

Larry

by Stephanie Silver

Chapter 6

Belinda slurped slowly on Larry's cock, enjoying the taste and feel of it. The taste could only be described as Larry's taste. The feel was exquisite. It gave her body goose bumps. It made her shiver. It was a combination of so many different sensations, all wrapped around the incredible eroticism of having his penis in her mouth.

She slid her tongue along the thick vein beneath, feeling it pulsate with life and energy. She circled her tongue around the sensitive tip, feeling the soft piece of flesh called a frenulum, and the contrasting layer of skin between the shaft and the tip. She squeezed her lips together softly, feeling the sensation of something that was both soft and hard at the same time. She pulled her head back slowly, feeling Larry's length slide through and across her lips, until she was just suckling the tip. Then back down, again slowly, letting it fill her mouth, then continuing deeper, forcing herself to relax as the gag instinct triggered. Deeper, deeper, all the way to the back of her throat, until her nose was pressed against the soft curls of pubic hair at the base of it.

She held it there, holding her breath, feeling it pulse slowly within her throat. She could count the seconds with each pulse. One, two, three... And then she released, controlling her gasp and turning it into a smile of delighted pleasure as her lips once again found the tip and softly kissed it.

"That was incredible," said Larry. "I almost came."

"I know. I could tell."

"Why didn't you let me?"

Belinda slid slowly up until she and Larry were face to face, their lips meeting. "Because I want you to fuck me."

* * * * *

Larry barely slept that night. He tossed and turned. Derek's words kept coming back to him, "You'd be a fool to let it get away."

"But she's a guy!" he thought.

"Yeah, and so's Chris, and they're the only two women you've ever been able to have more than a single conversation with." Larry felt like the movie character with an angel on one shoulder and a devil on the other. Only he didn't know which one was which.

"Yeah, but they're guys!" This from the one Larry now perceived as being on his left.

At three am, he got out of bed, turned on his computer, and sent an email to Belinda in Baltimore.

"Hi,

How're you doing?"

He didn't know what else to write. He just wanted to talk with her again. "Him," reminded the voice on the left.

The answer came back in less than fifteen minutes.

"I'm fine. How are you?"

Had she been just sitting there waiting? He stared at the screen for a long, long time, trying to decide what to say in reply. Finally he sent back a two-word response and crossed his fingers.

"Call me?"

You know, sometimes the Internet can feel like magic. You type in a two-word question and four minutes later the phone rings.

I'd love to say that's the end. It would be easier to say it's the beginning. Of course, you'd have to ignore everything I've told

you so far. Five chapters now. That's a lot of ignoring. It wasn't easy. Belinda introduced Larry slowly to the world of transgenderism. She let him go at his own pace. She never pushed him. She just became this very close friend who happened to be confused about her gender. HER gender, not his. The little voice on Larry's left shoulder wasn't saying much about it anymore. It soon became apparent to Larry, at least, that whatever Belinda's body might have to say about the issue, the person he knew as Belinda was a female.

And, once he came to that conclusion, it was easy to ask for a picture, and to fall in love with the physical part, too. No, love isn't always what you expect, as Derek had said, "but when it comes, sometimes you have to just take it for what it is."

In February, about three or four months after Derek's visit to Lawton, Larry, who was now a horse rancher, needed to go to Baltimore for some kind of horse ranching seminar. Actually the seminar was about forty miles west of Baltimore, but Baltimore's airport was the closest and most convenient. Needless to say, a meeting with Belinda was at the top of his agenda.

Well, to say she looked just like her picture would be lying. Not that she ever lied about anything. It's just during those four months, not to mention the six months prior to it, the person he imagined was a little different from the one who actually opened the door.

"Uh, hi. Belinda?" He had to ask. There was a resemblance, of course, but Larry wasn't one to take chances. Maybe it was her sister.

She invited him in. They sat on the couch and talked. That was a little awkward, too. You think you know someone so well from emails, and maybe you do. But it just doesn't prepare you for that first face-to-face meeting. Well, and then Larry isn't the most socially adept person you'll ever meet.

Belinda, though, was charming. She can be, if she wants to. She once told me of a fantasy, a TG fantasy, where she gets sent to

charm school or a finishing school for girls. So she knows how to do it. So, yeah, despite Larry's awkwardness, they managed to remember what it was about each other's emails that had originally attracted them to one another, and soon were as comfortable as if they'd known each other forever. After an hour, he asked her out to dinner.

Larry thought Belinda was passable as a woman. A little mannish, perhaps, but nothing overly so. But she wasn't comfortable about being out in public as a girl, and she had actually arranged to cook him dinner at her apartment anyway, so they stayed there with the promise that she'd let him take her out the next day after his meetings.

Larry left her place around eleven. Not early, but not scandalously late either. Well, he did have that seminar the next day. They arranged to meet the next day at his hotel as soon as he got back. Belinda said she would have to meet him as a man, though, if that was okay with him.

Larry shrugged, "Why not?"

Actually, Larry just said okay. The "why not?" actually comes from a song by C. W. McCall called "The Old Home Fill 'er Up and Keep On Truckin' Café" which is a pretty long name for a song, but, if you've ever heard the song, you might see a few resemblances between the guy in the song and Larry.

So, she did and they did. And then they spent another lovely evening together just talking in the bar as they watched the Maryland Terrapins, Belinda's team, play basketball.

Belinda left just before midnight. Larry walked her to her car. "I think it wasn't until that moment, walking to her car, that I realized she was actually a man," he said. Actually it had occurred to him at least one time earlier in the bar when they had secretly held hands for a while. But in the dark of the parking area, he took his/her hand. Okay, it was dark, so he knew there was little chance of being seen, but even if they had been, he didn't care. He was in love. I guess those words from Derek finally took hold. It didn't matter if Belinda was really a guy, although it still seemed

weird to think of her that way. This was love, and if love for Larry meant being seen as gay, then that's just the way it was.

So, he held her hand to the car, not really caring if anyone saw them.

And... okay, when they got closer to the car, and Larry realized that he really wanted to kiss her good night.... Okay, maybe then it got a little freaky for him. I mean, Belinda was fine with it. Belinda had no hesitations about kissing a guy. But Larry did. I mean, he'd only kissed two other girls before in his entire life, and neither of those had been the rewarding experience he had hoped for. And now there he was, about to kiss a guy.

Well, he knew he wanted Belinda. Guy or transvestite, or whatever, he wanted her. And he wanted her to know he wanted her. A lot. So... when she stood there briefly, and waited for him to make a move..., Well, for a moment nothing happened. See, the problem was Larry didn't know that was his cue to make a move. He just didn't know.

Happily, he figured it out. Eventually. "What if I'd frozen to death waiting?" Belinda asked later. So, while Belinda stood there waiting, Larry said it just seemed like time. So he slipped his arm around his/her waist, pulled him/her close and kissed him/her right on the lips. Yep! Right there in the parking lot of the Marriott hotel!

No tongues, though. Which was too bad, actually, because unlike Larry's first two kisses, Belinda did like to "kiss that way". But anyway, that first kiss was close-mouthed and proper. Well, other than the fact that one of the kissers was a transvestite dressed as a man and the other was a man. But some would argue that there's nothing improper about that, so let's just say it was appropriate for a first kiss.

Tongues came the next night. Yep! Back at her place, where they ordered take-out pizza and she could dress up like a girl for him again. They both liked it better that way. Larry liked her no matter how she dressed of course. It just felt more natural to see her in a dress. And she was more comfortable that way.

After pizza, after freshening their breath - they actually shared her toothbrush which... Well, how that happened is that Larry didn't bring one with him, of course. I mean... if you ever meet a guy who remembers to bring a toothbrush to dinner with him... Well, let's just say I'd wonder a little bit about him. Not that there's anything wrong with good dental hygiene. Certainly not. I'm just saying, a guy who travels with his toothbrush like that, might be taking it a step too far. Okay? Or assuming too much about where things are headed.

So, no, Larry didn't have a toothbrush, and Belinda didn't have a spare - a good hostess learns to have spare toothbrushes I guess. Anyway, it was pizza, and they were both conscious of having post-pizza breath, of course, and they both kind of knew what was coming next, so Belinda offered to share with the unspoken assumption that they'd be sharing a lot more later.

So, they brushed, and then they sat down to watch TV, and ... For Larry it was like that time with Jill Leckhart, only... Only, he realized with some surprise, he was actually attracted to Belinda. He'd thought, at the time, that he was attracted to Jill, but in hindsight, he decided it was just an interest in being with a woman more than an interest in her personally. But, Belinda was different. If there had been some barrier making it impossible for them to kiss, he realized that he'd still want to be there with her.

So she moved closer, and he moved closer, and pretty soon he had his arm around her, and then she had her hand on his thigh, and.... And then they were kissing. And then her mouth was open and his tongue was in her mouth, because, like I say, Belinda did like to kiss that way. And then her tongue was in his mouth and...

And now I sense other things besides light bulbs starting to pop up.

Larry, of course, had never been that far with a girl before. He was like the Forty-Year-Old Virgin, only he was only 39. He didn't know what to do or where to start. He started touching. Well, he thought they might be going all the way. He was hoping, anyway.

It was Belinda who stopped them. She reminded him that he was a virgin by asking him again if that was so. He gulped. He felt cornered. It was like Jill Leckhart again, only this time instead of getting caught trying to put his tongue in her mouth he had been caught with his hand halfway up her skirt.

"It's okay," she assured him. "And you know that I'm not." A virgin, she meant.

That made her the expert.

Not tonight. That was her final word. Tonight, she said, was going to be just kissing. Nothing else. His hands had to always stay in appropriate places. Then, if he wanted, tomorrow they'd go just a little further, and each night they could go just a little further until they figured out where they were comfortable.

Larry kind of imagined that he'd be comfortable doing it all, but Belinda was definitely in charge. So they kissed. At some point he had to ask her if neck kisses were appropriate, seeing as how they were doing only kisses. She thought about that a moment, and then decided that as long as they didn't go below the neck, they'd be okay.

Well, the next day's seminar meetings were a total waste of my time as far as Larry was concerned. He had no idea what was covered. He didn't care. He was just thinking about seeing Belinda again and how much further they were going to go.

Oh, and each day he had to bring her something. Some token of affection. A handwritten letter. A bouquet of flowers. A box of chocolates. Intimate apparel. It was her rules, his choice.

So, after a stop at the hotel's gift shop for some flowers he was on his way.

Belinda was beautiful in a strapless dress of red satin under black mesh. The dress came down to a few inches above her knees, and she had to be very careful when she sat that it didn't accidentally

ride higher, exposing her. Fortunately she had learned in fantasy charm school that good girls are mindful of that kind of thing.

They watched TV again, holding hands, and despite Larry's impatient feelings during the day, he honestly believed, for an hour or so, that that would be enough to keep him content. Just being with her. Just being close to her. That was enough.

For about an hour.

But, Larry's a guy, okay. It was nice, but as soon as she let him know it was time to start kissing again, he was ready for more. "Okay, this time, you can put your hands anywhere you want, but you can't take anything off," she said. So, yeah, in no time he was fondling Belinda's butt.

"How far can kisses go this time?" he asked.

"Anything that's not covered up by clothing," was her answer.

That got him to the upper part of her chest.

When he did try to slip his hand up under her skirt (*He's a guy! You knew he was going to try.*) She rolled away and with mock-anger warned him not to do that anymore. Then, with a barely perceptible wink she added, "That's for tomorrow."

So, the next day, with a box of chocolates, he was back, and touching her everywhere he desired, his hands going inside her clothes. What were the limits? "Just about anything except THAT," was her coy reply.

"That?"

"You'll know," she said.

Well, THAT apparently didn't mean a blow job, because with Maryland leading by ten in the second half, Belinda's lips found his cock.

Belinda sent Larry home early, reminding him that he needed lots of rest because the next night they were going to do *THAT* and she didn't want to be disappointed.

So on Friday night the limits were all gone. When Larry asked how far he could go, she just smiled and asked, "How far would you like to go?"

Oh, Larry came with a handwritten note that night. She read it, clutched it momentarily to her breast, kissed it and otherwise acted all girly about it. "It's the sweetest thing I've ever read," she said. And all that stuff.

Well, there was no question what Larry wanted to do. And, so did she. Knew what he wanted, that is. And maybe it's what she wanted, too. It's hard to know with women sometimes. Anyway, yeah, they ended up... with her panties off, wearing just a silky black nightgown, and him completely naked with a raging hard-on, and both of them on her bed.

She told him exactly how she wanted him to do it - he had to go in only an inch or so at a time until she said stop, and then he had to wait while she got used to it, and then he could go again. And under no circumstances was he to go backward until she gave him permission.

With lots of moaning, and swearing - and that blow job a day earlier helped because otherwise he probably would've cum long before he got all the way in - Larry soon found himself buried up to his balls in Belinda's pussy.

"I was concentrating so much on going slow and not backing out that it wasn't until I was balls-deep that I actually looked down and saw just where the big guy was and what he was doing to my girlfriend," he said. "I was so proud. I know he was happy. That tingle told me so. But, yeah, proud is about the best way to describe it."

Belinda gave Larry the word, and then they got serious.

“Um, no I don't think I lasted more than a couple of minutes,” admitted Larry with a blush. He may have been blushing about not lasting longer, or, more likely, about sharing with me the intimate details of his relationship with Belinda. “It felt incredible, for sure, and that was why I didn't last very long. Well, that and being a virgin.”

Belinda was happy, and her face showed it.

Larry slept over that night. Belinda insisted. Okay, it didn't take a lot of insisting.

* * * * *

To be continued....

Please send your emails to:
sjtw69@yahoo.com