

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 started ringing. 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? its 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 hard 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 knowing what to say. Taylor shot me a strange look. 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 coming off 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.

