

Larry

by Stephanie Silver

Chapter 5

When Belinda woke up, she had a small erection sticking out an inch or two from between her legs. She reached down and rubbed it softly.

"Mmmm, that feels good," whispered Larry into her ear.

She pressed back as he pressed forward, extending it another inch. "God, that does feel good," she said with a moan. "I love the feel of your cock between my legs. It might be my favorite place to have it."

"Better than here?" asked Larry, pulling her panties aside slightly in the back.

Belinda hesitated, momentarily distracted by the thought of Larry's cock inside her again. "Um, No. That might be better."

Larry kissed her neck softly, working his way on to her cheek. "Is it better than having it in your mouth?" he asked.

Belinda turned so that Larry could kiss her on the lips, twisting her body around so that she could get her arms around his neck. Larry's cock slid slowly out from the warm space between her thighs. Ending the kiss by pressing her forehead lightly against his and rubbing noses Eskimo style, she grinned. "Would you like me to put it in my mouth right now?"

He probably mumbled an affirmative response to her question, but she didn't wait to hear it as she slid slowly beneath the cover. A few seconds later, Larry gasped audibly as Belinda's lips wrapped around his cock after first giving it a soft kiss. She sucked slowly and softly for a moment, and then released him. "You like that?"

Larry pulled the cover all the way back. "Yeah, keep going."

"Will you cum in my mouth?" she asked.

"Maybe."

Larry's cock had been a very pleasant surprise for Belinda. They had measured it once, at her request, and decided it was a bona fide seven inches. In emails, Larry had described it as "just average size." Knowing how guys tend to exaggerate when it comes to personal endowment, she imagined something smaller than average. In terms of thickness, he probably was about average. But in terms of length, he was the biggest she'd ever seen. "It's gorgeous!" she had gushed that very first time.

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That very first time.... It so very nearly didn't happen.

Early the next evening there was a knock on Larry's front door. He ignored it. He was still sick from the Internet conversation the day before. He hadn't turned on any lights. He hadn't cooked. He hadn't even eaten. He was still in his underwear. He needed a shower and a shave. He just didn't care.

Whoever it was kept knocking. Three times. Four times. When they knocked for the sixth time Larry knew they weren't going to go away so he decided he better see who it was. Looking out the window he saw Derek. Grumbling about just wanting to be left alone, Larry found his pants and put them on. He knew Derek had gone to considerable effort and personal expense to be there, flying in from Salt Lake. The least he could was open the door.

"Derek."

Derek's only surprise was that Larry wasn't more surprised to see him. "How ya doin'? Can I come in?"

Larry looked out at Derek's rented car, wondering if he'd see Chris too, or, heaven forbid, Belinda. Of course, he'd only seen her once, on her webcam the day before, and he doubted that

he'd even recognize her if she had been there. The car, however, was empty. Derek had come alone."Is Chris with you?" he asked anyway. He didn't dare ask about Belinda for fear his voice might crack.

Derek shook his head and stamped his feet in the chill evening air. "No, just me. Can I come in?"

"Oh, sorry." Larry opened the door wider, inviting Derek inside.

"Mind if I have a seat?" Derek asked when Larry didn't offer.

Larry shrugged. "Yeah, sure."

It was a little surreal for Larry at first. His friendship had always been with me, not Derek. Derek had always just been there as background. Like some kind of afterthought. "Background for my relationship with his girlfriend," thought Larry, then corrected himself. "I mean his boyfriend."

For a while they didn't talk about what they both knew was the reason for Derek's visit. For a while they didn't even talk at all. They just sat there in the semi-darkness. "Is it always this cold here?" Larry's noncommittal response was followed by more silence. "Did you make this coffee table yourself?" More silence followed a short description of the table's history. Very short. "Is this your mother?" asked Derek, picking up a picture from the table. Larry said that it was.

Standing up, Derek asked, "Do you have anything to eat?" He walked over and turned on a light and then the TV.

Finally, after watching Jeopardy! and eating bologna sandwiches and potato chips and washing it all down with tap water, Derek got around to his reason for coming. "Well, I guess you know why I'm here."

"Yeah. I don't know what difference it's gonna make, though." Larry's response was surprisingly wordy by Larry's standards.

Derek reached into his duffle bag and pulled out a photo album. Larry had assumed the bag contained clothes and stuff for an overnight stay. He was surprised to see nothing else in the bag except a magazine to read on the plane and some snack food. He had been half-expecting Derek to ask if he could stay for the night.

He opened the album and started showing Larry pictures of some of his old girlfriends, talking briefly about each one. "Yeah, that's nice," thought Larry. If it had been anyone else it would have sounded like bragging. "Okay, you used to date some pretty hot chicks. So what? Now you're dating a guy."

He turned the page and there was a picture of Larry, Derek, me, and the five other people we shared a table with on the cruise almost two years before. Derek was silent, letting the picture speak for him. He turned the pages slowly, showing more pictures from the cruise, and allowing Larry to make his own interpretations.

Most of the pictures were of Derek or me, or, in a few cases, both of us, and had been hurriedly chosen the day before and put into an album to show how much in love we were.

Derek closed the book. "I never thought of myself as gay," he said. "I still don't."

Larry hid a smirk. He thought of asking sarcastically, "Yeah, well have you taken a good look at that guy you're living with?" but didn't.

Derek ignored the smirk he knew Larry was hiding and continued. He told Larry how he and I had fallen in love on that cruise. "No, it wasn't what I expected," he said, "but when it comes, sometimes you have to just take it for what it is. Some people spend their whole lives looking for love and never find it. So when you do find it... you'd be a fool to let it get away."

That was it. That's all he said. Well, other than a question regarding the location and possible use of the lavatory facilities. Meanwhile, the book stayed open, giving Larry something to think

about. When Derek returned, he picked up the photo album and shoved it back into his duffle bag. Then, after thanking Larry for his hospitality, he left.

Larry watched him go with a mixture of awe and admiration and, as Derek had planned, serious contemplation. "The guy travels twelve hundred miles and all he says is for me to think about it. That takes a lot of courage," said Larry later. "I couldn't believe he was confident enough to believe I'd get the message without him sticking around to repeat it."

Well, that's 'cause Larry was used to talking to me, I guess. I like to say things once, and then twice, just to make sure, and then backward, and then sideways, and then.... Well, you get the idea. Derek knows when he's said enough.

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To be continued....

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