

*This story is a direct spin-off from another story I wrote called "Double Occupancy." If you haven't read that story first, you might want to start there instead. But, since you're already here, why don't you just go ahead and read this one first and then go read that one second. I don't think it will make a big difference. Anyway, I just thought I should let you know about the other story.*

*This story is dedicated to all the Larry's in the world. I love you guys. I'm sure I speak for all my sisters when I say we literally could not do it without you.*

*To Belinda and Ruthann and all the other girls at The Park: I love you and miss you.*

*Feel free to email me if you like this story, or if you just have some crazy urge to send me a note. My email is:*

[sjtw69@yahoo.com](mailto:sjtw69@yahoo.com)

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## **Larry**

*by Stephanie Silver*

### **Chapter 1**

*Belinda looked up at the thirty-seven-year-old man who, at the moment, had his cock buried deep inside her. His eyes were closed, as he concentrated on his thrusting. She put her arms loosely around his neck and moaned softly, encouraging him.*

*His name was Larry. Larry Wood, a former bank manager turned horse rancher from Lawton, Oklahoma. Just to look at him, he was mostly unremarkable. Tanned arms led to a distinctly untanned body. Pink, actually, might be the best way to describe him. A little on the flabby side, to be honest, he showed the beginnings of a beer belly with chest muscles that sagged slightly, practically begging for more time in the weight room. He still had*

*his hair. For now. It was dark blond, cut short, and looked nice with his soft blue eyes.*

*No, it wasn't physical looks that attracted Belinda to him. Not at all. It was something else. Just the same, she slid her arms down to his shoulders, caressing them, letting him know with her touch that she found his manliness attractive. She let her hands travel to his breasts, caressing and cradling them briefly before mischievously tweaking his nipples. That caused him to open his eyes and give her a smile.*

*It might have been that smile that most attracted her to him. Even now, she felt a sense of excitement from it. Not that it was any more remarkable than the rest of him, though. Larry's smile....*

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You know what? Let me just start from the beginning.

Larry Wood was, is, an extremely quiet man. Very quiet. Think of all the jokes you've ever heard about quiet people. That's Larry. Yeah, he didn't say much of anything until he was five years old, and even then, his first real words were, "I'm hungry." It was his grand-parents fiftieth wedding anniversary, and in the excitement of party preparations, no one thought to feed Larry. Seeing all that delicious food on the table, and no one eating it (yet), he just thought he'd bring up the obvious. You can just imagine everyone staring at him, thinking, "Did Larry just speak?" And then Larry pointing out that, until then, nobody had ever forgotten to feed him. Let's just say that if it goes without saying, don't expect Larry to say it.

They say "still waters run deep" and that's the best way to describe Larry. On the surface, it might seem like there's not much going on. He's quiet and calm. But, underneath, there's a lot going on. You just have to know where to look.

He reminded Belinda of that well out at Barton's Stables when she was just a kid. The well might be just fifty feet deep or so, but when she went over there and looked in, it looked like it was a couple hundred feet or more. At first, she'd look in and all she'd

see was black. She'd drop stones in and count how long till they hit the water, "One, two, three..."

After a while she would start to see details. First the walls, and then the rope leading all the way down to the water, and finally the water itself, making soft, gentle waves as the wind moved the rope.

Larry was like that. So quiet. But you knew there was something there. It was in his eyes, the way he watched things going on around him. Quiet, yes, but not because he wasn't paying attention.

And that's where his smile comes in. It's almost always this quick, fleeting twitch that causes the corners of his mouth to turn up slightly, and then it disappears almost before anyone has a chance to see it. But if you get the chance to see it, it's like for just a moment you can see all the way into his soul, deep into those deep, still waters underneath. And you just know it's something special.

Okay, well... I'm not Belinda, and I'm not Larry, obviously. So why am I telling this story? I don't know. 'Cause I'm the one who knows all about it, I guess. Hi! I'm Chris Thomas. Belinda is my closest friend, other than Derek, who.... Um, let's just say he's my husband for now. Okay. I mean... he's not, but... Well, I'll get to that in a minute. And Larry.... I might be Larry's closest friend until he met Belinda. So, I just kind of know the story. And, to be honest, Larry's a crappy story teller. And Belinda, she gave me permission. So I'm the one who's going to tell the story.

Anyway, let's see.... Belinda and Larry are in bed together... And, yeah, you're probably wondering what's going to happen next. And I'll get to that. Eventually. Well, sort of. I mean... No, I wasn't actually there.... But... I can imagine what it would have been like.

I met Larry a couple of years ago.... On a Caribbean cruise. That's where Derek and I fell in love, but that's a different story. It was on board a cruise ship called the *Yucatan*. Larry sat at our table,

along with the Lanes, a family of five from Tukwila, Washington, which is about five miles south of Seattle.

Anyway, um... yeah, I met Larry, and Larry met me, and, uh, well, yeah, there was Derek, and Derek and I were sort of in the middle of falling in love at the time, so there was all that going on, and I guess to be honest, there was this moment or two when I entertained the idea of getting romantically involved with Larry, and, actually, Larry was my first dance with a guy.

And... I suppose that's as good a place as any to bring up the fact that, um, well, I'm not exactly a real girl. I'm a transvestite pre-op transsexual. A boy who wants to be a girl, if you prefer. I mean, I have boobs now. Real boobs. Not the kind of boobs that come out at night when you take off your bra. But, other than being very convincible as a girl... I still have boy equipment down there, so... I still have a ways to go.

But, this story isn't about me, other than I happen to be kind of right in the middle of it all, so in that sense it is about me, but only because you have to know that I'm transgendered for the rest of the story to make sense.

Okay, so... Belinda was looking up at Larry, her lover, and thinking just how it was that she fell in love with him. And so you have to go back to the *Yucatan*. Even though Belinda never in her entire life stepped foot on board the *Yucatan*. But to me, that's where the story starts.

I know, I said it started in bed, and then I said it started with that smile. No, it started on the *Yucatan* when I first met Larry. The eight of us, Larry, Derek, the Lanes and I, became very close friends on that cruise, and, for whatever reasons, continued to stay in touch long after the cruise ended. I think it might have been that dance with Larry... But, well, he kept writing to me. By then I was living, happily, with Derek, and pretending, happily, to be his wife.

But Larry kept writing, and, I just have this soft spot for guys like Larry. I couldn't bear to send him a letter telling him the truth about me and Derek. And... well, in hindsight, this story might

never have even happened if I'd ever found the way to tell him the truth about my sexuality – that I was, am, transgendered. I mean, that might have literally been the end of it, before it even got going.

But, as you can see, it wasn't the end, so maybe it's a good thing I never told him. At least until I kind of had to. But - gosh, I'm starting to sound like a broken record here – I'll get to that.

*(Does anyone under the age of thirty even understand what it means to "sound like a broken record"?)*

So, Larry... You know what? Larry is as quiet as a church mouse in person. Not that I've ever met a church mouse, but I understand they are known for being very quiet. But put Larry on a computer keyboard and you learn all kinds of things about him.

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*To be continued....*