

Larry

by *Stephanie Silver*

Chapter 7

Larry rolled on to his back, his impressive erection sticking up proudly. "Saddle up."

Already sufficiently loosened and lubed from their earlier workout, Belinda threw her leg over Larry and got into position to ride him.

"No reverse cowgirl today?" he asked.

"No, I want you to kiss me while we fuck."

"Yeah, but I like looking at your ass."

Belinda grinned widely and kissed him. He knew she loved to hear him say things like that. "We can do it both ways then," she said.

And they did.

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Okay, well, I knew that last chapter, chapter six, was going to be a problem. I actually thought about not writing it at all. Seriously. It wasn't until I was about halfway through it that I realized I was writing it. It's a long story. Somewhere between the start of writing a story and publishing it, the chapters get numbered and renumbered, and at the time I wrote it, I thought I was writing chapter five. Like I say, it's a long story.

Anyway, no, I'm happy with chapter six. I really am. The problem with it is.... You know how you go to a basketball game, or a football game, and somewhere during the second half one team or the other is so far ahead that everyone starts losing interest and heads for the exits in order to beat the traffic? Okay, well, I see, in this chapter, chapter seven, people losing interest, after chapter six, and heading for the exits.

Okay, um, let me help with the traffic congestion for just a second. There's no sex in this chapter. Let me say that louder. THERE'S NO SEX IN THIS CHAPTER! At least not very much. This chapter is just because I like romance in my stories, and I like happy endings, and I like tidy finishes, so it's more like a housecleaning kind of chapter. Actually, it's more like an epilogue chapter.

Okay, while all the people who came just for the sex are leaving, let me thank the rest of you for staying. 'Cause to me, a game's not over until the final buzzer. And a story's not over until the epilogue.

There are approximately eight weeks between the Horse Ranching Seminar in mid-February and the Preakness Stakes in mid-May. That was time enough for Larry and Belinda to exchange 175 emails, twenty-two phone calls, and fourteen pictures.

"You need to visit me in Oklahoma," Larry said one night.

"Do you like horse racing?" Belinda asked.

"Yes ma'am."

Belinda grinned, even though, on the phone, Larry had no way of knowing that. "Quit calling me ma'am. I'm your girlfriend. Ma'am makes me feel old."

"Yes...." Larry caught himself.

"I heard that."

"I'm working on it. It's just how we talk out here."

"Want to go see the Preakness horse race next month? I can get tickets."

"Sure. Then you'll come out to Oklahoma and go to a rodeo with me?"

"Sure," she said, mimicking his Midwestern accent. Can I cheer for the horses?"

"You can cheer for anyone you want, little lady."

And so plans were made for Larry to travel to Baltimore, stay a few days with Belinda, watch a major horse race, and then for the two of them to travel together back to Oklahoma.

The Preakness was exciting. Naturally Larry stayed at Belinda's place. He got there late Friday night, and they slept in till ten. There was barely time for sex, believe it or not.

With the race starting later in the evening, there was still lots to do. Following sex in the morning, they had to shower together, and then have more sex. Then it was out for lunch, with Belinda back in guy mode for the rest of the afternoon, not counting the pink lace panties Larry knew she was wearing underneath and the nail polish adorning each of her ten toes, and the total lack of body hair anywhere below her eyebrows.

"But those are just things for you to know. No one else," she said with a soft kiss.

Larry slept over again on Saturday night, after more sex, of course. Oh, and yeah, there was a horse race in there somewhere, too. A very exciting one, actually. But that's a story for someone else to tell.

They spent Sunday traveling to Larry's small ranch just north of Lawton. By late afternoon, Belinda was wearing a bikini she'd bought just for the trip and was modeling it for Larry.

"I told you I don't have a swimming pool," he said. "Unless you wanna head down to the swimmin' hole. I think the ice is mostly off it now."

She laughed and said she was happy enough just wearing it for him indoors. And then she joined him in his big easy chair where they kissed again.

Of course, there was more to Larry and Belinda's relationship than just endless sex. But... well, it just kept coming up. A lot.

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With Belinda facing away from him now, reverse cowgirl style, Larry had a clear view of her perfect ass. "I'm gonna cum," he announced as he watched his cock disappear inside her.

Belinda felt the two sharp thrusts followed by one incredibly deep thrust that signaled Larry's impending orgasm. She held still, allowing him to finish inside her. She could feel his cock twitching as it filled her.

When it was done, she turned around, slowly, and somewhat sadly, getting off of his softening cock. Larry held out his arms and hugged her tightly. She felt warm. She felt safe. But most of all, she felt loved.

And that, without a doubt, was what attracted her most to Larry.

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