

Larry

by Stephanie Silver

Chapter 3

Belinda slid her hands across Larry's smooth, almost hairless chest. For a brief instant she allowed herself a temporary feeling of sadness. The sadness was quickly replaced by very soft laughter. One thing you have to have as a transgendered female is a sense of humor. If you don't laugh, then you'll end up crying.

Fortunately, Larry, whose eyes were closed, didn't notice the laughter. Otherwise he might have taken it personally. And then Belinda would have had to explain that she wasn't laughing at him, but was actually laughing at herself, and how ironic it was that, if she didn't shave it carefully away every other morning, she would have more hair on her chest than he did.

Oh, yeah. Belinda is a transvestite, just like me. Maybe you already guessed that. I mean, I did give a few hints about it.

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I met Belinda... Oh, what? A hundred years ago at an online chat place called The Park. Of course The Park is what it was called then. They changed the name due to some conflict, and have long since closed down. We used to chat in the transgendered room. Back then no one knew what transgendered meant. I think our friend Katie put it best with her standard greeting whenever she arrived to chat. She would say, "Hi boys and girls and boys who want to be girls."

That was us: boys who wanted to be girls. We had fun there. Along with Katie, there was Ruthann, from Syracuse, New York. Ruthann always claimed to be the Snow Queen. I guess they get a fair amount of snow up that way. Being from Baltimore, Maryland, where snow isn't unheard of, Belinda was her snow princess. And I, being from Salt Lake City, Utah, where we get plenty of snow too, was the other snow princess. We would have fun describing

our snow princess outfits - always risqué - and our snow princess activities.

Belinda and I were like sisters. At least that's what we said. We had so much in common. And I really ought to say more here about that, but words escape me at the moment.

Of course, it was only in cyber, but the girls from The Park were always our closest friends. When The Park shut down, Belinda and I kept writing each other in emails, and our friendship grew even stronger.

Belinda and I were both introduced to cross-dressing through next-door neighbor pals at relatively young ages. We were both more interested in meeting guys than we were in meeting other girls. I mean... well, we wanted to meet each other. After a year or so of talking, that just seemed natural. It was just a matter of figuring out when and how. So one day I went to Baltimore for a week, and Belinda spent a couple days showing me around. And then a few months later she flew out to Salt Lake City to see me.

We were both very highly sexed Tgirls, so, yeah, we kissed and made out in our hotel rooms. We had matching cheerleader costumes - with red and white pleated skirts - so we wore those for each other. Mine was red for the University of Utah; hers was red for the University of Maryland. We even had a little bit of sex. What else would you expect from two very sexual crossdressers? We did some oral, including some pretty intense 69s. But we didn't and couldn't do anal, because neither of us wanted to do the male role bad enough. So we tried sex, but finally agreed that we'd be happier just being girlfriends. With the occasional kissing and groping and 69ing.

So, when one day I asked Belinda if she'd do me a personal favor by contacting this guy in Oklahoma I knew, she didn't hesitate. "Sure," she said. "what's his addy?"

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Belinda hated that empty feeling that comes right after a guy pulls out. She grimaced, knowing it was coming. Larry noticed. "Sorry," he said.

"It's okay," Belinda lied. "But now you have to snuggle with me."

Larry grinned as he turned Belinda onto her side and slid into place behind her. He reached for the covers, pulling them over their naked bodies before draping his arm around her and kissing her neck softly.

"Mmm, this is my favorite part," she said, wiggling her ass seductively against Larry's deflated penis.

"You like it when it's tiny?" he asked.

"No, silly. I like when we snuggle. Although you know I love it when it's all cute and tiny, too." For emphasis she reached back to stroke him lovingly.

"Be careful," he warned, "Or it'll get big again."

"Promise?"

"Yeah, just give me a few minutes."

Belinda sighed happily and pressed closer to Larry. No, this was what really attracted her to him, she thought. The way he knew how to make her feel cared for and protected. The sex was wonderful, but it was everything else that made it perfect.

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So, yeah, I was different from any other girl Larry had ever met. I was quiet, like him, but I guess that being a transvestite, I felt a need to try harder to make guys like Larry comfortable. I developed an easygoing sense of humor, and made sure I always gave them a warm smile. I made it a point to try and make them feel like they were, for at least that particular moment, the most important person in the world to me.

Maybe I was too good at it. I started to recognize the signs of a man in love when... Oh, I guess when the emails started coming every day or two. That's when I knew I had to do something. Unfortunately, at that point, I still hadn't told Larry my "big secret."

Okay, and maybe here is where I made my big mistake. Or maybe not. I mean, all's well that ends well. Right? Okay, maybe it would have worked better if I'd told him. But I didn't. And, honestly, do you think he would have wanted to meet Belinda if he had known she was a transvestite just like me? Neither do I. So I didn't tell him. It was one of those confrontation things, you know. I hate those. So I just avoided it, hoping... Well, mostly hoping the problem would take care of itself, without my help.

Problems don't seem to make a habit of taking care of themselves, though.

By that point I'd grown a little fond of Larry. In a sisterly sort of way, I mean; I had no intentions of leaving Derek. But, Larry was so nice, and so sweet, and so caring. I wanted to let him down easily. So, I decided to hook him up with someone who I could honestly say was "just like me."

I knew that since his mother had died, Larry had made great efforts to develop a social life. He joined an on-line dating service as well as a local one, signed up for a bowling league and joined a local cycling club after buying a new bike. Those were all good steps, and I encouraged him to stick with them. "You'll meet someone some day," I said, knowing he'd heard that empty promise enough times to make him sick.

But... no, it wasn't working. Larry, to be blunt, was a social klutz. He gets totally tongue-tied around women. None of the dates he went on worked out any better than the dates he'd been on before his mother's death. There weren't that many women in the cycling club, he said, and the ones that were there were usually already partnered with someone else, or looked at him, and his chubby physique, as being unworthy of their attention. It was very discouraging for him, to say the least.

But he kept writing to me, and telling me how things were going. And I kept encouraging him. I also encouraged him to lose some weight and get some exercise. I knew if nothing else it would give him more confidence. And confidence was something he desperately needed.

So, when the emails started coming every day or two, sometimes twice a day or more, with phone calls at unexpected times just to say hi... I knew I needed to do something. That's when I called Belinda, asking for a big favor.

With her permission, I called Larry, and said, "Larry, I want you to meet someone. She's just like me." I knew he'd like that. "We're not really sisters, but we pretend we are." And then I told him all about Belinda. Well, other than about her sexual orientation and how we'd met. I thought I'd save that for later. Like I say, I'm not good at confrontations.

I told him the reason I'd never mentioned Belinda before is because she lives in Baltimore, which is pretty far from Oklahoma. But I said I would give her his name and email and tell her a little bit about him, and maybe if that worked out, they could work something out on the distance later.

He said it sounded interesting and asked me what her name was.

"Belinda."

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To be continued....

Please send your emails to:
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