

*Jenny Leblanc*

# Good And Bad

First Chapter of „Gordish Knots“



## Good And Bad

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## **WARNING**

**THIS STORY CONTAINS  
EXPLICIT DESCRIPTIONS  
OF SEXUAL BEHAVIOUR AND  
HUMAN GENITALS!  
PLEASE KEEP IT AWAY FROM MINORS**

## Good And Bad

### *a) Jean's Surprise*

“Jean?”

“Yeap, it's me. Are you safely at home?”

“Yeap. But why do you call? I was supposed to send you an email. I'm a bit confused.”

“Well, I have made some decisions i have to tell you about.”

“Decisions? What decisions?”

“That's what I want to tell you about.”

“Ok. Go on.”

“I'll come to Canada in a weeks time. And I'll live close to your home. I'll look for work and live with you.”

“Moment! Not so fast! You will what?”

“Live with you in Canada.”

“But you need a working permission and a visa and a lot of other permissions to do so. Not to talk about money.”

“Don't worry. My parents will help me out. And all the rest I already have on the way, such that i can go in a weeks time.”

Silence.

“Where will you live, when you come?”

“In a hotel close to your home.”

“Did you have any reservations yet?”

“No.”

Silence.

I was thinking about helping him, although I didn't like the idea of him comming over. But my helping syndrome broke through and I had to help him to get his feet down here.

“Can I call you back in half an hour?”

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“Of course.”

“Ok talk to you later. Bye for now.”

“Bye for now.”

I went back to my Mum, thinking about how to tell her what I just had heard on the phone.

“Mum?”

“Yeah, sweetheart, what's up?”

“Jean is comming to Canada. He wants to live and work here.”

“Wow, does he have all permissions?”

“I don't know Mum. But perhaps we can offer him a bed for atleast some days until he has found a room. This way he hasn't to pay a hotel.”

Silence.

“But where shoud we put him? As you know sweetheart, we don't have a guestroom. And your Dad and I share a room for sleeping. As couples normally do.”

“I know Mum.”

Silence. My thoughts were swirling around and I was thinking hard how to manage this little help I wanted to offer Jean.

“I have got a solution!” it broke out of me, as all of a sudden I had an idea. “How about, if Jean get's my couch as bed. The couch can be build into a bed and vice-versa. So it shouldn't be a problem.”

The face of my Mum wasn't very satisfied. I knew what she was thinking. A boy in my room.

“Mum, I'm old enough and I know all the things about these little bees.” I had to smile about my own saying.

“I know, sweetheart. But does he know?”

“He knows.” I confirmed. “ We had already a small discussion about som he knows how our family thinks about it.”

“Ok, sweetheart. We will look for him at the airport. He will eat with us on that same day and if he behaves, he may sleep on your couch. But your bed is taboo for him. Understood?”

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“Understood!” I was happy about this and I was sure that he would pass this little dinner test set up by my Mum.

So I went back to the telephone and dialed Jean’s number.

“Yes.”

“Yes, it’s me Jenny.”

“Aah, ok. What’s up.”

“Jean, I can offer you to sleep at my home. You will have my couch to sleep.”

“Oooh that’s very nice of you. You are such a marvelous girl.”

“Well, wait a bit before you cheer. You have to pass the dinner test of my Mum and my bed is taboo for you.”

“No problem.” he confirmed all my conditions. “ I will play by your Mums rules. I really have no problem with it.”

“Cool, when will you come?”

“In about a weeks time. I’ll call you just before I’ll leave for the plane. Ok?”

“Ok.”

We talked a bit more and I told him that we would look for him at the airport, such that he does not have to look for our house alone.

### *b) Mum’s Dinner Test*

It was a strange feeling to stand at the airport waiting for someone, who I didn’t expect to see for a long time. But now this person was coming to live with me for the next years.

My feelings were a mixture between happiness and uncertainty. Happiness because I liked, perhaps loved him and he was coming to be close to me. Uncertainty, because I wasn’t sure if all this would go as he imagined it to go. In my inner self I hoped it would go as he imagined it to go, but there was this little naughty dwarf in me, telling me that everything could also go bad.

My Mum was waiting besides me. She had a very serious expression on her face. She wasn’t happy about it, but she made a good face on that bad play that Jean had started without asking her in advance.

Perhaps she was doing this whole thing, because she didn’t want to hurt me. Perhaps it was just her helping syndrome, that was striking here. I knew that my helping syndrome was coming from her.

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But there was this other thing that my mother never said openly to me. This little unsureness about the thing that was happening now. I was still her little girl and she still wanted to handle me as if I was an 8-year-old girl. But I was 16 and I already had my own head and life. I wasn't grown up yet. But sometimes I felt pretty grown-up and I wanted atleast some of those freedoms you get, when you are an adult. But I wasn't sure if I wanted to have the obligations you have when you are an adult.

In a way my Mum was behaving like almost all Dads who have a little girl as kid. They all have a big problem with letting them go and let them make their experiences. Especially when the talk is about sexuality and boys, most Dads tend to say no to any relationship with boys. Perhaps because they know how a boy behaves, perhaps because they knew how they behaved at that age. But perhaps simply because its their child that they have to let go and make their own experiences and that is always hard for parents, because its like loosing something of the own personality. On the otherside if you have made this first step there is this little proud about the own kid and what the own kid has achieved.

I still was hanging within my own thoughts as the flight with Jean was announced to be arriving. It was like an alarm-bell ringing. My whole body filled with excitement. All of a sudden there was this excitement that he was coming and that I would see him again. This excitement was pretty strange. I felt a strange urge within my stomach and in my head there were little movies playing how I would welcome him and how everything would go.

Then I saw him coming through the customs. As soon as he had passed the customs there was no holding back, my feet began to run and I opened my arms to welcome him. If I hadn't been a 16-year-old girl, one could have thought that we were a young couple who gets together after a long time of being in different places of the world.

As he became aware of me and saw me running towards him. He dropped his luggage and we fell into each others arms. It was a one of the most intense hugs I ever had. It wasn't a hug between friends, but on the other side it wasn't a sexual hug. It was a hug between lovers. Lovers who hadn't seen each other for some time.

Considering the intensity of our hug one could have concluded we wouldn't have seen each other for quite some time, but in reality it was only just over a week ago, that he had said bye to me in France.

My Mum only gave Jean a hand and greeted him as if he was a stranger to her, although she knew him from my stories I had told her and from my pictures I had shot in France.

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We were sitting at the dinner-table as my Mum began to really making conversation with Jean:

“So as i understood it from Jen, you want to live here and work here?”

“Yeap, i love Jen. I want to be close to her and I think I will make it in Canada. Perhaps I won't be as rich I could have been in france. But I will work my ass off to stay here close to her.”

“Do you have any formation, such that you can take a job?”

“Well, I have a formation in ship-building and navigation.”

“Ohh, you haven't told me that.” I injected because that came as surprise to me.

“Jen, you haven't asked me.” he replied in his own, peacefull way, without any excitement in his voice.

“Well, as a ship-builder you won't be able to work here. So you have to find something else for work.”

“I'm sure I will find something. And if everything goes down, I can always ask my parents for some money. But I think, I will find something. I'm not shy of making my hands dirty and I might perhaps find a job in one of those fast food shops.”

I could see how the face of my Mum was changing between happiness that Jean wasn't shy of doing also jobs below his education level. But on the otherside, she wasn't sure about the perspective that the friend of her daughter was working in a fast food shop.

“OK. “ she only aknowledged his future plans and after little pause she resumed:

“As Jen might have told you already, you may stay here for the days to come, but there are some rules to it. And I will tell you those rules again, because I will be making sure that you are following this rules. In case you break only once one of these rules, you are out of here. Understood?”

“Yes, Ma'am!”

“You will sleep on the couch in Jen's room. Jen will show you how to handle it. But Jen's bed and any sexual activity with jen is forbidden for you. Only hugs and kisses are allowed. Accepted?”

“Yes!” Jean nodded.

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“You also will begin looking for your own home. Jen may help you with it and I will give you the opportunity to have a look at all available newspapers here. Accepted?”

“No problem. From the beginning I had in mind to have my own little place.”

“Ok. That's fine. But that's not all. There is also one last rule.”

“Mum?” I injected into their little conversation. “ You haven't told me about another rule. That's not fair.”

“Jen, I have to ensure that we all will get along good. So I have to set up some rules. And if Jean doesn't accept them he is out of here tomorrow.”

“But Mum!” I didn't know my Mum this hard.

“No, Jen. I'm alone in this house with you and Benjamin. We have a lot of problems as you know very well, Jen. So I have to do this.”

“Yeah, you are right Mum.” I gave in, because I knew that any further resistance from now on wouldn't do any good neither to me nor to Jean.

“What's the last rule, Mrs Leblanc?” Jean asked out of curiosity.

“In case you have a job but not you own little home yet. You will have to pay a little monthly sum of 50\$ for food, water and all the other things you use together with us. I think that's a reasonable price...”

“Accepted!” Jean broke into my Mum's sentence. “ I will fulfill all your rules Mrs Leblanc.”

“Well, then welcome at our home.” a smile tran over my Mum's face and she finally made the impression of welcoming him.

“Welcome, Jean!” I also welcomed him again. Now that my Mum was welcoming him and he had accepted all her hurdles, I thought I had to welcome him again.

### *c) Night to Remember*

In the evening I and Jean were laying in our beds. I in my normal bed and Jean on my sofa, which was built into a bed.

“Jen, today you weren't telling me, if you are happy that I'm here, yet.”

“You know Jean.” I began to explain. “ I'm happy that you are here. But as you told me that you would come, I wasn't sure if this would become a success. And if you ask me, I'm still not sure. So please forgive me if I'm not that excited.”

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“It's ok.” he tried to calm me a bit down.“I'm also not sure if this will become a success. But I had to come and live here.”

“Jean, may I ask you something?”

“Of course! Shoot!”

“When did you begin to plan this?”

“The day after i saw you for the first time.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. I was sure about my feelings just after I had seen you for the first time.”

“Wow.” I exhaled. That was more than i had expected.

“Jen?”

“Yeah.”

“I would like to give you a kiss for good night.”

“But my Mum...”

“It's already 11 o'clock in the night. I think your Mum is already in dreamland.”

“You don't know my mother.”

“But I only want to have a short kiss.”

“Jean, please. If she surprises us, she'll throw you out of this house as soon as humanly possible.”

“But she won't surprise us, because it'll be only a short kiss.”

I knew this feeling of urgency, when you want to feel someone and you want to show someone that you love him or her. And the best way in this world is to give him or her a kiss. But in this situation I was split in half about what to do.

On the one hand i wanted to give jean the chance to give me a kiss, because i also wanted to kiss him. That was kind of my heart and my feeling for him.

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On the other hand there was this knowledge about my mother. She was a person who was able to stay up till late in the night and stay up again early in the morning. Her normal sleeping duration was about 5 to 7 hours. So I was almost sure that my Mum was still up and watching TV. I also knew that she would go around in the house before going to bed. This habit she had began shortly after my dad had been imprisoned. It was her way of making sure that everything was ok and closed.

“Jean, my Mum is still up and watching TV. I would bet on that. So if you really want to kiss me. We may do it in about 2 hours, in case we are still up at that time of the night.”

“Awww.”

I heard the disappointment coming across from Jean's sleeping place and it hit me right into my heart. It was as if someone had hit my heart with some fire. It really hurt.

“Ok, let's say in 1 hours.” I tried to calm his disappointment.

“mmmm, ok.” he gave in, but there still was some disappointment in his voice.

“But you have to promise me that you only will kiss me. And that you won't do anything else.”

“I promise.”

“I'm serious. With my Mum there is no joking and if we are doing anything in here that isn't within her rules she will get mad.”

“Is she using violence, when getting mad?” Jean asked and I was shocked about the image he seemed to have about my Mum.

“Nooooo!” I exclaimed in an effort to brighten up the image of my Mum in Jean's head.

“My Mum couldn't hurt anyone. She's the most peaceful person on this earth, I know.” I tried to describe my Mum to him. “But if someone doesn't play by her rules she can become an amazon-woman who is fighting with her voice and her might of words. She knows how to handle men and she's able to throw out big, strong men, just by using her voice and her words.”

“Wow,” Jean seemed to be really impressed by my description. “What a woman!”

I heard how Jean removed the cover of his bed from his body and stood up.

“Jean, please wait. It's not safe yet.”

“Just a short kiss, please.”

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“Jean, please.”

I really tried to stop him but he wasn't stoppable.

He went beside my bed as if he would have liked to say good night to me. In a way the situation reminded me on getting said good night from my dad some months ago.

Jean bend down and our lips touched. His hands were holding my head softly at both cheeks and i felt his tongue trying to enter my mouth.

A warm wave of love swept through my body and I wasn't able to resist anymore. I hugged him and my arms went around his neck. My lips opened and his tongue joined my own and they were dancing around each other.

All of a sudden the door of my room were opened.

*To be continued soon...*