**Piper and the College Boys**

By Little Bree

 Piper felt ridiculous. The dress, a "wave bodice dress" according to

the tag, was a creamy purple shade ("bright lilac") that Marissa had

cleverly dubbed creamed-muppet, and, without straps, it hung over Piper's

not-ample chest in defiance of gravity. She couldn't imagine wearing it

anywhere outside the store she was standing in, ever. After 3 hours in

dressing rooms at J Crew, the Limited and Abercrombie, all she wanted was a

pair of sweats.

 Of course, she couldn't let on that she was miserable.

 Her stepmother, Debbie, was eyeing the purple monstrosity up and down

with the sales girl. "It's a bit loose up top," she said, tugging at the

material as though to emphasize the location of Piper's inadequate boobs.

"Maybe something with a halter neck would look better? Like the cute red

one we saw? Why don't you try that one on, Pipes."

 Piper screamed inside and slunk back to the dressing room, crossing

paths with her stepsister Madison, who emerged looking fantastic in the

same creamed-muppet dress. Piper had no idea why her stepsisters even

bothered trying clothes on; they could both make burlap sacks look hot.

Designers had yet to stumble onto an outfit that would make them look fat

or flat chested.

 Piper was not so lucky. She wasn't ugly by any means, but people would

tend to describe her using words like "mousy", "pale" and "tiny." She was 3

months older than Madison, but a full 7 inches shorter and 2 cup sizes

smaller. Because nature liked it when she suffered, she also had virtually

unmanageable hair (currently a homemade shade of red because why not?) and

requisite ugly-duckling glasses.

 "Miserable yet?" asked Marissa as Piper traipsed back to the dressing

room with the ugly red dress under her arm.

 "No way," said Piper, dryly. "This is ever so much fun."

 Marissa laughed. "You're the one who wanted to come." The older girl

spun around to get a look at the way the yellow skirt molded to her

perfectly shaped butt, then shifted back around as if to be certain it

still looked amazing up front.

 "I believe I must have been drugged," said Piper. "No way I said that

on my own."

 She had wanted to come, though. She'd wanted to come badly, mostly

because they'd all assumed she wouldn't want to come.

 A week ago, for Christmas, Debbie'd stuffed gift cards in each of the

girls' stockings. Marissa and Madison had ones for Abercrombie and

Victoria's Secret. Piper's were from Amazon and Barnes and Nobel. It was

a nice gesture, getting her cards for stores she actually shopped at, but

it'd pissed her off just the same. She wasn't some sort of butch-lesbian

tom-boy; she was a girl, too! Just because the other two were so much

better at it didn't mean Piper didn't like to look pretty, too.

 Which is why she'd insisted on coming when the three of them went

shopping. Debbie'd been shocked, but once she realized her stepdaughter

was serious, she'd eagerly embraced the opportunity to play dress up with a

new human-doll.

 "Have you found anything you actually like?" Marissa asked, moving on to

a short blue dress that looked to Piper more like a cover-up she'd wear to

the beach.

 "There was one top at J. Crew that didn't make me look flat chested,"

Piper said. "I can't remember if Debbie liked it."

 Marissa giggled. "You obsess like you haven't got boobs at all," she

said. "You're still growing, too."

 "I'm 15," she said, "I think I'm done growing." Her other point wasn't

totally invalid. Piper's 32Bs, in any other family, would look respectable

and even chesty. Beneath the top of the red halter dress, though, they

disappeared completely.

 Marissa turned a head to look at the new outfit. "No way," she said.

"That's a train wreck."

 Even in the right size, it looked ridiculously big on Piper, like a

little kid dressed up in her mommy's clothes. "It'd still look

ridiculously hot on you or Madison," she said resignedly as she started

tugging it off.

 Marissa rolled her eyes and helped her stepsister out of the dress. "I

think your first mistake," she said, "is letting mom pick things for you.

Wait here and I'll put something together."

 For a long several minutes, Piper sat awkwardly alone in her panties and

bra. She wondered if there were security cameras in there. They weren't

hanging down where she could see them, but they might be hidden in the

ceiling. Marissa'd been almost naked in there for 45 minutes, and there

was no way male security guards weren't watching that show. Piper waved at

the ceiling to say hello, amusing herself greatly.

 Madison came back in with a fresh set of dresses to try on but just

smiled and rolled her eyes at her sister.

 "I'm just being sociable," said Piper, without further explanation.

 Marissa returned with a pile of clothes. "Here," she said, "this might

be more your style."

 Eight outfits later, Piper concluded that "her style" also looked

ridiculous.

 \*\*\* After lunch, on the realization that the other three intended to

spend several more hours trying on clothes, Piper's resolve broke and she

agreed to meet them by the Orange Julius at four o'clock. A symbolic point

wasn't worth three more hours of torture.

 Debbie'd been reluctant to turn her stepdaughter loose in the same cut

off skirt and vintage t-shirt she'd previously described as "ratty." She'd

waited years for the chance to put the girl in a country-club ready outfit,

and she hated to miss the opportunity. Without Madison's suggestion that

they could just pick up anything Piper might like and return it if it

didn't fit, it might not've been so easy!

 There wasn't a bookstore in the Twin Pines Mall, but on the less crowded

third floor--where the foot traffic was too low to sustain any of the

trendy stores--Piper found enough to keep her amused. The pet store lady

let her sit forever with the cutest cocker spaniel, and the bored sales

clerk in the billiards store taught her to play darts.

 The used CD store, though, was the high point. Charles Mingus' Epitaph

concert--complete with his angry rant that the audience should demand a

refund--for four bucks! It was a homemade bootleg, of course, but a

ridiculous find. It was the sort of thing you couldn't even find on the

internet.

 The sales clerk cocked an eyebrow at the price tag when she put it on

the counter. "We got this for four bucks?" he said.

 "I know!" said Piper. It was good to have a fantastic price

acknowledged.

 "Shit," he said as he rang it up. "You lucked out."

 Piper beamed. "Go me," she said.

 He smiled up at her. "You're into jazz?" he asked, disbelieving.

 "Totally," she said. " I've been looking for this one for forever."

 "Wow," he said. "That's a first. Usually pretty girls only buy the

jazz for their grandfathers. "

 Piper blushed. He was easily 5 or 6 years older than her, and it was

probably just politeness, but after the traumatic morning it was nice to be

called pretty.

 "And," he continued, "when they do buy it, it's always

Kind-of-fucking-Blue."

 They both laughed. It was like a jazz-geek secret handshake, bonding

over the sell-out Miles Davis. Real jazz fans didn't dislike Davis, but

everyone knew Kind of Blue was the go-to album for neophytes and douchebags

trying to look sophisticated.

 "I almost want to take your picture and post it on the wall," he said.

"Cool-jazz chicks are like Big Foot. No one is ever going to believe me."

 Piper giggled more. He was definitely older, but he was cool. For a

slightly chubby guy, he was even sort of cute, with a fuzzy beard and big

brown eyes. Like a teddy bear, she thought.

 "I can come back with witnesses if you want," she said.

 "Oh, you better come back," he laughed. "We need more of your kind. I

die a little inside every time I sell some poor kid a Miley Cyrus album.

It's so hard to watch, you know?"

 Piper shook her head solemnly. "When will they ever learn," she sighed.

 "But coming back isn't good enough," he said. "The other degenerates

here will think I put you up to it."

 "You do seem like the sort that'd pull something like that."

 "Don't I? I know. I would too, I just didn't think of it earlier." He

stroked his beard, pretending to be deep in thought. "No, though, what I

think we need to do is, you know, trade phone numbers and that way I can

call you and you can verify the story."

 Piper smiled wryly at him. "Hmm," she said, "wouldn't they think you

put me up to that too?"

 "Um, possibly, but then..." he stopped for a moment and reconsidered his

plan. "But THEN," he continued, before making a show of stopping and

backing up again. "Um, yeah, good point.

 Piper giggled and twirled her hair absently, genuinely amused.

 "I don't suppose you want to just give me your phone number and let me

think of a clever pick up line later, do you?" he asked. "I promise, it'll

be like the best line you've ever heard. I just need some time to work on

it."

 Poor fair-skinned Piper hoped she wasn't visibly blushing. She knew she

was, but she hoped she wasn't. He was hitting on her? That never

happened! Her brain repeated "ohmygod" on a rapid loop.

 "Um, sure," she said with a smile after what she hoped wasn't too long a

pause. "But it better be good. I'm holding you to it!"

 "I'm George, by the way," he said as he found a scrap of paper and a

pen.

 Piper was shocked at how nervous he seemed. How the heck was HE

nervous?

 "I'm Piper," she said. "It's nice to meet you."

 "You too," he said. "Haven't seen you around before. You go to

Pinecrest?"

 Piper froze. The State University at Pinecrest was the liberal arts

college that dominated the southern edge of town. It was the only college

within even reasonable commuting distance. He somehow thought

five-foot-and-flat-fifteen-year-old Piper went there? Obviously, he was a

shitty judge of age, but Piper didn't want to ruin this.

 "Yeah," she lied. "I do."

 "Very cool."

 "But I live off campus," she said, maybe too quickly.

 "That's awesome," he said.

 "Yeah, I rent a room from this family. They're sort of cool."

 "Great," he said.

 "But yeah, it'd be good cause I haven't really hung around on campus

very much," she said. "So I don't know that many people. Because I'm

mostly off campus. Which is why you probably haven't seen me there

before."

 George didn't speak for a long pause, as if he was waiting for the

too-long-explanation to keep going.

 "So I'm not working Friday," he said at last. "And my buddy just sent a

bootleg of the Lester Young jam from the Library of Congress. Wanna hang

out and give it a spin?"

 "Sure!" she said.

 "Great," said George. "I'll call you to work out the details."

 "Ok," said Piper. She was smiling dumbly, and thinking that she should

say something clever and cute, but her head was swimming and she couldn't

come up with anything. If another customer hadn't come to the counter to

pay, she may not have remembered to leave.

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 "And don't drink anything unless you opened it yourself."

 Marissa was full of important pointers like that. En route to Pinecrest

she'd already instructed Piper on the many ways to incapacitate a

would-be-rapist, how to appropriately scream for help (yell "fire" not

"rape") and the many ways she should never flirt. "I can't believe you

wore a skirt," she said. Skirts were apparently taboo on a first date, but

Piper thought she looked good in it.

 "Relax," she told her sister. "We're just listening to music. Nothing

is going to happen."

 Marissa frowned sternly. Debbie or her dad would've been worse, Piper

knew, which is precisely why she'd asked Marissa for the ride, but her

sister worried way too much.

 George was waiting on the porch of a big old house when the girls pulled

up. He smiled and waived.

 "Remember to call if anything goes wrong," Marissa reiterated.

 "Yes, mom," Piper teased as she hopped out.

 "Who's the blond?" asked George as they watched her pull away.

 Piper's stomach sank. This was supposed to be HER guy. He wasn't

supposed to be looking at Marissa. "My roommate," she said.

 "Huh," said George. "I didn't think you'd be hanging with the

cheerleader type."

 Piper would've jumped up and down. He'd seen the gorgeous blonde and

still preferred the mousy redhead. It felt like victory!

 "She's nice," said Piper. "For that sort, anyway."

 He lead her inside and gave her the grand tour. George shared the house

with 5 other guys, all of them students. It was a bit run down and they

obviously didn't do much to maintain it, but you could tell it used to be a

really nice house. "I cleaned up `cause I knew you were coming over," he

said sheepishly. "You should've seen it before."

 Piper giggled. She was way too nervous to care.

 "Do you want something to drink?" He asked.

 "Sure," she said.

 "Anything in particular?"

 Eager to not be difficult, she'd offered up a noncommittal "whatever

you're having," and George returned with a bottle of white wine from the

fridge. Piper gulped. It hadn't even occurred to her that he meant

alcohol. She'd never actually drank wine before, but she figured she was

trying to act like a college student and a little wouldn't hurt.

 For an hour, they sat on the couch and listened to Lester Young while

they drank the wine. The music wasn't good so much as rare, and Piper had

to force herself not to wince when she sipped her wine. Still, she was

having fun. George was sweet and funny, and said things about the music

that were actually smart.

 More importantly, she couldn't get over the way he looked at her. Guys

looked at Marissa and Madison like that, but never at her. There was

something intangible about it, but it was focused and wanting--like the

only thing he wanted to look at in the world was her. Old people and

grandparents can call a girl pretty, but a guy who looks at you like that

has to mean it. For the first time in her life, Piper felt beautiful.

 George refilled her glass again and fetched another bottle. She'd never

been drunk, of course, but this felt pretty ok. Better take it slow, she

thought.

 "Do you like the wine?" he asked.

 "Yeah," she said. "It's really good."

 "I'm glad you like it," he said. There was an awkward pause as he

clearly had no idea what to say next. "You look really pretty," he said.

 Piper just blushed and smiled.

 "I love your hair," he said as he reached over and brushed a stray lock

from her cheek. "I never dated a red head before."

 She waited for the joke about the carpet matching the drapes, which

she'd heard at least a million times, but he apparently knew better.

 His hand drifted over until he'd put an arm around her and tugged her

closer on the couch. Up next to his stocky frame, she felt so little. She

knew she had to be careful, because she must have been at least a little

drunk, but she hugged him and snuggled into his chest.

 Then he leaned her back and kissed her.

 It was electric. Her whole body tensed at once as she felt his lips

parting hers, and his tongue slipping so confidently against her own. His

beard tickled her face, and he tasted like wine.

 George pulled her up and onto his lap like a little girl without ever

breaking the kiss. She felt his hand resting on her knee, and despite

Marissa's warnings, she let it stay. She liked it there. She wanted it

there, and found herself wanting him to touch her more.

 It was hard to say how long they kissed. Piper could've stayed there on

his lap for blissful hours or days. At some point, though, she felt his

hand on her thigh above the hem of her skirt and sliding higher. He let

his finger tips traipse across her bare leg, giving her goose bumps with

every touch. When he finally reached her panties, Piper reflexively parted

her legs, seemingly inviting him to feel her delicate pussy.

 George kissed around the side of her neck and nibbled her earlobe as he

tugged aside the cotton panties and stroked her wet lips. Piper knew

better than to let him keep going, but she knew she wanted this more than

anything in the world right then. On pure lusty instinct she found herself

bucking her hips ever so slightly forward, into his hand. With little

other prompting he'd found his way into her pussy, and begun to circle two

fingers around her clit.

 Boys had never played with Piper like that before. The one guy that had

ever even touched her down there was too quick and too clumsy. It had been

more irritating than sensual. Whatever spot George had found, it was the

right one!

 He paused for a too-long moment to tug her panties all the way down and

off through the bottom of her skirt. Then he turned her around in his lap

so that they were facing the same way, and her legs were spread lewdly onto

each side of his legs. At the new angle, George could push a finger deep

into Piper's snatch while still teasing her clit with his thumb. It was an

incredible sensation, unlike anything the teenager had ever felt before!

 George kept kissing her neck. "Do you want to go up stairs?" he

whispered.

 Piper knew better than that. She loved the way he was touching her,

loved the way he made her feel, and wanted nothing more than to just let

him have his way with her. She wanted it! But she knew she couldn't.

Huge sluts will sleep with a guy on the first date, but even they don't

lose their virginity like that. "I shouldn't" she whispered back.

 Obviously, George was disappointed, but he didn't pressure her. He let

up on the fingering and pulled her in close again, snuggling next to her on

the couch. He poured them more wine. "Sorry," he said, "I guess I got a

little carried away."

 She hugged him tight and kissed his neck. "I liked it," she said. "A

lot. I'm just not ready for, you know, that yet."

 He stroked the small of her back and kissed her forehead. "The curse of

dating one of them classy broads," he teased. "I'll wait until your ready,

gorgeous."

 The music was still going, but Piper wasn't listening. He really liked

her! It wasn't even like Marissa said, how guys just wanted sex. She told

him no sex, and he was still into her. Maybe it was a trick, because she

wanted him more now than ever, but what a trick that'd be.

 "Hey George-Ay!" came a voice from the kitchen. "What's going on my

man?"

 A skinny boy in slacks and a stained tuxedo shirt walked into the room,

but stepped back when he saw Piper snuggled up next to George. "Oh jeez,"

he said, "I didn't know you had company. Sorry about that." He extended a

hand to Piper, "I'm Mike," he said.

 "Mike, this is Piper," said George, taking care of introductions. "He's

my roommate."

 "Nice to meet you," she said politely, shaking his outstretched hand.

 "You too," he said. "You guys just chilling on some wine?" he asked.

 Piper was mortified when she realized that her panties were laying

conspicuously on the coffee table, barely blending in with the magazines .

She couldn't grab them back without drawing more attention, so she just

prayed he didn't notice.

 "Yeah, just some jazz and some wine," said George.

 "Nice," said Mike. Whatever awkwardness there was in the room, he

seemed to be missing it. "You guys doing anything later? I got some sweet

stuff from this dude at work. I was thinking `bout putting on some of that

Davis stuff of yours and doing a bowl. You want in?"

 "I don't know," said George, "What do you think, Piper, does that sound

like fun?"

 Piper, of course, had no idea what she was supposed to say. She wanted

to hang out with George, but she also wanted to be cool and into the things

he wanted to do. If he wanted to be alone, that's what she wanted, but if

he'd decided this'd be more fun she wanted to do what he wanted. It was a

very tough call and she was hoping for a cop out. She wondered if he'd let

her go call Marissa.

 "Whatever you want to do is fine with me," she finally said, very proud

of herself.

 "Great!" said Mike. He apparently inferred that George was game. "Let

me get out of the waiter-suit and make some calls. We're gonna party!"

 "Sorry about that," said George as his roommate disappeared up the

stairs. "You sure this is cool?"

 "I want to do whatever you want to do," she said, very coyly.

 "You are one cool chick," he said with a smile.

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 The "Party" wasn't really a party so much as five guys (and Piper)

sitting around a living room with a stereo and a bong. Mike had spent an

hour trying to round up some "hot chicks" to come hang out, but it was not

a fruitful effort. As they pushed play on Miles Davis' Bitches Brew, Piper

remained the only girl in the house.

 Feeling awkward and out of place, she'd been too shy to turn away the

bong when they passed it her way, but she'd been forced to confess, as she

fumbled with it, that she'd never smoked pot before. George, thankfully,

was happy to teach. The first few efforts ended with gagging and watering

eyes, but the guys ultimately clapped and cheered for her successful

inhaling. She stood to take a playful bow.

 Piper was still feeling the four glasses of wine, which had stealthily

but certainly put her tiny body over the legal limit, but the pot mellowed

her out and made her feel very surreal. It was very mellow, but not

sleepy. No wonder people like this stuff, she thought.

 She smiled dopily at George, who smiled back, and then she slid onto his

lap. There was room on the couch, they both could see, but she liked

sitting on him. She wondered if she was being as cute as she felt like she

must be.

 "I don't know, man," said one of the guys on the floor, a long haired

blonde guy named Pete. "I'm just not digging the music. Its all just sort

of horns and shit. Who really likes this, man?"

 George seemed to ignore the slights on his music as he dreamily stroked

Piper's arm. She regretted ever agreeing to hang out for the party,

because he obviously would've preferred to take her somewhere else.

 "Chicks, man," said another guy. He was a Hispanic boy who probably had

a real name, but they all called him Speedy and that's how they introduced

him to Piper. "Chicks get all hot and wet over shit like this man. It's

like panty remover."

 "For real, yo?" asked Pete.

 "For real," said Speedy.

 Pete took another hit and sat for a long moment thinking deeply. "What

the fuck man, how do you know that? Ain't no chicks getting' down with

you."

 "Fuck that, man," said Speedy. "I'm getting plenty. It don't matter

though, I know it's true. Mike, you tell him."

 "It's true," said Mike on the inhale, as he took another hit. He passed

the bong to George before he finally exhaled. "Totally true."

 "What do any of you pansies know," said Steve. Steve was tall and

black, with a deep baritone voice. He was too cool for the floor, so he

got the lazy-boy. "You got a cute little thing sitting right there in Big

G's lap," he said. "Why don't you ask her?'

 "Oh shit, yeah" said Pete, "um, redhead girl...um..Piper! Piper, does

this shit like make girls horny and shit?"

 All eyes turned to Piper, who'd been happy to just blend into the

background. She was, predictably, bright red as five college men eagerly

awaited an explanation of what turned her on.

 "Well," she said, squirming. "Sometimes. I think. I guess it depends

on the girl."

 George handed her the bong, and she took another hit. Her head was

absolutely spinning now, and she knew it was a horrible idea to take more.

 Most of the guys were willing to leave the answer well enough alone, but

Pete was too far gone for that.

 "Well what about you?" he said. "Does it make you horny?"

 "Dude," objected George, "I'm sitting right here."

 Piper appreciated the way he leapt to her defense.

 "What, man? I wasn't hitting on her or nothing, just a simple

question." Pete seemed genuinely confused by the bad reaction.

 "I thought it was an excellent question," said Mike. "What up, Piper?

We need to know this stuff."

 Once again, Piper turned red.

 "Oh shit," said Mike, "She blushes so cute. Are we embarrassing you?"

 "A little," she said.

 "You'll have to excuse them," said Steve. "They don't usually get to

talk to pretty girls."

 Piper could get used to this pervasive belief that she was a pretty

girl.

 "Of course we don't," said George. "At some point, they meet our

friends and run away screaming."

 Everyone laughed.

 That might've cut the tension, but Pete wasn't having that. "Seriously,

though, man, I gotta know this shit, yo. It's like life changing if chicks

get all sloppy for gay ass music, you know?"

 "You could buy a record and experiment," George said. "I actually know

a place where you can buy that sort of thing. Shitty management but

excellent staff."

 "For serious, yo, I just wanna know yes or no."

 "Fine," said Mike. "Speedy, is your pussy wet? Pete needs to know."

 "You're hilarious, man. Absolutely hilarious." Speedy was mellowing out

and taking another hit.

 Pete was determined. "Come on, George. She's your bitch, just reach up

there and check so you can tell me yes or no, yo. I can't afford to be

buying records and shit if don't work."

 "That does seem reasonable," said Mike, "it is for science."

 "Yes," said Speedy, "for science!"

 Piper was just stuck blushing. The attention was overwhelming,

especially on top of the booze and the drugs. The whole thing felt so

surreal and silly. She was still plain old short pale Piper, but these

guys were treating her like a super hot girl. She wondered if this was

what every day was like for Marissa and Madison. She determined stop

thinking about the pair of them, because they weren't there and it was her

turn to be the sexy girl.

 She spun herself around and looked doe-eyed back up at George. A

mischievous smile curled across her lips. "Well," she said, "if it's for

science."

 George's eyes opened wide with surprise, but he smiled too. "For real?"

he whispered.

 Piper just shook her head yes in giddy agreement. The boys all watched

intently as George slid his hand up Piper's skirt to feel her pussy. "Oh

my," he said as he too blushed, "this one very wet little girl!"

 There was another cheer. Piper was already incredibly turned on, but

the attention made her so much hotter. Having gotten away with the public

display, George didn't let up. He kept his hand up her skirt and very

casually played with her pussy in front of the boys.

 "Man, I wish I had a chick that cool," said Pete.

 "Hells yeah," said Speedy, "You done good with that one, G-man."

 They smoked some more and switched discs, tossing on Lee Morgan.

Piper'd never had an orgasm before, but George was achieving things that

felt a lot like what she'd always expected. It took all of her will power

not to scream at points, and even more to keep from dragging George to his

bedroom. She was getting by just squeezing his free hand, tighter and

tighter as he drove her wilder and wilder.

 "Whoa," said Pete as he looked up at Piper. "Is he still like fingering

you and shit?"

 Piper was too breathless by that point to speak, but she smiled big and

nodded yes.

 Speedy, lying on the floor, sat up to look for himself and all the boys

were soon openly gawking as George fingered his date.

 "Piper, you are like the coolest chick ever," said Mike.

 "Fuck yeah, man," said Pete. "That shit is hot!"

 Piper couldn't believe how hot it made her to be stared at like that.

She should have been embarrassed and flipped around, but instead she was

squeezing George's hand so hard that he actually started to pull it away.

 "You don't mind us looking?" asked Speedy.

 Piper shook her head no, still smiling and blushing.

 "Fuck man, that's hot," said Pete. "I'm gonna need to whack over that

like nobody's business."

 "Dude!" objected George, but Piper just giggled.

 She could feel a wave rising in her, moving steadily towards a breaking

point. Her breath was short and her heart was pounding. She ground her

pussy eagerly into George's hand and gave up on modesty as the orgasm

overwhelmed her. "Oh my god!" she shouted, not caring at all that they

heard. She was moaning, loud and unbridled, her vision seeming to fade for

a moment as she reached the peak. It was incredible!

 As she came back down from the intensity of the orgasm, Piper became

aware of the boys who were literally standing to clap for her performance.

 "Bravo!" shouted Mike.

 "Encore!" said Speedy.

 Pete was sitting slack jawed while even cool-as-nails Steve nodded

appreciatively.

 Piper, regaining her composure, was mortified. "Oh my God," she said,

less enthusiastically than a moment ago, "I can't believe I did that."

 George hugged her close, trying to be reassuring.

 "It's ok, girl," said Speedy, "pot does some weird shit to people."

 "Plus that was super hot, yo," add Pete. "Like super hot. I got a

boner that's gonna like split my pants, you know?"

 "You ok?" whispered George, ignoring his stoner friends.

 She looked up at him sheepishly. "Still like me?"

 "More than ever," he said with a shy smile. "That was really hot."

 She smiled. "Really?"

 "Oh yeah," he said.

 She smirked. "I kind of liked it, too," she said. "Just a little."

 They turned back to the group and Piper started to relax. The drugs

helped.

 "Fuck man," said Pete, "that was ridiculous hot. I know it was like

before and all, but I'm still like all stiff and shit cause it was that

hot."

 Piper giggled. "I'm sure if you want to come sit on George's lap he can

take care of you, too, Pete."

 Speedy nearly choked on the beer he'd just cracked, and stood up to

trade a high five with Piper for the burn.

 "So was that like good for you, Piper?" Pete asked. "You know, all of

us looking and shit? Some girls get off on that, right?"

 "Yeah," she admitted, "a little." She realized it was absurd to still

feel shy in front of these guys.

 "Be careful George-ay, she's a freaky little minx," said Mike.

 Piper giggled. Again.

 "So you like guys looking at you?" Pete asked.

 Piper shrugged. "I guess so."

 "Fuck yeah," he said. "Can we see some then?"

 "Whoa, dude," said George. "Seriously? That's a bit much."

 "What the fuck man, you just fingered her twat like in front of us, man.

Just wanted to see the whole thing so I could whack off quick, you know?"

 "Dude, you're not allowed to whack off over my girlfriend," George said.

 Piper did not miss that "girlfriend" business, and she perked up

proudly.

 "Actually, G, I was totally planning on doing that myself," said Mike.

 "Me, too" said Speedy.

 "As was I," said Steve in that crazy baritone.

 Mike looked right at Piper. "If you could be loud later on, when you

guys are in bed, that would be super helpful. Ok?"

 Piper playfully winked agreement.

 "Dudes, come on now. You're gonna scare her away." George stood up,

nobly ready to kick somebody's ass to defend what was left of Piper's

modesty.

 "But dude," said Pete, clearly still oblivious to social cues, "you get

to fuck her later, all we want's an eyeful."

 George stepped towards him on the floor, clearly intent on punching him.

He probably would have too, if Piper hadn't grabbed his shoulder.

 "Wait, George," she said softly, "he's right." She stood up and moved

around in front of him. She was barely up to his chest, and had to crane

her head back to look him in the eye. "It's only fair," she said with a

naughty wink, "they deserve a little bit of a view. After all, you do get

to fuck me later."

 Whatever anger George felt dissipated in an instant. He just stared

down into her big brown eyes, even bigger through her glasses, and drank in

the naughty gleam in her smile.

 She tugged him lower so she could whisper in his ear. "By the way," she

said, "I'm a virgin."

 He couldn't speak, and his heart may have stopped. He muttered a barely

articulated "really?" and Piper gave him a girlish grin and a sincere nod.

He made a show of pinching himself and not waking up.

 "So it's a yeah?" said Pete, waiting eagerly and sucking down another

hit.

 "If George will help me," said Piper playfully. The decision to go

through with this was drug induced and lust crazed, but she was grounded

enough to know that for her first time, her boyfriend--or whatever he was

going to be--should be the one that undresses her.

 George was blushing now more than she was, but he stood up next to her

while the other four circled around.

 "Wait," she said, "I can't strip to Lee Morgan. Do you have a Harlem

Nocturne or something?"

 "I thought you'd never ask," said George with a grin, and he pulled

Coltrane and Duke Ellington's rendition of the sexy standard from an

all-too-convenient perch on the mantle. Piper cocked an eyebrow at him.

"Pretty girl, likes jazz. You have to keep these things close," he said.

"No judging!"

 The bass line started and Piper started to sway. They hadn't asked for

a strip tease, and she wasn't a dancer, but she loved the horny stares and

the eager anticipation. Plus, she liked the idea of stripping to Coltrane.

Dancing, even badly, felt very right.

 She slipped out of her sandals right away, and pressed her backside up

against George as she swayed seductively. The big man moved tentatively,

unsure how to play stripper's assistant. "I'm all yours," she said

seductively, standing stiller to let him at her clothes.

 After a blind search that may have appeared, to the appreciative

onlookers, like grabbing the teenager's ass, George found the zipper on the

side of the skirt and yanked it down. Piper continued to swivel her hips

as he slid the skirt down her legs and let it fall to her feet.

 George knew her panties were purple--he'd left them on the coffee table

earlier--but it was the first time he'd seen them on her. They were

visibly damp, and the audience found this incredibly sexy.

 Piper knew the word euphoria, but she'd never been able to really wrap

her head around happiness that was just extra-happy. Standing there,

nearly naked in front of a horny mob of men who were beside themselves to

look at her, the ugly stepsister, while a guy she'd decided she was

absolutely crazy about put his hands all over her eager body to the sounds

of perhaps the sexiest jazz record of all time, she finally got it. Even

without fingers in her pussy, she felt on the brink of orgasm. Through the

soft haze of pot and alcohol, she tried her best to remember every single

mundane detail of the moment.

 George lifted the t-shirt over her head, and the boys beheld the slender

girl in her bra and panties. If she'd planned ahead and even imagined a

scene like this, Piper would've worn a lacey bra or something sexy, but

lacy bras don't work under t-shirts and she'd only intended to make her

breasts look good from outside her clothes. At least, she thought, it

matched the panties. She wondered if the boys appreciated that, but

stopped caring when she felt George's hand on her breast for the first

time.

 The song was coming steadily to the end as George unclasped her bra and

let it drop the ground. There were no disappointed groans as Piper

displayed her naked tits, and she was pleased with that. Pete, ever

subtle, pulled his hard cock out of his pants as he stared shamelessly at

her body in just a the little purple panties.

 "Niiiice," said Speedy. "Perky tits are the best sort of tits."

 Shy gyrated and bounced her little breasts, and Mike hollered his

appreciation. "Bounce those little titties, oh yeah!"

 Piper swayed with her man for a moment, and looked up at him with lusty

bedroom eyes as she squeezed his very obvious hard on through his jeans.

The size of it gave her pause, and she wondered how that big thing was

going to fit into her tiny little box. It was too late to back out now,

though, and she knew she didn't want to.

 George, feeling the climax approaching slid a big hand into her panties,

feeling her wetness again before sliding the small purple cloth down the

length of her toothpick legs and off her dainty feet into a pile with the

skirt.

 Her bush was brown, a departure from the curtains, but the hairs were

sparse. Even from the couch, the guys could clearly make out her small

tight lips.

 "Oh fuck yeah," said Pete, "She's an inny. Hot!"

 Piper was naked. Five boys....five men, were sitting there staring at

her naked and thinking about nothing else in the world but having sex with

her. She could feel their desire like it was tangible, and she couldn't

get enough of it.

 For the remaining measures of the song, she did her best to be sexy,

twirling around to let them see all of her, even bending at the waist when

Speedy requested it. She finished, on a surprising request from Steve,

crawling on her hands and knees and lifting her butt in the air.

 "Oh yes," said Steve, "I love to see a little white ass and cunt wiggle

in the air like that. Yes indeed!"

 Pete, to his credit, timed his own finish the ass wiggling climax.

 The song ended and the boys once again offered a standing ovation. They

teasingly tossed dollar bills towards her. She took a playful bow and

couldn't stop giggling.

 As they settled back down, she locked eyes with George and they both

smiled. The big man lifted her into his arms and she draped her hands

around his neck. "Well, defender of my honor, are you ready to deflower

your little girlfriend?"

 George seemingly leapt the stairs on the way to his room, and kissed the

petite girl with such raw intensity from the moment he'd laid her down on

the mattress, that it almost made her light headed. He sat back over her,

and just stared up and down at her beautiful naked body, the one she was

inviting him to have his way with.

 "You are so incredibly sexy," he said. "I totally don't deserve you!"

 Piper couldn't get enough of the way he looked at her. "You've already

got me," she whispered.

 George nearly tore the buttons off his shirt as he hurried to get it

off. Piper popped his fly, and slid his jeans and shorts down. His cock

poked right out, hard as a bat and seemingly huge. She did her best to

wrap her tiny hands around it, and considered again how something so big

and hard could possibly fit inside of her little pussy. "It's sooo big,"

she said.

 She was supposed to put her mouth on it, she knew. Guys love that, or

so Marissa insisted. Piper wondered if that meant they loved it as an

alternative to sex, or part of sex. There wasn't time to call and ask.

 Shyly, she lowered her face to his shaft and wrapped her lips around it.

It felt huge in her mouth, even bigger than it looked or felt in her hand.

She rolled her tongue around the top of it, but couldn't imagine getting it

all into her mouth. Marissa'd told her more than once that you have to be

careful with your teeth, and she hoped she was doing that part right.

 George let out a soft moan and Piper turned to look. "Am I doing it

right?" she asked, naively.

 "Oh God yes, baby, you're doing it perfect."

 She smiled proudly and lowered her face back onto his dick.

 "Attagirl," he said. "You look amazing with my cock in your mouth,

baby." George put his hands on her breasts as she sucked him, and toyed

with her nipples between his finger and thumb.

 He moaned then, and started to sit up, his hands on her torso as he

rolled her onto her back. He sat on the edge of the bed beside her, and

opened a drawer in the nightstand. Fiddling through for something, the

blissful look on his face quickly fade. "Shit!" he cursed. "I'll be right

back," he said, "I've got to find a condom."

 Piper hadn't even remembered that they'd need one, she'd just been so

caught up in the moment. She hated that he'd have to leave. The moment

was too perfect to spoil. "It's ok," she said, finishing the math in her

head--Marissa was on the pill, so the other girls fell into predictable

cycles around her. "I get my period on Monday," she explained, "I think

I'm ok."

 "Are you sure?" George asked.

 Not entirely, thought Piper, but she didn't say so out loud. "Yeah,"

she insisted.

 George rolled back into bed, and stared deep into her eyes. "You're

sure this is what you want?"

 Piper hugged him tight and nodded yes. "I want you," she said, as the

big man positioned himself and his rock hard cock between her spread legs.

 She quivered as she felt the head of it resting against her wet slit,

and yelped softly as he pushed it forward into her. His cock did feel huge

in her, and he'd only begun to sink its length inside.

 "You are so tight," he grunted.

 "Oh baby, it hurts but I want it all inside of me," she was eager for it

now, thriving on the energy.

 George sawed in and out, bucking franticly and aggressively until at

long last he tore away her hymen, and buried the length of his cock in the

tight recesses of her vagina.

 Piper gritted her teeth through the pain, focusing all of her energy on

the incredible sensation of being filled with cock for the first time. She

felt the waves of an orgasm that had been building from the moment she'd

looked into his eyes, when she'd agreed to strip and promised to fuck him.

 Before it could crash, she felt George shudder and tense, and her pussy

flushed with a warm sensation. He came in her, she knew. He'd fucked her

and cum inside of her. Her boyfriend had just fucked her. It sounded so

sexy, so grown up. Mousy little Piper just got fucked by a big strong man.

 "You were amazing," he said as he rolled off of her. She cuddled up

beside him and lay her head on his chest. He put and arm around her and

stroked her hair.

 They lay in silence for several minutes. Piper could hear the steady

rhythm of his heart pounding through his chest.

 As her heart rate returned to normal, Piper shivered. It was cold, even

pressed tight against George's warm body.

 "Sorry about that," he said. "Heat doesn't really work in here." He

pulled the blanket up over her and walked over to grab a thick t-shirt from

the dresser. "Here," he said, "you can sleep in this."

 Piper sat up and shook the cobwebs out of her head. "I can't," she

said. It hadn't occurred to her before that she'd need an excuse to go

home, "I, um, have to work in the morning. Really early."

 "That's cool," he said, "I do too. We can get breakfast."

 "I wish I could," she said, standing up. "It's just my par...my

roommates will panic if I don't come home tonight."

 "Just call and tell `em you're staying here," he said.

 "They are um, very religious, though. If I tell them about this, you

know..." she stuttered nervously, "they'll be dragging me to church and

making me confess and stuff." It was the best she could come up with.

"What time is it, anyway?"

 George lifted his watch from the nightstand. "Almost 2:30," he said.

 The color drained from Piper's face. "In the morning?"

 "Um, yeah."

 "Shit!" she cursed. "Where's my purse?"

 "Downstairs I guess, what's going on?" George was rightly confused.

 Piper darted out of the bedroom and back to the living room, never

stopping to get dressed or clean herself up. She found her purse on the

floor and tore it open to pull her phone out.

 18 missed calls, 5 text messages. She collected her clothes from the

living room floor and dressed as she ran back upstairs. "I have to go,"

she said breathlessly. "I, um, can't explain."

 George just looked stunned. "Now?"

 "I'm really, really sorry," she said.

 He looked dejected and it broke her heart. "Hold on," she said.

 She pushed the send button on her phone, and Marissa picked up on the

very first ring. "Where in the hell are you?!?!" she snapped.

 "George's house," she said. "We lost track of time. I'm ok."

 "You won't be if mom and dad realize you're not back yet."

 "They don't know I'm gone?" Piper finally breathed. Maybe it'd be

alright.

 "You owe us big, Pipes. We put pillows under you blanket and told them

you were already asleep. You've had us worried sick, though!"

 "Thank you soooo much, Marissa!" she wasn't dead yet at least. "I'm

hurrying home as fast as I can. If mom and dad wake up tell them

I'm...um...jogging. Like late night jogging. That's a thing right?"

 "Just hurry up," her sister said and hung up the phone.

 Piper finally exhaled.

 "Mom and dad?" asked George, cocking a concerned eyebrow.

 Shit, thought Piper. "Did I say mom and dad? Freudian slip I guess,

what I meant to say was..."

 "..was mom and dad," finished George. He sank back on the bed. "How

old are you, anyway?"

 Piper looked at her feet and barely mumbled. "Fifteen," she said.

 "Fuck," said George.

 "I'm so sorry," she said, pleading and desperate. "I didn't mean for

things to go this far. I just really liked you."

 He didn't say a word, he just looked straight ahead at her. "You know I

could go to jail, right?"

 She nervously twirled her hair. "I didn't really think about it," she

said.

 There was more silence.

 "Well from now on, Piper, we need to be a lot more careful," he said.

"I don't want your parents showing up here with the police."

 It took a moment for that to sink in. "You mean....you want to see me

again?"

 George smiled. "Yeah, I do. You're still a pretty cool chick," he

said, "and that body's worth going to jail over."

 Piper's face lit up and she threw her arms around him. "Thank you,

thank you, thank you!" she squeeled.

 "Enough of that," he said, "we better hurry up and get your jailbait ass

home."

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 Mike sat in the dark, his cock in his hand listening intently as George

pounded away at the tiny little girl that had just stripped for them

downstairs. She wasn't the type he'd normally go for, a little too small

titted and book-wormish, but you can't deny the sex appeal of a bitch

willing to strip like that.

 She hadn't disappointed when George went at her either, squealing and

panting like he was just breaking her in. The way the big guy'd grunted

and shouted about how tight her twat was, maybe he was. It took Mike all

of two minutes to blow his load while he listened in, jerking off

furiously.

 He'd just about dozed off to sleep, spent from cumming, when he heard

the big secret. Fifteen years old? No wonder she looked so young.

 Mike smiled to himself. George had a fifteen year old girlfriend who

was a hot piece of ass. That was the sort of secret an unsavory character

might use to his advantage.

 He drifted off to sleep to sordid thoughts of the things that little

girl could do for him. His dreams were happy dreams.