

Larry's Girl

Winter, 1989, Amity, Kentucky

"Is that him?" Diana mimed as Sylvia held the phone to her ear.

Sylvia bobbed her head and Diana leaned forward. "Tell him you're going with Randy," she said under her breath. "That'll get his attention."

"I don't know, Larry," Sylvia said. "Somebody else invited me."

Diana giggled behind her hand.

"I don't have to tell you who. Anyway, you said you were busy."

Sylvia bristled remembering that conversation. When she mentioned the upcoming senior snowball dance, Larry had said he was going to Maysville to break in his brother's new ATV with him, Dewayne, and Billy Ray. Now—the week before the formal event—he was asking her to go, long after her friends had their dates lined up and their dresses made. You had to order corsages a week in advance, for crissakes! It reeked of disrespect.

Screw him. Randy wasn't that bad. He was treasurer of the student union and at least he'd asked her to the dance. Maybe Larry would get jealous. It would serve him right.

Removing her palm from the receiver, she said into it, "I can't help it if you didn't know your plans. They're *your* plans. You make them. Anyway, I've already said yes," Sylvia lied, "so bye."

She hung up quickly. She knew the limits of her willpower. As soon as Larry turned on the charm, she'd probably give in and agree to whatever he wanted.

That's exactly why he doesn't respect you. Sometimes she wished she were more like Monica Manke, beauty queen and heart throb of the entire high school (or something-else throb, to be more accurate). People called her a bitch behind her back, but they did so with reverence.

"Monica wouldn't accept a date so last minute," Diana said.

"Wow! I was just thinking that."

Two hours later, Larry showed up at her door, carrying a bunch of daisies she recognized from the Piggly Wiggly. They were tired and a little wilted, but her heart soared anyway. She tried not to show it.

“What do you want, Larry?” she said through the screen door.

“I brought you these.” He thrust his meager offering toward her. “Are your parents home?”

“You know they’re not. I told you they went to Owensboro to see Uncle Ralph and Aunt Fay. Diana’s staying with me.”

Diana grabbed the door and started easing it toward shut. “Come on, Sylvia. It’s almost time for *Cheers*.”

“When’s *she* leaving?” Larry said in a low, intimate tone as he gazed into her eyes. Warmth buzzed between her legs and her thigh muscles slackened. She grabbed the door handle.

“I’m *not* leaving,” Diana shrilled behind her as Larry stepped closer and pressed his nose against the screen.

“Come on, Syl,” he murmured in his slow-running-syrup voice.

She locked her knees and squeezed the handle harder. “What?” She tried for nonchalance, but it sounded like an invitation.

“*You* know. When can we get together?”

Larry slow-danced his eyes down one side of her and up the other, pausing hungrily at her tightening nipples before lifting them to her face. He sauntered forward, hips first, until his crotch pressed into the screen, making it bulge tellingly toward her. He rolled his hips slowly back, then forward, then did it again, and then again, all Patrick Swayze *Dirty Dancing*, liquid smooth. Something clenched deep inside her, and the rush of blood downward made her instantly stupid.

“Diana, can you watch TV by yourself for a while? I’ll come downstairs in a little bit.”

“Sylvia!”

She turned and gave her friend an imploring look. *Please?* she mouthed silently.

Diana rolled her eyes and stomped off.

“There’s chips and dip in the kitchen,” Sylvia called as Larry turned the knob and pulled the screen door open, the daisies hanging limply by his side.

Larry was wicked sexy. Her 4.0 GPA didn’t count for much when he got within sniffing distance. He smelled like a newly opened bag of Ruffles. She wanted to stick her nose against his neck and inhale for a day and a half. Unfortunately, he never lasted that long. Oh, he tried, and she knew he wished he could hold out longer—probably not as much as she wished it, though.

Damn! Just when she was starting to relax enough to really get going, his butt tightened up and he went still. She knew from several months’ experience that

she had about five seconds before he finished, then he'd be useless for ten or fifteen minutes while he dozed. The problem was that he *stopped moving* during those precious seconds so the warning didn't do her any good. He stopped just when she needed to go faster. That didn't work either, though, because if she started bumping against him, he finished quicker. God must sit up there in Heaven and laugh his ass off at how he'd arranged that.

Oops! Thinking of God while lying bottom-down naked under her boyfriend wasn't the best thing. It made her feel guilty, even though she was pretty loosey goosey with the Ten Commandments. It also made her feel guilty because girls weren't supposed to like sex as much as boys, or so she'd heard. She liked it, though. A *lot*. Especially when she could get her hand between her legs after Larry passed out. If he fell asleep quickly enough, she could keep her jazz going long enough to finish herself off.

She tried it this time, but he'd totally crashed on top of her and he was super heavy. She pushed at him.

"Wha...?" he said groggily, then rolled to the side and passed out.

Good. She reached toward her crotch and slid her fingers down to the zone. *Ahhh...* She closed her eyes and wiggled her index finger over her sweet spot. A sound rose from her throat and she stifled it, opening her eyes quickly to see if Larry had woken up. Nope.

She shut her eyes and continued, stroking fast so she could finish quickly. The problem was that Larry was a lot bigger than her and his heavy leg lay draped over hers, trapping them in place. Things worked way better when she could spread wide, but to do that, she'd have to yank one leg out and then he'd wake up. Maybe that wouldn't be so bad if he were hard again, but usually it took a while.

Her finger kept up the rhythm while her muscles strained against the mattress. She was close...so close...but not quite. She needed more direct contact. In frustration, she dug her heel into the mattress and eased her thigh further outward. Better.

Mmm...mmm...close...so close.... But still not quite. Larry was breathing deeply. She spread herself with the fingers of her other hand and upped the speed.

Yes...yes...YES! Her face went hot as pleasure rolled through her, down her thighs, up her stomach, tingling in her poking-out nipples. She kept on with her finger as her interior muscles tightened rhythmically for a few long moments. She inhaled deeply and released a sigh...*happy*.

Then she felt it...eyes on her...and she twisted her head toward him, eyelids popping open. Larry was staring at her, his jaw sagging, his eyes wide with wonder.

Shit, shit, shit! The heat of her pleasure turned to embarrassment, and she shoved his leg away and sat up. Her face blazed.

“What was *that*?” Larry said. “Did you—?”

Sylvia bounced herself to the edge of the mattress, but before she could stand, Larry's big hand grabbed her around the waist and held her captive.

“Lemme go. You better leave now.”

“Were you jerking off?”

“NO! Girls don't *jerk off*.”

“That's what it looked like to me. I never seen that before. Show me.”

“Like *hell*! I gotta go. Diana's downstairs.”

“That was really sexy, Syl. See?” Larry pulled her hand to his crotch, which he'd conveniently scooped over close to her. He was hard again. As a rock.

She looked away. “Gross, Larry,” she said, though to be honest, her kitty was warming up again, getting wet. He was so full and solid. The way he stretched her inside was something else. Then he'd shove in deep and...*Jesus!*

He moved closer and wrapped his arm around her waist. “Come back here, baby. Let's do it again.” His voice had turned to melted caramel sliding over her skin. His lips touched the back of her neck and his hand slid down between her legs, then pushed inward experimentally. “Show me where you like it,” he murmured.

Sylvia leaned back into him and let him pull her down onto her side. His hardness rubbed against her crack and she pulled away. She didn't like him poking around back there. *What if he missed?*

The next thing she knew she was on her back and Larry was sliding down her. Already his face was at her stomach.

“Larry, no, what are you doing? *Stop.*”

He raised his head and met her eyes. Then he stuck out his tongue and licked a line downward from her bellybutton.

She wiggled. “That tickles! Quit it.” Larry wasn't smiling, though, and before she knew it, her thighs were spread wide to accommodate the width of his concrete-shoveling shoulders.

Gawd, he was beautiful! Anyone who saw him with his shirt off would never guess he was still in high school. His shoulders were sculpted into curves. Soft brown hair pooled in a gully down the center of his chest and flared over the muscular swells on either side of his sternum. Darker hair peeked from his armpits when he gripped the backs of her thighs and pushed them up.

“Lar—” The second syllable stuck in her throat as his tongue dipped down where her lips lay swollen and open. She was super wet and God only knew what that must taste like, probably gross, but *Jiminy Christmas*, what he was doing to her!

She was rigid with embarrassment, but—*please, God*—let him do it again. He did, licking at her like a lollipop and the whole stroke was nice, but at the end, at the top...

“*Right there, please, there....*,” she heard herself moan. “*Mmm, mmm, mmm.*” She dug her heels into the mattress, but this time it was to push toward him in a measured cadence.

“Like that, baby?” he mumbled, then lapped at her again.

His fingertips probed at her soft, sensitive flesh and mercifully, he shortened the stroke of his tongue, homing in where she wanted it most. She rubbed against him, embarrassment fading as her excitement rose. It was scary, though, too. She didn't know *what* he was doing to her or how it would end exactly. *What if, what if...*

Then all thinking stopped, leaving her with only this visceral need, this building to something she had to have, had to, *had to...*

“Uh, uh, uh, uh....” The syllable stabbed the air and she knew it was coming from her...sharper, higher, tighter...then breaking. “Larr...yyy!” Her legs jerked in a familiar way, but more so, uncontrollably more so, in wave after ecstatic wave. She was helpless against the onslaught of sensation. Larry seemed to grow excited and flicked his tongue faster. She was so sensitive it almost hurt.

“No! Stop!”

She grabbed the top of his head and pushed him back, slamming her thighs as shut as she could. He looked up from between her legs, his face flushed, shiny goo smeared all over his lips, chin, and even his nose. A laugh rolled through her, then grabbed hold good and strong, louder and higher, rising and rising. Vaguely, she sensed him slide up her body, but the laughter had taken her over. Like Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*, she was possessed, cackling maniacally.

She felt the poke, poke, poke of his stiff dick between her legs, but she hadn't the ability either to help or hinder. He missed, glancing off to the side, then slipped down between her butt cheeks and she could do nothing but laugh and laugh and laugh.

Then he stabbed into her—hard, with authority—and suddenly the laughter stopped, dried up completely, to be replaced by a gripping in her chest. Water collected behind her eyelids.

“Larrrry....” Tears spilled over and ran from the sides of her eyes. He pumped inside her and she raised to him too, abandoning all control. Her body had taken over, dissolving her inhibitions, her fears, seeking only its pleasure. She didn't care that he was kissing her now and she could taste herself—*her own kitty juices*—in his mouth! She didn't care that her stomach made a rude sound against

his or that his sweat or hers, or both, had completely slimed her breasts, which sagged out to the sides in that way she hated.

Slap, slap, slap, fart, fart, fart.... It didn't matter. Nothing mattered but his hard thrust and the deep gripping inside her when he slammed against her sweet spot.

More, more, more.... She gave no thought to whether he was close and would leave her in the lurch. Nothing would stop her now.

"Uh, uh, uh, uh...." There was that sound again. Larry was looking at her too, watching her face. She didn't care. She didn't *care!*

She closed her eyes and gave in. Her inner muscles began to squeeze, but it felt so different now they were squeezing around something—him.

"Larry!" she cried again and floated away into the sensation, barely aware that he was pumping vigorously atop her now, his breathing gone fast and crazy. She noticed her hands squeezing the firm flesh of his butt—hard—and she felt his body stiffen.

"Unnnnghh...." His groan vibrated through her chest cavity. She pushed her hips into him and watched his pleasure. Now she understood the feeling of that moment, the look on his face which distorted his features so profoundly. His "O" look. She had one too, she suddenly realized. And he had seen it.

"Aren't you coming?" the soprano voice rang out, and in her head, Sylvia replied, *Already did! Twice!* Then reality hit her, slamming the air brakes on Mr. Toad's Wild Ride.

Larry raised onto his hands and they swung their heads simultaneously toward her bedroom door as the amber glass bowl in Diana's hands shuddered upward, then fell in slow motion, spewing potato chips through the air. Her mouth did that gross-out, "see food" joke, gaping open to reveal a beige sludge inside.

As the dish shattered into a thousand pieces on the hallway tile, Sylvia's head contained exactly one thought: *Corningware's not supposed to break.*