs. "What?!"

"Ohmigosh! Another crazy party!" Clefairy yelled. "Alone, your okay... But put the eight of you together and..."

"It's madness!" Miltank finished.

"Oh, c'mon! We're not that crazy, are we?!" Whitney sighed.

"Yes!" they both answered.

"Now that's just childish!" Whitney growled.

They immediatly stopped when she said this. Usually after she called someone 'a child' or 'childish', she was about to start crying.

"O-o-okay we'll stop!" Miltank cried as they started to run outside, only to run in to a group of people.

"Whoa! What's with you?!" Pryce asked in shock.

"It looks like you're running from some huge storm!" Chuck pointed out.

"We were..." Clefairy groaned.

"Oh! Your all here!" Whitney exclaimed as she began to pull them into her house.

They all looked around.

"Nice place!" they all gasped.

"Isn't it, though!" she blushed. "Okay, we still have a few minutes before dinner, so..." She layed down a rug with Japanese characters on it. "...Let's sit down!...No! Your all doing it wrong!"

"Sitting... wrong?" Buggy asked.

"Yes!" Whitney replied. "Everyone but Jasmine is sitting wrong!"

They all turned to Jasmine, who was sitting on her knees, traditional Japanese style.

"...Me?"

"Yep! Now all of you, do it!"

"Okay..."

A few minutes later...

"This is starting to get a little painful..." Falkner groaned.

"Why do we have to do this?" Clair asked.

Ding dong!

"There's dinner!" Whitney shot up, as everyone else began to do the same... "No! You stay seated!"

They all groaned.

"Hello, 500 please."

"Thanks! Here you go!"

"No, thank you, Whitney!"

"See ya!"

Whitney then walked back into the room, holding a box behind her back.

"What do you have?" Morty asked.

"I've got..." she held the box in front of her and opened it up. "...Pizza! Now you can get up! Let's eat!"

"Yay!"

They all got up, but because their feet were asleep, they lost their balance.

"Whoa!"

"I knew it!"

"My feet!"

"Oh dear!"

"I'm falling!"

"Oh no!"

"Oh crap it!"

They all fell down on top of each other.

"Aahhh... Never mind that..." Whitney groaned as she walked over to them. "For you, and you, and you, and you, and you, and you, and you, and me!"

"Hey, what about me?!" Bugsy asked, angrily.

"You don't need no pizza!" Whitney smiled.

"Oh, what a hostess; letting me starve!"

"Why do we need a kid like you?!"

"Kid?! I'm fifteen!"

"Still younger than me!"

The two continued to yell at one another.

"Oh dear..." Jasmine gasped.

"They never shut up..." Pryce sighed.

"Ha! I knew it!" Falkner yelled.

"Huh?" The two stopped in unison. "Knew what?"

"Gee! You two don't know how to stop, do ya?" he smirked.

"What?!" Bugsy exclaimed. "I wouldn't talk like that if I were you, pervert!"

"Why you little brat!"

"Falkner..." Clair groaned. "...Shut up!"

Falkner's eyes widened in shock. He then turned to Bugsy, who had an evil smirk on his face.

"Ganging up on me, huh?!"

"You can all shut up..." Whitney groaned, "... Because it is now time for spin the bottle!"

"What?!" everyone's faces turned bright red.

"Truth or dare!" she finished. " Spin the bottle truth or dare!"

"But... We're eating..." Jasmine pointed out.

"That's right... And why play that game while dinner?" Bugsy pointed out.

"You have a point... Hey! Since when do you have a piece?!" Whitney questioned.

"Since I snuck myself a piece." Bugsy grinned before taking another bite.

"Why you little brat!"

"Don't start!" Clair demanded.

"Nevermind, then! I have another game!" Whitney smiled "In this one, we get into groups of two and think of a secret based on someone in here... Then we tell who the secret is about!"

"Okay!" everyone replied as they got into their groups.

A few minutes later...

"Okay! I'm sure you all have your secrets by now!" Whitney smiled as everyone nodded. "Okay! We'll go first!"

"Our secret is about..." Falkner grinned "...Bugsy!"

"What?!" Bugsy's face turned bright red. "Me? What is it?!"

"Not telling!"

"Falkner, I knew you wouldn't tell...Whitney! What is it?!"

"Ahhh..." her face began to turn red. "...I can't say!"

".....Oh well!" Bugsy gave up. "I guess we're next!"

"Our secret is about Falkner!" Clair laughed.

"What?! A secret... About me?!.... And Clair knows it?!"

"Yep!" She giggled.

"What is it?!"

"Not telling!" Bugsy replied, in a mocking voice.

"Darn you, Bugsy!" Falkner growled.

Bugsy began to laugh. "Ha ha ha ha! O-o-okay! Who-who's next? Ha ha..."

"I guess we are." Morty answered.

"Umm... Our secret is about Whitney..." Jasmine replied quietly.

"What?!"

"I... I'm sorry!" Jasmine cried "Other than myself, you the only person I know secrets about!"

"What about Morty?" Whitney demanded.

"Out of us eight, I only know secrets based on me." he answered.

"Okay, Jasmine... Just make sure that if it's you know what, not to tell you know who!"

"Okay..." Jasmine nodded.

"Okay, I guess we're the last of the bunch." Pryce pointed out.

"Our secret is about Morty!" Chuck finished.

"M-m-me?!" Morty gasped.

"Yes! But don't worry, you already know that we know what you don't want you know who to know!"

Chuck grinned.

Everyone blinked.

"Was that meant to make you sound stupid?" Pryce asked after a few moments.

"...Okay!" Whitney chirped. "Now that that's over with and we're all done eating, lets play spin the bottle truth or dare!"

Everyone nodded.

Whitney walked into her kitchen, then came back with a pop bottle. She declared that she would go first... So she spun the bottle, and it landed on... Pryce!

"Okay Pryce! Truth or Dare?"

"Uumm... Dare!"

"Okay!" Whitney thought for a moment. "...I got it! I dare you to eat a whole bottle a mustard!"

"But I don't have any mustard..."

"Well then..." Whitney groaned as she walked back to the kitchen. "I'll have to get you some, huh?"

A few minutes later...

"Ooh... My stomach!" Pryce groaned. "That darnded mustard!"

"...Oh dear! Are you okay?" Jasmine asked in worry.

"Whatever you do, don't start thowing up!" Falkner cried, only to recieve an annoyed look from Buggy.

"Don't worry... I'm okay." Pryce sighed. "I guess I'm next...." He spun the bottle, and it landed on...
Chuck!

"I choose truth!" Chuck answered, remembering what had happened just now with Pryce's dare.

"Okay... Um... Uhh..." Pryce thought outloud.

"Ooh! I know one!" Falkner exclaimed, as he crawled over to Chuck and whispered something in his ear.

"Oh! That's sneaky!" Pryce grinned. "Chuck, if there was anything you could change about your wife, what would it be?"

"What?!" Chuck glared at Falkner angrily. "What kind of question is that?!"

"A good one!" Falkner chuckled, only to be elbowed in the stomach by Buggy.

"Well..." Chuck sighed as his face turned a tint of red. "If there was, I probably wouldn't be married to her..."

"Aaawwww! How cute!" Whitney cried.

"S-shut up!" Chuck demanded as he spun the bottle, and it landed on... Jasmine!

"Truth or dare, Jasmine?" Chuck asked.

"Uumm... Truth..."

"Okay, if there was anything you could change about yourself, what would it be?"

"Uuhhh... It may sound a bit strange for someone like me, but I can easily get sea sick, which I don't like..."

"Sea sickness, huh?" Morty asked, a little shocked.

"Yes... Well, I guess it is my turn now, is it not?" Jasmine said. This time, the bottle landed Morty!

"...Truth or dare, Morty?"

"Truth..."

"Okay... Um..."

"I got it!" Falkner declaired. "What do you look for in a women?!"

"What?!" everyone gasped.

"Uumm.. I guess that will do, because I can't think of anything." Jasmine blushed.

"Uhh..." Morty's face began to turn red. "...Well... She should be nice and caring... Not a loud mouth... And should be able to understand me..."

"Oh really? Anything else?" Falkner chuckled.

"No! And even if there was, I wouldn't say it!" Morty groaned, as he spun the bootle, nearly tossing it at Falkner... The exact person it landed on!

"I guess I'll chose dare." he said, being different.

"Oh, shoot!" Morty groaned. "I'm no good with dares..."

"I know a good one!" Buggy exclaimed with an evil smile.

"Okay, what is it?"

Instead of whispering it, Buggy told everyone the dare outloud...

"Falkner, we dare you to kiss the girl you like!

"What?!?!"

Chuck and Morty looked at the now blood-red faced Falkner and smiled.

"That sounds like a perfect idea!" Chuck laughed.

"No it doesn't!" Falkner yelled.

"Well, too bad, because that's the dare since I can't think of anything!" Morty grinned

Falkner looked down, his face completely red.

"I... I will if you all close your eyes!"

"Oh no! We're not gonna fall for that!" Whitney cried.

"Fall for what?!"

"Your telling us to close our eyes so that you can sneak away!"

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that..." Bugsy replied as he pulled a Pokeball out of his pocket. "I'll be able to tell if he did it or not... And he knows how well my Pokemon listen to me..."

"Oh really? Okay then!" Whitney chirped as she closed her eyes.

A few minutes later...

"Okay, you can all open your eyes now..." Falkner sighed...

They all did so, and looked around waiting for an unusual expression from one of the three girls.

"Umm... So, who was it?" Jasmine asked.

"I dunno..." Whitney answered.

"Aaaaahhhhhh!!!!!" Clair screamed, before she fainted.

"But now I do!" Whitney winked.

"Oh shoot!" Falkner groaned.

"So it's Clair?!" Pryce, Chuck, and Morty all gasped.

"You evil little brat!" Falkner exclaimed to Bugsy, trying his best to avoid answering the question..

"I know we're not related, but I guess I take it from you." Bugsy smirked.

"Why'd you make me do that!" Falkner continued.

"Because you haven't shut the heck up since this sleepover started, and it's really starting to tick me off!"

"But still...!"

"No buts!"

"Why you brat!"

"That's it!"

Everyone gasped as the two began to wrestle.

"Oh dear..." Jasmine sighed.

"Wait... That's my job!" Whitney cried. "Falkner, you meanie!"

"Uh... oh..." Morty whispered as he turned to Clair.

"...Will you knock it off, you idiots!" she exclaimed angrily.

"Wait..." Chuck gasped. "I thought you had fainted?"

"Yeah, she did..." Pryce nodded.

"Huh? I had fainted?" Clair asked in confusion.

"D-d-did they say they you had fainted?!" Falkner stuttered, trying to keep her from finding out why she had fainted. "They meant... Umm... Oh, look at the time!" He gasped as he pointed at the clock. "It's already three AM! Don't you think it's time to go to bed?!"

Everyone then looked at the clock, shocked about how late it was.

"Yeah... I guess it is..." Clair nodded, although she was still curious about why she had fainted.

"It is late, huh? So... Good night, everyone!" Whitney smiled before she got into her sleeping bag.

"Good night!" they all replied, doing the same.

A few minutes later...

Everyone had fell fast asleep... Well, everyone, that is, except Whitney...
She sighed looking over to her friends, remembering at that had happened.
'What a party!' she thought. 'Hmmm... Maybe Clefairy and Miltank were right... Maybe we gym leaders
create nothing but madness... But this type of madness is a real treat!'