

I WAS A SOPHOMORE SOCCER MOM

Ladylumps - 5

T.G. Grump

1

I was a sophomore in college. I thought I had my whole life ahead of me. Despite the fact that most of my friends had already begun, I was excited for the conquests that would ultimately accompany my journey through manhood. Sure, I wasn't the bulkiest or the manliest guy in my year, but I was still growing. I had time to finally decide to hit the gym, and I looked alright. Right?

"Yo, Lee, you gonna hit that or what?" My roommate Taylor gestured lazily towards the large bong that rested comfortably in my lap. My thoughts had drifted off somewhere in between packing a fresh bowl and actually flicking the lighter.

"...Yeah." I replied, and positioned the top of the lighter just above the freshly ground ... indica? our dealer hadn't been sure. I didn't much care. Just before I began to draw a long breath through the glass contraption, my phone began to ring. As it often did when I was high, my heart jumped into my mouth. Was it my parents? I quickly disentangled it from the slightly grimy twisted bedsheets below me, and peered at the screen through the thin venire of smoke that drifted around the room. "Steve."

I breathed a sign go relief, lit up and took a long drag before answering the phone.

"Yooooo!" I said hazily "How you doin' man? it's been forever!" Hot smoke was still roiling in my lungs.

"Lee, is that you?" asked the last voice I had been expecting to hear. It was an older voice. A woman's voice. Veronica Singer's voice. Veronica, Steve's hot mom! How could I have been so stupid to forget that Steve's contact was saved with his home phone? He'd always been that kid who wasn't allowed to have a cell. My heart was beating hard now. So hard I could practically see it through my shirt. The smoke burned in my lungs. My eyes filled with tears as I shoved the bong into Taylor's hands, doubled over and coughed emphatically into my pillow, holding my phone at arms length and praying she hadn't heard anything suspicious. Wiping the tears from my eyes I brought the phone back up to my ear and steadied myself.

"Lee, Hon, are you there? This is Veronica" Her voiced dripped like honey.

"Hi, Ms. Singer, Yeah, it's me Lee. um..." I paused, not quite knowing what to say. Taylor shot me a strange look, one big blonde eyebrow raised. Eventually I forced out a "What's up" and quietly slammed my palm into my forehead internally cursing my stupidity. Why couldn't I just talk normally?

"Lee, I'm so sorry to bother you, but I know you're at school in the area, and... ah... well I'm in need of an emergency babysitter tomorrow for Tommy"

Right... I had forgotten that Steve's little brother was so much younger. A little old for a babysitter though. He must be what, ten or something now?

"I know its a strange ask— you haven't taken care of him for years now..." she continued "but something's come up tomorrow and I really need someone to look after him and take him to his soccer game."

"It's no problem!" I said, without thinking "I can do it." Although the truth was that I had been thinking. Just not about whether or not I was actually free tomorrow. What I was was thinking, was something more like: "He's ten, he doesn't need a sitter. this sounds like some kind of strange excuse to... to get me alone!"

"Are you sure honey? I know its really short notice, and it's okay if you're busy, I've just been having trouble finding someone at this hour..."

"Ms. Singer, you can count on me." I said as confidently as I could manage. I probably sounded like an idiot. "What time do you need me?" She told me I should be there at ten o'clock, and I hastily scratched a note on the back of my literature homework that I probably should have been working on instead of getting high with Taylor.

"No problem. I'll be there, Ms. Singer" I said.

"Oh Lee, Hon, you can call me Veronica. There's hardly any need for that 'Ms. Singer' silliness now that you're an adult." I turned so red that if Taylor had actually been the doctor he was studying to become, he probably would have sent me to the ER. Beads of sweat were falling off of me like raindrops.

"Sure thing, Ms.... Veronica." I choked, and she laughed... just a tiny laugh. Barely more than a giggle, but that laugh... ever since I'd first become friends with Steve, I'd been drawn to that laugh. It sounded like music. Sometimes in the middle of the night when I was having one of those dreams you don't talk about with anyone, I'd hear that laugh. I thought that if I tried to speak again only a squeak would come out.

"Thank you so much Lee, You're a life-saver. I'll see you tomorrow." I thanked my lucky stars that this was the end of the conversation. made a small sound of affirmation and I heard the click from her end of the line. The phone slid out of my sweaty palm and onto the bedsheets. I slowly leaned back and collapsed onto my back letting out a long breath as I stared at the cracked dorm-room ceiling.

"Whats the scoop, dude?" asked Taylor, who had clearly been struggling to keep his mouth shut while I was on the phone. "was that one of your professors?" I shook my head, still staring at the ceiling.

"You remember I talked about my buddy Steve from high school?" I asked. Taylor nodded. "That was his mom. She wants me to babysit Steve's kid brother tomorrow..."

“A babysitting gig?” Taylor looked appalled. “You’re gonna throw out your whole Sunday for that shit? How much is she paying?”

“Well, she didn’t actually—well that’s not the point!” I said. The call had really sobered me up, and now I was wondering if I had just made a terrible decision. “The point is— her son is way old enough that he shouldn’t need a babysitter, and its what... like ten P.M right now? This is prime horny-hour. I think the babysitting is an excuse, and she wants to... you know.” I made an obscene gesture, and Taylor leaned forward to look me dead in the eye.

“You think she wants to fuck you?” I could barely believe it, hearing it out of Taylor’s mouth but... it kinda made sense. She *always* liked me. More than normal. I nodded.

“Ew.” said Taylor. “You’re gonna fuck your friends mom? That’s gross, dude. You really want your first time to be... that?”

“Hey!” I felt a fire kindle in my belly. Nobody was gonna talk like that about Veronica and live— “She is *hot*.” Taylor leaned back nodded slowly.

“Shit.”

“Yeah.” I was kinda relieved that I wasn’t gonna have to defend myself—or Veronica.

“You got pics?” Taylor was interested now. I wasn’t sure if I did.

“Lemme see..” I clicked back to the start of my phone’s camera roll, and eventually found some pictures from Halloween at Steve’s senior year of high school. I tried to cover up the bottom half of the screen to hide my cringe-worthy vampire makeup and bad haircut from Taylor, but the real main event of the shot was in the top left third where behind Steve and I, Veronica bent over the kitchen table to slice her freshly baked pumpkin pie, providing an ample view of her cleavage straining against her low-cut fuzzy pumpkin-colored sweater. The picture wasn’t really in focus, but you could tell that this woman had a *figure*. Her wide hips were just visible around the edge of the table, and her auburn hair was up in an elegant bun leaving the milky skin of her neck and chest to shine unhindered. Taylor let out a low whistle.

“If you’re gonna hit that,” he said, appearing to sober up slightly, “you’re gonna need to look good. You’re gonna need to smell good, and you’re gonna need to bring a gift. Luckily for you, Lee, I’m gonna help you with that.”

2

It was nine fifty-two when I pulled my rusty grey Saturn into Veronica's driveway. I nodded, pleased with myself at my timing and checked my hair in the rearview mirror. Taylor had convinced me to slick it back with some of his gel. Maybe I'd used too much. My normally voluminous, if unkempt hair was nearly flat against my skull. I wasn't sure I liked it, but Taylor had told me it made me look "mature." Mature is exactly how I wanted to look if I was about to sleep with the older-woman of my dreams. I wasn't even really sure how old Veronica was. She looked young...ish but she had to be at least forty. She had that soft-edged mom-figure that I'd always had a lust for. I turned off the car, unbuckled my seatbelt and instinctively hit the power button on the radio, but apparently this morning I had been too nervous to even turn it on. When my finger connected with the button my stereo instantly began blaring some terrible Dimeback about seven decibels too loud. I slammed the power button again, turning it off and exhaled sharply. I took one last look at myself in the mirror, smiled weakly at my not-too-shabby reflection, grabbed the bottle of wine I'd picked up on my way over and headed up the front steps. A stray golden leaf fluttered down in front of me. Perhaps the first of autumn. It had been borderline chilly this morning, but it was shaping up to be a hot late-summer afternoon. *"Holy shit."* I thought to myself. *"This is it. This is going to be my first time truly alone with her. My first time with her as an adult. Hell, if everything goes according to plan, this is going to be my first time!"* I could feel my heart beating again. I hoped it wasn't going to pop a button on my slightly too-tight shirt. I hadn't worn this dress-shirt since high school graduation. I'd grown a little since then. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and knocked.

Veronica opened the door almost instantly. It was clear she'd already been in the entry way. For a moment her eyes seemed unfocused, confused perhaps. I realized she didn't recognize me. Luckily before I made a fool of myself, the recognition clicked and her gaze softened. and I felt myself beginning to melt

"Lee! Oh my gosh, you've really grown!" She gave me a once over, head to toe, and her eyes met mine again, smiling. "Thank you soooo much for coming." She stepped back allowing me to enter the house. I took a step forward before she uttered a small "oh" and began to lean in! This was it. Veronica Singer was about to kiss— she reached behind me and pulled a blazer off a hook next to the door. She was inches from me. I could smell her perfume. Roses. I could see the gloss on her gorgeous, ever so slightly pouting lips— and then she drew back, blazer in hand, a slight smile on her face.

“Sorry, Just had to grab this. I’m running a little late.” It began to dawn on me that something wasn’t right here. “So if you’ll just come with me…” she led me into the kitchen with a graceful flick of the wrist. When she turned around All I could see was the gentile sway of her hips and her ass in the modest grey pencil skirt she was wearing. She’s put on a little weight since the last time I’d seen her. Not in a bad way! On the contrary, I was… well let’s just say I was holding that bottle of wine directly in front of my nether regions. “I’ve got a list here of everything you’ll need to do today.” Her hand swished over the kitchen counter and she delivered a neatly handwritten slip of paper to me. My heart sank. Tommy’s lunch. Laundry. Tommy’s game. Gas money. This really *was* a babysitting gig. God, I was the biggest idiot the world had ever seen. “Is all that okay? Any questions?” she asked, not even looking at me, as pulled on her blazer and checked her reflection in the microwave door.

My brain chugged as I struggled to take in all the list items. I didn’t have enough blood up there at the moment. “That’s uh. All good.” I said. She turned around to face me again. she’d left the blazer unbuttoned and underneath she was wearing one of those frilly blouses you see business women on television wearing. I suspected she’d opted to leave the blazer open because she might have had some trouble closing it over her ample bust. Had those grown too since the last time I saw her? I wasn’t sure. Her top was hardly revealing.

“How do I look?” She asked suddenly, surprising me.

“Oh!… uh… you look…” I struggle to find the word, and then I struggled to muster the courage to actually say it. “You look *gorgeous*, Veronica.” A small sound of astonishment escaped her lips and I worried that I’d come on too strongly. she touched her chest, just below her collarbone in a gesture clearly designed to send men like me into a spiral.

“You are *so* sweet Lee. You always have been.” I breathed again.

“This um… This is for you” I said in attempt to keep the conversation going. I presented her with the bottle of wine, which I suddenly worried might have been too cheap. She looked puzzled for a moment, and took it from me gingerly. one of her fingers brushed mine sending a tinge rippling through my body. Had it been an accident? I wasn’t sure.

“That’s… so nice of you Lee. You really shouldn’t have.” She smiled a strange smile. Shit. I silently cursed Taylor for convincing me that this was a good gift. It was screaming “desperate” wasn’t it? I wasn’t even twenty-one yet. Did she know? Was she wondering how I’d managed to buy it? But before I could tumble too far down this rabbit hole of worry, Veronica glanced at the clock on the kitchen wall. Three past ten.

She exhaled sharply, and set the wine bottle on the counter. “I’ve gotta run Lee. Thank you again for coming on such short notice. I’ll be back around 7 tonight. Don’t forget the Gatorade and the soccer balls, the team’s counting on me! well— you now! Tommy’s upstairs, make sure he’s ready to go at noon!” She headed for the door, clicked her tongue, then turned back around.

“Oh! and I just remembered, please if you’re not too embarrassed, I need you to wear this at the game.” She pressed a pink baseball cap into my hands. I turned it over and shuddered at the thought of wearing a rose-colored hat that had “#1 Soccer Mom” sewn into it in cheerful white font. “I’ve always worn this to Tommy’s games, we both think it brings good luck.” I mustered the most confident look I could manage.

“You got it, Veronica. It’s all taken care of.” There. I had sounded like a man. A man ready to wear a stupid pink hat for the woman he loves, A man ready to complete a task to the best of his ability, and potentially, despite incredibly low chances, impress Veronica and... well, have sex with her. It sounded sillier and sillier in my head the more I thought it, but I couldn’t give up hope. Maybe if I did a really really really good job taking care of Tommy today—

“Bye Lee! Have a good day!” She smiled, slid her purse off one of the hooks by the door, and was gone.

3

I nearly collapsed onto the kitchen island when the door closed. I could feel the excitement draining out of my body. I really had given up my whole Sunday on the off-chance my friend's mom had wanted to fuck me, and like any sane human could have told me— of *course* she hadn't! I was just some some idiot kid who thought two years of college had turned me into a man. A desirable man. Clearly they hadn't. I took a deep breath. "okay. All I need to do is take care of this kid for the rest of the day." I took a long look at the note Veronica had written me, now slightly creased from having been compacted in my fist. It sounded like Veronica was in charge of bringing Gatorade and Soccer balls to the game. I shook my head. ugh.

I decided not to worry about that yet, and started at the top of the list. Tommy's Lunch. I opened up the fridge. Holy crap it was tidy in there. Taylor had a mini-fridge in our dorm room, but that thing was half full of ice that he leeches out from the freezer section, and packed full of half-eaten takeout containers and rotten fruit. The inside of Veronica's fridge looked like a set from a sci-fi movie. A place for every thing and everything in its brightly lit spotless white place. I tossed together Tommy's sandwich as per Veronica's neatly penned instructions, and put it in a ziplock bag on the counter. I picked the list back up and folded it over to mark Tommy's lunch as "Finished".

Next was Laundry. "Please take the clothes out of the dryer, fold them and leave them on my bed" My heart skipped a beat when I read the word "bed." I'd been in Veronica's room before. But... I'd never been invited into Veronica's room. It was more... something that would happen on my way from Steve's room to the bathroom. Sometime's I'd make a quick stop. Linger in the doorway... On one occasion I had actually— "snap out of it!" I thought. You've got a job to do. I made my way upstairs. It was weird. This house had felt bigger when i was a kid. The whole upstairs was just a short hallway with two doors on other side, and one at the end. Immediately on my left was Steve's old room, which, judging by the handwritten sign on the door that said "STEVE. KEEP OUT" hadn't been repurposed. Across the hall was Tommy's room. The door was ajar, and inside I could see Tommy tangled in soccer-themed bedsheets face-down on his mattress. The kid was conked out. I couldn't blame him. I moved on to the laundry room, which was across from Veronica's room. I pushed the door open, and realized that I'd never actually been in here before. It was a specious room, surprisingly, and very neat. Not unlike the fridge. dirty clothes were separated into clearly marked baskets for colors, darks, whites, towels and sheets. Man. Maybe I

needed to get on top of my laundry game. I always just threw everything in together. I lingered for a moment over the whites basket. I could see the thick strap of a bra poking out underneath a t-shirt. My heart pounded. It wasn't sending blood to my head. I stopped down, reaching slowly towards the t-shirt. I wanted to know what bra size she wore. I don't know why I wanted to know, but I *really* wanted to know. I could just gently lift the t-shirt and get a good look, I told myself. Then I could lay the shirt back down, and she'd never even know I'd looked... I stopped. What was I doing? I shook my head, stood up and took two steps towards the dryer, and opened the door.

Out tumbled Veronica's fresh-smelling warm laundry. The dryer must have just finished its cycle a few minutes prior. I quickly stooped down and caught the clothes before they tumbled to the floor and deposited them on top of the dryer. My heart pounded as I began to evaluate what I was seeing. Among the pedestrian jeans, sweaters and t-shirts were several pairs of panties, both plain and lacy, and not one but *two* bras. Without even realizing it my hand had ended up cradling one of their massive cups. I could feel myself turning deep red. My pants were suddenly too tight. For a moment, I couldn't move. Then I slowly lifted the bra I was already touching from the pile. A pair of pink panties fell from the other cup as I lifted it. The fabric on this one was black, and shimmered slightly. The fabric between the straps and the clasp stretched pleasantly between my fingers and I explored the foreign clothing item. Bras had always fascinated me, and well... aside from that one day many years ago when I had snuck into Veronica's room and seen one in her hamper... I'd never really seen one up close. I slid my hands over the silky material of the cups and discovered with a pinch that the lower third of the cup was filled with some kind of foam, enhancing the globe-like shape, which held relatively firm despite being without the body for which it was designed. My fingers slid to the straps and I held the bra up as though I were its intended wearer, and exhaled slowly. I couldn't imagine having to wear something like this. And it was BIG. I knew Veronica was busty, but this... This was even bigger than I could have imagined. The cups covered up like half my chest, and the straps and clasp on this thing were thick. Heavy duty even. "Her boobs must be really heavy," I thought.

I'm not sure how long I stood there marveling at that strange and erotic contraption, but after some time, I drifted back to reality, and put it down gingerly on the dryer. I folded the pile of clothes without much trouble, but wasn't really sure what to do with the bras and panties, so I just kind laid them on top of everything else as neatly as I could, and with trembling fingers, and scooped up pile of impossibly soft, still warm clothes and headed to Veronica's room. It was almost exactly how I had remembered it. The walls were a warm creamy color and the sun outside filtered through her soft white

curtains bathing the room in a warm cozy light. In the center of the room was a queen-sized bed with an incredibly luxurious looking mattress and tons of puffy pillows. Her sheets were new. White with puffy pink flowers and coiling vines all over them. On one side of her room was a full length antique-looking mirror and a dresser, and on the other, the door to her closet was slightly ajar, a shimmery swatch of fabric was just visible in the crack, but I took a deep breath, averted my eyes and swore to myself that I was only here to deliver clothes. No snooping. I laid the pile of clothes on the foot of the bed, and backed all the way out of the room. The door had been open when I arrived, but I closed it behind me. That way I wouldn't be tempted again. on my way back downstairs I pounded on Tommy's door.

"Yo, Tommy, It's Lee. Remember me?"

"mhmm..." Tommy's muffled voice drifted through the slightly opened door.

"I'm taking care of you today, so get up, get dressed, brush your teeth or whatever, and come eat some breakfast. You've got your game at twelve-thirty."

Without waiting for a response I headed downstairs to see what else I needed to take care of pre-game. By the time I had located the case of gatorade and large mesh bag of soccer balls that Veronica had asked me to bring to the game, (in the garage) and found a way to fit them into my trunk (which was full dirty clothes and trash which I had thrown in there earlier that morning, on the off-chance that Veronica looked at my backseat) Tommy was already downstairs fully-dressed in his soccer getup, cleats, shin-guards, and everything pouring himself some colorful cereal.

"Sup" he said.

"Sup." I replied, collapsing into the chair opposite him at the kitchen table.

Tommy raised a thick brown eyebrow. His green eyes glittered with amusement. Clearly "Sup" had not been the correct response. I couldn't care less.

"What are you *wearing*?" Tommy asked

"Clothes." I replied, double checking the list.

"You look stupid. Like you're going on a date or something. And it's gonna hot at the game. You're gonna get all sweaty."

"Yeah—I suppose I coulda dressed down a bit." I said. "I guess I'm just used to having to dress up for college" I lied. That seemed to satisfy Tommy who broke from the interrogation to hork down his cereal. Once his bowl was empty he looked back up at me.

"You know, if you want to borrow some more *appropriate* clothes, mine probably won't fit you." He said, eyes glinting with amusement again.

"Gee, thanks" I replied. Jeez, this kid had turned into a real pain in the ass.

“But I’m sure my *mom* has a sun-dress you can borrow, or something.” Tommy grinned. I could feel my ears getting hot at the mention of Veronica’s clothes, and I prayed Tommy wouldn’t notice. I forced out a laugh.

“I Think I’m okay” I said, holding up the pink hat. “Your mom already asked me to wear your good-luck hat to the game.”

“You gonna do it?” Tommy asked pointedly

“Ah, what she doesn’t know can’t hurt her, right?” I said, hoping to score myself a couple Tommy points. There’s no way a ten-year old kid was gonna want me—or his mom for that matter to wear that hat. “After all, I don’t wanna embarrass you. I’m not your *mom*.” I added.

“Embarrass me?” The corners of Tommy’s mouth pulled upwards into a toothy grin. “I wanna *embarrass* you.” My heart sunk. “So if you don’t wear the hat...” Tommy paused for dramatic effect “I’ll tell mom.” I sighed.

“You drive a hard bargain kid.”

We arrived at the soccer field with thirty minutes to spare. Tommy had been right. It was getting quite hot in the relentless late-summer sun. not a cloud in the sky.

“Hey, d’ya wanna help me with the—“ and Tommy was already gone. Halfway across the field already where a few other players and a man whom I assumed must be the coach had gathered. “*Fuckk*” I breathed, slid the Gatorade case out of my trunk and onto the gravel of the parking lot with a thud. I grabbed the two handles and hefted the thing, groaning, and started the long trek across the field, cursing my own stupidity the whole way. I could have been sleeping right then. I could have told Veronica I had too much homework, (which was true!) and she would have found someone else for the job, but my dumb ass had dreamed up a stupid scenario where I got laid by my friends mom... and now... I was paying for it.

Clunk. I deposited the gatorade case at the foot of the bench on the far side of the field, and straightened up, wiping the sweat from my brow with my forearm.

“Hey Thanks mate!” barked the coach from the other side of the bench. It took me a minute to realize he was talking to me.

“Oh— No worries,” I said, still a bit out of breath. I peered across the field at the distant open trunk of my car and sighed. I still needed to go get the soccer balls.

“You fillin’ in for Veronica?” Asked the coach. He was a tall guy with really muscly thighs. his whole body was covered in hair. the sun was right behind him and I had to squint to see his face properly.

“Yeah” I replied. “I’m the uh... sitter.” I gestured vaguely in Tommy’s direction.

“You’re not really dressed for the pitch.” He said, smiling.

“Yeah, I’ve been told, I said.” Looking down at my shoes. They really looked out of place on the freshly mowed almost impossibly green grass. “Well, I’d better go grab the balls.” I said. and turned to head back across the field. The coach went back over to the gaggle of kids and began barking orders. “touch your toes!” “quads!” “Butt-kicks!”

after I deposited the bag of balls next to the gatorade case I peered around looking for a shady spot to sit down. I wasn’t really a soccer fan. Or a sports fan at all, but it wasn’t like I could just leave while the game was going on. On the far side of the field, closer to where I had parked my car, the bleachers stood, and were very slowly beginning to fill up with a trickle of parents. Down at the far left side of the bleachers there was a big dome-like oak tree, which seemed to be casting a shadow just large enough to reach a few of the seats. my eyes traveled wearily from the crown of the tree down the trunk, and towards those few shady seats, but then my heart stopped, and my eyes bulged in my head. There was a woman standing there. I hadn’t noticed her right away, but there she was. And let me be clear, this wasn’t just any woman. This had to be an angel. or a goddess. I mean Veronica was hot. If you’ve read this far you’re well aware of that. Exceptionally hot, even, but this woman... This woman could put even her to shame. Her long raven hair shimmered in the light. Her face was chiseled. I’d never seen a jawbone like that. Upon the bridge of her nose rested a pair of thick-rimmed black glasses. The kind you see hipster girls wearing on Tumblr, and beneath that stunning face the fun did not end. This woman’s figure was like something out of a cartoon. Her waist wasn’t slim per se, she was in fact, maybe just a little bit overweight, but it *looked* slim compared to the size of her hips... and oh god, the size of her breasts. I’d heard of breasts referred to as “melons” before, but I always thought that was a bit of an exaggeration. Maybe small cantaloupes, but this woman... Imagine a pair of watermelons strapped to your chest, zipped up and straining against one of those tight activewear jackets they sell at upscale yoga stores at the mall. Yeah. That’s what she looked like. You think I’m kidding, but I’m not. Her skin was pale like moonlight, and framed by that jet black hair, glasses, jacket and leggings... She was a dream. And do you know what? I forgot all my cursing, and all my stupidity, and I thanked my lucky stars that I’d accepted Veronica’s babysitting gig, because even if what I was about to do completely backfired, at least I got to *see* that. I mean that’s the kind of thing you only get to see up close once in a lifetime. As if in a trance, I wiped the sweat once more from my brow, and strode confidently across the field, making a B-line for this incredible creature.

